

SCOTT



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CHINESE
LITERATURE

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Our great leader Chairman Mao receives outstanding worker representatives

Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

We should take over the rich legacy and the good traditions in literature and art that have been handed down from past ages in China and foreign countries, but the aim must still be to serve the masses of the people. Nor do we refuse to utilize the literary and artistic forms of the past, but in our hands these old forms, remoulded and infused with new content, also become something revolutionary in the service of the people.

— *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on
Literature and Art*

Red Detachment of Women

EDITORS' NOTE: The ballet *Red Detachment of Women* is a revolutionary work produced, under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary thought on literature and art and with the personal supervision of Comrade Chiang Ching, by the Worker, Peasant and Soldier Ballet Company. The ballet depicts the arduous battles on Hainan Island of a detachment of the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army, led by the Chinese Communist Party, during the period of the Second Revolutionary Civil War (1927-1937). Here is a story treatment of the ballet. A review of it appears on page 78 of this issue.

CHARACTERS

Wu Ching-hua	daughter of a poor peasant, later fighter in the Women's Company
Hung Chang-ching	male, Party representative in the Women's Company
Company commander	female, commander of the Women's Company
Pang	male, company messenger
Nan Pa-tien	tyrannical landlord, commander of the landlords' mercenaries
Lao Szu	Nan's lieutenant, leader of mercenary regiment

PROLOGUE

Marxism consists of thousands of truths, but they all boil down to the one sentence, "It is right to rebel."

— MAO TSE-TUNG

The Second Revolutionary Civil War period. Misery-steeped Hainan Island. A crude dungeon of tyrannical landlord Nan Pa-tien.

In its murky depths Wu Ching-hua, daughter of a poor peasant, is tied, suspended. Her flesh is lacerated and torn from beatings. With her are two other innocent girls.

(The two girls dance.)

Ching-hua's eyes burn with hatred. Her family has been persecuted for generations. She wants to resist. She wants to fight.

The ponderous door of the dungeon swings open.

Lao Szu and a gang of evil-looking mercenaries enter. He has orders from Nan to take Ching-hua out and sell her.

The furious girl suddenly kicks Lao Szu to the ground and flees.

ACT ONE

That night. In a grove of cocoanut palms. Dark clouds cover the sky.

Lao Szu and his gang are searching for Ching-hua. They carry lanterns marked "Nan Manor," plus whips and ropes. They rush about like wild dogs.

(All dance.)

Ching-hua is hiding behind a palm tree. The gang departs. She cautiously emerges.

She swears she will get revenge. Nan Pa-tien, the day will come when I cut you to pieces, slice you to ribbons. But first I must escape and find the saviours of the poor.

(She dances.)

The sly Lao Szu leaps out of the darkness and savagely pounces on her. She fights him desperately.

(They dance.)

Ching-hua sinks her teeth into him and breaks free. But the rest of the gang rush out and surround her. Overwhelmed by weight of numbers, she again falls into their dirty clutches.

Nan hastens to the scene, followed by guards and bondmaids. He sees Ching-hua, still fighting stubbornly. Enraged, he strikes her viciously with his whip. He orders his lackeys to flog her. They drag her off.

The sound of the beating can be heard. Each blow seems to cut into the flesh of the listening bondmaids. They watch with deep anxiety. How they wish they could save their class sister.

(They dance.)

Only when Ching-hua sinks into unconsciousness does the poisonous Nan order the flogging stopped.

Thunder rumbles, rain pours down. Nan, thinking Ching-hua dead, hurriedly departs with his entourage.

The drenching rain revives Ching-hua. In spite of her pain, she struggles to her feet. She must find the poor people's saviours, she must avenge the poor. Step by step, she staggers forward. But where are the saviours? She hasn't walked very far when pain again grips her, and she sinks to the ground in a faint.

(A slow dance by Ching-hua.)

Hung Chang-ching, a Party representative in the Red Army, and his messenger Pang, enter in disguise. They are on a mission. They see Ching-hua. She has just opened her eyes. The signs of the cruel beating imposed by the despotic landlord arouse their profound class feelings. They question her. She tells them her story. They tell her where to seek the Red Army.

ACT TWO

Every Communist must grasp the truth, "Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun."

Without a people's army the people have nothing.

— MAO TSE-TUNG

A revolutionary base. The vast sky is cloudless. Coloured pennants flutter gaily as the soldiers and local people celebrate the formation of a Red Company of Women.

Song of the Women's Company can be heard approaching from the distance. Women soldiers enter, marching brave and proud. Animation stirs the masses, children cheer and jump up and down, waving pennants vigorously.

The company commander solemnly proclaims the formation of the first armed women's detachment of the Chinese Workers' and Peasants' Red Army.

(A dance by the company commander.)

The people enthusiastically cheer. Under the direction of the commander, the women soldiers perform a shooting drill.

(Drill dance.)

Hung, the Party representative, whips out a gleaming sabre and flourishes it militantly.

(Sabre dance by Hung.)

The women soldiers also brandish sabres, which flash in the sun. They shout battle cries.

(Sabre dance by the women soldiers.)

Hsiao-ngo, the youngest of them, not to be outdone, demonstrates grenade throwing, her heart filled with hatred for the class enemy.

(A dance by Hsiao-ngo.)

The drill draws to an end, amidst militant shouts.

(Bayonet dance of the women soldiers.)

Five powerful men, local Red Militia, pull out five-inch daggers, and demonstrate the skill and intelligence of the guerrillas in a whirling display.

(Dagger dance of the Red Militia.)

The soldiers and villagers are aroused to high spirits by this bold and revolutionary militant scene. In pantomime, the children overthrow Nan Pa-tien, the Tyrant of the South.

(The children dance, followed by a dance by the entire ensemble.)

Ching-hua, having successfully won through innumerable hardships and dangers, finally arrives. Everyone gathers round her in concern when they see how badly she has been beaten.

"This is a liberated area," a kid of the Children's Corps tells her, "a red base. You see, there's our red flag."

The red flag. Tears fill Ching-hua's eyes. Red flag, I have been looking for you. Saviours of the poor, I've found you at last. Overcome with emotion, Ching-hua swoons in the midst of her dear ones.

Hung and Pang enter. Because they are now in uniform, Ching-hua does not immediately recognize them. When they remove their red-starred caps, she realizes that they are the ones who saved her and guided her here.

The women company commander hands her a bowl of coconut milk. Ching-hua, a bondmaid who knew nothing but blows and abuse, is bathed in the warmth and affection of class love for the first time. Very moved, she drinks the milk. Then she looks at her bruised, cut body. Consumed with class hatred, she angrily tells of the crimes of the tyrant Nan.

(Ching-hua expresses her bitterness in a dance.)

Her tale of bloody class oppression is an education to all the soldiers and villagers. Hung and the company commander explain: Only by taking up guns and following the Communist Party to wage revolution will it be possible to topple imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism — the three big mountains which lie like a dead weight on the Chinese people.

The soldiers and civilians hold an impressive demonstration. They are determined to wipe out Nan and liberate Palm Grove Manor.

In response to Ching-hua's earnest plea, the commander, on behalf of the women's company, accepts her into their ranks.

ACT THREE

All reactionaries are paper tigers.... It is not the reactionaries but the people who are really powerful.

A revolution is an insurrection, an act of violence by which one class overthrows another.

— MAO TSE-TUNG

A courtyard in Palm Grove Manor.

It is the tyrannical landlord's birthday. Local despots, gentry and Kuomintang bureaucrats arrive in droves to pay their respects. The grounds of the manor house are crowded and noisy.

Nan is formally receiving his guests. Their gifts and obeisances delight him. He invites them to join the feast.

Some Li nationality girls have been compelled to come. At Lao Szu's order, his bullies force them to dance. The girls' performance reflects their loathing for the tyrannical landlord and his gentry visitors.

(A Li nationality dance.)

A mercenary soldier runs on, and hands Nan a greeting card from a new arrival and a list of the presents he has brought. The landlord loves expensive gifts. He orders the mercenaries to spruce up and form ranks to welcome the latest caller.

Hung enters, disguised as the son of a wealthy overseas merchant who has returned to China to visit relatives. He is accompanied by Pang and several other men and women Red Army soldiers, also in disguise. On the pretence of bringing birthday greetings, they have entered the tiger's lair. At midnight they will strike from within,

while the Women's Detachment attacks from without, in a combined assault to destroy the Tyrant of the South and his gang.

The despotic landlord hastily asks Hung to join the feast.

To impress his guests, he tells Lao Szu to have his soldiers put on a display with sabres.

(Sabre dance by the mercenaries, Lao Szu does a wrestling dance.)

Hung flings them some silver coins, for which they comically scramble. Nan, embarrassed, invite Hung to the rear courtyard for a rest.

(Darkness falls.)

Night. Ching-hua and another girl soldier, having disposed of the enemy sentries, enter quietly on a scouting mission. They wait to make contact with Pang.

(Scout dance by the two girls.)

The sound of running footsteps approaches. The girls take cover behind a rock.

Two mercenaries seize and beat a fleeing bondmaid.

(Dance by the three.)

Ching-hua is enraged. She wants to go to the maid's rescue, but the other Red Army girl restrains her, saying: Only when we liberate Palm Grove Manor will we be able to free the oppressed people here.

Pang cautiously gives a signal and enters.

(He dances.)

On hearing the signal Ching-hua comes out and joins him. They exchange information, and agree that gunfire in the manor shall be the signal for the attack by our forces outside.

She starts to leave. Nan emerges, seeing guests off. Hatred brewed of generations of bloody oppression rushes to Ching-hua's head. Flinging off the other girl's restraining hand, she raises her pistol and fires. The landlord is wounded. But Ching-hua has prematurely given the signal to attack.

Red Army men and women pour into the manor. They quickly destroy the landlord's mercenaries, but the tyrant and his lieutenant Lao Szu have disappeared. Hung and Pang go to search the rear courtyard.

The Red Army breaks open the landlord's granary and distributes the grain among the poor peasants.

Hung grabs a local despot in the rear courtyard, a confidante of the Tyrant of the South. From him Hung learns that the moment Ching-hua fired, the tyrannical landlord and his lieutenant fled into a secret tunnel and escaped.

Ching-hua is stricken with remorse. Because she broke discipline, they were unable to catch the Tyrant of the South.

ACT FOUR

This army is powerful because all its members have a conscious discipline; they have come together and they fight ... for the interests of the broad masses and of the whole nation.

The richest source of power to wage war lies in the masses of the people.

— MAO TSE-TUNG

A Red Army camp by the Wanchuan River.

In the reddish golden glow of sunrise, Hung is conducting a political class for the Women's Company. These words are written large on a blackboard: **"Only by liberating all mankind can the proletariat truly liberate itself."**

Thanks to the education which the Party is giving her, Ching-hua now realizes that the purpose of revolution is not just to attain personal vengeance but to free all the suffering labouring people, that it is necessary to wipe out not just the Tyrant of the South but reactionaries everywhere. She has made up her mind to correct her faults

and spend her life following the Party and Chairman Mao to wage revolution.

(A dance by Ching-hua.)

The company commander sees that Ching-hua is correcting her mistakes and heightening her class consciousness. Very pleased, she practises hard with the girl in a weapon drill.

(They dance.)

The sun rises, crimsoning the revolutionary base. The river, and the Five-Finger Mountains are a lovely sight.

Women soldiers go out on manoeuvres. Others sew and patch their comrades' clothes.

Hung and soldiers carry baskets of fish and vegetables to the river's edge.

Hsiao-ngo, washing vegetables, mischievously splashes some of the other women. Laughing, they chase and tussle with her.

(A merry dance by the women soldiers.)

A cook carrying buckets of water, passes by. The women soldiers snatch his burden from him and carry it to the kitchen.

Cheerful peasants approach, talking loudly. They bring red-starred conical straw hats they have woven and fresh lichees they have picked and present them to the Red Army men and women. Deep though the Wanchuan River may be, it cannot compare to the depth of class feeling the army and the people bear for each other.

(Straw hat dance.)

Artillery booms in the distance. Pang rushes up and reports: The Kuomintang brigand army is again launching a big attack on the revolutionary base.

The company commander orders her troops to assemble.

Soldiers, militia and stretcher bearers say goodbye to the villagers. Confidently, they go forward into a new battle, determined to win a new victory.

ACT FIVE

This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield. No matter what the difficulties and hardships, so long as a single man remains, he will fight on.

— MAO TSE-TUNG

Shortly before dawn. A Red Army position.

Our main force is swiftly slipping to the enemy's rear to wipe out their effective forces. With a small contingent, Hung is holding a mountain top to cover this movement and block off the enemy.

Artillery fire flashes red in the pass. The flag of the Women's Detachment flutters on high.

Ching-hua and her comrades beat back one mad enemy assault after the next.

(Dance of the small contingent.)

Men and women of the Red Army and the Red Militia fully display our army's fearless spirit. Wounded soldiers refuse to leave the front.

Again, the enemy attack. The contingent's ammunition is gone. We'll fight them with our bayonets, says Hung. We'll not let them take our position.

Fierce hand to hand fighting. Ching-hua stabs an enemy soldier with her dagger.

(The two dance.)

With grenades, knives and fists, the heroic Red Army soldiers finally annihilate the attacking enemy.

(A fighting dance of four.)

The bright red flag of the Women's Detachment still waves above the battle position.

Hung sees that the time has come. Their delaying mission has succeeded. He hands his dispatch case to Ching-hua and tells her to withdraw the small contingent. He and two soldiers will remain to give cover.

Heavily firing enemy are again advancing up the side of the mountain. Now that the contingent has gone, Hung and the two soldiers also start to pull out, still fighting. They are swept by enemy machine-gun fire. Hung is badly wounded. He loses consciousness and is taken prisoner.

(Dark change.)

Our Red Army's main force, with overwhelming power, victoriously pursues the fleeing enemy.

(A militant ensemble dance.)

ACT SIX

Thousands upon thousands of martyrs have heroically laid down their lives for the people; let us hold their banner high and march ahead along the path crimson with their blood!

— MAO TSE-TUNG

The Red Army wins victory after victory. The liberated area steadily expands, drawing ever nearer to the lair of the Tyrant of the South. Chaos reigns in the manor.

Lao Szu frantically orders the mercenaries and bondmaids to move the tyrant's trunks and valuables and prepare to flee.

Piteously, Nan pleads with a Kuomintang army officer to stay and protect him. The officer, scared stiff by the Red Army, knows that his power is gone. Savagely pushing Nan aside, he runs for his life.

Faced with disaster, Nan rushes about like a madman.

(He and Lao Szu do a frenzied dance.)

One after another, mercenaries run in with reports of the Red Army's advance. In desperation, the landlord writes out an order for the Red Army to withdraw. He demands that Hung, who is captive in his manor, sign it.

Hung knows from the antics of the enemy that final victory is near. He cannot suppress his excitement and joy.

He stares boldly and contemptuously at the cruel foe, rips the retreat order to shreds and flings them in the face of the despotic landlord. Hung walks calmly to the fire blazing beside the big tree and shouts revolutionary slogans. Gallantly he dies, with the fearless heroic spirit of a Communist.

(Hung dances.)

Red Army troops break into the manor. Terrified mercenaries drop to their knees and beg for mercy.

Nan turns to flee and finds himself face to face with Ching-hua.

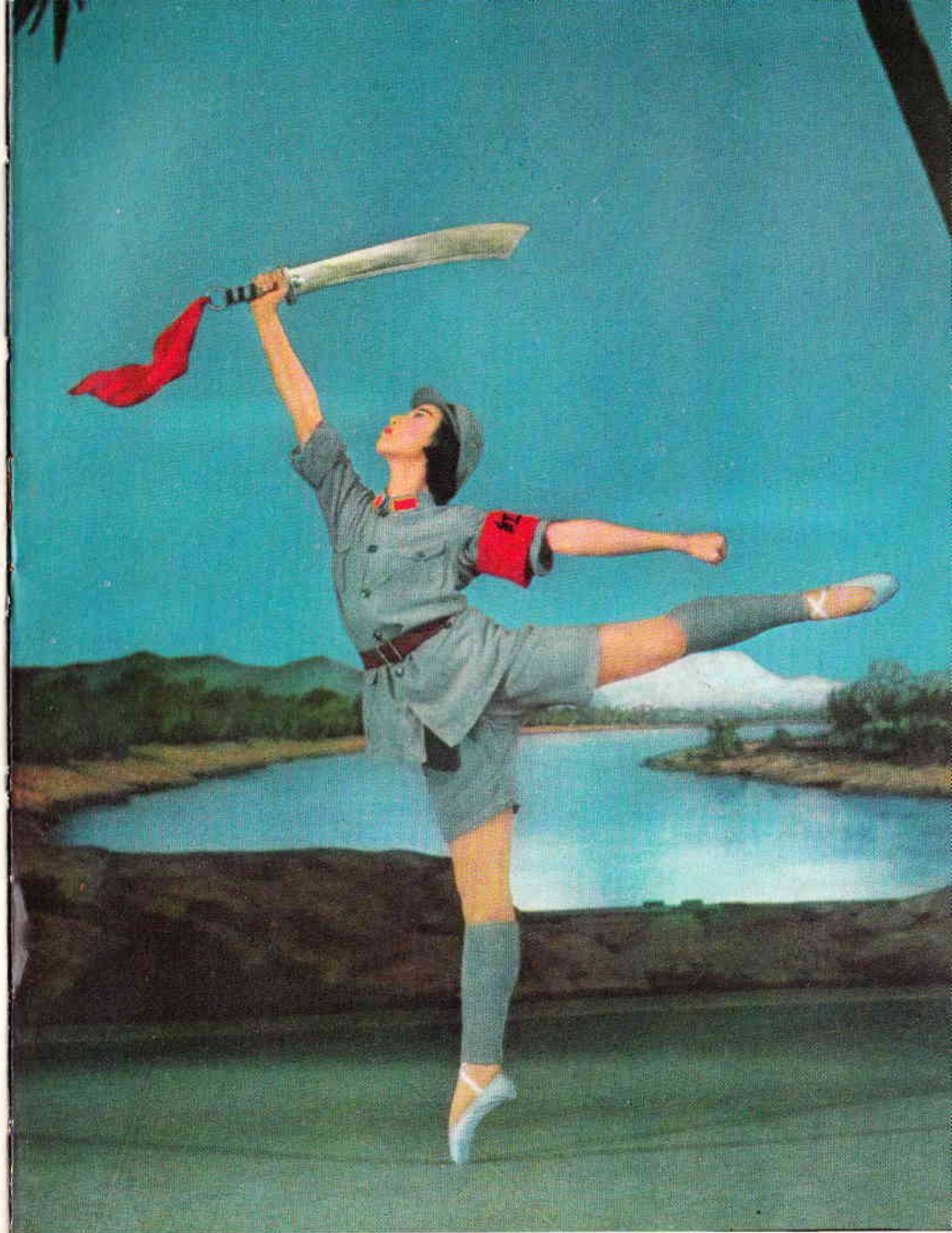
Craftily, he pleads for his life, feigns madness, while stealthily pulling out a dagger. Ching-hua fires twice. One shot kills the landlord, the other wipes out Lao Szu. Palm Grove Manor, so long a pit of misery, has been liberated. The people who have suffered for generations see the sun. There is wild rejoicing.

Pang and Ching-hua look for Hung amid the crowds. When it is learned that he bravely gave his life, the soldiers and villagers are grief-stricken. They vow angrily to convert their sorrow into strength and fight for the liberation of all mankind.

Hung has fallen; millions of revolutionaries rise to take his place. Ching-hua, who has joined the glorious Communist Party at the front, now carries on for the martyred Hung as Party representative, determined to wage revolution till its final triumph. Revolutionary masses flock to join the Red Army.

Forward, forward, under the banner of Mao Tse-tung, forward to victory!

(The end)



Company commander of the Women's Company

**Stage Photographs from the Ballet
"Red Detachment of Women"**



Hung, the Party representative, and his messenger Pang tell Ching-hua where to seek the Red Army (top)

Ching-hua and the company commander at target practice (below)

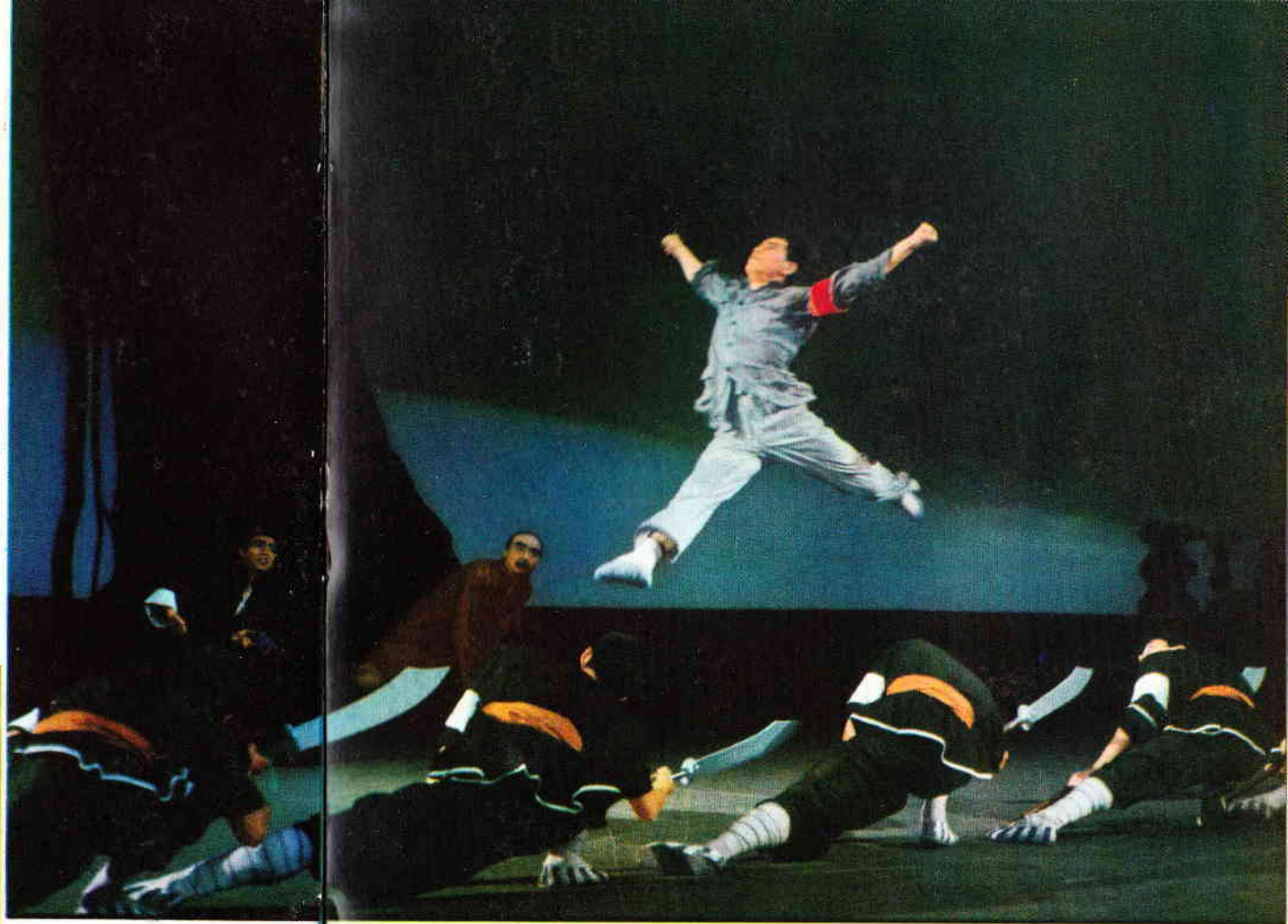


The women soldiers at drill (top)

The army and the people are as close as fish and water (below)

Ching-hua tells the Red Army men and the people of the tyrant Nan's crimes and asks to join the Red Army

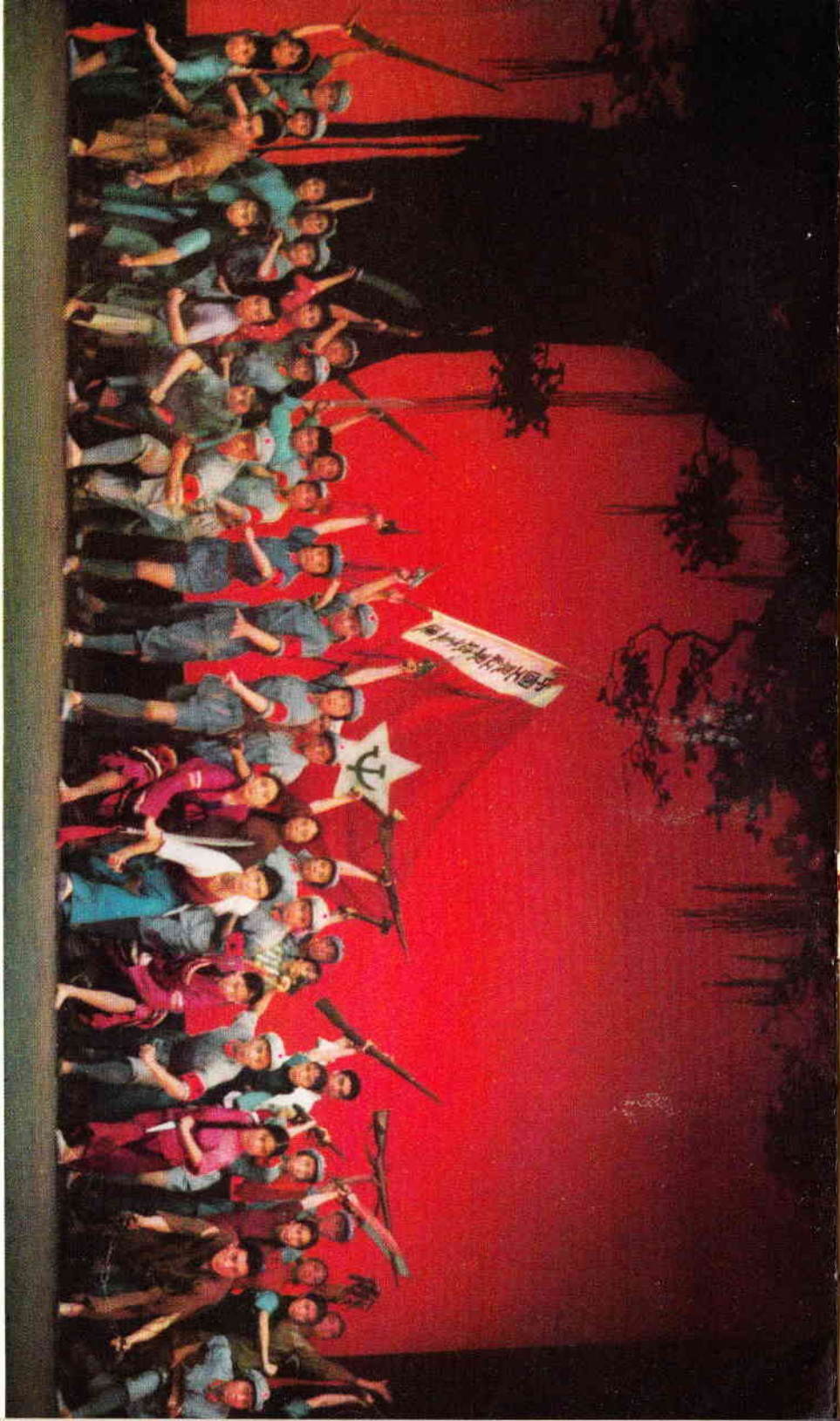




Hung tells Ching-hua that she has been accepted as a Party member and asks her to lead the small contingent in a withdrawal (upper left)

Ching-hua fights the enemy (lower left)

Hung firmly withstands the threats and cajolery of the enemy, fully displaying the dauntless spirit of a Communist (right)



P o e m s

*Chang Hung-hsi and
Chen Yen*

A Eulogy to the Red Sun

Oh, the jubilant Yellow River awakens,
Raising gold-glinting waves to greet the new Spring;
Oh, the wide highlands now are stirring,
Bearing offerings of *bata** to show what the heart feels.

Winds drifting, thunders roaring,
A paean of triumph rings across the wide skies;
Waters raging, clouds sailing,
A cloak of morning glories drapes a myriad leagues.
Oh, red flags, reports of victory fill the high heavens,
Gold of hot steel, paddy-green colour the great earth,
Painting grand scenes of socialist creation
As a tribute to our great motherland,

*Scarves used as a tribute in the Tibetan manner.

To those glorious years of endeavour,
To Chairman Mao, red, red sun in our hearts,
To the Ninth Congress of the Party.*

Looking at the rivers rolling on in surging billows,
Can the source far up in the mountains be forgotten?
Reliving the memories of the long course of battles fought,
How can we turn our eyes from the beacon of truth?
Oh, Chairman Mao, our respected and beloved Chairman Mao!
The Marxist-Leninist horizon you set wider,
And again you our great Party did found.
Oh, the East wind fills the canvas of the red vessel,
From South Lake** the Party's ship of revolution set sail.

Forward to victory!
Oh, Chairman Mao, our respected and beloved Chairman Mao!
Led by your hand we ranged both north and south,
Those treacherous cliffs and deadly waters could not stay our path!
Rifles firmly held, at your command our horses charge,
And trample down each hazard and each foe!

Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun.

Oh, the first five-star red flag was promise of victory
For the hearts of the down-trodden the world over,
Reaching the ends of the earth where turbulent storms arise.
Oh, our great leader Chairman Mao!
Our great Communist Party!

*Referring to the Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China held in April, 1969.

**The South Lake is in Chekiang Province. In July 1921, the first Congress of the Communist Party of China was held in Shanghai. To avoid the spies of the reactionary police, its later sessions were switched to the South Lake.

Throughout Anyuan* mines every pit, every shaft
Has your warmth for ever in its keeping;
High above Tsunyi** every cluster of morning cloud
Is painted with your historic deeds;
At Yen-an where the revolution grew beneath your hand
Every cave-dwelling is bathed in your brilliant sunshine;
Every red lantern on Tien An Men
Is glowing with the splendour of your truth.

Looking back to the past, those crowded months
Those months and years of endeavour,
Looking here at the present all about us,
The mountain flowers unfolded now in full bloom,
Oh, Chairman Mao, our respected and beloved Chairman Mao!
Like spring thunder your poster "**Bombard the Headquarters**"
Roused a million fighters to make the cultural revolution,
Stirred up the overwhelming waves of bitter hatred
For Liu Shao-chi the renegade, traitor and scab,
From the Party to be ousted once for all!
Raging flames flared up all over the sky,
Burning the bourgeois headquarters to ashes.
Oh, look,
The world revolution has entered a great new era,
The rays of Mao Tse-tung's thought reach everywhere.

*In the autumn of 1921, our great leader Chairman Mao went to Anyuan to start the railway workers and miners' great strike, kindling the revolutionary flames there.

**In January 1935 the Communist Party of China held an enlarged meeting of the Central Political Bureau at which the leading position of Comrade Mao Tse-tung in the whole Party was established. Since then the Chinese revolution, under the brilliant leadership of Chairman Mao, has advanced from victory to victory.

The working class must exercise leadership in everything,

Workers on the march to the beat of rattling drums,
Here come the masters of the new world,
Scaling the loftiest peaks at a run!
We workers take up on our shoulders the task —
Struggle-criticism-transformation,
All positions in the superstructure we'll surely take.
The proletarian state power will never change its hue,
We'll wield firm the red power for ever and ever.
Chairman Mao, oh, Chairman Mao!
Your great practice guides us in unending revolution,
It's your brilliant thought that brings us to maturity.
Oh, Chairman Mao, Chairman Mao!
You are the foremost leader of the proletariat,
Of world revolution, the helmsman of greatest genius,
With you in high spirits, in robust health,
Firmly at the rudder of the times,
Heading towards communism's grand triumph.

Oh, starting with the first red flag on the South Lake ship
Till the issue of the Communique of the Twelfth Plenum,*
From the first shot in the Autumn Harvest Uprising**
To the world-shaking blast of the hydrogen bomb —

*Referring to the Communique of the Enlarged 12th Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Communist Party of China held in Peking in 1968.

** In the autumn of 1927 Chairman Mao led the workers, peasants and revolutionary soldiers in the region comprising the western part of Kiangsi Province and the eastern part of Hunan Province to stage an uprising, and founded the Workers' and Peasants' Revolutionary Army. In October Chairman Mao took the Revolutionary Army to Chingkang Mountains, thereby establishing the first revolutionary base in China.

For each of these epic victories we have won
All credit is due to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line;
Every glorious path we have travelled together
Was marked out for us by his giant steps.

Oh, our great Communist Party, great leader Chairman Mao!
Seven hundred million people follow close behind you,
Militant in spirit, aglow with enthusiasm.
Look, the daring spirit born of the great cultural revolution
Is spreading along with the spattering sparks of molten steel,
Blended with the spilling fragrance of paddy rice.
Every part of the air above our motherland
Vibrates with verve and vigour,
Every inch of the soil of our motherland
Is enriched with a red glow.
Oh, Chairman Mao, our respected and beloved Chairman Mao!
Allow us to offer now to you:
Millions upon millions of red hearts,
Millions upon millions of reports of victory,
Like the rolling of millions upon millions of morning clouds,
From us workers we send as a tribute;
And millions upon millions of songs of praise we'll sing
To salute the Ninth Congress of the Party.

*Wang Pao-hsing and
Liu Yu-cho*

Sailors' Hearts Turn to Chairman Mao

Above, the revolutionary sky,
Beneath, the revolutionary earth,
Revolutionary rifles and bayonets,
Revolutionary red flags and banners.

Oh, these years on guard along the coast —
Years of numberless storms overpowered!
Mantled in festive clouds the rising sun we face,
Sailors' hearts burst into endless cheers.

Polishing the silver gun touched by Chairman Mao's fingers,
Feeling the armchair where once he sat,
The sailors' smiling faces turn to Peking,
Warm tears streaming down our cheeks.

Wang Pao-hsing and Liu Yu-cho are sailors of a naval unit of the PLA.

Looking up to the sky, the blue gathers a bluer shade,
Gazing down at the sea, green waters reflect a greener jade,
Our motherland's mountains and rivers will for ever be red,
Promising a future both excellent and grand.

Who is it that has painted this magnificent picture?
Who is it that has aroused the overpowering thunderstorms?
Who is it that has raised the revolutionary banners?
Who is it that has opened the broad high road?
At Shaoshan rises the red sun,
Myriads of golden rays shine on heaven and earth,
Chairman Mao points out the revolutionary road,
Red banners sweep up the serfs' halberds.

With great steps Chairman Mao walks over the land,
Thunder rolls across the country's length and breadth,
Stirring up workers and peasants, millions upon millions,
Through battle to bring forth a red new universe.

The great truth spreads the world over,
Its dazzling beams light up the whole cosmos,
The great commander is at the wheel,
Steering the revolution from victory to victory.

The revolutionary gust roaring,
The revolutionary storms raging,
Sailors voice their resolve before Chairman Mao,
No end to the words which swell up in their hearts.

A thousand songs, ten thousand poems,
All crystallized into a single wish,
The fighters from the sea cry in a loud voice:
May Chairman Mao live ten times ten thousand years!

Lu Meng
(*textile worker*)

Our Songs Ring Forth on
Tien An Men

Excitement brims my eyes with tears,
From dreams I wake up in delight;
Chosen as the workers' deputy,
Happy to Peking I do come.

Before me Tien An Men rises high,
Looking round, I can scarce hold back my joy,
Feelings of immense regard, of deepest loyalty
Burst out of my heart in endless waves.

How often have I seen you in my dreams,
In waking moments fixed my eyes on the Dipper!
How many times have my thoughts turned to you,
While my lips shaped the song of *The East Is Red!*

Who is a thousand-fold warmer than the sun?
Who is ten thousand times closer than our parents?
The slave's bond becomes the badge of the workers' deputy,
Of the Party's care for us there is no end.

Raising my eyes I see the red spun-silk lanterns,
Glowing beams brighten heaven and earth;
Chairman Mao's huge portrait has a smile for me,
A flow of warmth races through my being.

I rest my feet at the Chinshui Bridge,
In my mind's eye the crystal Yenho River I see;
I turn to salute the People's Heroes Monument,
The Chingkang Mountain torches once again do burn.

The Cultural Revolution the universe does shake,
The earth revolves on its new axis!
On Tien An Men the giant stands aloft,
The stars themselves indeed do honour him!

Chairman Mao's splendour lightens the world,
For ever and ever we'll be loyal to you.
Weaving all the crimson silks into red flags,
We vow to turn this globe into a red star.

Yang Teh-hsiang
(*soldier*)

The One Dearest to the Soldiers' Hearts

I pass by Chairman Mao's picture every day,
Each day from him I get new stamina;
Golden rays of the sun shine over me,
Happiness and warmth flooding all within.
Ai,
Chairman Mao, oh, Chairman Mao!
You are the one dearest to your soldiers,
Day nor night you are never from our side,
Dewdrops and rain the myriad flowers nourish.

I pass by Chairman Mao's picture every day,
Each day from him I learn anew:

Serve the people — its dazzling lights
Brighten my view and open new horizons.
Ai,
Chairman Mao, oh, Chairman Mao!
You are the one dearest to your soldiers,
Every step of the road I'll follow your lead,
Ever remember: "wholly, "“entirely” to serve.

I pass by Chairman Mao's picture every day,
Each day Chairman Mao gives me his command;
He has filled me with revolutionary verve,
My sword aloft, I charge to crush the foe.
Ai,
Chairman Mao, oh, Chairman Mao!
You are the one dearest to your soldiers,
I'll never forget the struggles with the enemy,
We pledge to trample under our feet
Imperialists, revisionists and all reaction.

I think of you Chairman Mao every day,
Each day your eyes turn down to me,
Every day I look up to the red sun,
Each day its beams shine on my heart.
Your soldiers will always be devoted to you,
Will for ever sing aloud the song of loyalty.

Chairman Mao has recently pointed out: "The workers' propaganda teams should stay permanently in the schools and colleges, take part in all the tasks of struggle-criticism-transformation there and always lead these institutions. In the countryside, schools and colleges should be managed by the poor and lower-middle peasants — the most reliable ally of the working class."

Under the guidance of the great thought of Mao Tse-tung, the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers are carrying out many reforms of teaching principles and methods and of the whole educational system. A broad and deep proletarian revolution in education is unfolding in China. The following articles reflect some aspects of this.

How the Old Poor Peasant Set Up a School

In the countryside of Nungan County in Kirin Province, the story of how the poor and lower-middle peasants of the Taipingling Brigade have founded and are managing a middle school by themselves has spread far and wide. Back in 1964 Wang Hsing, Party branch secretary of the brigade, an old poor peasant, was greatly inspired by Chairman Mao's great directive on bringing up worthy successors to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat. He made up his mind that the poor and lower-middle peasants should set up and manage

a school for themselves. A handful of capitalist roaders on hearing about it poured cold water on this new idea and said that such a school would be "irregular" and "illegitimate." Then they trumped up charges against Wang Hsing who was propagating this new scheme in an attempt to strangle it in its cradle by persecuting the organizer.

Rallying together the poor and lower-middle peasants and the revolutionary students and teachers of the school, Wang Hsing undeterred, held high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, braved the adverse wind and stormy waves and waged tit-for-tat struggles against the capitalist roaders. They succeeded not only in setting up the school but were able to keep it going. After four years of effort, the school has developed rapidly. Starting with a little over thirty students, it now has on its rolls more than two hundred. In 1968, its first batch of thirty students graduated and went back to their production teams. They became members of Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda teams and constituted a shock force in the three great revolutionary movements of class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment in the rural area. "This rural middle school set up by Wang Hsing raises high the red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought. It is a good school for training successors to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat," said the peasants very proudly.

In 1962 it was said that the county had decided to set up a middle school in Kaochiatien Commune. Wang Hsing and the poor and lower-middle peasants were delighted. They enthusiastically helped with the repair and building of the schoolrooms, volunteering their own labour and their own carts for transport and the laying of bricks. Now that the school was so close to their homes, they were sure it would no longer be difficult for their children to enter middle school. To their dismay, from the day school started, it set up various obstacles barring the children of poor and lower-middle peasants from entering its doors; the obstacles came in the form of "age restriction," "examination," "tuition" and "being kept back a year" and various other rules and regulations. Wang Hsing noticed all this and was indignant. "Obviously this middle school is not meant for us," he

remarked to himself. "Why can't we poor and lower-middle peasants found a middle school for ourselves?"

One day when Wang Hsing visited Yu Chang-chiu, also a poor peasant, he found Yu's daughter Kuei-chin huddled on the *kang* very much in the dumps.

"Well, Kuei-chin," said Wang Hsing warmly. "I hear you've finished primary school. Have you passed the entrance for middle school?" Kuei-chin met Wang's enquiry with silence. Her father sighed. "No, she didn't pass the entrance. For generation after generation, our Yu family worked like beasts of burden for landlords and never could send a child to school. It was only after our emancipation that we were able to let this child go to school. But you simply don't know, passing the entrance to a middle school is harder than anything. I've given up hope...."

Old Yu's words reminded Wang Hsing of certain figures which had been weighing on his mind. There was a rich peasant household of nine in their brigade. Of the family's seven children, one was in college, one in senior middle school and two in primary school. In short all four school-age children were studying. There was another household of nine, that of a poor peasant by the name of Huang Cheng. But none of his seven children except the eldest who spent only four years in school had had any schooling. There were altogether three college students among the sons and daughters of those in the brigade. Two of them were from landlord or rich peasant family. The third was a child of a well-to-do middle peasant. No children of the poor and lower-middle peasants in their brigade got to college.

Yu Chang-chiu's daughter was not the only one who couldn't get into middle school, Wang Hsing mused. Many children of poor and lower-middle peasants were kept out. Why is it that now a middle school has been set up close by our door, our children are still kept out of it?

Wang Hsing then made up his mind. He wanted to set up a middle school which would meet the wishes of the poor and lower-middle peasants. His must sing a different tune from that school run by the county authorities. Following Chairman Mao's teaching

on the importance of making investigation, he paid many visits to the workers and students of the county middle school to find out the shortcomings and objectionable practices of the old-type school. He also went often to the poor and lower-middle peasants to find out their demands and requirements. The peasants were all very pleased to hear of Wang Hsing's intention to set up a middle school.

"That foreign-style school is not for us," they said. "Our children can't enter the school either because their marks are not high enough or they can't afford to pay the tuition or they have too many household chores to do to keep up with its heavy schedule. Even when they do get in, they are looked down upon because their clothes are shabby."

"Now if we poor and lower-middle peasants set up our own school," they said hopefully to Wang Hsing. "We'll be able to bring up our own worthy successors. Go ahead, Wang Hsing, get the school going. Whatever difficulties there may be let us shoulder them together."

Their angry charges against the old educational system strengthened Wang Hsing's confidence and determination. He called a special meeting of the Party members to study this question of setting up a rural school for the poor and lower-middle peasants. Wang Hsing cited facts to show that the county middle school had a curriculum divorced from the realities of the three great revolutionary movements and that it discriminated against the children of poor and lower-middle peasants. There were sharp class struggles over the question of how to manage a school. "The power over the schools is not in our hands," he told them. "That's why the schools' doors are not wide-open to us poor and lower-middle peasants. Now, why is it many of our children couldn't get into middle school? Precisely because the power over the schools is in the hands of bad people." He got the others to study Chairman Mao's teaching that **"Education must serve proletarian politics and be combined with productive labour."** The Party members said: "Chairman Mao has already told us how to manage schools. If we run a school according to the will of the poor and lower-middle peasants, the students will come out with high class consciousness and will work for us. This

is the orientation pointed out to us by Chairman Mao. The first thing of importance in running a school is that we must wield political power in the school." After this meeting, the brigade called another one of representatives of poor and lower-middle peasants to discuss the question. Wang Hsing's ideas of running a school met with the approval of all and he was unanimously voted the principal of this new rural middle school.

As soon as Wang Hsing assumed office he made the following announcement to all members of their brigade: The rural middle school is for the poor and lower-middle peasants and will be managed by them. Their children can enter the school without going through an exam, without paying a tuition and will not be restricted by their age. Everything about the school, such as who are to be the teachers, what its curriculum will be, what kind of schoolrooms shall be built and where the students will be assigned to work after graduation will be decided by the poor and lower-middle peasants. What they say goes.

Once the good news spread, all the poor and lower-middle peasants showed their delight, while the capitalist roader who had usurped the leadership of the people's commune was very angry. "Imagine a single brigade wanting to set up a middle school," he fumed. "The commune's not going to give you funds, so you can't do it. Even if you do set up a school, we won't recognize it."

Wang Hsing's answer was sharp. "Why can't a brigade set up a school? We require no money from the state, nor will we call on the state for any aid. Whether you recognize our school or not we are going to set it up. Our minds are made up."

There really are a great many difficulties when a single brigade sets about starting a middle school. For one thing this school had no teachers, nor classrooms, nor desks and chairs. They had no experience either. Wang Hsing, however, was undaunted by the threats of the capitalist roader nor did he lose heart in the face of so many practical problems. Taking a lead himself he and other peasants emptied a horse-shed to turn it into a classroom. They made mud bricks and used them to build rostrums which were used as desks for



the students. They had no professional teachers so they asked the workers, peasants and soldiers to take the platform to propagandize Mao Tse-tung's thought, to lecture on class struggle, give military training and engage in scientific experiments.

The school was inaugurated on October 25, 1964. That day the students joyfully entered their school, the former horse-shed, and Wang Hsing issued them each a golden book of Chairman Mao's works. The first lesson was given by Wang Hsing himself who taught the students Chairman Mao's *Serve the People*. "You are here," he said with profound proletarian feelings, "in order to study well Chairman Mao's writings, follow his teachings and properly remould your ideologies so that you will become peasants armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung. We poor and lower-middle peasants run this school and we demand a high level of political awareness instead of high marks. Once you have grasped Mao Tse-tung's thought, you have acquired the ability to serve the people."

When the capitalist roaders found that slandering and threatening the school could not deter the poor and lower-middle peasants in

their determination to run the school well, they sent bourgeois intellectuals of the county middle school to the new school to dampen their enthusiasm. They arrived in the guise of "visitors." These elements made sarcastic remarks the moment they set foot in the school. They criticized, mocked and found fault with every little thing. "What a shambles this is," they sneered. "Call it a middle school?" After they left, they conspired with other bad elements to fan up an evil wind slandering the school as being "irregular" with "poor quality teachers" who "won't be able to teach the students well," that "the school will never come to anything." In short they said the life-span of the school would be like a rabbit's tail, very short.

This evil wind found its way into the rural school. A few teachers and students began to feel embarrassed by the "shabbiness" of their school and admired the so-called "regular" schools. A language teacher even borrowed a set of old textbooks from the county-run school and lectured on the writing of classical-style essays, thinking thus to enable his students to get higher marks in future exams. When Wang Hsing discovered these signs, he realized that it was a sharp struggle between bourgeois and proletarian ideologies, a struggle between the two lines. It was a major point on which would depend which way they would lead the children of the poor and lower-middle peasants. With other representatives on the school committee, he came repeatedly to the school and studied *Serve the People* with the students and teachers as well as other teachings of Chairman Mao on the revolution in education. He organized them to launch a big debate on the subject of "for whom are they teaching, and for whom are they studying?" The debate was a great success. Speakers vied for the floor for all were eager to condemn the old educational system and point out that the way taken by their own school was a bright, broad road.

"Different classes love different things and different classes run their schools differently," said the old poor peasant Huang Cheng. "We have started this school, but it is not going to be a show-piece. It is a school to train worthy successors for us poor and lower-middle peasants. Our rural middle school may be shabby and poor, but it looks good in our eyes and we are proud of it. Those foreign-style

schools have proper furnishings and a good appearance. Still they don't look good in our eyes."

These sincere words stirred Wang Hsing deeply. "What you've said is very true," he said. "What is regular and right? When we poor and lower-middle peasants follow the road pointed out by Chairman Mao and use our own hands to set up a school for our younger generation instead of relying on the state, it is right. As for that middle school run by the county authorities, which turns their students into book-worms who dislike manual labour and seek fame and money, I'd call that the crooked, irregular way." The debate was indeed a profound class lesson to the students and the teachers.

"The so-called 'regular' way of the old schools is to cultivate bourgeois ways in the minds of the students," said the teachers. "The so-called high quality of the old schools is to induce the students to let their 'selfishness' grow. We are running the school for poor and lower-middle peasants, we mustn't fall into the trap the old schools have sunk into."

The students were also inspired. "That county-run school has a handsome brick building," they said. "And nice desks and chairs all of which are products of the working people's labour. But we built our classroom ourselves and sit at a desk built up with mud bricks made by our own hands. This is in the revolutionary spirit of self-reliance. We should be proud of our school."

The Taipingling rural middle school flourished under the warm care of the poor and lower-middle peasants. In the revolutionary style of integrating theory with practice, the teachers linked the lectures closely with the three great revolutionary movements of class struggle, struggle for production and scientific experiments, and made the broad horizons of the countryside their classroom. Whatever knowledge was needed by the poor and lower-middle peasants they opened courses teaching it. The school abounds in revolutionary vitality, and the students are full of vigorous spirit. It became a sharp contrast to the county-run school. The poor and lower-middle peasants of neighbouring brigades noticed these things, thought them over and asked permission to send their children there.

"Old Wang, your middle school has simple, practical courses and fits our needs. My brother wants to attend your school, please admit him." This was a request from the accountant of the Hsiantientzu Brigade.

Old Aunt Yu from the Yu Family Close brought her daughter to Wang Hsing. "Your school was founded for us poor and lower-middle peasants," she said. "For generations back, our family never had any one who could read or write. Please admit my girl and train her properly so that in future she will be able to work in our interests."

Wang Hsing was glad to see that many students from other brigades wanted to attend the school. "This is the first time we poor and lower-middle peasants have run a school," he told the others in his brigade. "And it seems we've met the requirements of our folk. It shows we've taken the right road. My idea is, whoever wishes to come to our school, no matter which brigade he's from, let's admit him. Yes, all who come." The poor and lower-middle peasants approved. "What's all this talk about your brigade or my brigade? Don't we all live in the new society led by Chairman Mao? Of course we separate the land according to this or that brigade, but you can't separate the hearts of poor and lower-middle peasants wherever they are. We've got to manage the school when it's got only one class, if we have ten classes we'll manage them on the same principles and without any trouble. As long as we can enable the poor and lower-middle peasants to achieve emancipation culturally, we're willing to expend more labour and money to build new rooms. Let the students from other brigades come, Wang Hsing. Go ahead and admit all of them."

The rural middle school started with one class of thirty students who had their lessons in the former horse-shed. Now as more and more students enrolled, the schoolroom became too small and there were not enough desks and chairs. With these difficulties confronting them, someone proposed that they ask help from their people's commune. "No," said Wang Hsing resolutely. "Chairman Mao teaches us that we must take the road of self-reliance. We'll solve the problem with our own hands." In those days, Wang Hsing and

the peasants of his brigade worked and planned for the extension of the school house day and night. He came several times to the school to propagandize the way the students of *kangta** had worked with their own hands to set up their school building. And so a campaign to learn the *kangta* spirit was launched in the brigade. The peasants worked shoulder to shoulder with the revolutionary students and teachers. They cut thatch, made mud bricks, and built more rooms while school went on as usual. By the autumn of 1965, eight new classrooms had been built. The next spring they had added another eight. Taipingling, small as it is, became the place of learning where the children of poor and lower-middle peasants of the nearby villages gathered. The prestige of the rural middle school grew with the passing of time.

The rural middle school has matured in the tempest of class struggle. After the great proletarian cultural revolution started, Wang Hsing, together with the revolutionary students and teachers of the school, holding high the revolutionary banner of "**It is right to rebel against reactionaries,**" accused and condemned the old educational system at meetings and by posters, exposing the crimes of the handful of capitalist roaders who oppose Mao Tse-tung's thought. This revolutionary action of theirs frightened the capitalist roader in their people's commune out of his wits. At first, trumping up false charges, he launched many attacks on Wang Hsing and removed him from all posts. He also provoked certain people to occupy the rural middle school by force, in an attempt to split the unity of the revolutionary students and teachers. They wrought havoc with the school's experimental plot and engaged in a series of criminal activities.

These treacherous acts of the capitalist roader aroused the great indignation of the poor and lower-middle peasants and the revolutionary students and teachers. They protected Wang Hsing, encouraging him to continue with the struggle. "Don't worry," Wang Hsing assured them confidently. "The capitalist roader might remove me from my post but he cannot take away my loyalty to Chairman Mao.

*The Chinese People's Anti-Japanese Military and Political College started by the Communist Party of China in 1936 for training cadres.

As long as I have one breath left in me, I'll follow Chairman Mao to make revolution; I'll struggle against the capitalist roader until victory." Wang Hsing went to the people's commune and, together with the poor and lower-middle peasants and revolutionary cadres, exposed his crimes. Wang Hsing's revolutionary actions won the support of the PLA Mao Tse-tung's Thought Propaganda Team as well as the poor and lower-middle peasants. The revolutionary masses of the Kaochiatien People's Commune rebelled against the capitalist roader, removed him from office and seized back all the power which he had usurped. Tried and tested in the severe tempest of class struggle, Wang Hsing won the trust of the masses. Not long ago, the revolutionary masses of Taipingling elected him chairman of their revolutionary committee. Later on, he was also elected vice-chairman of the revolutionary committee of their commune.

After the issuing of Chairman Mao's recent instruction "**In the countryside, schools or colleges should be managed by the poor and lower-middle peasants — the most reliable ally of the working class,**" the county revolutionary committee, acting at the request of the masses of poor and lower-middle peasants decided that the county-run middle school should be combined with the rural middle school and renamed the May Seventh Middle School. Entrusted by the poor and lower-middle peasants with the important task of wielding power over education in this rural area, Wang Hsing headed the commune's Mao Tse-tung's Thought Propaganda Team and entered the school where the revolutionary students and teachers promptly elected him chairman of their revolutionary committee.

Wang Hsing brought along with him the good tradition of his rural middle school. Together with his team-mates he took the students and teachers to join in the exhilarating work of autumn harvesting. Upon his suggestion, the former horse-shed in which the rural middle school was inaugurated became the classroom for first-year students of the May Seventh Middle School. Students began carrying with them a manure basket on their way to and from school so that they could gather manure on the way.

"Chairman Mao has told us poor and lower-middle peasants to manage the middle schools," Wang Hsing told the students. "The

purpose is to train you into worthy successors to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat. You must study well Chairman Mao's writings, listen to Chairman Mao's teachings, and be re-educated by the workers, peasants and soldiers so that you will become new-style, educated peasants with socialist awareness."

In the high tide of struggle-criticism-transformation, Wang Hsing and his team-mates led the revolutionary teachers and students to repudiate the counter-revolutionary revisionist educational line of the renegade, traitor, and scab Liu Shao-chi. Together they carried out the series of directives on the revolution in education issued by Chairman Mao so that a new revolutionary vitality and spirit now pervades the school.

“Long Live Chairman Mao!”

It was the first lesson in reading for Grade One after school opened.

There entered the classroom a veteran worker, Master Sung, holding in his hands a portrait of Chairman Mao. When the school-children saw it, they raised their arms and warmly cried: “Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!”

Glancing at these lovely children, Old Master Sung smiled and said, “Good. It’s right that the children of the working class should now and always shout: Long live Chairman Mao! For our reading lesson this morning, let’s just learn these few words. They are words sparkling in gold.”

With their eyes fixed attentively on their teacher, the boys and girls were now all ears.

“I was born in a poor-peasant family,” Old Sung began. “My father had been a hired hand for the landlords all his life and had suffered no end of hardships from their oppression and exploitation. When I was eleven I went to tend cattle for a landlord. I slept in

This article was written by a reporter of *Jiefang Ribao*.

the cattle-shed and what did I have for food? Only bran! I had to get up at three o’clock in the morning. I stayed up late in the night, for I had to wash dishes and finish all the household chores before I could go to sleep. During the day I had to tend the cattle. If they were not well fed the landlord’s vicious wife wouldn’t give me anything to eat. At night I had to attend on them, too, for fear that they might soil the ground with their droppings. Sometimes when I fell asleep and failed to bring them the dung buckets, I would be given a sound beating. Would you call that the life of a human being?

“At that time I also had to visit the school every day, but I wasn’t going there for lessons. I was ordered to escort the landlord’s two boys there. When winter came I was given a fiery-hot foot-warmer to carry for them on the way. I couldn’t take it in my hands, I had to hold it with my sleeves, because the handle was too hot. On rainy days the landlord forced me to carry them home on my back. One of his boys was two years older than me and was naturally too heavy a load. But I had to do it. I cried as I trudged along.

“Children, imagine it. What hard times we had when we were young! Today you are well fed and warmly clothed and can go to school when you reach six or seven years of age. Can you tell me who has given you such a happy life?” Old Sung queried.

“Chairman Mao!” answered the pupils in one voice.

“Right. It is Chairman Mao who has brought you the happiness you know today. We must raise our voice and cry a thousand times: Long live Chairman Mao!”

“Long live Chairman Mao!” the classroom resounded with a big burst of cheers.

“Later, I found I simply couldn’t get along in my village any more,” Old Sung went on. “I went to Shanghai. Heaven knows the capitalists in Shanghai and the landlords in the villages were jackals from the same lair! They were all man-eaters. I worked first in a flour mill, then a rice-husking plant, later a textile mill and then became a docker on the wharves and did many other odd jobs. I sweated blood till I was forty-five when my health broke down. In spite of working hard, never after a single meal could I say I was full, nor did I ever have any decent clothing to wear. I always wondered

whether we poor people could ever see better days. However, I was hoping, hoping, day in and day out. Then my dream came true. There came our great liberator Chairman Mao! He led us to pull the reactionaries down. We workers were emancipated. We stood on our own feet and became the masters of the country. Since then we have had a happy life. I'm sixty-three this year but I feel young. The old society caused both my spirit and strength to decline faster than my age, but in the new society I feel younger in spirit every day. In the dark old days I often woke up in the middle of my sleep crying; today I even smile in my dreams. It is Chairman Mao who has brought me such happiness. We should never forget to thank the Communist Party for our emancipation, we should never forget to thank Chairman Mao for our happy life."

Old Sung's lecture brought home fully to the children that to live in Mao Tse-tung's age is indeed the greatest happiness.

Then Old Sung asked the pupils to open their readers. With intensity he said: "Children, Chairman Mao has been leading us to wage the great proletarian cultural revolution. We of the working class have taken control over matters of culture and education and have compiled new proletarian readers. Now open your textbooks. You'll see right on the first page a portrait of Chairman Mao, the red sun in our hearts. And in the very first lesson there are these words 'Long live Chairman Mao!' The old textbooks were not like this. This change came out of a sharp class struggle, you know. The big renegade Liu Shao-chi went all out for revisionist rubbish. What he wanted our children to learn as soon as they entered school were such words as 'hill,' 'water,' 'flower' and 'grass.' He claimed these words to be part of a vocabulary for immediate need and frequent use. What nonsense! What we workers always have in mind or on our lips and what we write most often is 'Long live Chairman Mao!' These are the words that we workers, peasants and soldiers need most and use most frequently. We want to shout and write 'Long live Chairman Mao!' throughout our lifetime."

"Down with the renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi!" "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!" shouted the children.

At that moment there was only one conviction in the young heads: Defend Chairman Mao with our life! Down with anyone who opposes Chairman Mao!

Amidst the shouting of slogans, Master Sung took up a piece of chalk and said to the class: "Chairman Mao is our dearest one. 'Long live Chairman Mao!' is our fondest wish. We must learn to write these words conscientiously. We must write them well. Now write them after me."

With his strong hand, Old Sung wrote neatly and squarely the characters "Long live Chairman Mao!" stroke by stroke on the blackboard.

The glowing proletarian feelings of Old Master Sung deeply touched the schoolchildren. Their young red hearts were beating with emotion. With profound feelings of utter devotion to Chairman Mao, they solemnly wrote "Long live Chairman Mao!" after their teacher. Silence prevailed in the classroom, only the scratching of pencils on paper was audible. The youngsters were pouring forth through their own pens what lay deep in their hearts into the big characters "Long live Chairman Mao!" shining like gold.

A New Arithmetic Lesson

On the morning of January 10 this year, the first grade was having its second period, an arithmetic lesson. The pupils were of the junior-middle-school section of the May Seventh School run by the Hsuanhua Engineering Machinery Works. Out of their classroom rose a continuous cry of angry slogans: "Down with the renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi!" "Exploitation is criminal! Down with exploitation!" The whole class, it was found, were adding up the sum of the bloody exploitation Master Tung had suffered in the old society.

Master Tung is a worker-instructor sent by the factory specially for the first grade. A few days before, he had given a lecture to the revolutionary teachers and students of the school by recalling the sufferings of his past life. His tragic family history made the listeners much more determined to carry the proletarian revolution in education through to the end. This is what they thought about arithmetic lessons: "We knew that the poor and lower-middle peasants were exploited by the landlords before liberation, but we have never gone seriously into the problem as to how much of the product of

their sweated labour was actually stolen away by the exploiters — a calculation of the blood and misery they paid. In the past the lessons in arithmetic were given with such mind-taxing problems as 'to find out the number each of chickens and rabbits shut up in the same cage' by giving us only the number of legs they had altogether! Never was there a problem dealing with the exploitation of the peasants by the landlords. Through the new arithmetic lessons of today we must make ourselves thoroughly clear about these accounts of sorrow and misery."

The first problem Master Tung gave to the students ran like this. When Master Tung was six years old, his family were so impoverished that they had to go hungry. Without a single grain of food in the house, they had no way out other than borrowing from a landlord five *dou* of maize, one *dou* was thirty-six *jin*, totalling one hundred and eighty *jin*. The stone-hearted landlord immediately took advantage of this, asking for compound interest at fifty per cent — exploitation at a deadly usurious rate! The students were then asked to calculate how much grain the landlord would demand from Master Tung's family at the end of three years when the loan expired.

Indeed it takes calculations to get the answer and the calculations produce a startling result. The answer was that the family were forced to pay nearly seventeen *dou*, before they could clear the debt. What a fearful accumulation of interest on debt and interest on interest! How bloodthirsty were the landlords and the rich! Where could Master Tung's family find enough grain to pay this off when they didn't even have enough to eat?

The next problem Master Tung gave began with a query: Since the landlord knew very well that the Tungs wouldn't be able to pay back the grain, then why did he make the loan? The clue to this was that the landlord had a calculated scheme in his mind, he was interested in the family's only possession — their four *mu* of cultivated land. Things turned out exactly as he had plotted. Three years later, Master Tung's family couldn't pay. Under the coercion and well-calculated extortion of the landlord, they were forced to turn over to him their land, on which they depended for their livelihood. After the landlord took away the land, he in turn rented it to them on

condition that he would collect half of the annual crop, estimated at three hundred and sixty *jin* per *mu*. Master Tung's family toiled on the land for four years. The students were asked to tell how much of their grain would have been thieved by the landlord.

The reckoning came to two thousand eight hundred and eighty *jin*. The youngsters got very angry and exclaimed: Damn that swine of a landlord! In four years he collected so much grain without so much as lifting his finger!

The third problem was posed like this. There were two able-bodied persons in Master Tung's family. They sweated blood three hundred and sixty-five days in the year for four years. The landlord exploited them to the full on each of their two thousand nine hundred and twenty workdays, but these, however, were still not enough to pay the rent.

"Children, think it over," added Master Tung. "At that time how could the land as it was then yield annually three hundred and sixty *jin* of grain per *mu*? well, if the family couldn't pay the rent, what were they going to do? The last time they settled the debt with their land, this time they could only send their child to cover the rent. That was me. I was only twelve, no older than you are now. While you are able to study here in the classroom, the only thing I could do then was to hold back my tears and go and work for the landlord. After all the abuse and beatings I could stand, the landlord only paid me thirty-six *jin* of maize as my yearly wage. Now the question is — for how long had I to work before I could leave that hell-hole?"

Usurious interest rates, high rents, labour-hiring — these were the landlords' ways and means to exploit the peasants, and the Tungs escaped from none of them. After the students added up those bitter accounts, they were boiling with rage.

The figures written on the blackboard were not just numerals, but blood and suffering.

Looking at those numerical symbols of bitterness and misery, Master Tung recalled the sufferings and tortures he had gone through in the landlord's house. No longer able to keep to his seat, he stood up and said with emotion: "In the old society we poor people had no place to set our feet. We had no power, no influence. Trampled

down at every turn, we couldn't move a single step. But that scoundrel, Liu Shao-chi, clamoured that 'exploitation has its merits'! Children, look at these figures. Where on earth are the merits of exploitation?"

With these sums of bloody exploitation before them and listening to Master Tung's accusations, the students held up their fists and shouted in anger: "Down with the renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi!" "Exploitation is a crime! Down with exploitation!" and "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

A Class on Fertilizer

Chairman Mao speaking about students says: **“While their main task is to study, they should also learn other things.”** In keeping with this directive, and because it was the season for it, we decided that the second-year students of our junior middle school should study about fertilizer in the basic agriculture class. The best teachers, the ones who have the most authority in this field, are of course the poor and lower-middle peasants and the workers in the chemical fertilizer plants. They have practical experience. So we asked some of them to give lectures.

Just as we started the course, Chairman Mao's latest directive appeared: **“Historical experience merits attention. A line or a viewpoint must be explained constantly and repeatedly. It won't do to explain them only to a few people; they must be made known to the broad revolutionary masses.”** In order to stress the struggle between the proletarian and bourgeois lines where

This article was written by members of the May Seventh Middle School attached to the Hsuanhua Engineering Machinery Plant.

fertilizer is concerned, we had the students read the story of the Hopei Nitrogen Fertilizer Plant, as it appeared in our local newspaper.

This plant is one of the biggest of its kind in our province. It was completed during the great proletarian cultural revolution only after a fierce struggle between the two classes, the two roads and the two lines. Its construction and inauguration were great victories for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and an important achievement of the cultural revolution. By studying and discussing it, the students all learned a lot about the struggle between the two lines.

Next we asked Grandpa Nieh to talk to us. He's an old poor peasant who teaches part-time in our school.

“You fourteen and fifteen-year-old kids,” he began the class by saying, “can sit here and study in this fine building. You're very fortunate. It's Chairman Mao who gave you the chance. When I was your age, I had to pick manure all day. How I wished I could learn to read. Once, passing the door of a schoolhouse, I stopped and looked in. A teacher rushed out and kicked me. ‘Get away from here,’ he yelled. ‘This is no place for a beggar's brat. Can a manure-picker go to school?’ In the old society, kids like us couldn't so much as look at a school, to say nothing of going to one. In those days, the poor were not in power. Manure-picking was considered a very lowly job. Today, I still collect manure, but it's an honour, because I do it for the revolution. Chairman Mao has even called on everybody to learn from us poor and lower-middle peasants.”

With examples from his own miserable history, Grandpa Nieh attacked and repudiated the counter-revolutionary prattle of the renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi that “exploitation has its merits.” His recital aroused the students' strong class feelings and gave them a deep lesson in class struggle.

He used easily-understood old saws to show how important fertilizer is to farming: “Without manure, crops are sure to be flops...” “Healthy crops are the flower, fertilizer brings the hour.” Then he explained what kind of fertilizer to use, according to our local conditions, on what kind of crop for what kind of soil, and the right time to do it.

The mixture of earth and soot from dismantled old mudbrick platform beds, the kind we heat from beneath in winter, makes scallions grow thick and sturdy and green, Grandpa Nieh said, but it turns turnips dry. As to chicken droppings, though it's hard to accumulate a lot, they're powerful stuff and are good for seedling. Chemical fertilizer must be used properly, he said. Timing, and especially prompt watering, are very important to get the best results.

The students found Grandpa Nieh's practical explanations fascinating.

Chemical fertilizer doesn't work well on alkaline land, he told us. Why not? asked one of the students. Our chemistry teacher, supplementing Grandpa Nieh, gave the reason from a theoretical viewpoint. By way of illustration he mixed some ammonium sulphate with carbonate of soda in water and warmed it. The mixture emitted a bad smell, showing that contact with anything alkaline causes ammonium sulphate to evaporate rapidly.

Grandpa Nieh's lecture, plus the additions of the chemistry teacher, showed that there are two kinds of fertilizer: barnyard or organic and chemical or inorganic. The chemistry teacher explained the types, structure and properties of various chemical fertilizers and their relationship to the organic kind. Altogether, the class lasted seventy minutes.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"If you want to know the taste of a pear, you must change the pear by eating it yourself."** If we want to acquire the thoughts and emotions of the poor and lower-middle peasants, to understand agriculture, we must take part in it ourselves. So all the students and teachers of the class spent half a day collecting manure.

The next day led by their teachers, the students attended a two hour practical demonstration at a nitrogen fertilizer plant. Workers told them about the struggle they had there between the proletarian and bourgeois lines when the plant was being constructed. Then, they took them around the whole place, explaining the processes as they went along. Not only did they learn how chemical fertilizer is produced, but saw with their own eyes the fine achievements of our chemical industry and the soaring revolutionary spirit and selfless

labour enthusiasm of the working class, educated by Mao Tse-tung's thought.

That ended the lesson on fertilizer, and we summed up what was learnt.

We all agreed that this was the right way to study. It's flexible, and gets very good results. It was neither going back to the old method, nor skimming over the surface. The students learn basic agriculture and develop class feelings and labour outlook at the same time.

When they were out collecting manure, it had suddenly turned cold. The leadership wanted to wait for a warmer day, but the students said: "Grandpa Nieh collected manure under much worse conditions when he was a child. We mustn't forget his past sufferings. This is a good chance for us to steel ourselves."

Full of class emotion and labour enthusiasm, the students hurried through an icy wind to the big bridge over the Yangho River to collect manure. Some students had no shovels. They picked up manure with their bare hands, unafraid of getting them dirty and heedless of cold. In a single afternoon, the class gathered over three thousand *jin*.

As a result of this labour stint, many students gained a much deeper understanding of the great truth of Chairman Mao's comment: **"The workers and peasants are the cleanest people and, even though their hands are soiled and their feet smeared with cow-dung, they are really cleaner than the bourgeois and petty-bourgeois intellectuals."**

Going out of the classrooms, inviting workers and poor and lower-middle peasants to lecture, using both part-time and full-time teachers, attending practical demonstrations as well as regular classes—this is a very good method of education. The students can see with their own eyes, hear with their own ears, touch with their own hands.

"This way we have both regular and part-time teachers," they say. "We receive a class education and learn basic agriculture. We learn theory and have practice. It's easy to understand and learn and remember. From now on, we must have more classes like this."

Red Vests

Every time we street cleaners put on our nice clean uniforms and go to work, we think of the red vests we wore in the old society, each with a number on its back.

Those red vests were no ordinary articles of clothing, they were concrete evidence of the way we street cleaners were cheated and oppressed by imperialism, feudalism and the Kuomintang reactionaries. In the evil old society the Kuomintang reactionaries and the imperialists ganged up to turn China into a semi-feudal, semi-colonial country. Those imperialist crooks did what they pleased, no crime was too great. They carved up our territory and divided it among themselves. In Shanghai alone, Britain, the United States and France all grabbed "concessions."

At that time, the imperialists could murder and burn at will, and we working people had no right to speak. They made us cleaners wear numbered red vests like whippets in the dog races or monkeys

This article was written collectively by the worker, peasant and soldier teachers of the May Seventh School in Shanghai.

in the circus. To them we were just animals, machines that could talk.

We had to wear those red vests during work because they made us conspicuous. The imperialists and their flunkies could watch us more easily while we swept the streets and collected the garbage. If we displeased them in the slightest, they wrote down our number. We would be called into the "office" and be accused of laziness and fined, or perhaps dismissed.

The capitalist bosses abused and insulted us when we wore those red vests. They treated us as menials, called us "garbage scroungers." The foreign police of the imperialists could curse us or hit us whenever they felt like it.

In other words, when we put on the red vests, we lost our freedom. We weren't allowed to speak to friends, we had no right to rest or eat. Even to go to the toilet, we had to ask permission. We were nervous and anxious all day. No one knew when he went to work in the morning whether he'd be coming home that night. The red vests were shackles that squeezed the breath out of us. They were symbols of the crushing oppression of us street cleaners by imperialism, feudalism and the Kuomintang reactionaries. They weighed us down so heavily we couldn't straighten up.

But we workers were determined to rise, to break the shackles that bound us. Under the wise guidance of our great leader Chairman Mao and the Chinese Communist Party, we threw off the three mountains on our backs — imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism, and liberated all of China. Our working class stood erect, chests high, and became the country's masters. We street cleaners threw off our shackles, discarded our red vests and won freedom and liberation. From being scorned "low class" people in the old society, today, we are society's masters, we can go to Peking and see Chairman Mao.

"Great as are the heavens and earth, what we owe to the Party is greater, dear as are father and mother, Chairman Mao is dearer." How true are the words of this song. If it weren't for Chairman Mao, we street cleaners would never be masters today. Every time we think of the animal existence we led in the old society, decked out in

red vests, we seethe with rage. Now we are full of energy. The more we can contribute to building socialism, the happier we feel. We are determined to spend our lives following Chairman Mao's teachings, waging revolution — with Comrade Chang Szu-teh* as our model, pulling the cart of revolution and work for people like a patient ox devoting ourselves to their service.

Always we will remember that our liberation and happiness are due to the Party and Chairman Mao. With all our hearts we wish Chairman Mao our great leader a long, long life.

*He was a soldier of the Guards Regiment of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party. A member of the Communist Party who loyally served the interests of the people, he took part in the Long March and was wounded in service. On September 5, 1944, when making charcoal in the mountains of Ansai County, Shensi Province, he was killed by the sudden collapse of a kiln. Chairman Mao wrote *Serve the People* in his memory.

New Type Doctors in the Miaoling Mountains

It is now nearly a year since we settled down in the Miaoling Mountains of Kweichow Province where we were nourished by the sunlight of Mao Tse-tung's thought. Although this is not a long time, the effect on us has been tremendous. For years we buried ourselves in textbooks in schools monopolized by bourgeois intellectuals, and were poisoned by the bourgeois line in education. Today, guided by Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, we live in our vast rural areas, dwelling, working and battling side by side with our poor and lower-middle peasants. In the great crucible of revolution, in the flames of class struggle, we young intellectuals are being steeled by Mao Tse-tung's thought and being re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants.

Looking back on the year just gone by, we are very stirred. Gazing towards our beautiful future, we are strongly confident. We are

This article was written by revolutionary students from the Shanghai No. 1 Medical College.

infinitely grateful to Chairman Mao for pointing out the glorious revolutionary road to young intellectuals, for his directive to medical workers: **"In medical and health work, put the stress on the rural areas."** This has brought us to the mountain region, to the side of the poor and lower-middle peasants. With all our hearts we wish our great leader a long, long life.

Ours was the first medical contingent to leave Shanghai and settle down in the wide southwest. As soon as we set foot in the mountains we regretted that we hadn't come sooner.

We had travelled all the way from the eastern seacoast, and the mountain folk welcomed us like their own daughters and sons. They rushed about, notifying everyone: "Chairman Mao has sent us good doctors." The news that we had settled down in the Taiyung District of Chienho County spread rapidly through the Miaoling Mountains. Poor and lower-middle peasants in several neighbouring counties travelled through the night to deliver patients to our door. They had confidence in us.

One poor peasant, from dozens of *li* away, had a fistula in the sole of his foot. For a year he hadn't been able to work. By means of a minor operation, we removed a small stone we found lodged in his flesh and inserted a drain. This put an end to his pain. As he was leaving he shook hands with us gratefully and said: "Thank you, good doctors sent by Chairman Mao. You've saved my foot."

Seeing his weather-beaten face, touching his callused hands, we were sorry we hadn't come sooner. He had suffered for a whole year with an ailment we could cure with a little operation. Whose fault was that? Liu Shao-chi, big renegade, traitor and scab, for the revisionist line he had promoted in the field of medicine.

The population is spread out thinly in the mountains, and they're rather cut off from the outside world. But the main reason the people had no medical treatment was that the Ministry of Health formerly didn't care anything about the health of the mountain people.

For example, Ang Ying is the most distant brigade in the commune. To reach it, you have to go through a primeval forest and walk sixty or seventy *li*. They always lacked medicines and doctors. A young

fellow there suffered a strangulated hernia. Because he couldn't get prompt treatment, after five days he developed a necrosis of the intestine and they had to rush him to the county hospital. That took eight men away from their jobs for two days and two nights, carrying him on a litter. It cost over five hundred yuan to save his life.

We seethe with rage against Liu Shao-chi every time we come across a case of blindness which developed from the neglect of an ordinary trachoma, or a crippling bone deformity that originally was only a minor wound. Chairman Mao's directives on medical work express what is in the hearts of the mountain people. Chairman Mao, dear Chairman Mao, the folk in the Miaoling Mountains sing your praises; the people on the banks of the Chingshui River thank you. Their shortage of doctors and medicine is being solved, their lives are happier, and for this the poor and lower-middle peasants are infinitely grateful.

The undulating mountains, the endless farmlands, these are the vast realm in which we young intellectuals dash about on our duties. Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line has led us here to contribute our youth and vitality to the revolutionary cause.

Medical work in the mountains is very inadequate. It takes two days to walk across Taiyung District, which has a population of over ten thousand. But its entire medical service consisted of a clinic of ten. Travel is difficult in the mountains, and that makes medical work all the harder. Although our Shanghai contingent is not highly trained, we are completely loyal to Chairman Mao and have deep class feeling for the mountain folk. We try to show by our deeds Chairman Mao's concern for them.

On April 15, 1968 there was a heavy rainfall in the Taiyung District. The river rose, the bridge was swept away. In a brigade about a dozen *li* from the hospital an old man of sixty-four, a poor peasant, was stricken with acute appendicitis. Because the appendix had already ruptured, he was in grave danger and needed an immediate operation.

In the city, a case like this is nothing out of the ordinary. You pick up the phone and an ambulance calls at your door. But there are no

phones here, no special equipment, and certainly no ambulances. Should we carry the patient to the hospital, or should we break with old methods and operate in the crude conditions of the village? It was a real test of our thinking.

Chairman Mao's instructions were ringing in our ears: **"Our Communist Party and the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies led by our Party are battalions of the revolution. These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests."**

In the spirit of Comrade Bethune's **"boundless sense of responsibility in his work and his boundless warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people,"** we decided to operate right there in the mountains. We stood before a picture of Chairman Mao and vowed that we would **"be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."**

We set up our "operating room" in a wooden shack which was exposed on four sides to the breeze and had no ceiling. Two boards served as our "operating table," four flashlights were our "shadowless lamps." Armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought and aided by another medical unit, we operated and saved the life of the old poor peasant.

One day we were studying Chairman Mao's latest directives when a young woman named Yang, a poor peasant, was brought in. Her home was fifty *li* away. She was just skin and bones because of a big tumour in her abdomen. We estimated it weighed twenty to thirty *jin*. She and her mother bitterly condemned the revisionist medical line. Since there was no treatment available in her mountain village, she had gone to a hospital in the city. A doctor, a former captain in the Kuomintang army medical corps, "sentenced" her to death, saying her case was "hopeless."

Yang's story was an education to us young medics. It aroused our deepest proletarian feelings for our class sister. We decided to remove the tumour. Enlightened by the thought of Mao Tse-tung, and relying on the poor and lower-middle peasants, we began the first major tumour operation in Taiyung District, in spite of inadequate medical conditions. The battle lasted more than six hours, but we finally succeeded. The excised tumour weighed twenty-six *jin*.

The patient recovered quickly. Ten days after the operation, she walked the fifty *li* to her home and went back to work.

In keeping with Chairman Mao's directives regarding medical work, we have operated on several hernias in the production teams, in cooperation with another medical unit. We have also, on our own, treated successfully people who were bitten by snakes or children who were nearly drowned. Using local equipment and methods, we removed dead bone in several cases of chronic osteomyelitis. With revolutionary comrades from the district clinic we have cured all sorts of ailments of a great many poor and lower-middle peasants during this past year. Old cases of "foot rot" have returned to work, grannies who were blind have had their vision restored. . . .

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Reading is learning, but applying is also learning and the more important kind of learning at that."** Through actual practice we have learned many things in our vast rural areas that we could never have learned in city medical schools and hospitals, and have constantly enriched our knowledge of how to revolutionize medical work. We set up medical training courses in the spirit and style of *kangta*, to develop local doctors from the ranks of the poor and lower-middle peasants. We threw ourselves into a study of traditional Chinese medicines, drawing on our rich national heritage. By using local herbs, roots and grasses, we gradually solved the problem of medical supplies.

We feel that we have a heavy responsibility in the revolution. In the course of practice, we must intensify our study and improve ourselves. Otherwise we won't be able to keep up with the three great revolutionary movements of class struggle, the struggle for production, and scientific experiment. We shall fall behind the medical needs of the countryside.

Some of us had felt that "big skills aren't needed in small places," we see now that this idea is absurd. It is here in our vast farm and mountain regions that we really can develop knowledge and be of use. Our work gives us indescribable joy.

Life in the mountains provides excellent conditions in which to steel ourselves. Sky-piercing peaks, racing, roaring, dangerous rapids are just what we need for strengthening our revolutionary will.

They are an ideal classroom for studying and applying the thought of Mao Tse-tung in a creative way. When we climb a slope or wade a river to treat an emergency, or scale a ridge to examine a patient, we invariably recite the quotation from Chairman Mao: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,"** or sing out the lines from his beautiful poem:

**The Red Army fears not the trials of a distant march;
To them a thousand mountains, ten thousand rivers are nothing....**

Then the slope doesn't seem so steep, the path so dangerous. We are charged with energy.

Once two comrades were coming back from a call and took the wrong road. They had to spend the night in the mountains and had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours. Although deep in the mountains, they diligently studied Chairman Mao's works as usual. Gazing up at the Big Dipper, they thought of Chairman Mao, and their minds were particularly clear. "We spent a day like the Red Army on the Long March," they said to us cheerfully when they got back to our quarters.

The poor and lower-middle peasants in the mountains have the utmost love for Chairman Mao and are completely loyal to him. Their solid class stand, their sharply defined loves and hates, their hard-working and courageous qualities, are shining models for us. In Taiyung District during the cultural revolution they launch a fierce attack against all renegades, spies, diehard capitalist roaders, and unreformed landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, bad elements and rightists, in accordance with Chairman Mao's grand strategic plan. The noble qualities they manifested in this stern class struggle educated and moved us deeply.

A platoon leader in the militia, who headed the poor and lower-middle peasants of his production team in a show-down with the class enemy, fell and hurt badly his hand. We urged him to rest, but he insisted on attending a big struggle meeting called at that time. "With Chairman Mao supporting us," he said, "I'm not afraid of the class enemy hitting back. I'm going to fight them to the finish."

Lofty sentiments like these have made us all the more aware of the profundity of Chairman Mao's statement: **"Without the poor peasants there would be no revolution. To deny their role is to deny the revolution."**

Studying, working and battling together with the poor and lower-middle peasants for the past year, we have established powerful class bonds between us. During the rainy season they neglected their own houses to help us build our roofs. When they heard we were running low on vegetables, they brought us more. But they sneaked them into our kitchen when we weren't around, for fear we would try to pay. They go out of their way to supply us with whatever we need.

When our comrades get soaked in a rain storm, the poor and lower-middle peasants light fires for them and bring them hot water to wash with and dry clothing.

Whenever we wear the clothes of a poor or lower-middle peasant, class love courses warmly through our veins, and our hearts are linked still more closely with theirs. At night, when we go out to see a patient, the poor and lower-middle peasants light and give us bundles of pitchy branches. Because it is from their hands that we take these torches, the path seems brighter and our stride grows longer with every step. All these things we shall never forget.

They look after us and love us like their own children, and we love and respect them like our parents. Together with them, we study the works of Chairman Mao, whose teachings are a constant stimulus to us. We serve them day and night with every ounce of energy we possess. We cut fuel in the mountains for the disabled. Although we're not very good at it, we're glad to do what we can. Once we gave our blood to a class brother's child who needed a transfusion. We feel it a great honour that our blood flows in the veins of descendants of poor and lower-middle peasants.

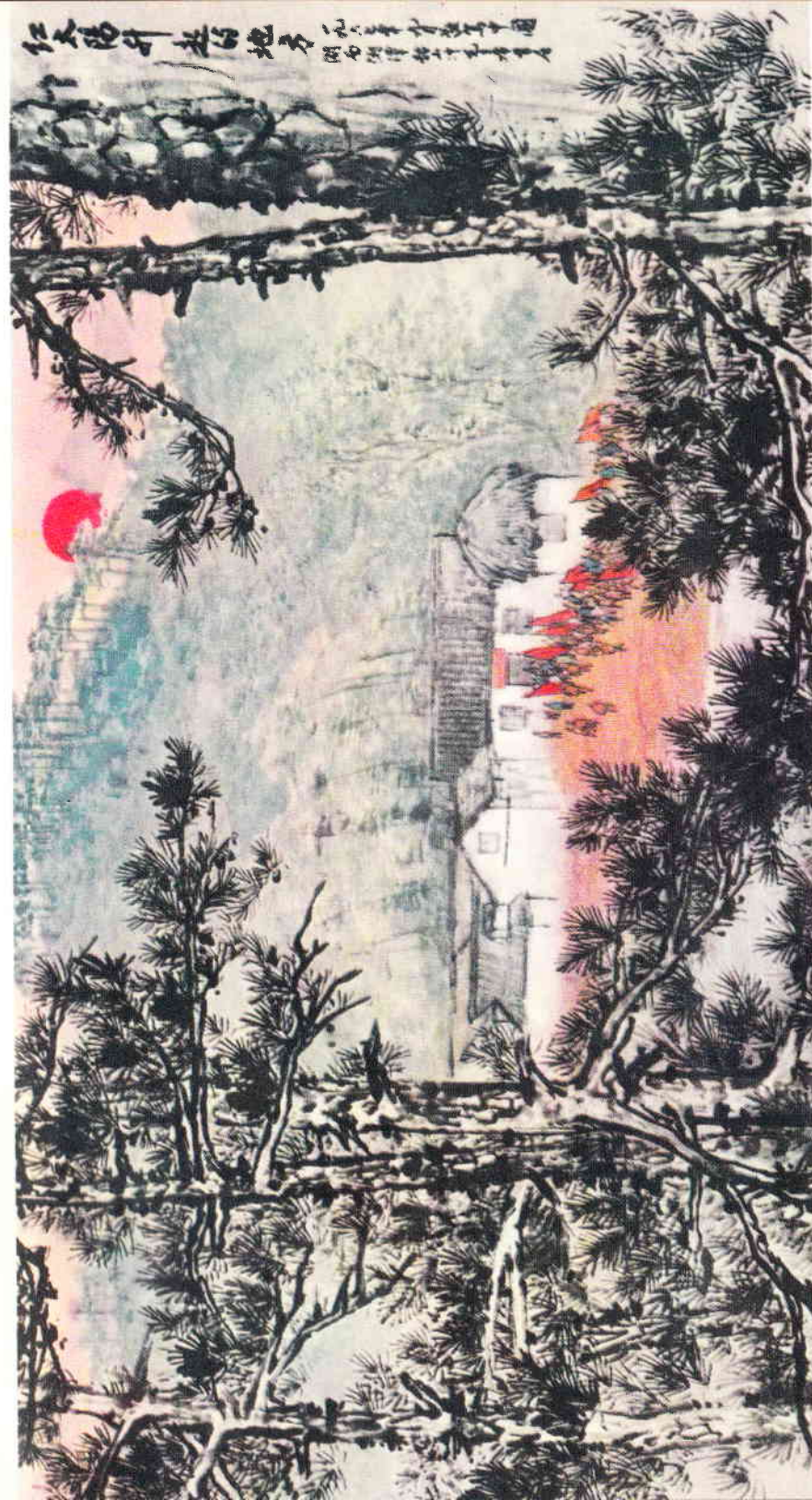
We are heart and soul with the poor and lower-middle peasants in building a new and socialist society in the mountain regions. We love these people who have helped us to mature and shall never leave them.

Our countryside is a big revolutionary crucible. It is our firm conviction that, guided by Chairman Mao's wise directives on medical work and with the help of the poor and lower-middle peasants, we certainly can forge ourselves into reliable successors to the cause of the proletarian revolution, if only we are determined and earnestly study, and apply the thought of Mao Tse-tung in a creative manner, and carry the revolution through to the end.

Although we live in a remote mountain gulley, we feel that our hearts are linked with the heart of the revolution — Peking. That is because we are battling in a most unusual place. When our great teacher Chairman Mao was leading the Red Army on the Long March of 25,000 *li*, he passed through here. We often say to ourselves with pride: "To make beautiful and strong this place Chairman Mao passed through, we want nothing more than to be paving stones in the revolutionary road, smoothing the way for the wheels of revolution."

We are determined to never stop making revolution, never stop progressing, while being re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants. We shall thoroughly change our old ways of thinking and forge the vacillation of the intellectual into the revolutionary staunchness of the proletariat. Closely following our great supreme commander Chairman Mao, we shall fight to bring about a new world.

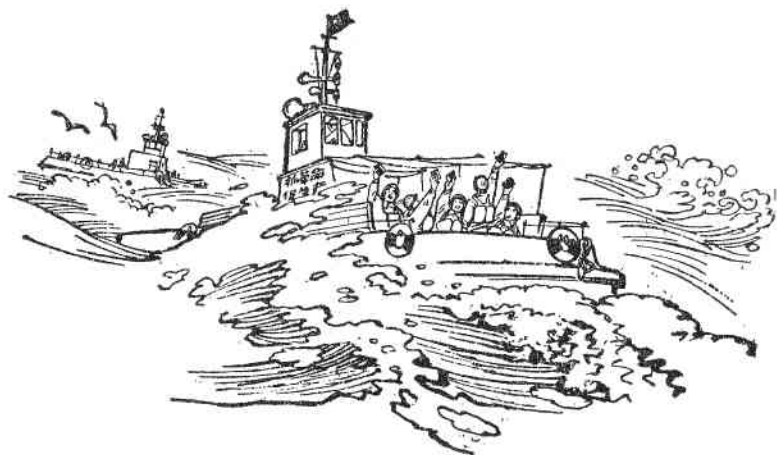
Where the Red Sun Has Risen (painting in the traditional style) ▶



Dockers Create a Miracle

Dockers always work on the docks. But the men armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung in the Second District of the port of Shanghai have unloaded cargo on the high seas, a miraculous feat. They have won glory for our motherland, for Chairman Mao, for the great proletarian cultural revolution, and have opened a new page in stevedoring history.

In the past, freighters of ten thousand tons and above had to wait outside the Wusung Estuary when the tide was low because of their deep draught. Only after the tide rose could they enter the port. The imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries of the world spread the rumour that the cultural revolution was hurting production. As their reply to this slander, Shanghai's dockers raised the militant slogan: "Battle the waves for our country's glory." After a thorough study of the problem they decided to break with old methods and transfer part of the cargo on the high seas and write a new chapter in stevedoring. The municipal revolutionary committee gave them full support.



What was the purpose of this? If part of the cargo could be transferred to a lighter, the freighter would ride higher in the water, and it could enter harbour although the tide was low. This had never been done, anywhere. Many foreigners and China's bourgeois "specialists" had never dared to even consider such a measure. For it meant that the dockers would have to operate on the high seas, where the lighter would be in constant danger of capsizing.

When our dockers proposed it to the captain of a foreign freighter, he was horrified. "Impossible," he cried, shaking his head vigorously like a swinging rattle.

But the dockers of Shanghai had the red sun in their hearts, they thought of Chairman Mao in everything and were resolutely determined. "What foreigners don't dare to consider," they exclaimed, "the workers of New China can do."

Under the leadership of the Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda teams of workers and PLA men respectively, the Shanghai Second District dockers made full preparation. Then, they set out, ready to "die if need be for Chairman Mao." Gleaming red books of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* pressed to their chests, on lighter 303 and a tugboat they rode the billowing waves to the sea outside the Wusung Estuary.

Battle was joined. The two small vessels tossed and rocked. Used to working on land, the dockers could barely keep their footing. Many of them were seasick, and threw up. But when they saw the golden Chairman Mao badges on their chests, they found the strength to stand. Comrade Ning Chi-hou, vice-chairman of Second District's revolutionary committee and outstanding revolutionary fighter, led the others in shouting the famous quotation from Chairman Mao: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** Like spring thunder, the call shook the ocean sky, over-riding the roar of wind and waves to ring in the heart of every man.

The lighter drew alongside the freighter, then sprang back as if hit by an electric shock. Thick steel hawsers, thrown aboard the big ship to make the lighter fast, were snapped, five in a row, by the bounding of the rough sea. The dockers thought quickly in the emergency. They had the tug push the lighter against the freighter while the hawsers were being made fast. That hurdled the first obstacle. A gale struck as they began to unload. Rain lashed their faces so that they couldn't open their eyes. Their clothes were soaked. Sweat and water rolled down their necks into their shirts.

"Chairman Mao is watching us!" someone cried.

"Long live Chairman Mao!" came the roared response. "A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

"Down with U.S. imperialism!"

"Down with Soviet revisionism!"

To the accompaniment of these fervent slogans, sack after sack was unloaded from the freighter at flying speed. Our Shanghai dockers hate U.S. imperialism, Soviet revisionism and big renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi with every breath in their bodies. They battled for ten hours on that stormy sea, ignoring cold and hunger. To lessen the impact of the waves, they had the freighter and the lighter sail along side by side as they worked. This advanced method enabled them to perform an unloading miracle, unprecedented in world history.

As the freighter gradually rose in the water, smiles wreathed the dockers' faces. The foreign ship captain, elbows on the rail of the

bridge, hands supporting his head, watched them with a dazed expression for ten solid hours. He even forgot to eat.

When the ship was led safely into the Huangpu River, the captain stuck up a thumb to express his boundless admiration. China's workers are certainly remarkable!

A revolutionary comrade has written a poem in the dockers' praise:

Bold dockers, fearless of wind or wave,
Write a new chapter in history,
With iron fists they smash imperialism,
Revisionism and the reactionaries.
In their minds the four volumes of Chairman Mao,
They pummel that dog of a Liu Shao-chi,
In their hearts our great leader shines like the sun,
That is the source of their energy.

Hung Nan-chun

Mao Tse-tung's Thought Speaks for the Dumb

There are two dumb men working in the machine-shop of a mine, one called Chen Huai-chung, the other Tsui Chih-li. Never having been to school, they are veteran workers who, deeply wronged, had gone through great sufferings in the old society. Their job is to make and provide the whole mine with three-way tubes for explosive charges.

These two mute workers had since the very beginning been looked down upon by the capitalist roaders and bourgeois technical "authorities" in the mine and passed by as useless "lowly people," unable to accomplish anything. But it was none other than these two who, with immense loyalty to Chairman Mao and the great enthusiasm for socialism, produced a wonder, much to people's surprise. Together with several other workers, they had been making the three-way tubes by hand, working extra hours early in the morning and late in the night. In spite of that they found they could never meet the demand.

As soon as a shift started people flocked to their shop for these tubes and had to wait there for the next supply. Seeing the situation as it was, they were greatly worried because they knew full well that the tubes are not only important but indispensable for detonating the explosive charges in mining. With them, a fusillade of dozens of charges can be lighted, otherwise they have to be set off individually with low efficiency and greater risk. How could this tough nut be cracked? They turned over the matter in their minds, saying: "Can't we change the heavy, slow manual work into a mechanical one so as to increase efficiency and keep up with production needs?" At that time, however, their initiative had not yet been fully set free. With a feeling of inferiority they dared not act. Later with the help and encouragement of other veteran workers, they studied repeatedly the Three Constantly Read Articles. Taking the outstanding figures of Chang Szu-teh, Norman Bethune and the Foolish Old Man as a mirror, they repeatedly examined themselves in terms of the qualities the three characters had shown. With their feeling of inadequacy overcome and courage screwed up, they replace "fear" in their minds by "daring," "self" by "selflessness." They made up their mind to follow Chairman Mao's teaching: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."**

In his diary Tsui Chih-li wrote this down: "I have a tongue but can't speak. I have ears but can't hear. All this was done to me by the old society. When I was young I had to beg for food. Once the landlord set his dog on me. It bit me on the leg. There's still a big scar there. It is Chairman Mao and the Communist Party who have delivered me from the sea of fire. As long as I draw breath, I'll study Chairman Mao's writings, follow his teachings and create wealth for my motherland. I'll live up to Chairman Mao's expectations and strive without stopping for the realization of communism."

From then on, the two deaf and dumb workers began to think about how to work out a design for a machine to make the three-way tubes. Whatever spare time they had they spent in consulting each other by gesticulations and drawing outlines. During the day they were fully occupied with production in the workshop. When they went home after knock-off time, they worked on the designing and

tentative drawings night after night. As they had no instruments for designing they bought some with their own money. As materials were wanting, they searched in the scrap heap for anything useful to them. Because of their lack of schooling they found it difficult to make proper drawings, so they used scissors to cut cardboard into the shapes they wanted and piece by piece fitted them together into a model of the machine. Just as some headway was being made, they were discovered working on the designing by one of the bourgeois reactionary "authorities" in the mine. He stood before the two deaf and dumb workers with one hand on his hip and the other pointing at their work, and said arrogantly to all the workers present, "I've never come across in my books such a machine, nor has such a thing ever been heard of in foreign countries. Now these two dumb workers want to produce one — who do they think they are!" Hearing this, all the veteran workers were indignant and immediately repudiated his slavish attitude. They said, "Books do not drop from the skies. What is wanting in the books today we'll produce tomorrow. It is impossible anyway for the books you have just mentioned to contain things that belong to the working people." The veteran workers' retort shut the mouth of the reactionary technical "authority." Nevertheless he was not willing to admit his defeat. At last he gave a sarcastic smile and said, "All right. Let's wait and see." His ridicule and mockery, however, could never deter the workers armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought. Once our great leader's thought is mastered by the masses, it becomes a spiritual atom bomb with immeasurable power. Seeing their workmates' fearless revolutionary spirit of daring to stand up to the bourgeois reactionary technical "authority," Tsui Chih-li and Chen Huai-chung's determination and faith in their ability to create the machine was further strengthened.

They neatly wrote on the wall Chairman Mao's directive: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** Whenever they met with a difficult problem, they looked at it and pondered over it again and again. By gesticulations they told the comrades around that with this instruction of Chairman Mao, they could overcome all difficulties. With such a strong determination, the two mutes put Mao Tse-tung's thought in command of their



innovation and designing, summing up and analysing what they discovered from time to time and learning from their own mistakes in practice. Breaking through barrier after barrier, they finally succeeded in producing the first electric machine for making three-way tubes in China.

Their accomplishment has greatly increased productivity. Where several hands, working extra hours before and after the daily shift still could not meet the demand, one man can now produce in a few hours more than what all the miners could use in several days. The birth of the electric machine has made a valuable contribution to the mining industry in our country. All those who have gone there to have a look at the new machine speak of it highly — even that bourgeois reactionary “authority” who once said that such a machine had never been recorded in books has had to admit: “This new invention is simply wonderful.”

Since the first electric machine for making three-way tubes appeared, people from all parts of the country have visited that mine to study it, to ask for the blueprints or to place orders for processing with their own materials. This again puts the two old mute workers in a difficult

position, for they didn't have any blueprints but produced the machine from a model. Someone has asked them which books on technology did they use for the designs. The mute workers, smiling, answer by gesticulations that the machine was produced on the strength of the ever-victorious thought of Mao Tse-tung. They have spoken the truth. In the course of their invention, what they consulted was either *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* or *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. They had never even touched any technical book. It was in this way that the electric machine for making the three-way tubes, hitherto unrecorded in books Chinese or foreign, had been successfully invented.

With a view to satisfying the demands from all parts of the country, a technician, a college graduate, was appointed to make drawings of the machine. He tried to draw what he saw of it. But after about two months he failed to produce any copy. Helpless, this college graduate said, “The angles as they appear on the machine are not like what angles should be, nor the curves. The shapes of the angles are very peculiar. I've never come across them in the classroom nor have I been able to find them in books. Really I can't do anything about it. I give up.” He finally withdrew in despair. Later, another technician was sent to take his place, but the newcomer met the same fate. He also could do nothing about it. To obtain drawings of the machine several technicians were put on the job and found it impossible. Finally the two mute workers, who had accumulated very useful experience as a result of practice despite the fact that they couldn't speak, came to the technicians' help, and together they completed the drawings. This proves beyond dispute the truth of Chairman Mao's great teaching: **“The fighters with the most practical experience are the wisest and the most capable.”** This vividly shows that the working class armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought are most intelligent, most rich in creative power and have the greatest authority. The working class should and must exercise leadership in everything. They are quite equal to the tasks. They can produce anything in the world. The working class must lead in all departments, in all fields of science and technology.

The Most Intelligent and Daring People

Because the boat-making factory of the People's Commune for Waterway Transport in Tuchang County, Kiangsi Province, is only a small one with but eighty-seven hands, it never attracts any attention. But it has undergone an earth-shaking change in the past two years or more since the great proletarian cultural revolution began. It was in the year 1968 that its workers, armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought and by doing away with all fetishes and superstitions and emancipating their minds, succeeded in using indigenous methods to make a multi-purpose steel craft that could serve either as a passenger boat, cargo carrier or tug and lighter. For this, at the National Conference on Waterway Transport Industries sponsored by the Ministry of Communications the factory was honoured as a red banner on that industrial front. They have in fact proven the truth that people

This article was written jointly by the Investigation Group of the Tuchang County Revolutionary Committee and the reporters of *The Kiangsi Daily* stationed at Kiukiang.

armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought are most intelligent and most daring.

The story goes back to December 1967. The Shahushan Reclamation Farm of Hsingtzu County was badly in need of a "triple-purpose" metal craft in their productive work. They had set aside a fund of one hundred and forty thousand yuan to pay for one. But at that time the big shipwrights in the provincial seat were too busy to accept their order. When they were told that there was a factory of the kind in Tuchang County they at once sent people down there to investigate. The representatives however were much disappointed when they found that the boat-maker possessed only very simple machines. The only ones they had were two rickety old lathes, a small shaper, a small drilling machine and an electric welder.

To dare or not to dare blaze a new trail? To dare or not to dare accept the task of building the steel vessel? With these questions before them the workers first of all sat together to study Chairman Mao's works. Chairman Mao has said: **"Of all things in the world, people are the most precious. Under the leadership of the Communist Party, as long as there are people, every kind of miracle can be performed."** This teaching of Chairman Mao stimulated their working-class aspirations. They said, "All things in the world are produced by people. Although we are short of equipment and lacking in technology, we have Mao Tse-tung's thought and a heart immensely loyal to Chairman Mao. We know that we can build this craft. We'll walk where no one has walked before."

The order was accepted. Their first difficulty was the problem of the blueprints. The buyers asked to be shown the blueprints for the design of the boat for careful examination before work started on it. Blueprints of course are always needed before such a thing can be constructed. But all of the eighty and more workers in the factory had in the past been either boatsmen or repairers or builders of wooden vessels. As many of them before liberation had been beggars or hired hands, relentlessly exploited and oppressed by the landlords and capitalists, they had never been to school, and in fact had never even seen a blueprint. There wasn't a technician in the factory, let alone an engineer. What should they do?



“The way I see it, we should not rely on any engineer’s help,” a veteran worker said in a decisive tone. “Mao Tse-tung’s thought can give us the wisdom we need. Chairman Mao’s works are the key for any lock. If we turn to Chairman Mao for advice, I bet we’ll be able to map out a good design.” Opening his *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, he read aloud: **“We stand for self-reliance. We hope for foreign aid but cannot be dependent on it; we depend on our own efforts, on the creative power of the whole army and the entire people.”** Chairman Mao’s teaching inspired the workers. Full of confidence, they said, “Right. We must follow Chairman Mao’s teachings, rely on our own strength and create through our own efforts. Let’s do the drawing ourselves.”

So they elected the veteran workers to be their teachers. Red books in hand, they sat under a portrait of Chairman Mao, spread drawing paper before them and put their heads together. Out of their

accumulated practical experience and some of the impressions they had got during visits to factories elsewhere, they began to make the designs. Punctuating their drawing work with glances at Chairman Mao’s picture and readings of the Three Constantly Read Articles, they really combined their designing and drawing with the study of Chairman Mao’s works. For seven days and nights running, with Chairman Mao’s likeness beside them, they gave themselves heart and soul to the work. Every line, every curve came of their sweat and endless pondering. In conformity with the “triple-purpose” requirements, they mapped out each part and each item with meticulous care until finally the blueprints were done. When the comrades from Hsingtzu County brought the blueprints to the Kiukiang Navigation Department and the Bureau of Communications of Kiangsi Province for examination and approval, they were asked: “Who was the engineer responsible for these designs?” When they replied that the designing had been done by the workers, the cadres, surprised, admitted with great admiration: “It isn’t a simple and easy job. It’s far from being simple and easy. People who can do such good drawings will undoubtedly be able to make good boats.”

And so the first battle was won. The purchasers of the craft immediately sent over steel plates and angle-irons for the boat-making. But a look at the materials showed that the plates were all five centimetres thick. With no available shears, how could the steel plates be cut into the required sizes? Another glance at the angles, all 8 × 8 centimetres! Without a suitable machine, how could they be made into the skeleton of the craft? All the workers once again turned to the Three Constantly Read Articles, which they study every day. The outstanding figure of the Foolish Old Man at once appeared before their eyes. They said, “The Foolish Old Man used carrying poles and baskets to remove the mountains, why can’t we use hammer and chisel to cut the plates?” Chairman Mao’s works supplied them with the resources to surmount difficulties. Communist Chiu Ta-chin added, “We of the working class have tough bones. However hard the steel, it is no tougher than our bones. However strong the angles are, they are no stronger than our will.”

So a shock force of nine workers was formed. Without any foreign-made machines, they used their nine pairs of hands. Short of foreign-made tools, they set to day and night, working hard with the hammer and the chisel. In a few days blisters appeared on their palms while some workers suffered from a big split between the thumb and the fore-finger. They put plaster tape on their wounds and none of them withdrew himself from the battle line. At one time when Tsao Cheng-chin, an old worker, was hit by an iron hammer on the face, his cheek and eye became swollen. His workmates urged him to take a rest, but he replied: "What if my face is swollen? Even if the building of the boat demanded my life I would complete it anyway." It was in this manner that the workers with their iron will finished cutting with the hammer and the chisel the twenty-three tons of rolled steel plates as though they were cloth. And again with the help of the hammer they shaped every piece of cut plate according to requirements. In fixing the L-shaped irons into the skeleton the hammer was once more their main tool, and so was it in fitting every plate on to the frame. The workers called their job "capturing the strongpoint," a hard battle within two hundred metres of the enemy force.

With the framework completed and the plates cut and fitted, the next job was to weld the hull. At this point, another difficult problem cropped up. The trouble was that as the factory had been used for making only small wooden sailing boats, its workshop was no higher nor wider than that purpose demanded. Now the skeleton of the steel craft was huge enough to fill up all the space of the workshop, leaving about a foot between the plates and the ground, so how was it possible to weld the steel plates? Someone suggested tearing off the roof and lifting the vessel so that the welders could work underneath it. However, dismantling and rebuilding the roof alone would cost over one thousand yuan and would also delay the work. Others proposed digging a trench from which the hands could operate. But with the frame of the craft already resting so near the ground, there wasn't any room left for swinging the hoes. While they were worrying over the situation, electric welder Wang Hsueh-lan and his apprentice Lo Hsien-ming said, "We are building this steel craft for the good of the revolution. We work to show our loyalty to Chairman

Mao. Therefore we should bring into play the spirit of working hard and working seriously. We'd rather spend thousands of pounds more of our energy than cost the state an extra cent of money. We can lie flat under the boat and do the welding."

So it was that a still tougher battle for successful welding started. The master and apprentice threw themselves under the skeleton and worked hard by turn day and night. They could only lie on their backs and do the work with the electric welder held in suspension. Their working space being so limited, they found it extremely difficult to turn over or even to incline their bodies. In the course of welding, sparks spattered on their bodies and faces, burning holes on their overalls and damaging their skins. But they ignored any pain it caused them, what they had in their minds was nothing but Chairman Mao's great teaching of "**utter devotion to others without any thought of self.**" After a battle of three days and three nights, the master and the apprentice at last completed their work on the huge hull. When they climbed out from under the boat blisters caused by burning were dotted all over their bodies, their clothes had been honeycombed with black holes and torn into tatters. Many workers suggested that they each be issued a new overall, yet they firmly refused, saying: "We do this work to show our faithfulness to Chairman Mao. Comrade Bethune laid down his life for the people of China, it is nothing at all for us to suffer a little for the people."

The boat was soon to be fully equipped and ready for launching. The whole factory were delighted. But the representatives of the purchasers stationed there were greatly worried. Upon enquiry, the workers found out that they had failed to obtain several pieces of equipment indispensable for starting the boat, handling it close to the shore and navigation, these are: a foghorn, the gyroscope for pilotage and a suitable compass which were only produced by a few factories in Shanghai, Wuhan and Kiangsi and unavailable at present. What should they do? "The boat as a whole has been completed. Are we going to let these little things defeat us?" the workers thought. After a discussion the workers agreed among themselves and decided to make these items with their own hands. Wang Ching-chien, Tsan Hsien-mei and several other workers volunteered

to take this task upon themselves. They knew full well that the tolerances required for instruments such as those they were going to make must fall within one third of a hair's breadth, but they were not deterred by this difficulty. Bearing firmly in mind Chairman Mao's teaching: **"What really counts in the world is conscientiousness, and the Communist Party is most particular about being conscientious,"** they set about making careful investigation and repeated experiments. Finally these articles were finished with a quality as good as that of the products from the big factories.

The equipment of the steel craft was now complete. The last hitch they met was that they were unable to procure ready-made anchors, without which it was impossible to keep the boat fast. The suppliers could not promise them soon enough. The only way out was to make them themselves. But the factory had only a small furnace and a few light-duty sledge hammers. To shape an anchor of about two hundred *jin* with such inadequate equipment was indeed no easy job. Feng Chia-chung, veteran blacksmith and his forging team after they had studied again the Three Constantly Read Articles were determined to make them by following the Foolish Old Man's spirit of removing the mountains. As the hearth was not big enough to admit the shank of the anchor, they took it apart and enlarged it. When the tongs were too small to grip, they wrapped the end of the piece with bamboo fibre and held it tight by hand while the hammering was going on. Four days and four nights' hammering produced two navy-type anchors, each over two hundred *jin*! By the time they had finished the workers' hands were badly burnt because of the heat. But they were very happy, for with their work they had expressed their loyal feelings for Chairman Mao.

On June 14, 1968 the steel craft built by the workers of Tuchang County's People's Commune for Waterway Transport sailed in triumph on its maiden voyage. It was a boat built by the workers armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought and out of the wisdom and courage peculiar to them. It only took them a little over four months to make it. Inspection by the higher authority concerned found its quality fully in conformity with requirements and, moreover, its cost was lower just over forty-six per cent. With the total expenditure

of seventy-five thousand yuan as against the allotted fund of one hundred and forty thousand, they had saved sixty-five thousand yuan for the state.

The vessel is made of steel. But, as the masses have said after seeing it, "It is made of the immeasurable devotion of the boat-makers' red hearts to Chairman Mao." Truly every separate part, every welded joint on the boat shines with the splendour of Mao Tse-tung's thought and beams with the radiance of the working class' immense loyalty to Chairman Mao, to his great thought and his revolutionary line. Therefore, at the suggestion of the factory's workers, it proudly bears the name *Triple Loyalties*.

Wu Hsiao-ching

A Great Victory in "Making Foreign Things Serve China"

The revolutionary modern ballet, *Red Detachment of Women* is a pearl of art cultivated by our respected Comrade Chiang Ching herself. It is the first notable model in carrying out Chairman Mao's concept of "making foreign things serve China" and a fine first fruit of the policy of using Mao Tse-tung's thought to remould the art of ballet. After our great leader Chairman Mao attended one of its performances in 1964, he appraised it highly, saying that "The orientation is correct, the revolutionization successful and the artistic quality good." The creation of this fresh bloom marks the beginning of a new epoch, an epoch of proletarian revolutionary ballet art.

The ballet is a classical art form foreign to China. How to deal with classical western culture, particularly this so-called "exclusive area in art" hitherto monopolized by the bourgeoisie, involves two diametrically opposed policies. Should we remould it, occupy it and conquer it, or should we bow to tradition and allow it to go on serving the bourgeoisie?

"Make foreign things serve China" is our guiding directive in dealing with all of the foreign cultural heritage. The word "serve" here has a clear-cut class nature. We live today in the socialist new China where the proletariat wields a dictatorship. "Serve" implies serving the Chinese proletariat, serving the workers, peasants and soldiers of China, serving the purpose of spreading the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung, serving proletarian politics and serving to "help the people fight the enemy with one heart and one mind."

The "wholesale westernization" advocated by the big renegade Liu Shao-chi and his agents in the field of literature and art, Chou Yang and company, goes contrary to this revolutionary principle. These revisionists babbled that the ballet is "the acme of art, something that cannot be surpassed," and that the ballet should be "thoroughly western," "down-right western" and "western enough to be systematic."

This policy of "wholesale westernization" in literature and art shows up vividly the slavish mentality of Liu Shao-chi, Chou Yang and their ilk who are flunkies of imperialism and focuses a spotlight on their wild ambition to turn China again into an "adventurers' paradise" for the western bourgeoisie by carrying out the line of "making China foreignized" in both art and politics. What they meant by "thoroughly western" was that the characterization, theme and presentation should all be "western": only aristocrats, swans and immortals should be portrayed but not the workers, peasants and soldiers; only so-called "eternal themes" such as "love," "life and death," "virtue and evil" should be depicted and not the revolutionary struggle of the proletariat. What they meant by "down-right western" implied, in the characterization of foreign roles, entering into these roles so that you not only "act foreign characters but become like foreign characters." For them a western "Swan Lake" or "Notre Dame," or the love-story of Romeo and Juliet were not enough. To foster bourgeois attitudes they said that "China's first ballet must be *Liang Shan-po and Chu Ying-tai* (a story of love between pampered children of the rich in ancient China)." They seemed determined to marry China's native lords and ladies to western capitalism. What they meant by "western enough to be systematic" was that they want-

ed us to give a free hand to such westernized "scholars" and "ladies" and let them occupy our theatrical stage, corrupt our masses and sabotage our socialist economic base. They wanted the ballet to remain for ever a tool used by the bourgeoisie to enslave the people mentally. They wanted to be systematic enough to make history go backwards. Their so-called "wholesale westernization" is nothing but a thoroughly counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art.

In those days when the air was murky with their vicious babbling, our beloved Comrade Chiang Ching, holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought fought against the evil wind and adverse waves to set a new course. She was the first to put into practice Chairman Mao's great teaching: **"Make foreign things serve China,"** thus smashing the plot of Liu Shao-chi, Chou Yang and company for "wholesale westernization" and she successfully stormed the most stubborn fortress of art till then so tightly controlled by the western bourgeoisie. In carrying out the policy of **"making foreign things serve China,"** Comrade Chiang Ching was working not only in the interest of the 700 million revolutionary people of China but also for the 3,000 million revolutionary people of the world. The choice of the ballet as a first target of attack in carrying out the policy of **"making foreign things serve China"** is actually a significant beginning in the remoulding of the world's theatrical stage with the thought of Mao Tse-tung.

The significance of this great point of departure comes out clearly in the fact that Comrade Chiang Ching dared to use the art of ballet to express Chairman Mao's concept of people's war and to eulogize a basic universal truth — **"Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun."** The theme of armed struggle which the ballet *Red Detachment of Women* presents is actually an extremely important subject in the international communist movement of the twentieth century. To use **"armed revolution to oppose armed counter-revolution"** is an inspiring thesis of Chairman Mao and the lesson drawn from the valuable experience obtained by the Chinese people at the cost of their blood for several decades. It is a most important sign of the excellent revolutionary situation prevailing

in Asia, Africa and Latin America today. However, the big renegade Liu Shao-chi and a handful of revisionist scabs elsewhere in the world went all out to trumpet about the "parliamentary road," in an attempt to smother the blazing flame of armed struggle of the world's people and create a straw for moribund imperialism to clutch at. Comrade Chiang Ching stood in the forefront of the revolutionary struggle and refuted them completely. Through the first revolutionary ballet prepared by her with care, through the characterization of revolutionary heroes, she shows to the world that without the people's armed forces, the slave girl Wu Ching-hua was virtually deprived of the right of existence and that only with a people's armed force is it possible to emancipate tens of thousands of oppressed girls like her all over the world. Only then is it possible to wipe out Nan Pa-tien (Tyrant of the South) and tyrants of the West as well as all varieties of tyrants. Since its beginning, the ballet toe has always whirled for the pleasure of lords and ladies and their pampered sons and daughters, but today our proletarian revolutionaries have regenerated it so that now it dances in praise of the people's armed struggle. How can this tremendous leap fail to scare world reaction out of its wits! How can it fail to make the revolutionary people throughout the world cheer with joy!

When the ballet is used as a form expressing people's war and singing of heroic proletarian characters, the old choreography is naturally far from adequate. Some dances are utterly unusable, some which can be used cannot be transplanted in a stereotyped way like **"using old bottles for new wine."** Here it is necessary to solve the problem of making the "foreign" serve China, and resolve the contradiction between old form and new content.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Nor do we refuse to utilize the literary and artistic forms of the past, but in our hands these old forms, remoulded and infused with new content, also become something revolutionary in the service of the people."** Applied here this inspiring directive of Chairman Mao's shows that of the two contradictory aspects, content and form, content occupies a dominant position and plays a decisive role. It determines the characteristics and tendency of the form. The policy of making foreign

things serve China and the past serve the present means China's revolutionary content today determines and ascertains how the classical and ancient art forms are to be used. Like the revolution in Peking opera, the revolution in ballet also starts from a change in content, driving off the emperors and ministers, scholars and beauties of old times and letting the heroic figures of workers, peasants and soldiers of modern times become masters of the stage. With this change in content the form must change accordingly. However it is necessary to consider the counter-effect of form on the content. When the form suits the requirement of content, it has the effect of promoting development. Otherwise, it will hamper development. In making the ballet art form suit the revolutionary content of China and "become something revolutionary in the service of the people," the key lies in remoulding it according to the actual struggles of life and according to the requirements of the particular theme.

This remoulding means boldly creating new choreography in the **"fresh, lively Chinese style and spirit which the common people of China love,"** and this must be done on the basis of critically utilizing the original forms of ballet art. Such remoulding will inevitably break down the rigid core of the art of the old ballet which reflects the sentiments and thinking of the exploiting classes and their way of life as an integrated whole. Unless this old core is broken down, it cannot be used to reflect revolutionary reality and to create the new core of proletarian art.

This remoulding boils down to the question of the proletariat seizing control of the situation and triumphing over the bourgeoisie in the realm of literature and art. For those taking part in the writing and production of the ballet, it means a programme of conquering the bourgeois world outlook and approach on literature and art and transforming it into that of the proletariat.

Wu Ching-hua is a slave girl with a strong revolutionary spirit of rebellion who rapidly matures into a heroic proletarian fighter able to shoulder the important task of "emancipating the whole of mankind" and Hung Chang-ching is a fine portrait of a Party leader — is it possible to portray them with bourgeois and petty bourgeois thinking and emotions? No! Is it possible to use the dance movements of

male and female roles in the old ballet without making any changes whatsoever? No! The principles on which our ballet is based are the political and artistic criterion of the proletariat. We select the best dance movements, the highlights and most vivid stage arrangements to depict these heroic figures so that they appear **"On a higher plane, more intense, more concentrated, more typical, nearer the ideal, and therefore more universal than actual everyday life."**

The ballet *Red Detachment of Women* in its characterization of heroic figures was adept in combining certain features of the Chinese drama and folk dance while critically using the old art form of the ballet and on this basis was able to create a brand-new ballet choreography. For instance, when the heroes appear they all do a *liang-hsiang* (take a conventional stance or pose in such a way as to let the audience gain a clear concept of the character right from the start) which has been adopted from old Chinese opera but these are the *liang-hsiang* of the ballet and no longer that of old opera. When Wu Ching-hua dashed out of the cocoanut grove, her *liang-hsiang* is fleeting but impressive, like a flash of lightning; when Hung Chang-ching appears in the disguise of an overseas merchant in order to get into Nan Pa-tien's manor, his *liang-hsiang* is like a ray of brilliant sunshine brightening the darkest corners. These stage poses make fine, expressive figures like sculptured statues in a magnificent setting.

Again, in the scenes of fighting and descriptive narrative which develop the characterization of the heroic figures, many innovations and reforms are made in the choreography. When Wu Ching-hua escapes from the dungeon but is again captured by Nan Pa-tien, she remains unvanquished in spite of the flogging, and her vigorous leaping movements, particularly the spinning somersaults when she is being flogged, show her fiery rebellious character. She stands out resolute and indomitable before the enemy. This is a clean break from the presentation of feminine fragility characteristic of the old ballet. In the scene of Wu Ching-hua pouring out her bitterness before she joins the Red Army, she flings herself on the red flag and full of animation strokes it and the red arm-band. Then in a lively *pas seul*, she raises her blood-stained arms and with fury condemns Nan Pa-tien's cruel oppression. The soldiers and villagers round

her join in the dance as the denunciation stirs emotion to a peak and a rich vista of class education is opened up. In the final scene when the fleeing enemy was annihilated and Wu Ching-hua kills the escaping Nan Pa-tien and his lackey Lao Szu with two shots, the ballet creates a unique dance which utilizes the "reclining fish" movement of Peking opera in a leap. This is a climatic presentation of the heroine's political maturity and her military skill and judgement.

In its depiction of heroic figures, the *Red Detachment of Women* ably adopts innovations and is successful in the contrast of beauty and evil, in using negative characters to highlight the heroes. What is fine appears more beautiful while the evil comes out more vicious this way. In the scene "Going to His Death" Hung Chang-ching turns not a hair as he confronts the bloodthirsty enemy. The militant song of "Forward, forward!" is echoing in his ears; he strides forward with full confidence in the certain victory of the revolution. To bring out the great fearless spirit of Hung Chang-ching who is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield, the choreography generalizes his revolutionary heroism and optimism into an integrated dance of leaping, splitting and spinning movements which portray this spirit of his through emphasis, varied tempo and changes in position. On the other hand, the enemy is arranged round him in stooping movements in contrast to his nobility. This stage pattern presents a vivid contrast of Hung Chang-ching in a series of jumps over the heads of the stooping enemy so that he appears like an eagle spreading its wings against the storm while the crawling enemy appear like a gang of stray dogs. This graphic composition, brimming with revolutionary romanticism, makes us envisage our proletarian revolutionary heroes as a towering Mount Tai in spirit while the renegade Liu Shao-chi and his ilk who trumpet about a "philosophy of survival" in life are in contrast but a stinking heap of rubbish at the foot of Mount Tai.

The ballet is successful in depicting the image of revolutionary heroes and also in presenting scenes of the masses. In the old ballet there are so-called "characterization dances" depicting the heroes and heroines and "corps de ballet dances" showing the masses, but the latter were usually formalistic things showing off dancing skill

but having little or nothing to do with the theme and plot of the ballet. The fact that the bourgeoisie is incapable of presenting the masses on the stage reflects its isolation from the people and its suppression of the people politically so that they can only use such "corps de ballet dances," empty in content, for purely decorative purposes. The proletariat has always represented and protected the interests of the people politically, it is only natural that the mass scenes on their theatrical stage are imbued with rich content.

In the first scene of *Red Detachment of Women*, the group dance of four slave girls with agonized expressions blends with the sound of Wu Ching-hua being flogged offstage and shows fully that she is closely linked with the political fate of the slave girls. In the second and fourth scenes such group dances as the bayonet dance, the shooting dance, the grenade-throwing dance as well as the five-inch dagger dance, the lichee dance and the straw hat dance are all closely tied to the theme of the ballet. They show either the militant air of the detachment of women or the close ties between the army and the people. In the fifth scene the group dance, presenting Wu Ching-hua leading the women in an assault on the enemy, is also designed on the basis of the experience of actual combat and for the purpose of characterization. It shows an animated scene of armed struggle. These vivid dances of the masses not only create a strong militant atmosphere throbbing with a vigorous tempo of life, but they greatly enrich and develop the ballet choreography so that this art which was long isolated from the working people has undergone an immense qualitative change from content to form.

The red sun has lit up the ballet stage. The revolutionary modern ballet *Red Detachment of Women* created under the great principle of "making foreign things serve China" tells us forcefully that when even a stubborn fortress of art such as the ballet has been conquered by us, then no unbreakable fortress can face our proletariat! What difficulties cannot be overcome?

The force of a model knows no limits. The revolutionary modern ballet, the revolutionary symphony, the revolutionary oil painting and the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing are gems of art cultivated by Comrade Chiang Ching herself. They are models

in applying the policy of “making foreign things serve China,” models for the revolution in literature and art and also models for us in carrying out our task of struggle-criticism-transformation. Let us raise high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung’s thought, and with our beloved Comrade Chiang Ching as our model, redouble our efforts with determination strengthened a hundredfold to create the finest art worthy of our great times! The springtime of proletarian revolutionary literature and art has come.

Literary Criticism and Repudiation

Sinister Exemplar of Liu Shao-chi’s Theory “Exploitation Has Its Merits”

Morning in Shanghai by the reactionary author Chou Erh-fu was written in two parts, the first appearing in 1960, the second in 1963. From start to finish the novel propagates Liu Shao-chi’s theory “exploitation has its merits” and advocates taking the capitalist road. It is a counter-revolutionary manifesto calling for the restoration of capitalism. The following was written by the Shanghai workers’ revolutionary creative writing group.

What was China’s road to be after the establishment of the People’s Republic? The socialist road or the capitalist? China’s proletariat and bourgeoisie locked in a fierce struggle over this basic question.

Our great leader Chairman Mao pointed out: “**The founding of the People’s Republic of China on October 1, 1949 marked the conclusion in the main of the stage of the new democratic revolution and the beginning of the stage of the socialist revolution.**”

But in the years before and after 1949, Liu Shao-chi, the top representative of the bourgeoisie within our Communist Party, scurried about beating the drums for capitalism. He touted the "progressive nature" of Chinese capitalism, asserting: "Chinese capitalism is in its youth. It is developing its historic, positive function and building up prestige. It must work hard and not miss this chance." He had the temerity to publicly proclaim that capitalism in China would "still exist and continue to grow for several decades."

China's Khrushchov Liu Shao-chi was the capitalists' faithful lap dog. His yapping evoked in the bourgeoisie a fervent response. Bourgeois representatives, big and small, who had wormed their way into our Party, eagerly joined in the chorus. Chou Erh-fu, a counter-revolutionary revisionist, was one of these capitalist elements. He understood Liu Shao-chi's intentions completely; they were soul-mates. Chou took up his pen and prepared, in the form of a novel, a diagram showing how to influence public opinion in favour of the restoration of capitalism. Blatantly open, he named the book *Morning in Shanghai*.

Shanghai held China's greatest concentration of bourgeoisie. To Chou Erh-fu the name of the city symbolized their kingdom. He was convinced that the establishment of the People's Republic heralded the commencement of a large expansion of the bourgeoisie and capitalism. Liu Shao-chi spoke of their "youth," Chou Erh-fu used the term "morning." The words are different but the meaning is the same.

In order to prove that the bourgeoisie and capitalism were "progressive" and in their "youth," Chou created a gang of capitalist heroes who were "competent, experienced, forceful, tricky and unbeatable," gentlemen who bore such nicknames as "The Sage," "Iron Abacus" and "The Factory Expert." They had only to say one word and "goods flooded the market" and "currency flowed through the exchanges." Their powers were truly magical!

And so, as a result, these capitalists "grew lucky" and prospered. Hsu Yi-teh, big capitalist and main character in the novel, after liberation "did phenomenally well in Shanghai. He built one factory after another, and had thousands of people working under him."

Chu Yen-nien, a sharp operator who had gone bankrupt before liberation, hated socialism to the marrow of his bones. He engaged in bribery, tax-evasion and all the "five evils"* of the capitalists. But now the "morning" of capitalism had arrived. "This is my chance to climb," he crowed. Sure enough, in less than two years, he zoomed up from a penniless scoundrel to a millionaire. Then there was the "Young Red Boss" Ma Mu-han. "I see a much greater future lying ahead for us," he confidently proclaimed.

Was this poisonous tale the product of the private inspiration of Chou Erh-fu? No. The revisionist author was only a slapdash craftsman. For his materials he relied on his master Liu Shao-chi, China's Khrushchov. Liu told one capitalist: "You've only a single factory now. In the future, you can have two, or three . . . eight." Chou featured in his novel a big capitalist Hsu Yi-teh who was raking in money hand over fist. To other capitalists Liu said: "You've got to look further ahead. The time of making big money is yet to come." Chou, through the mouth of his "Young Red Boss" Ma Mu-han, exclaimed: "We must look ahead," and so on. Not a whit of difference between Chou and his master Liu Shao-chi.

"Capitalism in China has built deathless historic achievements," asserted Liu. To bolster this claim, Chou went to great pains to endow some of his capitalist characters with an aura of "patriotism." He painted textile tycoon Pan Hsin-cheng as a "patriotic capitalist" who believed that "the development of business enterprises will save the country." He even wanted to give his products "more of a mass appeal" so that they would "meet the needs of both the rich and the poor." A genuine "people's capitalist" deeply concerned about the state and the people! Didn't the arch-traitor Liu Shao-chi say: "Capitalists also serve the people"? Pan Hsin-cheng was one of the insidious prototypes Chou Erh-fu created in the service of his master.

*The "five evils" are bribery of government employees, tax-evasion, theft of state property, cheating on government contracts and stealing economic information for speculation. In 1952 under the call of the great leader Chairman Mao a movement was launched throughout the country against these five-evil activities.

All of this was putting into concrete literary form Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary theories that today "China's capitalism is in its youth," that it is "progressive," that it is "developing its historic function."

But all this blather couldn't deceive our working class. We workers are the grave-diggers of capitalism. We know what capitalism is. To us it means unemployment, poverty, death. It means being exploited and oppressed. It means hundreds of millions of labouring people being separated from their wives and children, homes being broken up. It means not knowing at breakfast whether there'll be any supper. It means from birth to death, in illness and old age, being at the mercy of chance.

So capitalism is in its youth, eh? The era of capitalism's youth is the era of disaster for the labouring people. So it's the morning of capitalism, eh? Capitalism's morning, for the labouring people is the bitterest, deepest night. So capitalism is progressive, eh? When the capitalists advance, history slides back. We've seen through their shams. They wanted to restore capitalism so that they could ride on the necks of us workers once more, so that they could again crack our bones and suck the marrow!

II

In order to achieve this criminal aim, Liu Shao-chi loudly beat the drums for his counter-revolutionary, cannibal philosophy "exploitation has its merits." He venomously slandered the working class, saying that we "welcome exploitation." Like any big capitalist in his attitude towards the workers, he made the bare-faced assertion: "Exploitation is better than no exploitation, because when you're exploited you can at least fill half your belly," you can eat a little rice gruel, and "rice gruel is better than no rice at all."

The wretched scab had no sense of shame. And Chou Erh-fu, that counter-revolutionary revisionist, embraced Liu's counter-revolutionary theory as if it were a treasure. He used all his tricks to peddle it. Wherever the novel treats with workers, it distorts and vilifies them. Every one of them is either vulgar, dull, narrow or

servile. Most insufferable is the way Chou slanders the workers as fawning on the bosses. Not only do they "welcome exploitation," but they are "extremely grateful."

As counter-revolutionary revisionist Chou writes it, post-liberation New China is not the realm of the working class, they are not the masters. The capitalists control everything. Chou hitches the fate of the working class to the capitalists' star. If the factory shuts down for a day, the workers can only groan and sigh. They are helpless. The whole family has nothing in the pot, not even soup. A worker's family after the establishment of the People's Republic is still sad and dismal. But when business is good for the capitalist, when he prospers, the workers' livelihood takes a turn for the better, and they're all smiles.

Through the medium of a major character in the novel, Tang Ah-ying, a woman textile worker who suffered severely in the old society and had much reason to hate her exploiters, Chou Erh-fu pushes hard another counter-revolutionary theory of Liu Shao-chi: "The bosses give the workers a living." Chou portrays her in a strike on the eve of liberation as not daring to confront the boss in a head-on clash. She's afraid of losing her job, of having no place to "earn her food." What's more, several years after liberation she still believes that the capitalist is a man who "invests his money in a factory and . . . pays out wages every month," who "provides us workers with a living."

Thus, one of the main worker characters in the book. The other workers are described no differently. They serve only as background for and embellishment to the bosses. When they are not being bought over by the bourgeoisie, they are the docile tools, its slaves. There is not even any suggestion of their engaging in forceful struggle against it. They are depicted as having very limited vision. Of course, nothing whatever is said about their political awareness and far-reaching ideals.

This extremely reactionary calumny and slander of the working class is the literary equivalent of the reactionary psychology of Liu Shao-chi and his ilk. "The working class at certain times is apt to be unreliable," said Liu. "After the state took over the factories of

the bureaucrat-capitalists, the management was not as good as when the capitalists themselves ran the factories.”

The secret was there! Why did types like Liu and Chou vilify and slander the working class so viciously? Because they wanted to deny its leadership, to overthrow the dictatorship of the proletariat, to show the working class handing over the power to the capitalists. Isn't that clear? If the working class really was what they maligned it to be, how could it qualify to lead, to hold power? If the workers were really so ignorant, incompetent, weak and selfish, and the capitalists were indeed “able,” “forceful” and blooming in capitalism's era of “youth,” then why shouldn't power and control of the state be given to the capitalists?

This was the “political magic” practised by men like Liu Shao-chi and Chou Erh-fu. They thought that by boosting the bourgeoisie and knocking the proletariat they could turn history upside down and present the establishment of the People's Republic of China as the beginning of the “morning” of capitalism.

But these gentlemen deluded themselves with their own dreams. In the nineteen years since the founding of the People's Republic, for the whole first half of the century for that matter, we workers have dealt with all the tricks in their bag. Political, military, ideological, cultural — we've knocked every one into the garbage heap of history. However many more tricks they've got, we're ready for those, too. But they ought to take a good look at New China today and see whose domain it is, after all.

Of course we shall never forget what our great leader Chairman Mao teaches — that the reactionaries certainly will not accept their defeat. These gentry still exist and their cravings are very much alive. **“They will still engage in sabotage and create disturbances in various ways.”**

But piloted by our great leader Chairman Mao, socialist New China is solid as a monolith. Working class rule is firmly established. Whoever tries to shake it will only end up with pulverized bones. History has proved to the entire world that the great day when the People's Republic was established — October 1, 1949, marked not the “morning” of capitalism but its doom.

III

To bring about a capitalist restoration while under a dictatorship of the proletariat, it was necessary for the bourgeoisie to find agents within our Party. At such a time, these concealed bourgeois representatives are the proletariat's most dangerous enemies. They are the major roots of the capitalist restoration calamity, the main targets of the revolution during the proletarian dictatorship.

Liu Shao-chi was the biggest of these. The fellow reeks from head to toe. He spoke the most arrant nonsense, but always true to type and always boiling down to one thing — “capitalism is good.”

There is a character just like him in Chou Erh-fu's foul reactionary novel — Yang Chien, chief of the United Front Department of the district Party committee and leader of the inspection team that goes to the Huchiang Textile Mill to investigate five-evil capitalist practices. Chou strains to the utmost to present him as a hero, the very personification of the Party, truth and victory.

But what sort of person is Yang, actually? Let's see.

The first thing Yang does when he arrives at the mill is to call on the boss, Hsu Yi-teh, to whom he makes this remarkable statement:

“You've done many things of benefit to the country, Mr. Hsu. I know this very well. I've never doubted it for a moment. What's more, I've appraised your contribution in the manner it deserves.”

The second thing Yang does is to stay far away from the majority of the workers and closet himself in a secret meeting with a few “activists” in a dark corner, where he proclaims: “If we're to follow the socialist road we must reform the national capitalists, and that includes Hsu Yi-teh. Only if Hsu Yi-teh comes clean can our movement against corrupt business practices succeed in the Huchiang Mill.” But he doesn't permit the spearhead of the struggle to be turned against Hsu.

Yang's third step is to send the secretary of the mill's Party branch to call on the boss's concubine, to ask her to “use her influence” on him. The department chief also adopts a number of other “measures.” We needn't itemize them.

Mr. Hsu, however, doesn't seem to appreciate his efforts. Not only doesn't he confess to his dirty practices, he creates a big problem for our department chief. He stops the machines, closes the mess hall and suspends wages! But Yang is worthy of his role of the boss's lackey. When the workers angrily demand a settling of accounts with the corrupt law-breaking capitalist and want to take revolutionary action against him, Yang steps forward and says brazenly: "That would put us in the wrong. . . . Of course, his shut-down is illegal, but we shouldn't counter illegality with illegality."

What kind of rot is this? All over the world "right" and "legality" are purely questions of class. There is no such thing as supra-class "right" and "legality." **"It is right to rebel against reactionaries."** — that's what "right" means to the proletariat. "Legality" to us is the determined exercise of the proletarian dictatorship against all reactionary classes and counter-revolutionary individuals who oppose or sabotage socialism. Smears by the likes of Yang don't harm the proletarian dictatorship one whit. They serve only to expose them as loyal boot-lickers of the boss.

After protecting Hsu, Yang hurriedly calls on him and begs him to "consider this from your own interests." Hsu, moved by this solicitude, finally nods in agreement. "Your advice is good," he says to Yang.

Hsu "comes clean." Yang promptly organizes a huge mass meeting, brilliantly illuminated, the air sweet with the fragrance of roses. The crooked boss makes a long animated speech, listened to in breathless silence. Of course none of the workers have anything to say. Reporters surge around the big capitalist with their cameras; "clicking feverishly to record this great and historic transformation." "Voices rise in song" and there is "thunderous applause" as everyone hails the "great victory" of the movement against five-evil capitalist practices.

But the slave isn't sure whether this is sufficient to satisfy his master. After the meeting Yang seeks out Hsu and they have an astonishing conversation, from which we quote a few lines:

" . . . I understand at last the full meaning of those words you spoke at our mill when you just came, department chief."

"It takes time for a person to comprehend a new situation. I've had that problem myself regarding some problems. Some people catch on quickly. Others take longer."

"I owe a lot to you, department chief, for your help."

"I wasn't acting as a private individual. There's also your improved political awareness."

"Not at all. Not at all."

"The five guarantees you gave were very specific."

"I'll carry them out to the letter. You can trust me absolutely in this."

"I believe you'll do it."

In conclusion, Yang says: "You must devote a little more energy to considering the mill's production problems."

Hsu can hardly believe his ears. "Can he mean that I'm still in charge of production?" he asks himself. "Evidently. He was quite definite about it."

Seeing the boss's hesitation, Yang says reassuringly: "You've run the mill for years. You have a lot of experience."

Hsu is finally convinced. "I hope in the future I can rely on you for your support," he says smugly.

"No question about that," Yang hastens to reply. "Any time you need me, I'll definitely help."

A fine way to conduct a campaign against corrupt business practices! Is that how to "reform the national bourgeoisie"? Obviously it was just a swindle between a big capitalist and a big scab, a criminal conspiracy to protect a reactionary boss. Men like Yang did their utmost to defend the capitalists and sell out the working class.

This piece of business fully satisfied Hsu. "Department Chief Yang called on me," he crows to his concubine when he gets home. "He wants me to be in charge of the mill's production."

His concubine asks him what his answer was. "I agreed to his request," Hsu says piously. "After all the mill is mine. It's only right that production should be controlled by me."

Reading this tricky dialogue, we naturally connect it up with another tricky speech with which we are all familiar. For the purpose of comparison we repeat part of it:

"You (a certain capitalist — ed.) have only a single factory now. In the future you can have two, three . . . eight. When we get to socialism, the government will issue an order and you'll turn them over to the state; perhaps the state will buy them from you. . . . Because you're competent and run factories better than our cadres, you will be in command of these eight factories. If that isn't enough, we'll give you eight more. You'll be the manager of sixteen factories. Your salary won't be lessened, it will be increased. . . ."

The speaker was none other than China's biggest traitor, renegade and scab, the top capitalist roader within the Party, Liu Shao-chi!

Although the first of these two sets of dialogue is only a rough imitation of the second, in spirit they are identical. Now we can reveal a secret: Department Chief Yang far from being a "personification of the Party" is, as a matter of fact, a personification of Liu Shao-chi, the Party's biggest capitalist roader.

Our great leader Chairman Mao wisely pointed out in 1940: **"Would it not be sheer fantasy to desire the establishment in China of a capitalist society under bourgeois dictatorship after the defeat of imperialism and feudalism?"**

As to those rabid reactionaries stubbornly determined to take the capitalist road, Chairman Mao had this to say in 1957, in words that drew blood: **"In fact, therefore, they are ready to capitulate to imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism."**

And so the facts have proved. In 1962 the Soviet revisionists and U.S. imperialists colluded to create an anti-China chorus. The Chiang Kai-shek gang, holed up on Taiwan, poked their snouts out and began squealing about a "counter-attack against the mainland." Encouraged by these foul winds, all the serpents and monsters in the country were itching to go into action. Liu Shao-chi, capitalist representative concealed within our Party, ranted: "Socialism hasn't brought any good to the people."

Counter-revolutionaries like Chou Erh-fu imagined they saw a thread of hope. Their nerve increased. Chou went to an island off Amoy, from which he could see Taiwan in the distance, and started to write Part Two of *Morning in Shanghai*. Conscious of a change in the political atmosphere, he also revised Part One, adding a great deal

of counter-revolutionary content in the diligent service of the U.S. imperialists and their running dog Chiang Kai-shek. He included such counter-revolutionary ditties as "When it's peach-blossom time, Chiang's armies will come. . . ." Through the mouth of a landlord's bailiff, Chou Erh-fu spread this bit of insidious poison: "A mountain green with wood, water and stone, latecomers reap what those before have sown, but let them not wear too merry a face, for other reapers will yet take their place."

Chou was rabid to the point of madness in his longing for a counter-revolutionary take-over.

His counter-revolutionary sense of political smell seemed to tell him that the time was at hand. He couldn't wait to remove his mask. In Part Two he describes with relish a "Tuesday Supper Club" composed of reactionary capitalists who, around the table, curse and revile our great Party and socialism without restraint. "When will you return?" they moan. A look at the revised edition of Part One shows us plainly who they meant by "you." U.S. imperialism — enemy number one of the people of the world, and tyrannical bandit chief Chiang Kai-shek.

These "patriotic capitalists," with their "Young Red Boss" and "Factory Expert," bleating that they want to "save the country and the people," these "heroes" of Chou Erh-fu, are nothing but a pack of dyed-in-the-wool vestiges of the Kuomintang, stinking disgraces to the nation, dregs of humanity!

The great proletarian cultural revolution, personally initiated and led by our great leader Chairman Mao, **"... is a continuation of the prolonged struggle waged by the Chinese Communist Party and the masses of revolutionary people under its leadership against the Kuomintang reactionaries, a continuation of the class struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie."**

Liu Shao-chi and evil henchmen like Chou Erh-fu were agents of the Kuomintang reactionaries who were concealed within our Party. We have exposed them, and are ruthlessly repudiating them, discrediting them completely. This is one of our most important tasks on the ideological front today.

“Chairman Mao’s Poems” Translated and Published in Three National Minority Languages

Chairman Mao’s Poems, a collection of our great leader Chairman Mao’s poetical works, has been translated into Mongolian, Tibetan and Korean, the languages of three minority nationalities in China. Published by the Nationality Publishing House, these new editions are available in Peking and other parts of the country. Prior to this the collection had also appeared in Kazakh and Uighur.

In the great proletarian cultural revolution, the workers, peasants, soldiers and broad revolutionary masses of minority nationalities in various parts of the country, in their devotion to our great leader Chairman Mao and his thought, are eager for the opportunity to read *Chairman Mao’s Poems* in their own languages. The publication of these new editions has thus satisfied their demand.

The translations of *Chairman Mao’s Poems* into these minority nationality languages were made from the collection in the Han language published in May 1967 by the People’s Literature Publishing House. Containing thirty-seven poems by Chairman Mao, the new publications are 64 mo in size, with red plastic covers.

New Documentary “Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman Lin Receive Over Forty Thousand Revolutionary Fighters”

Starting from this year’s Spring Festival, a new colour documentary film *Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman Lin Receive Over Forty Thousand Revolutionary Fighters* made by the Central Newsreel and Documentary Studio was put on the screens of Peking and other big cities throughout China.

The film features the reception given by our great leader Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao on January 25 to more than forty thousand revolutionary fighters from all parts of the country. In excellent health and high spirits, our most beloved and respected leader came into the reception hall with Vice-Chairman Lin. They clapped their hands in greeting, affectionately waved to the revolutionary fighters, and cordially shook hands with responsible comrades from various fields present on the stage.

When the revolutionary fighters saw Chairman Mao, fulfilling their old dream of meeting their red sun, they were very excited and waved the treasured red book *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. The whole hall was astir with joy and resounded with enthusiastic cheers of “Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!” with the sound of the revolutionary songs *A Long, Long Life to Chairman Mao* and *Chairman Mao, We Are Always Loyal to You*, bursting out in undulating waves. The film also records scenes showing the revolutionary fighters, after seeing the great leader Chairman Mao, sending telegrams and letters back to their comrades-in-arms at home to tell them the happy news, as well as their various activities in happy celebration of the event.

On the same programme were shown the newsreels entitled *Our Country Successfully Conducts a New Hydrogen Bomb Test*, *The Capital’s Workers Mount the Political Stage of Struggle-Criticism-Transformation in the Superstructure*, *Warmly Hail the Publication of the Communiqué of the Enlarged Twelfth Plenary Session of the Party’s Eighth Central Committee*, *Hail the Publication of Chairman Mao’s Writings in Large Quantities*, *We Also Have Hands and Want No Idle Life in the City!* and *Educated Young People Go to the Countryside*.

Let the People of All China and the Whole World See Chairman Mao's Large-Size Portrait

Recently, in the high tide of struggle-criticism-transformation in the great proletarian cultural revolution, came exciting news from the Shenyang Heavy Machinery Plant. It is reported that after only nine months' work they have successfully turned out the key machine for a 8,000-ton multi-layer hot rolling press, the first of its kind in China. Designed with the participation of workers, it is used for making large-size plastic-plate colour portraits of Chairman Mao. This is another great victory for the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung, as well as an outstanding tribute to the Ninth National Congress of the Chinese Communist Party made by the factory's revolutionary workers and staff members who are immensely faithful to our great leader Chairman Mao.

Along with the development of the great proletarian cultural revolution in a deep-going way and the wide popularization of Mao Tse-tung's thought all over the globe, the revolutionary people throughout China and the world, out of their feelings of immense love, faith, veneration and loyalty for the great teacher, have wished for more, better and bigger portraits of Chairman Mao. But in the past, the renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and his agents in various places, extremely afraid to let the broad masses of revolutionary people see the glorious figure of Chairman Mao, unscrupulously disrupted the work of printing and distributing Chairman Mao's portraits. The completion of the new machine is a heavy blow at the renegade Liu Shao-chi and his agents.

With the new equipment, plastic-plate colour portraits of Chairman Mao, 3.6 × 1.6 metres, can be made in large quantities. The products will have a mirror-like smooth surface, and their colours and substance will withstand both sun and rain. They are especially suitable for erection on tall buildings and in squares.

Mao Tse-tung's Thought Propaganda Teams Conscientiously Carry Out the Policies Towards Intellectuals

Chairman Mao recently pointed out: **"Serious attention must be paid to policy in the stage of struggle-criticism-transformation in the great proletarian cultural revolution."** The workers and PLA men's Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda teams have been working in accordance with this teaching of our great leader in giving the intellectuals re-education. The teams stationed in the capital's literary and art units which are directly under the central authority and in art schools and colleges, resolutely carry out Chairman Mao's policy regarding the remoulding of the majority of the intellectuals and uniting and educating them. This is promoting a deep-going development of struggle-criticism-transformation in these literary and art departments.

The literary and art units and art schools and colleges are places where intellectuals are concentrated in groups. For a long period the struggles between the two classes, two roads and two lines in these departments have been very acute. In light of the situation, the Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda teams after entering the units, before anything else started study classes centring on the implementation of policies. They studied Chairman Mao's teachings: **"The overwhelming majority of the intellectuals in our country want to make progress and remould themselves, and they are quite capable of remoulding themselves,"** and **"the number of intellectuals who are hostile to our state is very small,"** and made careful and thorough investigations and an all-round historical analysis of the intellectuals there. Through such studies and investigations, they came to realize that in spite of the fact that the ranks of the intellectuals there were, comparatively speaking, complicated, the number of those who oppose the Party and oppose socialism is very small for most of China's intellectuals have expressed themselves in favour of the socialist system. As far as their attitude towards Marxism is concerned, the majority are in an intermediate state. Poisoned by the counter-revolutionary revisionist line pushed by the renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and his agents, their world outlook has

been basically that of the bourgeoisie, but still they are willing to make progress, are capable of accepting remoulding and can integrate themselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers.

So the comrades in the propaganda teams began to visit the various offices, classrooms and dormitories, enthusiastically helping the intellectuals there to creatively study and apply Mao Tse-tung's thought and giving them class education and education on the struggle between the two lines. With the patient help of the propaganda teams, the broad masses of the intellectuals actively plunged themselves into the movement of struggle-criticism-transformation. They expressed their determination to be guided by Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, to accept modestly the re-education by the workers, peasants and soldiers, thoroughly repudiate the black counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art, completely remould their old thinking and make new contributions in struggle-criticism-transformation.

At present, the broad masses of the intellectuals in these units, inspired by Chairman Mao's proletarian policies and under the leadership of the propaganda teams, have undergone profound changes in their mental outlook. They are resolved to consciously study and apply Mao Tse-tung's thought in a creative way, break away completely from the "self-interest" of the bourgeoisie and establish the "selflessness" of the proletariat in their minds. They are determined that step by step they will raise their consciousness of the struggle between the two lines and class struggle and gradually establish a proletarian world outlook. Units which have made marked achievements in this respect include the Peking Film Studio, the Central Academy of Fine Arts and the Chinese Music Conservatory.

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(In English)

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