



CHINESE
LITERATURE

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Front Cover: A Challenge to Revolutionary Emulation



Our great teacher Chairman Mao Tsetung

Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung

We Communists seek not official posts, but revolution. Everyone of us must be a thoroughgoing revolutionary in spirit and we must never for a moment divorce ourselves from the masses. So long as we do not divorce ourselves from the masses, we are certain to be victorious.

Be self-reliant, work hard, do away with all fetishes and superstitions and emancipate the mind.

A Fine Proletarian Fighter

Wang Kuo-fu was an outstanding proletarian fighter, a man trained and educated by Mao Tsetung Thought, a Communist Party member who dedicated his life to the greatest cause of all, the proletarian revolution. He died of cancer on November 6, 1969, but even with his last breath he spoke of Chairman Mao, the Party and the revolution. Around him stood commune leaders, brigade leaders and former poor peasants. Wang Kuo-fu looked up at the portrait of his beloved Chairman Mao and then at his comrades. "You must always follow Chairman Mao's teachings," he said in a failing voice. "Work hard . . . carry the revolution forward . . . do a good job in strengthening and building the Party . . . wield the people's power well . . ."

Comrade Wang was head of the revolutionary leading group of the Tapailou Production Team, part of the Chihhsing Brigade of the Hunghsing Commune under Tahsing County in the greater Peking area. Throughout his life he carried a boundless love for Chairman Mao in his heart, unswervingly following his teachings. Class struggle and the consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat were

always uppermost in his mind. With high communist ideals, he did his best to wield proletarian power well. For the last seventeen years he stayed in the harness of revolution, pulling like a willing ox for the proletariat and the masses and bending himself to the task unto death.

I

Wang Kuo-fu was born in 1922 in a poor peasant family in Wenshang County, Shantung Province. For three generations they had toiled for the landlords, and now, with twelve mouths to feed, they had only one and a half *mu* of land. Their food was elm bark, radish and aspen leaves. In the freezing winter the family had only one well-worn quilt. The landlords squeezed every ounce of sweat and strength out of Wang's father and left him to die with nothing but sorghum stalks for a shroud. Wang spent his childhood begging. When he was twelve, he fled the famine and became a hired hand in Tahsing County near Peking. It was Chairman Mao and the Communist Party that broke the chains of this kind of slavery.

Thus his bottomless hatred for the exploiting classes. Wang hardened his revolutionary will into steel. He could not be shaken from one truth — Chairman Mao's teaching **“Only socialism can save China.”** For the seventeen years he was a leader, he constantly waged revolution, steadfastly leading the poor and lower-middle peasants along the socialist road pointed out by Chairman Mao.

In 1952, Wang Kuo-fu organized the first mutual-aid team in the township with two poor peasant families. They had a small donkey and cart, but had to pull the plough themselves.

In 1955, a handful of class enemies playing on the tendency towards capitalism of some peasants tried to sabotage the new agricultural producers' co-operative. Wang and the other poor and lower-middle peasants smashed the plot. Socialism in their village was consolidated and that year their co-operative reaped its first bumper harvest. That year, too, Wang's application to become a member of the Communist Party was honoured. Standing in front of the red flag, he looked up at the portrait of Chairman Mao and, with warm tears in

his eyes, took this solemn oath: “I will follow Chairman Mao and carry the revolution through to the end. I will never turn back half-way.”

As the co-operatives moved towards the people's communes, obstructions came from every side. They had to be smashed with every forward step. At the head of the poor and lower-middle peasants of Tapailou Village, Wang marched forward, fearlessly kicking all obstacles out of the way. The Hunghsing People's Commune was formed.

In 1965, the capitalist roaders in the commune, under the sinister direction of the counter-revolutionary revisionist Peng Chen and company, began concentrating on one of the commune's production teams, trying to put over the arch-renegade Liu Shao-chi's plot to restore capitalism in the countryside. More land for private use, they said, free markets, more small businesses with sole responsibility for their own profits and losses, fixing farm quotas on the individual family. Ignoring the strong protests of the poor and lower-middle peasants and their revolutionary leaders, they succeeded in fixing quotas on a group basis and the quota per plot on an individual basis.



At once the counter-revolutionary revisionist clique in the former Peking Municipal Party Committee began to advertise the team as a "red banner production team." "You can't learn from Tachai," they would rant, "it's too far away. You can learn from this red banner team right here."

That autumn, Wang Kuo-fu was ordered to visit the "red banner team." As he walked around, he grew more and more furious. A team leader with him asked, "What do you think of the experience here."

Angrily, Wang retorted, "To break up the collective by dividing up the collective land and farming it on a family basis is a course which leads straight back to the old individual farming. It's a blind alley, one our Tapailou Team will never take!"

Wang Kuo-fu returned to his village stubbornly opposed. The commune's capitalist roaders repeated their order, this time adding that he must go with Tapailou's leaders and stay in the "red banner team" to "learn from their experience." Wang rebuffed them, saying, "We're going to follow Chairman Mao's teachings, learn from Tachai's experience and take their road." And he refused to go himself or send any of his team leaders.

Enraged, the commune's capitalist roaders put more and more pressure on Wang Kuo-fu. They summoned him to their offices, criticized him in public meetings, accusing him of "refusing to learn from the advanced," "lacking a sense of organization and discipline," "not having the Party spirit and taking an incorrect stand. . . ." Wang weathered it all unafraid. "I listen to Chairman Mao," resolutely he said. "I uphold the banner of Tachai and take the Tachai road."

Now the capitalist roaders, furious beyond measure, sent their men to Tapailou, forcing it to adopt their revisionist methods. A fierce struggle broke out. Wang firmly believed that Chairman Mao's words were the most powerful and enjoyed the highest prestige. He organized the team members to study Chairman Mao's warning, "**Never forget class struggle**" and learn all they could from the experience of Tachai. They discussed the inevitable misery that individual farming had brought them and how collectivization had changed their lives and brought them well-being and happiness.

At a mass meeting, Wang Kuo-fu asked the team members, "Shall we divide the team's land among ourselves?"

"No!" came the thunderous answer.

"Shall we divide up the team's tools and draught animals?"

"No!"

"Shall we follow this so-called 'red banner production team'?"

"No!"

"Right!" Wang Kuo-fu said decisively. "So we ignore their method. We won't retrace our steps and plunge into misery again. We'll take the socialist road, even if it costs our lives! We'll follow Chairman Mao's way — that's settled."

Then he turned to the men sent by the commune's capitalist roaders. "Tapailou's poor and lower-middle peasants have given you the answer," he said, "the socialist road. They won't take the evil road. You'd better go back."



Round by round, the fierce class struggle went on. When their attempt to force Tapailou failed, the capitalist roaders resorted to sugar-coated methods. They promised to allocate funds to the team, grant loans and even provide help and manpower in field work, hoping to oppose Chairman Mao's principles of "self-reliance" and "hard struggle."

Replying blow for blow, Wang told them, "We rely on Mao Tsetung Thought and the hard-working spirit of the poor and lower-middle peasants! Nobody's going to rely on your investments, loans and help of manpower." Everywhere he went, in meetings, in the homes of team members, working in the fields or on the threshing ground, he discussed how the capitalist roaders baited their trap with money and "help," trying to turn them away from the socialist road. As the peasants' minds became clearer, they fought for the building of a new socialist countryside, relying on Mao Tsetung Thought and their own industrious hands. And of Wang Kuo-fu they said, "A man of iron who will for ever uphold the red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought!"

When the cultural revolution began, Wang saw the raging flames of the revolutionary mass movement as a chance to further steel his loyalty to Chairman Mao and his ability to exercise the power of the poor and lower-middle peasants well.

Late one night as he was studying the little red book *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*, he came across this passage: "**Our duty is to hold ourselves responsible to the people . . . and if mistakes occur, they must be corrected — that is what being responsible to the people means.**" Warmth flooded his heart. He gently poked his sleeping son. Pointing to the phrase, "**boundless warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people,**" he asked what the word "warm-heartedness" meant. When his son had explained, he took a red pencil and drew a red sun next to the word.

Loyally following Chairman Mao's great strategy in the cultural revolution, he went from house to house, warmly asking the peasants' opinions and criticisms of his work. "My duty is to serve the people," he told them. "If ninety-nine out of a hundred things I do are correct, it is only what I should do. But if even one thing is wrong, I



should criticize myself and change it. When you raise criticisms and opinions of my work, you are helping me do a better job in the revolution."

A handful of class enemies, working hand in glove, launched a last-ditch struggle and tried to undermine the cultural revolution by stirring up bourgeois factionalism among the peasants. Using their authority, they discharged Wang from his leadership job. But this did not stop him from continuing to fight in the frontline of the revolution. The great majority of peasants supported him in the blow-for-blow fight. One day he went to a meeting to listen to the criticisms on him by the commune members. He listened whole-heartedly. As the meeting came to an end, he asked the people to stay. "I have something to say about the work of our team," he told them.

"Who do you think you are?" a bad egg yelled. "You have no right to speak to us now!"

"Let him speak!" the poor and lower-middle peasants demanded. "We want to listen."

Wang quietly made many good suggestions on the work. Moved, the commune members said, "Wang Kuo-fu is so noble-minded. He thinks of nothing but the revolution, even when he's under fire!"

Wang warmly helped the other cadres and encouraged them to take a full part in the cultural revolution, to brave the storm and face the world. "We cadres must stand the test," he said. "We must never get out of the harness and stop pulling the cart of revolution."

The class enemies were also trying to gain something by playing on family and clan backgrounds, confusing the class lines of the struggle. Most of the members of the Tapailou Production Team had come from Shantung and Hopei Provinces where they fled their famine-stricken villages before liberation. Wang's vigilance in class struggle brought him into this problem. "We poor and lower-middle peasants are all members of the same family, whether we come from Shantung or Hopei," he told the team members over and over again. "And the ex-landlords are our class enemies, whether they are in Shantung or Hopei." This helped expose the plot to foment divisions. At the same time, it helped the masses of two separate revolutionary organizations to put aside their differences and forge a new and greater alliance.

Tapailou's peasants elected Wang Kuo-fu unanimously as the head of their revolutionary leading group. Always the militant revolutionary, Wang told them, "Since you all trust me, I pledge to do my part to pull the cart of revolution all the way to communism without ever leaving the harness." The peasants were happy with their choice. "Our team leader sees things clearly," they said. "He understands that so long as we hold the political power of the proletariat in our own hands, everything will be done for the working people."

As the cultural revolution blazed on, Wang continued to steel his loyalty to the great leader Chairman Mao. Raising high the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, fearlessly he led the peasants in sharp attacks on the class enemies. Together they ferreted out run-away landlords and counter-revolutionaries who had concealed

their real status, thereby greatly strengthening and consolidating the dictatorship of the proletariat.

II

Chairman Mao has explained the relationship between a correct political orientation and hard struggle. **"Without a firm and correct political orientation, it is impossible to promote a style of hard struggle. Without the style of hard struggle, it is impossible to maintain a firm and correct political orientation."**

Throughout his seventeen years as a cadre, Wang "stayed in the harness of revolution," holding on to a firm and correct political orientation and preserving the style of hard struggle. Tapailou's poor and lower-middle peasants think of him with special warmth when they remember how with the whole world in mind he continued to live in an old "hired-hands' shed" which once belonged to a landlord.

Though the "Big White Mansion" in Tapailou Village had fallen to ruin like the landlord who once owned it, the shed which housed his hired hands was kept as the historical evidence of the exploitation and oppression of the old society. It had only sun-baked mud bricks for walls, no beams, twisted sorghum stalks for a roof and crossed sticks in place of a window frame. Barely seven feet by ten, the brick bed and earthen stove took up most of the space.

Unable to forget class suffering or the hatred born out of blood and tears, Wang's love and concern was solely for his class brothers and the revolutionary cause. Though he had helped others build new houses in the twenty years since liberation, he and the five members of his family were content to stay on in the small shed, with a portrait of our great leader Chairman Mao hung neatly on the wall. Because the red sun shone in this mud hut, it looked bright and lively.

But the village peasants were concerned. Constantly they urged him to build a new house. "No," he would answer, smiling. "Hardships keep me from turning revisionist. If I move into a new house, I might get to like the comfort and forget my class brothers on rainy days."



One summer night, thunder and lightning crashed, a violent gale tore at the mud huts and the rain came down in torrents. Tapailou was known as a place which flooded "even when the toads piss." Wang's sorghum stalk roof began to pour water, but he rolled off the bed and rushed out in the rain to help others. Ditches and low places were covered as he splashed his way to former poor peasant Chen Jui-ling's hut. The family had propped up a "tent" over the bed and no one knew what to do. Wang helped them drain off the water and then left for Grandma Kuo's hut. Over sixty, she was sick in bed and there was hardly a dry spot around her. "Come on," he said, lifting her up, "you can't stay here."

Tears came to the old woman's eyes. "Team leader," she said, "you'll catch cold running around in this rain!"

Wang carried Grandma Kuo on his back to a neighbour's new house. Then he rushed off to get the team's plastic sheeting for the rice seedlings and helped cover leaking roofs. When there was none left for one former poor peasant's house, he used the one he wrapped around his shoulder as a raincoat.

The next morning when the brigade cadres came to inspect the damage, they found all leaking houses except Wang's own shed had been covered with plastic cloths. They also found that Wang had not gone back home all night. As dawn broke, he had mobilized the team members to dig ditches to drain the water off the fields. Wang spent many nights like this.

Before liberation most of the poor and lower-middle peasants of Tapailou Village were famine refugees with no land or shelter. They moved into mud huts with sorghum stalk roofs after the land reform, but these were at the mercy of the wind and rain. Determined to get rid of this kind of poverty with collective action, Wang led the peasants to plant some 20,000 trees which would eventually provide timbers for new houses while they were developing their agriculture and animal breeding. He got members to work together building each other's houses. It had been a tradition to give an extravagant feast when one built a new house, but Wang convinced everyone that it was unnecessary and wasteful. As their farm production grew steadily, more and more new houses appeared. The broken-down mud huts were disappearing. But even though Wang had been head of the brick-kiln for two years, helping many peasants build new houses, he never bought a single brick for himself. The thought of building a new house for himself had never occurred to him.

When his older sister, whose family lived in a small mud hut in the village, wanted to build a new one, Wang told her, "Well, our team doesn't have many hands. If we help build yours first, others will have to wait. Never mind, you can go on making revolution even in this old house." Convinced by his counsel, his sister and her husband postponed the building for several years.

When Wang's eldest son became engaged, someone suggested, "Now it's time for you to build a new house, Old Wang!"

"After all the village's poor and lower-middle peasants have moved into new houses," he replied, smiling, "then it will be my turn."

One evening, Wang Yuan-tao, a former poor peasant who had moved into a new house, came to visit Wang Kuo-fu. The sight of Wang's children huddled on the small brick bed distressed him. "You worry about us all the time," he remarked, "but you don't consider your own family. You'd better build a house right away."

Wang Kuo-fu took out a pamphlet on learning from Tachai and drew Wang Yuan-tao to his side. "Look," he said, "Chairman Mao called on us to learn from Tachai, and we should be serious about it. The poor and lower-middle peasants of Tachai think first of being loyal to Chairman Mao and helping to build our country. This is what we should emulate, not ostentation or extravagance."

There are thirty-one poor and lower-middle peasant families in Tapailou Village. By the spring of 1969, thirty of these had moved into new houses. Only Wang Kuo-fu still lived in a mud hut, the "hired-hands' shed." Now prosperous, the village had a new air. Stalks and straw piled high in the threshing ground, fat hogs jostled together in the team's pens, surplus grain filled the bins. The contrast with Wang's old shed was too much. The peasants came to their team leader and told him, "Team leader, you're dedicated wholeheartedly to the public interest. You've worn yourself out getting houses built for us. Well, now's the time for you to build yours!"

Although living in a mud dwelling, Wang nevertheless cherished a high aspiration for the revolution, never forgetting the sufferings of his class in the past and the revolution of our country as well as that of the world.

"Cadres must never leave the harness of revolution," he said. "It's our duty to pull, and not to ride the cart. There are millions of working people in the world who still live in misery. After our Taiwan is liberated, it will still be time enough for me to build a new house."

For Wang Kuo-fu, "to pull, and not to ride the cart" meant to be always a willing "ox" of the proletariat and the people. For Wang Kuo-fu, "never leave the harness of revolution" meant serving not just the Chinese people but the entire people of the world.

III

In all the time he was a cadre, Wang Kuo-fu stood like a giant pine tree that had weathered storms, working wholeheartedly for the people, never laying a finger on public property.

The commune's capitalist roaders pushed the arch-renegade Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line and tried to win over and corrupt the cadres with bonuses, gifts and invitations to feasts. But Wang resisted these wicked attempts and was not in the least influenced. One day they distributed fish from the commune's pond to the cadres. A fish of five *jin* was sent to Wang.

"Have all the commune members been given theirs?" he demanded.

"No, it's only for the cadres."

"They're trying to corrupt the cadres with privileges!" Wang said indignantly. "I won't take it."

Once in 1962 Wang was told that he should go to a meeting of the brigade. When he arrived, he found tables spread with dishes of chicken, duck, fish, meat and wine. Deeply angered, he said, "You're trying to lure the cadres onto your capitalist road! You're daydreaming!" He turned on his heel and walked out — straight to his home, where he pocketed a coarse corn cake from the stove and stalked out into the fields to work with the team members.

One day he picked up a bundle of rice straw from the threshing ground. Then he went to the team's accountant and said, "Weigh it, please, and deduct it from my account."

Astonished, the accountant replied, "A bunch of rice straw? But it isn't worth enough to enter in the books!"

"It's public property," Wang answered seriously. "We must not take a single blade of straw from the collective." He would not leave until the accountant had posted the cost in Wang's account.

In the team's books was another item: "Twelve fen for fifteen *jin* of wheat chaff." It happened on the morning of July 7, 1968. Wang took a basket of chaff from the threshing ground and again went to the accountant. "Weigh it, please, and take it off my account."

"Where does this new method come from?" the accountant asked. "No one ever bothered to enter such a trifle before."

"We must not profit at the expense of the collective," Wang answered.

The accountant began to calculate. The price for wheat chaff was eight-tenths of one fen per *jin*. Wang's chaff weighed fifteen *jin*, so the accountant deducted twelve fen from his account.

Wang considered individual use of public property a very serious matter and fought firmly against it. In the summer of 1962, Wang saw a brigade cadre pass a field, stop and pick a watermelon and eat it. Wang went up to him and said, "What an example to set for the commune members!"

"I'll pay for it, I'll pay for it!" the cadre said hastily.

"It's not the payment that matters so much," Wang said. "What's important is the example we cadres set for others."

The cadre made a self-criticism right on the spot. After the incident, someone said to Wang, "You shouldn't be so strict."

"Well," Wang replied, "the melon itself is a small matter, but small as it is, it can test the extent of one's selfishness. It's just such 'small matters' which start people on the down road. As cadres, we must not take even a blade of grass from the collective."

Wang was not one to bend before difficulties. He never asked the team for a loan. Once, when he fell ill, the brigade leaders sent him a 50-yuan subsidy because they knew he was hard up. The severe pains of his illness could not shake him, but the money sent by his class brothers reminded him of the great difference between the miserable life in the old society and the happiness he enjoyed in the new. With tears of gratitude he said, "I'm leading a much better life now than in the old society. What difficulty do I have now? This money belongs to the brigade and was earned by the sweat of the commune members. Every single fen must be spent in developing the collective's production." He refused the money and thrust it back into the messenger's hands.

"Corruption and waste are very great crimes." "Saving every copper for the war effort, for the revolutionary cause." Wang Kuo-fu often helped the cadres and the commune members see the importance of running the communes industriously and frugally by reminding them of the teachings of Chairman Mao.

One day he picked up a nail in the road. Later, he handed it to the warehouse keeper and said, "We must always practise economy and be sure that not a single thing is wasted. Like this nail, if we save it, it will be used one day."

When he saw the team accountant using a new abacus, he asked with curiosity, "When did you get that?"

"The old one didn't work very well," the accountant answered.

"Making calculations doesn't depend on the abacus alone," Wang said. "What matters is not the apparatus, but the thinking. You should think of economy first. We must save every copper and spend every single fen as if it were two."

The people of Tapailou Village praised Wang Kuo-fu. "As a cadre," they said, "Wang Kuo-fu never takes a single blade of the collective's straw, never eats a single mouthful of the collective's rice or squanders a single fen of the collective's money. He's always the first to undertake the heaviest job and the last to accept things distributed to the commune members. He's a true representative of our village, completely devoted to the public interest."

Wang's personal life proved his devotion to the revolution and the collective without any thought of self. His wife was seriously ill and bed-ridden the year round. But he never let his domestic difficulties stop his revolutionary work. His wife died in the autumn of 1962, leaving him with four children, the oldest twelve and the youngest less than a year. Now his work and caring for the children kept him so busy that he could hardly take time to rest. But he never complained. "You'd better give up your post as a cadre," someone advised him. "Wait until your children are older."

A brigade cadre consulted him, prepared to assign him another job. Wang, however, had not forgotten how the vicious old society had killed his three older brothers less than ten years old within the same year. The oldest had been gored by a landlord's goat, the next poisoned by the landlord, and the third starved to death. "In the old society," Wang demanded, "was there any poor or lower-middle peasant who did not love his children? But how many children were able to survive? Not many — because we did not have the power

in our own hands. Today's children are happy because we hold the power. As long as the poor and lower-middle peasants trust me, I will never shirk my responsibility because of my own difficulties."

"What are you striving for as a cadre?" his sister asked him.

"So that the poor and lower-middle peasants will never again suffer that bitter, miserable existence," he told her gallantly. "I'm striving for communism."

Wang continued as a cadre, working with all his heart and mind for the revolution in all those seventeen years, always conscientious and enthusiastic in any job he undertook. Even when it rained, he would lead the team members out to the fields. "Let it rain," he would say. "We'll do our work just the same. What do a few drops of water matter to us?" In the busy and fatiguing harvest season, he would say, with disdain for the toil, "Never mind. We're not afraid of hardship and fatigue. In making revolution, we don't care if we lose a little weight."

Always with a shovel in his hand, Wang worked wherever he went. No one ever saw him take a midday nap. He went to bed very late at night and arose very early. No matter how late it was at night, he would inspect the piggens to the east of the village and the threshing ground to the west. "Perpetual-motion Toiler" the commune members called him.

"Perpetual-motion Toiler" occupied so much of his mind with the problems of the collective that sometimes during meals his chopsticks would fall to the ground and his bowl overturn as he dozed over. He led the peasants in combating the elements, improving the alkaline soil, transforming them into rice fields and farming on a more scientific basis. He encouraged them to raise pigs on a large scale.

Tapailou used to be a place of "poor inhabitants, bare land, scanty crops, constantly plagued by waterlogging and alkaline soil." Today it has droves of pigs, row on row of trees, and field after field of rice and millet. Its per-*mu* yield of grain shortly after liberation was only a few dozen *jin*. Today it is over 725 *jin*. The amount of grain they raise is more than 2,000 *jin* per person, or more than 10,000 *jin* per household. The production team has grain reserves, as does

every family. There is an average of 4.5 pigs per household, and pigs raised both collectively and individually amount to one per person. Tapailou Village advances with increasing speed on the socialist road brightly lighted by Mao Tsetung Thought.

IV

Wang Kuo-fu cherished deep proletarian feelings for Chairman Mao. "So long as I breathe, I'll study Chairman Mao's works and defend Chairman Mao!" was Wang Kuo-fu's pledge, and he lived up to it with a tenacious militancy.

When our great leader Chairman Mao said, "**In the countryside, schools and colleges should be managed by the poor and lower-middle peasants — the most reliable ally of the working class,**" Wang enthusiastically propagated the instruction and carried it out to the letter. With other team members, he felled the old willow tree at the edge of the village and made a number of simple desks out of it. They made other "desks" with earth bricks. Then, in a mud house, they set up the first primary school run by the peasants.

In front of the class, Wang gave the first lesson — "Never Forget Class Struggle." He told the children the story of his miserable life in the old society, how he had begged and had to work as a child farm-hand for a landlord. "Today we live a happy life," he told them. "You can go to school in your own village because of Chairman Mao. We mustn't forget the scars of the past while we enjoy the happiness of today. In this mud-house school, we should study Chairman Mao's works well and pass on Mao Tsetung Thought from generation to generation."

Wang used the mud-house school as a place to propagate Mao Tsetung Thought among the team members. On the eve of the Spring Festival last year, he invited all the villagers there to a meal which the poor used to eat in the pre-liberation days, to remind them Chairman Mao's teaching on hard struggle. "All of you have moved into new houses," he told them. "You have rice and flour to eat. But you must never forget your origin. How happy we are to live

here not far from Chairman Mao! We must follow Chairman Mao in making revolution and work hard all our lives."

That same spring, as his oldest son Cheng-chiao was about to leave the village to join the PLA, Wang invited his sisters to a meal at his home. Both he and his sisters remembered the meals of the past, and now they served the boy bean refuse, rice chaff and radish leaves to contrast with their present happiness. "Take out your notebook, son," he said. "Put down what I tell you."

With tears in his eyes, Wang retold the story of class misery and blood-and-tears hatred in the old society. The boy, who was born and raised under the red flag in the new society, could not hold back his tears. In the dark old society, his father told him, "Whether tigers in the east mountains or tigers in the west mountains, they all devoured people." It was a saying of the poor peasants. How many poor people were worked until their backs broke and starved until their bowels split! How many had to flee famine and sell their children. As a hired hand, Wang had to work like a draught animal but ate only pig feed. A man of indomitable courage, he banded together with other poor people to settle accounts with the exploiting rich peasants, demanding the right to exist. As a result, he was turned out of his job into a snowstorm. Justice? It was not for the poor without the power in their hands.

"From then on, I eked out a wretched livelihood," Wang continued, "extracting saltpetre from the earth in the spring, gathering reeds in the summer, catching fish in the autumn and leading a vagabond life in the winter, always with the same threadbare cotton jacket to cover me in every season." Then came Chairman Mao and the Communist Party to lead the working people to take up guns and liberate the land. Wang Kuo-fu was freed from this slavery.

"You must always follow Chairman Mao's teachings," Wang told his son. "You must never for one moment forget class struggle. So long as we are alive we'll defend Chairman Mao. Take a firm grip on the gun and fight imperialism, revisionism and reaction to the end!"

On July 26, 1969, Wang was invited to the Chihhsing Middle School to talk about his experience in studying Chairman Mao's theory of continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat.

As he was speaking, he suddenly vomited. The teachers and students insisted on taking him to the hospital. "Don't worry," he said, smiling. "Something is wrong with my stomach, but I'll be all right." He vomited again and again, but continued his talk with amazing fortitude. No one knew that stomach cancer was eating away the life of this fine proletarian fighter.

One August 4, Wang Kuo-fu was called to the brigade office several *li* away where the leadership was going to relay latest fighting instruction of the Party Central Committee led by Chairman Mao and with Vice-Chairman Lin as its deputy leader. As he was about to leave the house, his daughter pulled at his sleeve and tried to stop him. "Papa," she said, "You haven't eaten anything for three days. I won't let you go!"

He had not eaten because of the sharp pain in his stomach. As a Communist, he could give up meals, but he could not give up the nourishment of Mao Tsetung Thought. He patted his daughter's head and told her, "Be a good girl now and do as papa tells you. It's time for you to go to school. Papa is going to the brigade office to listen to Chairman Mao's words."

When he reached the meeting hall, he was staggering, his hands pressed his stomach and beads of sweat ran down his cheeks. Greatly upset, his comrades urged him to go home and rest. But he shook his head and smiled.

"No," he said, "I must hear what Chairman Mao says."

Enduring the acute pain, he stayed until the end of the meeting. On his way back home, however, he fell unconscious on a heap of wheat straw at the entrance to the village. He was promptly taken to the hospital in a deep coma. When he came to and saw his class brothers standing around his bed, his first words were, "Is Chairman Mao's latest fighting call being carried out?"

Shortly after his operation, he dragged himself to the window by steadying himself against the wall, and stood for a long while gazing out at the golden rice in the distance. He pleaded with the doctor to discharge him.

"You haven't recovered yet," the doctor told him. "Any movement will be bad for you."

"Even if I can't do any work," Wang said, "I can at least go around and give my opinions to help the work."

"No."

So Wang stayed in the hospital, studying Chairman Mao's Three Constantly Read Articles every day and discussing the teachings in these articles with other patients. He could not read well, so he learned difficult words from other comrades, making marks on his text to help him remember. On his suggestion, the patients organized a Mao Tsetung Thought study class and elected him as the head. He steadied himself against the wall and managed to walk from ward to ward, organizing other patients to study Chairman Mao's works. One day he noticed a young patient reading a trivial book. "Look," he told him, "you young people are full of vigour and vitality, in the bloom of life. The most important task for you is to study Chairman Mao's works conscientiously." A few days later, Wang saw the young man absorbed in Chairman Mao's Three Constantly Read Articles.

As Wang's condition grew worse, he became too weak to get up. He told a patient in the study class, "We must not discontinue our study of the Three Constantly Read Articles of Chairman Mao for a single day. If anything happens to me, you take over the task of leading the comrades in the study of Chairman Mao's works."

Death now stared him in the face. Beads of sweat ran down his hollow cheeks. But he bit his lips and would allow no complaint. When the doctors tried to give him medicine to lessen the pain, he protested, "No, what's the sense? Leave the medicine for other class brothers, it's too precious to waste on me." With shaking hands, he thumbed the writings of Chairman Mao. Now and then he sang in a weak voice a Chairman Mao quotation song: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice..."**

"Our old team leader is dying!" As the news spread in Tapailou Village, none of the poor and lower-middle peasants knew what to do. Greatly upset, many of them hurried through the dark night to the hospital. As they fixed their eyes on the team leader's pale face covered with sweat, they murmured painfully, "Old team leader, you mustn't leave us!"

Wang Kuo-fu, pressing his hand to his stomach to ease the pain, smiled and talked to them about team matters, just as usual. Each word came with difficulty. But he managed to tell his comrades with emphasis that they must take good care of the team's pigs and do a good job of harvesting the rice. Even with death approaching, Wang Kuo-fu refused to leave the harness of revolution. His spirit will shine for ever brightly.

One old peasant, struggling to hold back his tears, thought to himself, how fine our team leader is! Always thinking of the collective but never saying a word about himself or his family. Finally he asked Wang, "Don't you think of your children? Should I bring them here to see you?"

"No," Wang replied. "Brought up in the new society, they are very happy. I don't worry about them. I just hope you'll be strict with them in the days to come."

"Should we wire your son Cheng-chiao to come home?"

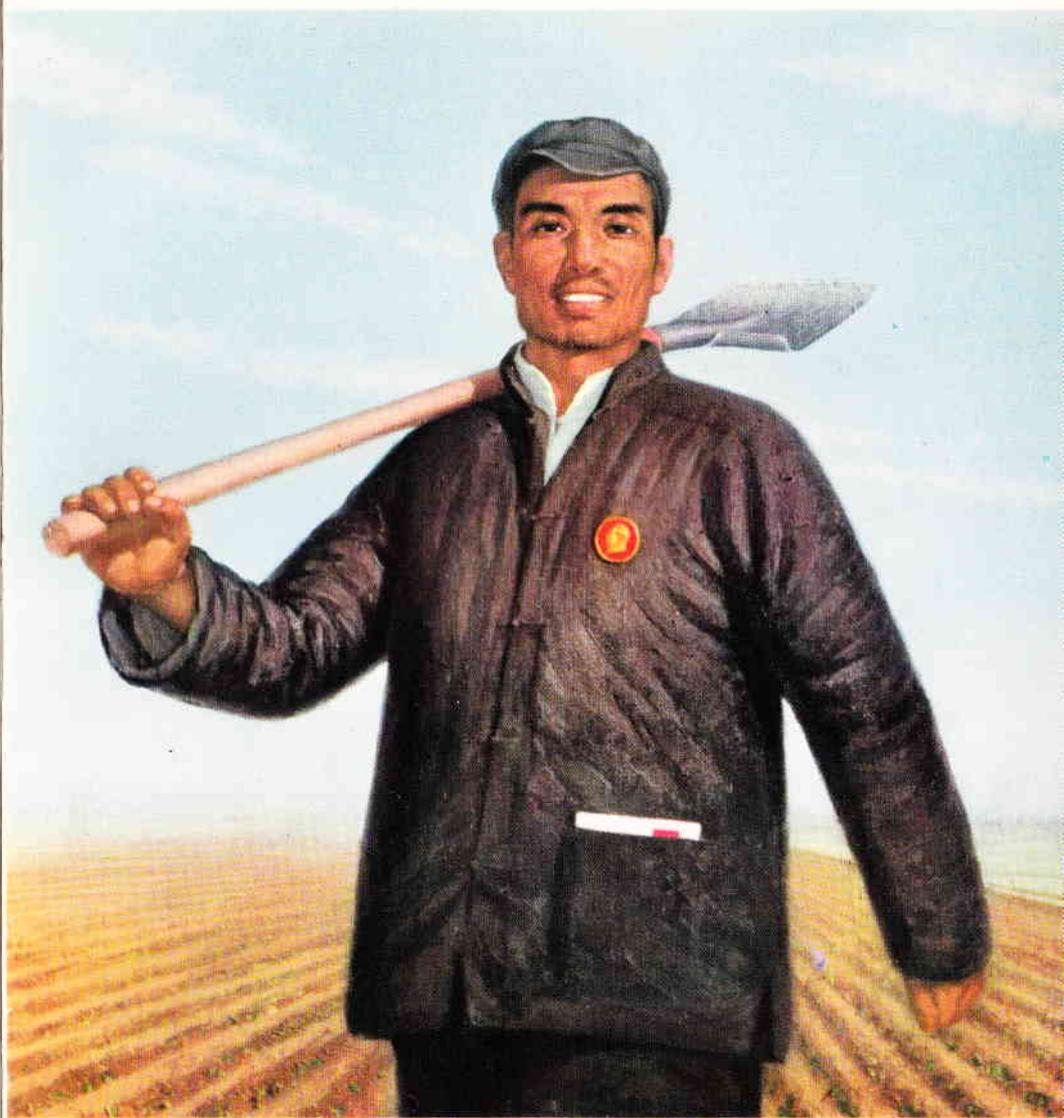
"No. His army tasks are important. But would you please ask Tung Shih-kuei to come?"

Tung Shih-kuei was the secretary of the Party branch committee, and knowing that Wang Kuo-fu wanted to talk over Party building and consolidation with him, the old peasant couldn't restrain himself. He turned his head and let the tears flow. Even as he was drawing his last breath, the old team leader was preoccupied with the revolutionary cause of the proletariat.

The next day, Tung Shih-kuei and those who had been with the old team leader returned to the village from the hospital, their eyes inflamed. All the commune members of Tapailou Village crowded around them in tears, silent and waiting. What were the last words their beloved team leader had said at the last moment of his life?

"You must always follow Chairman Mao's teachings . . . work hard . . . carry the revolution forward . . . do a good job in strengthening and building the Party . . . wield the people's power well . . ." Outstanding proletarian fighter Wang Kuo-fu could have left no better advice to his class brothers.

Comrade Wang Kuo-fu lives now in the hearts of the poor and lower-middle peasants of Tapailou Village and the hearts of all revolutionary people. People mourned his death and pledged to learn from him. Standing in front of his "hired-hands' shed," they vowed: "We'll always follow Chairman Mao's teachings and pull the cart of revolution all the way to communism without ever once getting out of the harness as Comrade Wang Kuo-fu had done."



Wang Kuo-fu (oil painting) ▶

Making Revolution with Three Cauldrons

In 1958 the east wind of the Great Leap Forward swept over the whole country. It stirred up a surge of mass enthusiasm for creating industrial enterprises in Kirin Municipality.

In the office of the Party committee of Chuanying District, Liu Sheng, a Party member and disabled PLA man, special class, told the Party organization of his determination, saying, "I'll walk the road of revolution even without legs and sail the boat against the wind even without hands."

Cruelly exploited by landlords and capitalists, he had suffered much in the old society. In the War to Resist U.S. Aggression and Aid Korea he was severely wounded and lost both his hands and legs. In answer to his persistent request he was given the permission in 1956 to leave the hospital for the disabled army men. He wanted to continue his work for the Party. The heaving billows of the Great Leap Forward greatly inspired him. He wanted to contribute his share to the construction of socialism.

The revolutionary cadres of the Party committee heartily supported his proposal to set up a plant manned by dependents of army men, families left by heroes killed in the war, and by other people in his neighbourhood. Liu was to be in charge of the enterprise.

But what kind of plant should it be? First he got twelve people together and they visited various factories. They discovered that lubricating oil was needed everywhere, for machines, trains, trucks, etc. It also came to their notice that in many plants machines discharged quite an amount of waste oil. Experienced workers told them that this material, once regenerated, could again be used.

"Let's set up an oil and grease plant," they said excitedly. "Let's convert waste oil into good oil. The wheels of our socialism will run faster when they are properly oiled."

They were inexperienced, without any building or equipment, capital or technique. The state was prepared to help them. Liu Sheng and all the workers, however, didn't want this. They realized that our country was in the high tide of the Great Leap Forward, and money was needed everywhere. Their enterprise should not be a burden to the state. They should overcome difficulties by their own efforts.

"True, we're empty-handed, poor and blank," Liu Sheng said. "But we have the Three Red Banners* to guide us. With thirteen red hearts devoted to socialism and our great resolve to work hard we can change the looks of poverty and blankness and paint a freshest and most beautiful picture."

They erected a shelter of ragged straw mats and boards. They chipped in twenty-five yuan and bought a cauldron, in addition to the two they had already borrowed. They collected discarded bricks, built a furnace and set the cauldrons in place.

They were without technique, but they decided to learn through practice. The furnace was fired and they began processing the waste oil they gathered from various big plants. The leaping flames brought smiles to the faces of Liu Sheng and other twelve workers.

*The general line for socialist construction, the Great Leap Forward and the people's communes.



"Now we are also adding fuel to the construction of socialism," they all said in excitement.

"New things always have to experience difficulties and setbacks as they grow." The small shelter could not protect them from the sun and wind. In summer it was attacked by thunderstorm and squalls. The workers were scorched by the sun and the heat from the furnace. They were also harassed by mosquitoes, which left bumps with each bite. In winter the north gale brought waves of freezing cold. They had to unscrew the lid of oil barrels with their bare hands, and a layer of skin would peel after each exertion. Difficulties abounded. But the greatest of them was the lack of capital and raw material. With the cauldrons empty and no fuel to feed the furnace, the enterprise now face the danger of a general stoppage.

But the difficulties served only to harden their resolve.

"Our mind is set on waging revolution against poverty and blankness," they said in one voice. "We must keep alight the torch of the Great Leap Forward, and continue to make revolution with the three cauldrons!"

They brought in firewood and coal from their own kitchens. They went to various factories, and scooped or mopped up every drop of oil spilled from the machines. Thus they accumulated barrel after barrel of raw material. In their off hours they collected bits of coal from ash heaps. In this way they kept the three cauldrons boiling and droning cheerfully.

"With the spirit of relying on our own efforts and hard struggle," the workers said confidently, "we can carry on with our work even if the sky should fall and the earth sink."

In the hard days of building up the enterprise Liu Sheng always laboured shoulder to shoulder with the workers in snow or wind, day and night. Their hearts beat as one. The first lot of grease they reclaimed was quite coarse. Liu had them rub it into soft, fine substance with their bare hands. He himself had no hands, so he worked with his arm-stumps, persisting even when they bled.

Most of the workers were mothers, with children to care for. There was no nursery in the plant. They placed the children on the west side of the shelter in the morning and shifted them to the east side in the afternoon to get the sun. During the War of Liberation Liu Sheng had been the leader of an assault squad in the battle for crossing the Yangtze and capturing Nanking, and had engaged in many bayonet fights. Now, apart from being head of the plant, he had to be nursemaid to the kids as well.

One evening Sun Shu-wen, a woman worker, when her shift was over went to the "rest room" — a makeshift hut of sorghum stalks and mud-plaster. As she pushed the door open, she discovered Liu lulling babies to sleep with his bare arm-stumps. He was off duty, but he did not want to rest. The sight brought hot tears to Sun's eyes. She turned round and made straight for the three cauldrons. She carried firewood, added fuel to the furnace....

The next spring the plant was enlarged and the work force expanded. The city's bureau of grain commissioned the plant to process tung oil. The workers immediately plunged into work heatedly, firing more than a dozen cauldrons at once.

"The oil is public property," they said. "To waste a single drop is enough to make our hearts ache."

With veteran worker Chu Yu-shu in the lead, they scraped up with spoons every drop of oil remaining on the bottom of the barrels, and boiled their gloves and cleaning cloths to retrieve the grease. With better management and reduction in waste, they saved twenty tons of tung oil within one year.

This amount of tung oil saved could sell for 40,000 yuan. Some people suggested that the plant should keep it. But others insisted on handing it over to the state. A bad egg who had managed to get a job in the factory, tried to stir up troubles.

"We get up to work at dawn," he said. "What for, if not for profit? Let's share the oil among ourselves."

Liu Sheng immediately sensed something wrong — something that affected the orientation of the enterprise. He proposed to the Party branch to hold a debate on the question in order to raise the socialist consciousness of the workers.

In the course of the debate two diametrically opposed views came to the fore.

"We've retrieved this oil," said those who favoured keeping it. "By rights it belongs to us."

Those who insisted on handing the oil over to the state countered: "It's the duty of the working class to economize for the state. By the logic of which class and the laws of whose state should we keep the property for ourselves?"

The pros explained: "We can use the funds to expand production. It will help our enterprise and solve our difficulties too."

The cons retorted: "Expanding production should be to benefit the state. But the difficulties should be solved with our own efforts."

Throughout the debate the veteran worker Chu Yu-shu felt as if a storm were brewing in her chest. It was Chairman Mao who rescued us from the pit of misery, she thought; again it was our great

leader who freed us from the kitchen during the Great Leap Forward; now that we are here working for socialism, we ought to be of one mind.

"We are the working class," she said, standing up. "Our responsibility is to contribute bricks and tiles for building the hall of socialism, not to undermine it by drawing profit from it."

The debate lasted for seven days. The distinction between right and wrong was made clear. The bad egg had shown his true face, and the masses gave him due criticism.

"We can't keep the saved oil," they said unanimously. "It's sheer selfishness to do so. Still less can we divide it among ourselves. It's not oil that we take away from the state, but the spirit of self-reliance and the orientation of socialism."

It was a very fine day when a procession of more than sixty carts lumbered along in the direction of the city's bureau of grain. They were fully loaded with the tung oil to be turned over to the state.

"You've delivered us the required amount," the cadre of the bureau said. "Let the rest you saved up be our contribution to support your enterprise."

"You'd better support our orientation towards socialism!" Liu Sheng replied.

Resolutely they handed the twenty tons of tung oil to the state.

The course ahead was by no means plain sailing. Every advance required struggle.

In 1961, on the pretext of adjusting industry, Liu Shao-chi, renegade, hidden traitor and scab, attempted to hack down a number of small factories. A capitalist roader from the provincial authorities came to the oil and grease plant.

"What can you do with a plant like this?" he said contemptuously.

Shortly after that he cut the supply of raw material, forcing the plant to close down. The workers were very indignant.

"On what ground do they forbid us to produce the kind of material needed by the state?" they demanded.

"We must produce what socialism needs," Liu Sheng said, firmly. "We'll solve the question of raw material by our own means!"



With the help of fellow workers in other factories they found a source of raw material in hardened waste grease. They hammered it to pieces and put through a sifter so that it could be processed. Production continued. The capitalist roader's intrigue was smashed.

Soon the oil and grease plant was transformed into a state enterprise. Again a "superior" came to the factory. When he saw the many huts of sorghum stalks plastered with mud, at once he showed his "concern."

"This is now a state enterprise," he said. "You don't have to tackle things in such a miserable manner. Can't you do something about the prices of your products? I can allocate a certain amount of building material to you. You can erect something proper with real bricks and tiles."

Liu Sheng answered him with a flat refusal.

"We mustn't concentrate on making money," he said. "Neither should we stretch our hands to the state for appropriations."

The "superior" shook his head, saying: "You won't? Well, let's see if building of regular bricks and tiles will grown out of this patch of wild grass!"

In order to ensure safety of production, however, the plant had to build a brick power substation. This required a fairly large sum of money and a few hundred thousand bricks. It was said that the "superior" was ready to appropriate funds for this purpose.

"Since this is a state enterprise," some of the people said, "we can ask the state for investment when we need it. Let's make a report to the leadership, they'll solve the problem for us."

Liu Sheng gathered these people together and said with emotion: "Yes, we can ask the state for funds. But whom can the state turn to? We mustn't forget Chairman Mao's teaching of 'self-reliance' and 'hard struggle.' Material help may be useful for the moment, but it's correct orientation that lasts for ever."

Encouraged by his advice, all the workers decided to be self-reliant fighters instead of seekers of outside help. They collected all sorts of broken bricks and stones from fallen walls, disused ovens and roadside dumps, as building materials.

Every morning, as the sun rose, we saw cycling young men, mothers with babies and veteran white-haired workers all carrying bricks on their way to the oil and grease plant. Even Liu Sheng had bricks under his arm-stumps. All drops of water converged into the river. The power substation, a brick building, finally sprang up on the plot of wild grass. It was built of motley-coloured materials, of course. But to the workers it looked extremely pleasant.

In a few years' time the plant became an establishment of sixteen brick buildings. The equipment was also renovated. All this was done according to their own design, through their own efforts and with the material collected by themselves, in the tradition of "self-reliance" and "working with our own hands."

In 1965 the workers of the plant got to know that high-temperature grease was needed for a special kind of equipment. As the capitalist countries exported this material to us on exorbitant terms, they decided to produce it themselves to meet the requirements of the state and revolution and to break the monopoly of imperialism.

But renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary line created all sorts of obstacles. For a small plant

like this to start a project of such high international level, it was imperative to have the approval of "experts" and "authorities."

A "famous authority" on lubricating grease vociferated that the plant could do absolutely nothing without imported material and equipment from abroad. A research institute on this subject offered them a set of foreign data as a guide. They pointed out emphatically: "The personnel for this project alone requires three years to train!"

Does this mean that we should not start walking without a "foreign crutch"? Liu Sheng thought. Chairman Mao teaches us: "**The Chinese people have high aspirations, they have ability, and they will certainly catch up with and surpass advanced world levels in the not too distant future.**" Liu Sheng was the type of person who always dared to blaze new trails. When he learned to walk with his artificial legs he chose bumpy places instead of the smooth road in the sanatorium. Today, in the struggle to surpass advanced world levels in the field of technology, he decided to act on Chairman Mao's instructions and struck out a new path together with the workers.

Chairman Mao personally lit the fire of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, which illuminated their way forward. They studied repeatedly Chairman Mao's teaching: "**There is no construction without destruction... Put destruction first, and in the process you have construction.**" To beat a fresh track it was necessary to destroy the slavish comprador philosophy and the doctrine of trailing behind at a snail's pace.

In the trial-production of this new variety, Tung Shuo-lin, a technician of worker origin, who had only six years of schooling, took the lead. Like Liu Sheng, he firmly believed that they could strike out a new way to top the best foreign product.

He carefully studied and analysed the foreign data in the light of conditions in China and those of the plant in particular. He considered this a battle against imperialism, revisionism and all reaction, a means of being worthy of our great leader Chairman Mao. So many nights did he pass without sleep!

Through hard work and arduous practice he finally unraveled the secrets of foreign technology in this field with his own irrefutable

thesis and data: In order to earn big profits and keep the monopolistic price, the capitalists deliberately complicated the technological processes, used only some of the raw materials available and held production down. If we used their method, the result would be small output, slow expansion of production and uneven quality. Apart from that we would not be able to use our own raw material and would have to spend a lot of money to import equipment from abroad. In a word, if we followed in the foreigners' footsteps, the results could only be small, slow, inferior and expensive.

Tung Shuo-lin's forceful exposure of the inefficiency of the foreign method aroused great indignation among workers against the revisionist line pushed by renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi. The fire of revolutionary mass criticism flamed up in every corner of the plant, as though fed by oil. Big-character posters appeared everywhere and one meeting of criticism succeeded another, repudiating Liu Shao-chi's slavish comprador philosophy and doctrine of trailing behind at a snail's pace.

"We cannot just take the beaten track traversed by other countries in the development of technology and trail behind them at a snail's pace." The workers of the oil and grease plant, confident of themselves, were highly militant in spirit. A people's war of scaling the height of advanced world level in technology and beating a new path for ourselves was thus started.

In a humble laboratory Tung Shuo-lin led the workers to trial-produce a kind of sensitive agent. They would have to wait for a year, if they depended on the supply of raw material from other factories.

"We can't wait in waging revolution," said a young woman worker Liu Shu-mei. "And we mustn't allow the imperialists and revisionists to go on displaying a haughty air before us any longer."

A kind of irritating gas generated in the course of this experiment, caused them to choke and weep. The laboratory had no ventilation. Although the temperature was thirty degrees below zero centigrade, they had to open the windows. But they persisted in their work in the severe cold.

The repair shop was bright with lights throughout the night. The workers worked with might and main and succeeded in turning out, in the spirit of "ants nibbling at the bone," installations of high precision with two age-old lathes.

Then they had to process a catalyst. But they lacked adequate equipment for it. "We can do it with hand-driven appliances," said all the workers. They began to do the job with their bare hands. Everybody took part, including cooks and doctors of the plant, even nurses and children from the nursery.

The technological improvement group organized by the veteran workers also brought their practical experiences in production and the wisdom of the working class into full play. They made a very important proposal for the rationalization of work, reducing the original nine technological processes to five, thoroughly smashing the foreign conventions.

Chairman Mao's great teaching of **"maintaining independence and keeping the initiative in our own hands and relying on our own efforts"** is not only a spiritual force for us to conquer poverty and backwardness, but also a powerful weapon in our struggle against imperialism, revisionism and all reaction. When the capitalist countries were trying to throttle us by embargoes the plant succeeded in trial-producing high-temperature grease.

As triumphant songs of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution were ringing out they made a test to compare the quality of the high-temperature grease imported from capitalist countries and the new kind produced by the Kirin plant on two similar machines in another factory.

One month, two months, the two machines functioned in good order. Then three months, four months . . . and six months, one of the machines suddenly came to a standstill. It was the one which used the grease produced in a capitalist country. But the other machine was still working. Seven months, eight months had elapsed, it was still working, even to the end of the eleventh month. The home-produced grease far surpassed those imported from imperialist and revisionist countries!



When this high-temperature grease was applied to the roller bed's bearing of a large shear in a rolling mill, its effective period was 971-fold greater than the grease previously used.

In the past locomotive generators had to be oiled once in eight to fifteen hours. But when the high-temperature grease is applied, its effective period lasts for more than eight hundred hours.

“The lowly are most intelligent; the élite are most ignorant.” The Kirin Municipal Oil and Grease Plant has broken new paths for this branch of our industry.

“We take the path of relying on our own efforts,” said the workers of the plant. “The farther we go on this path, the more aspiring we become. The more the imperialists and revisionists try to throttle us by embargoes, the firmer is our militant resolve and the faster we advance!”

For twelve years the workers of the oil and grease plant have marched on steadily, relying on their own efforts. And with their own hands they drove away the god of poverty and painted a freshest picture of great beauty.

Row upon row of red-brick buildings now stand on what was once a deserted plot overgrown with weeds. Iron chimneys pierce the azure sky, pouring out clouds of smoke. Trains, fully loaded

with raw materials, drive straight into the plant on a specific line, and leave carrying dozens of varieties of lubricating oil and grease to various corners of our motherland. Motors hum in all the shops. This plant now has a whole set of machines and network of pipelines that suit its existing conditions. . . . Modern and indigenous methods were employed simultaneously to install them.

Steeled in the fire of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, both personnel and workers of the plant are now marching forward with ever firmer strides. The living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought have become a mass movement ever increasing in width and in depth.

Although the appearance of the plant is changing from day to day, the spirit of making revolution with three cauldrons remains for ever the same.

This is the spirit of **“self-reliance,” “hard struggle” and “diligence and frugality should be practised in running factories”** — the precious heirlooms which have been cherished and developed by the older people and inherited and carried on by the younger workers of the plant.

Liu Sheng, head of the revolutionary committee of the plant, is a fine leader. During the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution he has always stood by the masses, and tempered himself in the storm and stress into a man strong in will and vigorous in outlook. He appears wherever there is a hard task to be done. Near the three old cauldrons the plant still keeps the two adobe rooms which serves as the first premises of the plant in the early difficult days. It is here that Liu Sheng and other members of the revolutionary committee now perform their duties.

Liang Hung-yu, a veteran supply cadre, has travelled to practically most parts of the country during the past twelve years on missions for the plant. On train trips he never buys a sleeping berth. As he is now advanced in age, some comrades suggested that he should travel in a sleeping carriage on his longer journeys. He always replies:

“There's no final station for running factories with diligence and frugality.”

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"We have stood for regeneration through our own efforts, and this has become even more important in the new international situation."**

The workers of the plant have a broad outlook and high aspirations. They realize that they still have a long way to go in the revolution which they started with three cauldrons. The most beautiful picture has yet to be finished. Achievements so far should be regarded only as a start.

"It's true, the plant has expanded," they said. "And better conditions exist. But this only serves to open a broader vista for our enterprise of self-reliance."

Inspired by the spirit of the Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China, they plan to build additional workshops to meet the state's increasing demands for the high-temperature oil. The government promises to allot them 370,000 yuan and 100 tons of rolled steel for the purpose. After carefully studying the project, the revolutionary committee decide not to accept the state's money but use the 160,000 yuan they have saved for building dormitories.

This decision evokes a powerful response from among the workers in the high-temperature grease shop and repair shop. They repeatedly study Chairman Mao's teaching of **"saving every copper for the war effort, for the revolutionary cause."** Then they put out a proposal to build an annex to the high-temperature grease workshops by their own efforts, and keep the 160,000 yuan and rolled steel for other more urgent needs of the revolution.

They make use of all the waste material they can find for constructive purposes, meanwhile ensuring adequate quality in the work done. It is in this way that the workers of the repair shop build an oil tank with a one ton capacity in only five days. Seven plates of scrap steel made up the wall, six angle bars are welded to serve as legs, while the valve is made of parts from other four abandoned valves. It is by such methods that they have raised their production capacity twenty-fold without asking a penny or an inch of rolled steel from the state.

The bright sun shines on the buzzing plant. The builders of this enterprise which was started with three cauldrons, although

most of them are now well past fifty, still keep the vigorous fighting spirit of the hard old times. The younger workers are brisk as dragons and tigers. With even greater energy and enthusiasm in their work than ever, both the old and young are ushering in the first spring of the seventies.

A Fighter of Steel Continues the Revolution

Li Mu-sheng is secretary of the Party branch of the Lichuang Brigade, Shangtun Commune, in Suihsien County, Honan Province. He joined the PLA during the War of Liberation and became a member of the Chinese Communist Party in 1949. Fighting in the War to Resist U.S. Aggression and Aid Korea, he lost both his legs. In 1952 he was demobilized and returned home. From then on he worked day and night to serve the poor and lower-middle peasants, getting about everywhere in spite of his artificial limbs. The peasants said he was "a living Yang Shui-tsai,"* "a fine Party secretary." At the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China, he was invited to witness the ceremonies from atop Tien An Men Gate, where he met our great leader Chairman Mao.

I

Seventeen years ago Li Mu-sheng made a solemn vow to "carry on the fight." Ever since, he has been distinguishing himself in con-

*About Yang Shui-tsai see *Chinese Literature* No. 10, 1969.



tinuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat as a member of the proletarian vanguard in the fierce struggle between the two classes, the two roads and the two lines, and a good leader of the poor and lower-middle peasants of his brigade.

The first night after his return home from Korea in 1952, he heard the voice of a reactionary rich peasant Li Shih-chieh calling outside his window: "I've come to see you. They say you lost both your legs in the war and that you've been decorated."

"Get out of here," Mu-sheng snapped. "I don't want your visits."

But the rich peasant wouldn't give up. He later invited Mu-sheng to a feast, and had his wife send a pair of shoes for Mu-sheng's child and a basket of turnips. All of these Mu-sheng refused. The rascal even tried to capitalize on the fact both of them were named Li.

"We're the same family," he cried. "These few years you've been away, they gave me a rich peasant classification; brother was shot as a counter-revolutionary. . . ."

Mu-sheng angrily cut him short. "And you'd like to reverse all that, eh? It can't be done. You're a rich peasant. I'm a poor peasant. We're travelling two different roads. We're not one family at all. You're blind if you think you can wheedle me with that kind of talk."

Mu-sheng's family name originally was Chu. He lived with his mother and an elder sister in an old abandoned temple. His father was dead. They had no land or home of their own. He suffered no end of exploitation and torment at the hands of landlords and rich peasants. During the summers, his mother worked for a landlord as field-hand and servant. In winter, she went out begging, accompanied by the two children. When he was only four, there was a very heavy snowfall, so that they couldn't go out and beg. With tears in her eyes, his mother said: "We just can't wait here to die, children. There's only one way to keep you alive." She sold the girl, though it broke her heart, and gave the boy to a poor widower named Li who had no sons.

"And that year when my foster-father found a turnip on the road," Mu-sheng reminded his wife, "that rich peasant insisted that pa had stolen it from his field. He forced pa to pay him two sacks of wheat and give a dinner for twenty guests. . . . Now this same rich peasant sends us a whole basket of turnips. What for? He wants to use you, a deputy township chief, and me, a credit army veteran, to shelter him from the storm."

Together, husband and wife studied this teaching of Chairman Mao: **"There may be some Communists, who were not conquered by enemies with guns and were worthy of the name of heroes for standing up to these enemies, but who cannot withstand sugar-coated bullets; they will be defeated by sugar-coated bullets."**

"We're both Communists," said Mu-sheng. "We mustn't fall into the class enemies' snares. Just like on the battlefield, we've got to take the hand-grenades they throw at us, and fling them back!"

With the full support of the township government, they aroused the poor and lower-middle peasants to expose the schemes of the class enemies. This strengthened the dictatorship of the proletariat in the village.

In fighting the class enemies, Mu-sheng's stand was firm and relentless. He battled capitalism selflessly and fearlessly, never yielding an inch. He followed our great leader Chairman Mao closely in the transition from mutual-aid teams to producers' co-operatives to people's communes, and led the poor and lower-middle peasants in an unswerving advance along the socialist road.

"Every day a battle goes on in a man's head between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, between socialism and capitalism," said Mu-sheng. "If you don't attack the bad ideas, they attack you. We're revolutionaries. We've got to fight."

His foster-father in the spring of 1965 loaned two hundred *jin* of beans to another poor peasant, with the proviso that repayment be in the form of two hundred *jin* of wheat, after harvest. When Mu-sheng learned of this, he walked ten *li* to the borrower's home and apologized for not having helped his foster-father enough in correcting his shortcomings. He said they didn't want any repayment at all.

Then he went home and called the family together. "Before liberation, we had little to eat and nothing to wear. We were famine refugees who begged for a living. That was because of the dirty system of exploitation," he said. "Then, under Chairman Mao's leadership, we rose to our feet. Surely we're not going to adopt the methods of the landlords and rich peasants for exploiting the poor and use them against our own class brothers?"

Tears filled the old man's eyes at this reference to the old society. He admitted that he had been wrong, and vowed that he would follow Chairman Mao's socialist road.

The rest of the commune members were impressed by the incident. They said: "Mu-sheng's legs are iron, but his heart is red. There is only Mao Tsetung Thought in his mind. He hasn't a single selfish idea. We should all be like him and travel the bright path to communism, pointed out by Chairman Mao."

II

A new problem confronted Mu-sheng. To do a better job of waging revolution with Chairman Mao, he had to get around more.

In the mutual-aid team period, the only way he could go to a meeting in the county town was on crutches, a round trip of over twenty *li*. Often his armpits became swollen, and the stumps of his legs were rubbed raw.

The poor and lower-middle peasants were very concerned. They insisted on pushing him around in a cart. "We Communists are servants of the people," Mu-sheng thought. "What kind of Communist sits in a cart pushed by the people?" This form of transport made him feel highly uncomfortable.

Then the producers' co-ops were formed, and the scope of his work expanded. Mu-sheng had more meetings to attend away from home. The question of getting about was serious. He discussed it with the co-op members, and they decided to let him ride one of the horses.

It was quite difficult for him to sit a horse, because of his amputated legs. At first, a man was assigned to lead the animal. But Mu-sheng didn't want to take him away from his work, and demanded to ride alone. Because he couldn't grip with his legs, he fell many times. "Mu-sheng," somebody said, "you don't know when you're well off. Why look for trouble?"

"I'm travelling with Chairman Mao and waging revolution," he replied. "Going to trouble for the revolution is my greatest joy."

Riding back from a county meeting one day through a snowstorm, he lost the road. But neither snow nor cold could prevent the advance of a hero. He gave the horse its head and went on without fear. Suddenly the beast stumbled, and Mu-sheng was thrown into a snow drift. He was knocked out for a while, and when he opened his eyes, the horse was gone. What was he to do?

As if a strong voice was ringing in his ears, he seemed to hear these words: **"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."**

Chairman Mao's teaching gave him courage and strength. He managed to get up and staggered home through the snow. At the height of the Great Leap Forward in 1958, Mu-sheng said to himself: "A horse is an important draught animal. It ought to be used in production." He decided to learn to ride a bicycle. But even with two commune members helping him, he just couldn't mount. And when he got on, he couldn't work the pedals.

By the end of the day, he was sitting beside the bike, thinking and experimenting. His legs had been amputated two inches below the knee. "I must learn," he said to himself, "so that I can serve the people better."

Every morning, while everyone else was still asleep, Mu-sheng wheeled his bike to the threshing ground. Leaning against a tree and with a pile of three bricks as a mounting block, he swung into the saddle. He fell time and again, till he was dizzy and bruised all over. But he persisted — one day, two days, three... His stubborn revolutionary determination at last succeeded. Soon the "iron-legged flying bike" was zipping along revolution's road.

III

On this road there are many obstacles. But selfless, fearless, steel fighter Mu-sheng was undaunted by either hardship or death itself. The more difficulties he encountered, the harder he pushed forward.

The land of the Lichuang Brigade was high in some places and low in others. When it wasn't flooded, it was suffering from drought. To Mu-sheng, there was nothing very special about natural disorders. He felt that as long as you listened to Chairman Mao and followed his instructions, you could drive a road through any number of hardships and dangers.

Chairman Mao's glorious instruction **"In agriculture, learn from Tachai,"** issued in 1964, swept through the brigade like a spring wind. It was an invigorating rain to Mu-sheng's heart. Lichuang then had to buy most of its food grains and relied to a considerable extent on relief funds from the state. Mu-sheng was determined to turn it

into a brigade which would make a real contribution to national construction and world revolution.

During the day he examined the terrain and discussed the matter with experienced poor peasants. In the evenings he sat by an oil lamp, pondering Chairman Mao's directive "**In agriculture, learn from Tachai**" and his inspiring article *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*. Finally, Mu-sheng made this proposal to the brigade Party branch: Drain the boggy land with ditches emptying into the river; level Fiery Sand Ridge and sink deep wells.

The Party branch and the brigade members enthusiastically endorsed this idea, and an earth-shaking battle began. "It's up to the cadres to take the lead," Mu-sheng said. And this he did, in everything. When time was short or the job heavy, he always rushed to the fore, shouting: "Let me do it." When there was difficulty or danger, it was Mu-sheng who inevitably came forward and said: "I can handle it."

In the heat of summer, he took charge of thirty young people building a bridge. He was up and down the structure all day, carrying bricks and lime till the stumps of his amputated limbs were severely irritated. His eyes began to go bad on him, too. Everyone urged him to rest.

"Compared to the Foolish Old Man or Chen Yung-kuei, I've done very little," he replied. "I'll rest when we've won." He went on working with the others until the bridge was completed.

In the spring of 1965 they began to sink deep wells. "We've no experience in building mechanically-pumped wells," someone said. "What if something goes wrong?"

"According to Chairman Mao's teaching '**Be self-reliant, work hard,**' there's only one thing to do in a case like that — stick it out. We're making revolution, not waiting for it to come to us."

Day or night, rain or shine, Mu-sheng was out there pulling the steel hawser with the commune members, lowering in prefabricated sections of the well wall. The more he worked, the more energetic he became. Under his leadership the brigade sank a total of nine mechanically-pumped wells which were immediately put into use that same year. The result was an unprecedented bumper harvest.

After setting aside enough grain for their own consumption, the brigade was able to sell more than 110,000 *jin* to the state.

The torrents of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution brought the monumental struggle within the brigade to a new stage and stimulated a wide-spread programme of electrification.

One winter morning, when the ground was frozen and water drops would turn to ice instantly Mu-sheng prepared to set out on his bicycle for the city of Shangchiu to talk over their programme. It was a hundred and thirty *li* away, and he had to cross a sandy stretch a dozen *li* wide. Even a man with good legs had to sweat to get through that sand. Cadres and commune members were concerned about Mu-sheng.

"Cycling is hard for you, Shangchiu is a long way off and the weather is cold. Go by bus," they urged.

"It's still a lot easier than chasing and wiping out the enemy in Korea," Mu-sheng thought. He got on his bike and said: "With Mao Tsetung Thought to guide us, no road is too hard. That little stretch of sand doesn't amount to anything." He rode off.

The tougher the going, the more Mu-sheng drove on. The sand was a foot deep. He had to get off his bike and push. He often got stuck in the sand. Every step required all his effort. To bolster his spirits, he sang the quotation song: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" Mu-sheng had more determination than there were grains of sand. His will was stronger than the road was long. He fought his way forward through the sand and finally reached the city.

He returned the following afternoon. A "barefoot" doctor of the brigade, who was also a committee member of the Party branch, removed Mu-sheng's artificial limbs and treated his stumps. They had been rubbed raw. The doctor washed them with a saline solution and applied medication. She wanted to put large gauze pads on each stump, but Mu-sheng stopped her. "That's too wasteful," he said. "Cut pieces to fit the wounds. You'll save gauze that way."

The doctor's eyes were filled with tears. "I must learn from you," she said. "You really serve the people heart and soul."

Mu-sheng's scorn of hardship and death, his communist devotion to the revolution and the people, greatly encouraged the commune members to strengthen themselves, become self-reliant and attack problems boldly. They used stones when they lacked metal anchors for guy wires. The techniques they didn't know, they studied, learning and applying their knowledge at the same time. In their transport work and in installing power lines alone, they save for the state over four thousand yuan.

In the past few years the commune members, under Mu-sheng's leadership, have dug three canals, draining the bogs into two rivers which they had dredged themselves. They levelled a thousand *mu* of the Fiery Sand Ridge, planted 15,000 trees, sank twenty mechanically-pumped wells, and have begun using electric power for irrigation. Lichuang had been as bare as a blank sheet of paper. Today, with a mighty brush they are painting pictures on it of surpassing beauty.

IV

Mu-sheng has always battled fiercely against class enemies and natural calamities. But to the people he is as docile as an old ox. Their thoughts, their worries, are his. His heart is closely linked with theirs.

Rain fell heavily for twenty days in the summer of 1958. A canal breached its banks, a river overflowed. Lichuang was surrounded by a sea of water.

The rain continued to fall, and the water rose steadily. Here a courtyard wall toppled, there a house collapsed. Water covered the floor of Mu-sheng's house. Because he was disabled, the leadership dispatched an inflated rubber boat to take him to the county town. But Mu-sheng refused to leave his class brothers with whom he shared the same fate.

"A Communist lives and dies with the people, and shares their hardships," he said. "So long as a single poor or lower-middle peasant remains in Lichuang, I will not go. I shall stay with them and fight the torrents." And he hobbled off on his crutches with other commune members to raise the height of the dyke west of the village.

Battling the floods day and night, Mu-sheng ate and slept very little. Was the stable roof leaking? Would so-and-so's house collapse? Could a certain section of the dyke stand up? Such things were always on his mind. He marched through the rain from house to house, from village to village. With the other brigade cadres, he rescued people, livestock, grain and materials. Those whose homes had fallen or were in danger of falling, he moved to places of safety.

His legs were chafed, his voice hoarse, his eyes bloodshot. But he was very cheerful. Although the crops were inundated and some houses had collapsed, none of the commune members had been hurt. As long as there were people, there was nothing they couldn't create anew.

He looked at the deluging rain and laughed. "Let's see what you've got, old lord of the sky," he challenged. "We have the leadership of Chairman Mao, the superiority of a collective economy, and more than eighteen hundred people. Nothing scares us."

Then he remembered that class brothers from four villages of neighbouring brigade were surrounded by water on the southeast end of the dyke. They must be hungry and wet. As a Communist, he had a strong sense of responsibility. Pointing towards the marooned people, he said to the cadres and commune members: "All poor and lower-middle peasants are one family. We can't just let them suffer. We've got to help them, send them the Party's warmth."

Mu-sheng contributed his disability pension and bought straw mats and some peanuts, others gave cooked rice and vegetables, all of which was quickly loaded on to rafts. With an inflated inner-tube around his middle, Mu-sheng was the first to step into the swirling water. He was followed by twenty young commune members. They pushed the rafts through the waves. In some places the roaring torrents were ten feet deep, and twisted into whirlpools.

"The current's too fast. Go back," the young men begged Mu-sheng. "We'll get the rafts there alone."

"I'm going on to save our class brothers no matter what the water is like," he shouted. "If I drown, just consider me a fighter delivering dynamite on a battlefield who hasn't come back."

They reached the dyke. An old woman grasped Mu-sheng's hand and said, very moved: "You bring us things, even with your legs the way they are. How can we thank you men?"

"We're here because Chairman Mao teaches us to serve the people, heart and soul," he replied. "It's Chairman Mao we ought to thank."

V

In December 1966, the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution swept into Lichuang. Mu-sheng, in order to understand it better, studied Chairman Mao's brilliant article *Report on an Investigation of the Peasant Movement in Hunan* and the Sixteen-Point Decision.* Raised amid hardships and matured in battles, from his own experience he readily understood this truth: closely following Chairman Mao brings happiness and victory.

"The cultural revolution has been initiated and is being led by Chairman Mao personally," he thought, "the young Red Guards are raising the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, rebelling against old customs, habits, culture and ideas and creating new ones. These are revolutionary actions. They're very good indeed. We must give them our full support."

He stood together with the revolutionary masses and rallied round the banner of "**It is right to rebel against reactionaries.**" They rebelled against big renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi, and hotly excoriated the handful of capitalist roaders for trying to restore capitalism. At home, Mu-sheng explained to his wife and children that they must take a correct attitude towards the criticism which was then being directed against him by the revolutionary masses.

One day in January 1967, a mass organization notified Mu-sheng to appear at a criticism meeting the following day. Like a soldier

*Decision of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party Concerning the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution adopted on August 8, 1966 by the Eleventh Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Communist Party of China.

being given a mission on the battlefield, he said feelingly: "Good. I welcome your criticism. The more you criticize, the dearer Chairman Mao will be to me, and the closer I'll follow him."

That night, when everyone was asleep, he studied Chairman Mao's works in the lamplight. Then he stood before our great leader's picture and said: "I definitely shall listen to you and go with you, dear Chairman Mao. I shall never retreat. In the storms of mass struggle I shall forge a heart of the utmost loyalty to you."

The next morning he arrived early at the meeting place. A number of revolutionaries were putting up a big-character poster about him. He walked over and hailed them warmly. "I've been our brigade's Party secretary for many years and I've made a lot of mistakes," he said. "By criticizing me, you are defending Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and our proletarian land. It also helps me and shows your concern. Here, let me do it." Mu-sheng took the poster from them and pasted it on the wall himself.

His words and simple, modest manner, his largeness of mind and frankness, won the hearty approval of the revolutionary masses.

At the criticism meeting, Mu-sheng urged the people to expose and criticize the shortcomings and errors in his work. He heartily accepted the criticisms they made, examined into the reasons for his faults, and vowed to correct them. Even when some of the criticisms were unreasonable, or when allegations did not conform to the facts, Mu-sheng listened patiently, without interruption, treating these as reminders of what to ward against in the future.

Impelled by his strong sense of responsibility to the revolution, when the meeting ended he reminded the sponsors: "It's nearly Spring Festival. It's important to do our work of supporting the army and giving preferential treatment to the soldiers' families well, and get ready for spring planting. We ought to start at once."

With the consent and support of the revolutionary masses, he immediately made the necessary arrangements right there at the meeting.

"The revolutionary masses' criticism of me enables me to get rid of what is bad and preserve what is good in my working style," said Mu-sheng. "As a Communist, I must be both a force in and a target of the revolution. Only by considering yourself a target can you

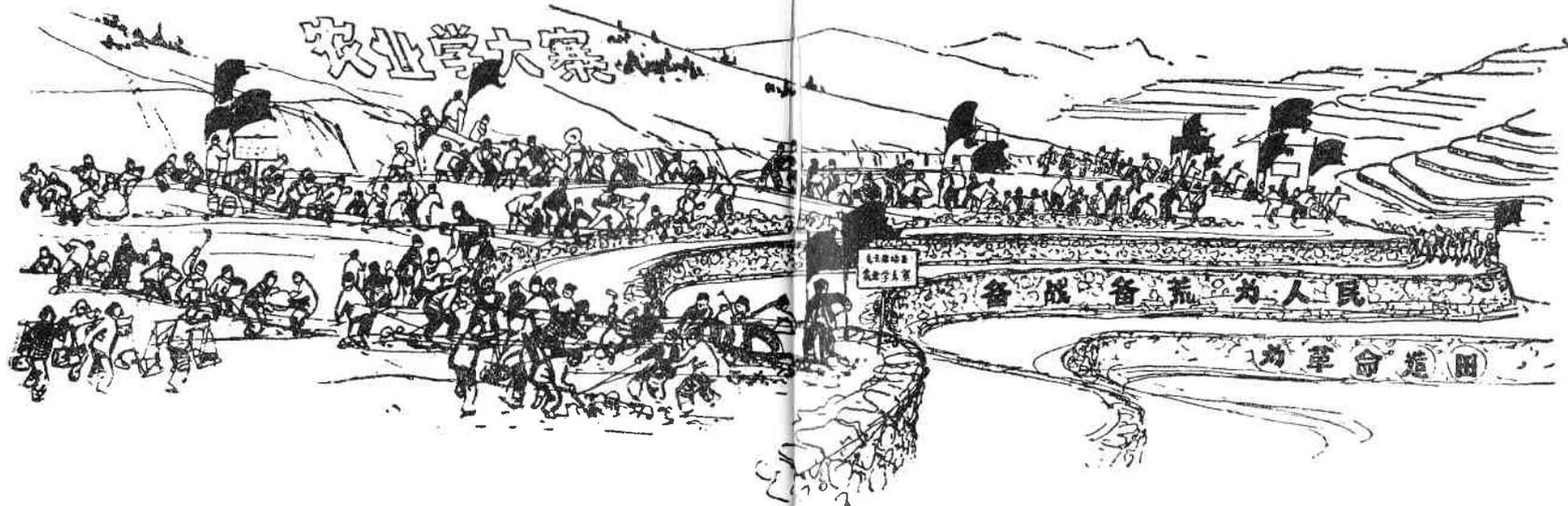
become a driving force. Try walking on one leg and you'll surely fall. You'll become a stumbling block in the path of revolution."

Steeled in the battles of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, selfless, fearless steel fighter Li Mu-sheng is stauncher than ever. He is leading the cadres and the poor and lower-middle peasants forward on the splendid expedition of continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat.

In the Tachai Spirit

In response to Chairman Mao's great call "**In agriculture, learn from Tachai,**" the poor and lower-middle peasants of the Leap Forward Brigade of a commune in the province of Kwangsi completely transformed their brigade in only twenty months. Peach Rise, which had been full of stones, they converted into tiers of terraces, shored up by magnificent walls of rock. Boulder Slope became "Bumper Harvest Slope." Lightning Hill, once covered with weeds and grass, today is a tea plantation of shining green. Fields that formerly produced only a few hundred *jin* of grain per year now have an annual output of well over a thousand. Every team in the brigade has surplus grain, stored in brand-new bins.

Fundamental to the change in the brigade has been the tremendous transformation in the thinking of its members. The poor and lower-middle peasants have been eagerly studying and applying Mao Tsetung Thought in a living way, overcoming selfish tendencies, refuting revisionist concepts and putting the public good first. They cherish the collective and love their country. Although physically present in only one small brigade, they are concerned about not only China but the entire world.



Spring of 1968 was no usual season for the poor and lower-middle peasants of the Leap Forward Brigade.

In March, Huang Fang-ming, secretary of the brigade's Party branch, bearing in mind the revolutionary determination of the poor and lower-middle peasants to overcome their brigade's backwardness, went to visit the famous Tachai Brigade in Shansi Province.

There he learned many valuable things. In the past dozen years, the people of Tachai had remembered the great teachings of Chairman Mao: **"Be self-reliant, work hard,"** and **"Never forget class struggle."** They attacked the class enemies, battled nature, opened up new fields on the hillsides and led water up the slopes. They worked day and night, without cease. . . .

Thus, Tachai overcame its previous backwardness. A poverty-stricken mountain valley became rich in grain. People's thinking changed and, with this, the entire appearance of the land changed as well. Our great leader Chairman Mao confirmed Tachai as a great socialist model to be emulated by the whole country.

Huang saw the tremendous improvements with his own eyes. He was deeply impressed by the revolutionary fighting spirit of the

Tachai people, the manner in which they used invincible Mao Tsetung Thought to battle nature and their class enemies. He recorded these things in his notebook, and engraved them on his heart.

The train, speeding south across the vast area of the motherland, carried him home. As he sat in the day coach, he couldn't calm down. He was eager to return to his brigade and, together with the poor and lower-middle peasants, develop the Tachai spirit and wrest from nature a new land.

Huang hurried back over the hills the same night he arrived at the county town. He called a meeting of cadres, reported what he had learned, and told of the revolutionary spirit of the Tachai people. Then, they discussed how to learn from Tachai, and talked over a plan for opening up the hills and building new fields.

The next morning Huang summoned the members of the brigade to a meeting, at which they all vowed they would learn from Tachai. Later, in their various groups for the study of Mao Tsetung Thought, they recalled the struggle between the two classes, the two roads and the two lines in their brigade during the previous ten years and more, and the miseries they suffered in the old society. This sharpened their

awareness of the struggle and showed them more clearly the necessity of taking the Tachai road.

"It is essential that we heed Chairman Mao's call: **'In agriculture, learn from Tachai,'**" they said. "This is the best possible solution."

After considerable discussion and study of the problem, Huang and the cadres decided to make Team Thirteen, which had relatively poor natural conditions, a preliminary testing ground for applying the Tachai experience. With the cadres and poor and lower-middle peasants of the team they built the first Tachai-type terraced field, to serve as model. Cadres and members of other teams were encouraged to go and have a look at it. Everyone gained new insight on how to improve agriculture in hilly country.

Team Thirteen's model field made a big impression. All the teams of the brigade wanted to emulate Tachai. The hills were soon seething with activity. Peach Rise and Boulder Slope rang with work chants. Spirits were high. The poor and lower-middle peasants were delighted.

But at this moment a handful of class enemies tried to throw cold water on them. "Fields opened in the wilderness always go wild again," they said. "It's tiring and wastes money. It's not worth it. Besides, it's hopeless. The scabby toad can't eat the high-flying swan."

To cope with this problem, Huang and other Communists studied this teaching of our great leader Chairman Mao: **"It is up to us to organize the people. As for the reactionaries in China, it is up to us to organize the people to overthrow them. Everything reactionary is the same; if you don't hit it, it won't fall."**

They realized that unless the poison spread by Liu Shao-chi was completely expunged, people would have difficulty in making a distinction between the two lines; unless the class enemies were overthrown, the brigade would not be able to learn from Tachai.

And so they encouraged the masses to thoroughly refute the revisionist line of Liu Shao-chi and his local representatives and staunchly quell the arrogance of the class enemies.

Lightning Hill was formerly a barren place. Because the local capitalist roader had spread the reactionary nonsense "Nothing can

be done with these high big hills," it remained uncultivated. The poor and lower-middle peasants of the brigade dragged the capitalist roader to Lightning Hill and hotly criticized him.

"High hills are good for tea bushes. Big ones are good for terraced fields; the stones are just right for building retaining walls," they cried. "You claimed that tea can't be raised on high hills, and fields can't be opened on stony slopes. That's Liu Shao-chi's revisionist bilge. What were you up to? Do you think you can make us poor and lower-middle peasants go back to the sufferings of the old days? You're out of your mind!"

"Standing on the high hills, we have all of China, the entire globe, in our hearts. We build fields in the hills for world revolution, we're adding to its granary. When you say there's nothing we can do with barren hills, you're simply slandering us."

Every word struck like a cannon ball against Liu Shao-chi, and drove home against the capitalist roader. The fellow just stood there, sweating. He was absolutely speechless.

In Team Twelve of the brigade a landlord's wife viciously attacked the emulation of Tachai by the poor and lower-middle peasants. Her aim was to discourage them from opening up new fields in the hills. The commune members hauled her out to where they were working and conducted an on-the-spot struggle meeting.

"Down with the evil landlord class," they shouted, waving their fists. "Never forget class suffering, never forget our class hatred. Learn from the Tachai people, travel the Tachai road."

An old poor peasant, who had been cruelly oppressed in the old days, pointed at the water-filled terraced fields, newly built. "Look at that, landlord's wife," he exclaimed. "Do you still say opening up the hills is a waste of manpower and money?"

Furiously, the poor and lower-middle peasants criticized and refuted her. They made her look completely ridiculous.

As a result of the "people's war" they conducted in their revolutionary mass refutation campaign, they got rid of what remained of the poison spread by Liu Shao-chi and his local representative, and gave the class enemies a good drubbing. The class consciousness

of the masses was further raised, and their eagerness to learn from Tachai became more ardent than ever.

Relying on invincible Mao Tsetung Thought, the members of the Leap Forward Brigade persisted in travelling the Tachai road. After arduous struggle, they succeeded in emulating the famous brigade in many respects.

Peach Rise was located on the land of Team Twelve. A stony place, it was full of thorns and brambles, was devoid of water, and had poor soil. Nothing had ever grown there except a species of wild peaches, which were small and sour.

But after the team began learning from Tachai and from the spirit of the Foolish Old Man, the poor and lower-middle peasants converted Peach Rise into rich and fertile fields.

Early in May 1968, Team Twelve climbed Peach Rise with three old pickaxes and a dozen old hoes.

"What are you doing here?" some passersby asked, "building a house?"

"No," the poor and lower-middle peasants replied. "We're learning to be like Tachai people. We're building Tachai-type fields, so as to produce more grain for the world revolution."

"Any time a barren rise can be cultivated, a dead tree will bear seeds!" some one mocked.

"Let those 'Wise Old Men' laugh," an old poor peasant said to his mates. "We must be a credit to our great leader Chairman Mao and to our great socialist motherland, and do our bit for world revolution."

"Right," the team members replied. "We won't fall for their nonsense. We'll be like the Foolish Old Man. He and his family had the courage to tackle two big mountains. If we rely on our collective strength we certainly can improve this land."

They were faced with many difficulties. They were short of people, draught animals, grain, money and fertilizer. But they were confident they could solve their problems because they were armed with Mao Tsetung Thought.

Short of manpower, they just worked harder, doing two days work in one. Each day, they started before dawn and didn't quit till long after dark. Short of draught animals, they broke the ground with picks and spades. Short of grain, they used it carefully and sparingly. Short of money, they made and repaired all their own tools. Short of fertilizer, they enriched the soil with mud dredged from ponds and grass ash.

With red hearts and iron will, they battled day and night, snapping over a hundred thick pinewood handles. When the points of their picks broke off, they welded them on again... Finally they had carved out Tachai-type terraced fields of more than thirteen *mu* on Peach Rise, all shored up by stone walls. Totalling well over a thousand metres in length, the walls were a metre thick, ranging from two to six metres, in height.

It was by no means easy sailing. In June 1969, a heavy rainstorm washed down a twenty-metre section of a retaining wall six metres high. The rain continued to fall. Earth and stones kept flowing away with the water rushing through the gap, which grew in size. The whole wall was in danger of collapse, threatening the rice sprouts growing in the fields below.

Nearly a dozen men of Team Twelve ran through the pouring rain to the danger point. They repaired the gap with a wall of earth and rocks, and preserved the terrace.

Rebuilt, it collapsed again. Collapsed, it was again rebuilt. Seven times huge sections of the wall fell, each section bigger than the last. Each repair job consequently harder than the previous one, involving a total exceeding two hundred and thirty metres of wall. But the members of Team Twelve never wavered. They "**dared to make sun and moon shine in new skies.**"

As one poor peasant put it: "Every time a wall collapses, we learn more about building terraced fields in the hills, and our revolutionary will and determination grow that much stronger."

In this same spirit, the poor and lower-middle peasants of Team Ten removed huge rocks from Boulder Slope and built ten *mu* of neatly terraced fields with retaining walls of stone, converting Boulder Slope into "Bumper Harvest Slope."

In this same spirit, twelve young fellows of Team One got rid of a big boulder weighing tons, without a single stick of dynamite. They used an old local method. Digging a cavity at the foot of the boulder, they built a roaring fire until the stone was red hot. Then they doused it with cold water. The sudden change of temperature cracked the boulder into three pieces. These they pried out with wooden poles and used them to shore up the terraces they were building.

The poor and lower-middle peasants of the Leap Forward Brigade constructed more than a hundred and fifty *mu* of terraced fields of the Tachai type in twenty months of arduous struggle. They really had to sweat! For every field, a base had to be cleared first for the retaining wall. Then stones had to be found and dug out, carried to the worksite, laid into walls and cemented with mud. Then the terraced area had to be filled in with earth, pounded firm, and covered with top soil. Usually nine separate processes were required. To prevent leakage, the lower half of some terraces were first raised with a layer of stones. Then earth was put over the entire field, moistened and pounded flat. Only then was the levelled area covered with top soil. It took two thousand workdays to build every terraced *mu*.

Looking at the terraced fields on the slopes of their hills, the poor and lower-middle peasants of the brigade felt a triumphant joy. To ensure a good harvest, one poor peasant contributed his own fertilizer to the new fields. This inspired the cadres and members of Team Two to tend the fields with particular care. As a result, they gathered a bumper harvest in the first year.

In 1969, the brigade's late rice was afflicted by seven onslaughts of insects. Each time, the peasants fought fiercely for their grain.

"We've got to hit back promptly, or we'll lose our harvest." In response to the call of the brigade's Party branch, the cadres of every team went out that same night and travelled far to buy insecticide. It was four in the morning by the time they returned. The commune members immediately went into action. They spread the insecticide for two days and one night, combed the pests out of the curled up leaves, and finally defeated the insect scourge.

When the grain was in flower, it was attacked by moths. For several nights in succession, every man, woman and child of the brigade came out in full force. Voices rang in the fields and on the slopes. Bonfires, burning at close intervals, turned the night into day. Oil lamps, set in basins of water, were placed in the paddy fields, to attract and destroy the moths.

In this way, seven battles were waged against harmful insects. A bumper harvest was still gathered that year in spite of them. Happily, the poor and lower-middle peasants sang:

Tachai spirit takes the lead,
Stony gullies become good fields,
Happy, I see wave upon wave of paddy and corn,
It's man, not nature, who decides!

Because the brigade's poor and lower-middle peasants diligently studied Chairman Mao's works, fought against any selfish tendencies and strove to serve the public good, many fine people performing fine deeds emerged.

Lu Ching-hua, leader of Team Thirteen, as a result of criticizing selfishness and revisionism in his Mao Tsetung Thought study group, recognized that emulating Tachai was the road pointed out by Chairman Mao. He resolved to do his utmost to help the team overcome its backwardness. He and his team members built the first Tachai-type terraced field in the brigade.

During the construction, wherever difficulties occurred, there was Lu, plunging right in. When moving rocks, he injured his hands and his feet badly. Moved by his revolutionary spirit, the poor and lower-middle peasants were also concerned about him. "Rest a while," they urged. "You've been hurt. You mustn't ruin your health."

Lu smiled. "Thousands of heroes have gone fearlessly to their death for the revolution. If I get a few bumps and lose a little blood, building a terraced field in the hills for the revolution, what does it amount to?"

Though he was injured several times, he flatly refused to leave the battlefield. Once, his right foot was hurt so badly, he could hardly walk. But he persisted in going on with the job.

Huang Kai-en, fifty-two, was a Five Good commune member. He always brought his little red book of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* when he went to work. Carrying a red banner, he marched boldly at the head of the team. When they were building the terraces, he swung a heavy hammer, working as vigorously as any of the young fellows. Even during breaks, he often refused to rest.

One day, while he was laying a retaining wall, his right hand was severely hurt by a stone, which scraped the nails from three of his fingers. The commune members exhorted him to rest and have the hand attended to.

Huang refused. He said: "We're opening up the hills and building terraces for the revolution. A little injury doesn't matter. You can't learn from Tachai if you're timid." Reciting: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,**" he resumed swinging his big hammer.

He also got his whole family to learn from Tachai. They made a rule: "Read Chairman Mao's works every day, discuss practical application every five days, recall the bitterness of the past every ten days." The brilliance of Mao Tsetung Thought and the Tachai spirit made the whole family revolutionaries.

Huang became an activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought, his wife and oldest daughter became Five Good commune members. His seven-year-old son was too young to join in opening up the hills, but Huang brought him along every day, so that he could watch how the terraced fields were being built. He taught his son that this work must be carried on for the revolution for generations to come.

Thanks to invincible Mao Tsetung Thought, the poor and lower-middle peasants of the Leap Forward Brigade advanced along Tachai's bright road, and numerous heroes appeared. The brigade obviously had a very promising future.

Team against team, squad against squad, person against person, father against son, husband against wife . . . all vied with each other in building Tachai-type fields. Everywhere, new retaining walls

rose. Everywhere, still larger terraced fields emerged, new tea groves took shape.

Never were the brigade's poor and lower-middle peasants so spirited, militant and determined as they are today. Gazing towards the future, they confidently assert: "We're not just interested in keeping our family's vat or our team's bins filled with grain. We're thinking of China's seven hundred million and the globe's three billion. We're determined to keep opening up the hills and building new fields for world revolution all our lives."

To Great Chairman Mao

Liberation to China you have brought,
And a new light to communism;
In astonishment the whole world beholds
The brilliant achievements of your country.
A long, long life to you,
Oh Chairman Mao Tsetung,
For ever your name will shine.
China, the land of great vigour,
Will thrive for ever and a day.
In vain did the enemy attempt to stifle her,
Nor in future will it succeed;
Today, terrified before her

These are translations of poems written by foreign friends. The first two are by Pakistan folk poets and the last two by revolutionary fighters of North Kalimantan who had taken part in their local Mao Tsetung Thought study classes.

Are the Western imperialists;
A long, long life to you,
Oh Chairman Mao Tsetung!

The Era of Chairman Mao

Red is China!
Red the East!
And the whole world Red!
On its death bed imperialism lies
Breathing its last.
Shaking the universe,
Red revolution rages in a world
Entering the era of Chairman Mao!
To you, great Chairman Mao,
Our gratitude is due;
With true revolutionary thinking,
You have armed the people of the world,
And taught us with the great call:
**"People of the world,
Unite and defeat the U.S. aggressors
And all their running dogs!"**

Of Infinite Power Is Mao Tsetung Thought

From all over the land,
We have come across mountains and rivers,
To this study class,
With a common ideal.

Gathered joyously together,
Extreme happiness we feel;
Resolved to transform the old ideology,
We firmly fight self and refute revisionism.

Mao Tsetung Thought is the sun
Which sheds light upon our minds;
Our vigour and fighting will fortified,
We've courage and strength.

Of infinite power is Mao Tsetung Thought,
Scaring to death the class enemies;
Traitors and renegades all exposed,
The people of North Kalimantan shall be free.

Mao Tsetung Thought Study Classes Are Fine

Held throughout the land,
Mao Tsetung Thought study classes are fine;
Comrades from every part of the land
Arrive at the organization's call.

Responding resolutely, our spirits high,
Never tiring in our gallant struggles;
Swept by a new and surging tide,
We'll study well and resolutely.

Fine are the study classes,
Many problems they solve;
Revolutionary confidence aroused,
Our comrades turn out with a fresh outlook.

Fine are the study classes,
The leadership collective;
Grasping ideology,
We eradicate all selfishness.

We, people of North Kalimantan,
Have mastered powerful Mao Tsetung Thought,
Raising our armed struggle to a new high,
We'll staunchly destroy the enemy!

Take the Ching kang Mountain Road

The Ching kang Mountains, cradle of the revolution, lie in the middle section of the imposing Lohsiao mountain range which runs along the border between Hunan and Kiangsi Provinces.

In the autumn of 1927 Chairman Mao Tsetung, the great leader of the Chinese people, established China's first revolutionary base area in the Ching kang Mountains. This opened the revolutionary road for the vanguard of the proletariat to go deep into the countryside to lead the peasants in waging armed struggle, to establish rural base areas to use the countryside to encircle the cities and finally to seize political power on a nation-wide scale. This is the road, the only correct and glorious road, which led the Chinese people to victory in the revolution.

The world's revolutionary people look to the Ching kang Mountains. "Take the Ching kang Mountain road" is the common wish of our revolutionary foreign friends after they visit China.

A Latin American friend longed to visit China. The first time, just as he mounted the aeroplane for the journey he was forced to

descend by reactionaries. The second time he tried to go by bus, wishing to come to China via other countries, but he was seized again by the reactionaries on the way and put in prison for more than a month. After being released he became more anxious to visit China. Not afraid of being killed or put in gaol, he broke all obstacles, walked through his country for 25 days to a neighbouring country. From there he finally came to China.

"I came here at the risk of my life to learn the Ching kang Mountain road," he told the Chinese comrades in excitement after his visit to the Ching kang Mountains. "I'll turn the revolutionary spirit of the Ching kang Mountains fostered by Chairman Mao into my revolutionary action."

A group of Indian friends came to China after travelling through many difficulties. As soon as they met Chinese comrades they cheerfully shouted: "Mao Tsetung! Mao Tsetung!" When they visited the Ching kang Mountains they followed the path which Chairman Mao had walked, and looked up every place in spite of wind and rain. They said: We are resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to look for the revolutionary road opened up by Chairman Mao.

A Pakistan friend saw an oil lamp at the former home of Chairman Mao in Tzuping in the Ching kang Mountains. He was very stirred when he heard the guide say that Chairman Mao wrote by the lamp the illustrious work *Struggle in the Ching kang Mountains*. He looked at the lamp over and over again and leafed through this brilliant book. After returning to the hotel he wrote a poem warmly praising the revolutionary road of the Ching kang Mountains.

A friend from South America said after he had visited the Ching kang Mountains: "Chairman Mao teaches us, **'The seizure of power by armed force, the settlement of the issue by war, is the central task and the highest form of revolution.'** Through the visit we got a better understanding of this truth. The people of Latin America must take this road."

"Chairman Mao's thinking on army building greatly enlightens us," remarked another friend from Central America. "It enables us to understand that to win victory in the revolution we must have guns.

We must first build a revolutionary political party armed with Mao Tsetung Thought. Then the party will lead the armed struggle and command the guns.”

At the Huangyangchieh Pass the guide told a Thai friend how the Red Army applied Chairman Mao’s brilliant thinking on people’s war, fully aroused the masses and relied on them, and with their support and less than one battalion defeated many attacks of four enemy regiments. When the Thai friend heard the guide describing the great victories won by the Red Army in this battle, he was so pleased that he kept saying: “Well fought! Well fought!” Then he dug several pine saplings from the slope and put them in his bag, saying in excitement: “These pines grow in the place where the Red Army and the people of the Ching kang Mountains defeated the enemy. I’ll bring them back to my motherland and let them take root in our country.”

When a number of Latin American friends came to the Ching kang Mountains they lived in the houses of the local people at Big Well Village. They asked the old Red Army men and fighters of the insurrectionary detachments to tell them how Chairman Mao led the Red Army, the insurrectionary detachments and Red Guards to defeat the enemy by surprise attacks. When these foreign friends left, the Ching kang Mountain people gave as souvenirs to each of them a pair of straw sandals the Red Army men used to wear, a bamboo spike employed in the battle of self-defence at Huangyangchieh, and a copy of Chairman Mao’s brilliant article *Struggle in the Ching kang Mountains*. They were very moved. Some said: “Whenever we look at these souvenirs in our battles we’ll think of Chairman Mao, the Ching kang Mountains, and we’ll be wise and bold in beating the enemy.”

Another group of Latin American friends visited the Hall Commemorating the Establishment of the Revolutionary Base Area of the Ching kang Mountains by Chairman Mao. With deep emotion the visitors felt with their hands the spears and swords the peasants used in their struggle led by Chairman Mao. They inquired in detail about the armed struggle in the Ching kang Mountains. At dawn the next day they walked along the path Chairman Mao had stridden to Maoping in Ning kang County. It rained that afternoon. Wearing

straw sandals they braved the downpour and came atop the Puyun Mountain where Chairman Mao trained the Red Army. After the visit they were greatly encouraged. They said: “Chairman Mao trained his army on this mountain, and with it wiped out the reactionary forces and seized political power. We must also take up guns and make revolution, and create a new world with our guns.”

To study Mao Tsetung Thought, disseminate it and integrate it with the practices of their own countries so as to promote their own revolution is the common will of many foreign friends who have visited the Ching kang Mountains. A Latin American friend visited the Ching kang Mountains for the second time. After his first visit he gave up his job when he returned to his country and began distributing Chairman Mao’s works. “What we lack the most in our country is Mao Tsetung Thought,” he remarked. “I think the most urgent work for me to do is spread Mao Tsetung Thought, so I quit my old job.” He smiled and went on: “The Ching kang Mountains have a particular significance for our country. I came and studied for only five days last time and I thought it’s not enough. So, this time, I’ve come up to the Ching kang Mountains and study again.”

This Latin American visitor studied wherever he went. During his short stay in the Ching kang Mountains he wrote down all he saw, filling a notebook. Pointing at his notebook which had only two blank pages left, he said to the Chinese comrades: “Thank you for introducing to me Mao Tsetung Thought, the powerful weapon for battle.”

A Burmese friend came to the Ching kang Mountains and wanted to read on the spot the four brilliant articles written by Chairman Mao during the revolutionary period in the Ching kang Mountains. But there was only a Chinese edition. No Burmese version was available. To seek the revolutionary truth, he didn’t fear fatigue and asked the interpreter to translate the articles to him sentence by sentence at night. He carried on visits during the day and studied in the evening. With the help of the interpreter he finished *Struggle in the Ching kang Mountains, Why Is It That Red Political Power Can Exist in China?* and other articles. He studied, noted down and sketched out how Chairman Mao led the army to the Ching kang Mountains, and how

Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman Lin directed the army and civilians in waging people's war. He vowed: "I'll imprint on my mind every action and move of Chairman Mao in his great revolutionary practice in the Chingkang Mountains."

After a visit to the Chingkang Mountains a Thai friend wrote a poem entitled *On the Glorious Road of the Chingkang Mountains*, and read it enthusiastically to the local people at his departure:

Higher and higher the flames of the revolution blaze,
Broader and broader the Chingkang Mountain road turns.
The ship of revolution speedily advances,
From the Chingkang Mountains to the whole world,
From victory to still greater victories.
The Thai people sing of you,
Long live Chairman Mao Tsetung!
The people of Asia, Africa and Latin America sing of you,
Long live the Chingkang Mountain road!
The people of the whole world sing of you,
Long live Mao Tsetung Thought!

Following Chairman Mao Means Victory

Ejima, a postal worker of Nagoya in central Japan, began to study Chairman Mao's works ten years ago. He combined his study with the practice of struggle. The more he studied, the more he became convinced that every word Chairman Mao said is truth.

Last November when Eisaku Sato, prime minister of the reactionary Japanese government, was going to visit Washington to seek an audience with his boss Richard Nixon and to further tighten the military collusion between the United States and Japan, a mass struggle against Sato's visit took place where Ejima worked.

Before the struggle began, Ejima organized the workers to study related works by Chairman Mao. They studied and held serious discussions on Chairman Mao's teaching: **"Without preparedness superiority is not real superiority and there can be no initiative either. Having grasped this point, a force which is inferior but prepared can often defeat a superior enemy by surprise attack."** So they made thorough preparation, first of all ideological preparation, arming their minds with Mao Tsetung Thought. They also made

the necessary organizational preparation, setting up a leading body for the struggle.

Precisely because the workers were prepared, the plots of the Japanese reactionaries and the Miyamoto revisionist clique to sabotage their struggle did not come off. Disregarding the intimidation of the reactionary authorities, Ejima and his comrades put up many militant slogans in their offices and held a mass meeting on the evening of November 16 to oppose Sato's visit to the United States. Their victory in the struggle greatly raised the morale of the working masses and deflated the arrogance of the enemy. Ejima said firmly: "Following Chairman Mao means victory!"

Ejima's confidence in victory became firmer in the course of the struggle. He said: "At present, the situation of the Japanese revolution is excellent. As pointed out by Chairman Mao, **'The enemy rots with every passing day, while for us things are getting better daily.'** So long as we persist in studying Mao Tsetung Thought and integrate it with the practical struggle, and so long as we fight on unremittingly with the revolutionary spirit of fearing neither hardship nor death, the Japanese revolution is sure to be victorious!"

The full-length colour documentary *The Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China* was shown in Japan recently. Sugimoto, a taxi driver, was moved to tears when he saw the glorious image of Chairman Mao and heard his voice in the film. He said: "It is under the leadership of the great leader Chairman Mao that the Chinese people have achieved such a great victory today after going through numerous hardships."

In the past few years, Sugimoto has persisted in studying *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*, the Three Constantly Read Articles, *On Contradiction* and *On Practice* in the light of the practical struggle. Sugimoto wrapped the pamphlets of Chairman Mao's works carefully in red plastic covers and kept them at hand for constant study. He made it a rule to study Chairman Mao's works every evening before going to bed, no matter how late he returned home or how tired he was. He said: "When I see the portrait of the great leader Chair-

man Mao, I feel greatly encouraged and forget my fatigue at once. The first thing that comes to my mind is to study Chairman Mao's works."

Sugimoto often visited his brother workers at their homes, chatting with their families and studying Chairman Mao's works together with them. In their study, they analysed the immediate burning issues confronting the Japanese working class from the viewpoints in Chairman Mao's work *On Contradiction*. Sugimoto said: It is a struggle between the two lines whether to organize the workers under the guidance of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought to fight against U.S. imperialism and pro-U.S. Japanese monopoly capital and to make violent revolution, seize political power by armed force and exercise the dictatorship of the proletariat, or to benumb the workers with "economism" and "legalism" trumpeted by the Miyamoto clique and scab unions and thus lead the workers' movement astray. This is an irreconcilable contradiction.

By applying Chairman Mao's teaching: **"To make use of contradictions, win over the many, oppose the few and crush our enemies one by one,"** Sugimoto and his companions have waged resolute struggles against the Miyamoto clique and a handful of scab union bosses in the service of U.S. imperialism and pro-U.S. Japanese monopoly capital. At the same time, they have done a large amount of work to win over their class brothers who were temporarily deluded by the scab unions. As a result, many workers have awakened; they have freed themselves from the control of the Miyamoto revisionist clique and scab unions and set up revolutionary trade union organizations under the influence and with the help of Sugimoto and the others.

Sugimoto said: "It is by relying on invincible Mao Tsetung Thought that we have won victory after victory in our struggle and our ranks are growing stronger and stronger."

For several years, Chairman Mao's article *Talks at the Yanan Forum on Literature and Art* has been a guide to work for Yoto Tanaka and her companions, members of a progressive film projection team active in the western part of Japan. They often go to factory workshops, the countryside, fishing villages, primary schools and meeting places

to show Chinese films with a portable projector. They are warmly welcomed by the broad masses.

One day, Tanaka showed the Chinese film *Heroic Sisters on the Grassland* at a primary school. Many Japanese children were deeply moved by the warm love cherished by the Chinese children for the great leader Chairman Mao and their revolutionary spirit of firmness, courage and fearlessness in face of difficulties. They shouted repeatedly: "Long live Chairman Mao!" At a discussion she organized after the film, many of the children expressed their wish to learn from their Chinese sisters and asked Tanaka for Chairman Mao badges.

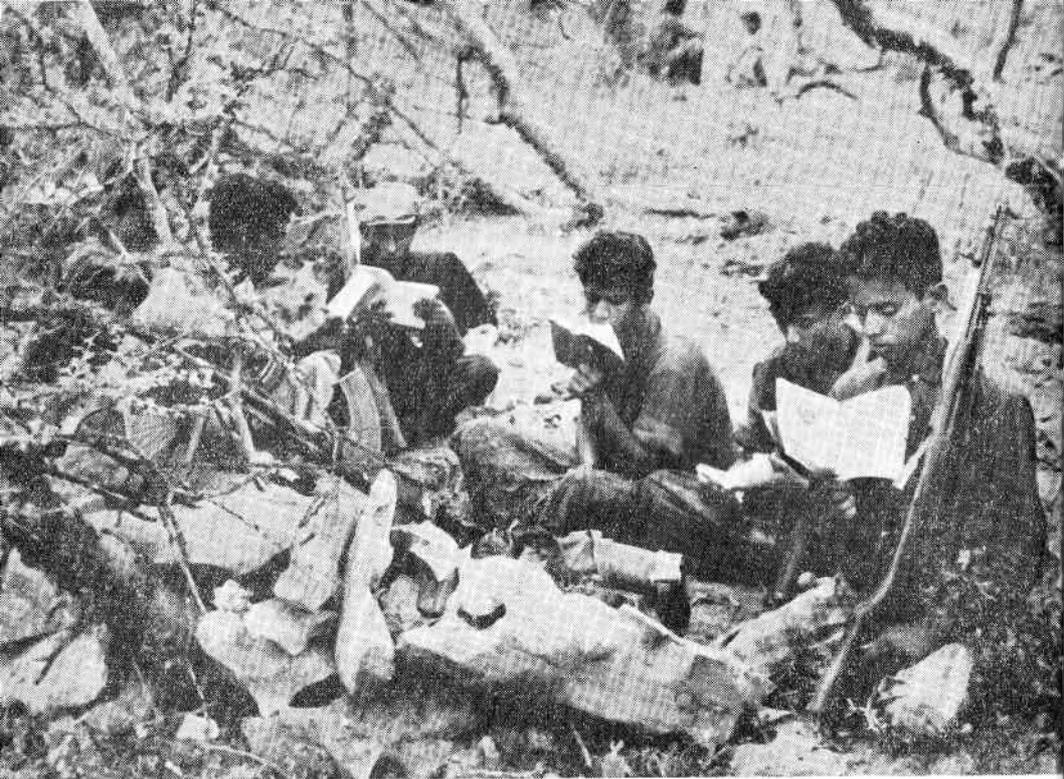
Once, when Japanese friends held a China photo exhibition at Miyazaki, Tanaka went to show Chinese films there and worked as a guide during her rest time. Having seen the photos, a pupil who came from afar was deeply moved and asked Tanaka for some photos so that he could hold a small "China photo exhibition" when he went home. Tanaka tried her best and managed to obtain for him the photos he liked best. The pupil went home happily and at once held his "exhibition" which attracted many of his schoolmates.

Tanaka said: "Working as a projector operator brings me in touch with the broad masses. I realize how urgently the Japanese people need Mao Tsetung Thought." She added: "Our practice has proved that Chairman Mao's article *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art* is the most powerful ideological weapon for the revolutionary literature and art workers, for it points the direction of advance for them."

Making Revolution Depends on Mao Tsetung Thought

The fighters of the People's Liberation Army in Dhofar in the Arabian Peninsula persist in studying Chairman Mao's works during their long marches across mountains and between fierce battles. Most of the commanders and fighters have Chairman Mao's works with them, including such brilliant writings as *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*, *Chairman Mao Tsetung on People's War*, *Problems of Strategy in Guerrilla War Against Japan* and the Three Constantly Read Articles. One military leader has studied many of Chairman Mao's military writings. "Chairman Mao's works seem to be written specially to guide the revolutionary struggles in Dhofar and the Arabian Gulf," he said. Producing from his knapsack a copy of *Selected Military Writings of Mao Tsetung*, he continued: "I have gone through this twice and am now reading it for the third time. With every reading I always gain something new."

As a result of the protracted rule of British colonialism, the Dhofar people still have no written language of their own. Many fighters from remote villages and deep mountains do not understand Arabic.



Political instructors in the armed units explain Chairman Mao's works to them in local dialect. Many of them have learned by heart a large number of quotations from Chairman Mao.

A fighter by the name of Ali said: "Chairman Mao's works all are revolutionary truth. They express what we the oppressed have to say."

"Chairman Mao teaches us: **'Learn warfare through warfare.'** We have learned guerrilla warfare in revolutionary war during the past four years," another fighter by the name of Said asserted. "We will persist in waging protracted war in accordance with Chairman Mao's teachings until we drive colonialism out of Dhofar and the Arabian Gulf lock, stock, and barrel."

On the morning of September 17, 1969, a battle was raging on a mountain near Salalah. Amid the roar of artillery and the chatter of machine-guns, four British military planes circled helplessly high in

the sky. A responsible member of the general headquarters of the People's Front for the Liberation of the occupied Arabian Gulf, pointing to the place where the battle was fiercely taking place, said: "The Dhofar people are replying to colonialism with battles like this. For over a hundred years, generation after generation of our people have suffered bitterly from colonial oppression; they rose in rebellion many times, but each time they failed. The situation today is totally different. We have guns now and, what is more important, we have Chairman Mao's great truth that **'Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun'** and his teachings about people's war. They have taken deep root in the hearts of our fighters and people."

At the headquarters of a unit of the People's Liberation Army in Dhofar, stories of many heroic deeds circulated:

Last July, a fighter of the People's Liberation Army by the name of Ali Mosalam displayed great courage and staunchness while ambushing the enemy. He killed four enemy soldiers, but he himself was also seriously wounded and lost consciousness. When he came to, he found himself lying among some bushes and out of contact with his unit. What to do? Ali Mosalam told himself: "I must catch up with my unit and pass my rifle on to my comrades even if I die in the process."

Inch by inch he crawled with incredible tenacity, dragging his rifle. Bleeding and in severe pain, all the way, he recited Chairman Mao's teaching: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** After crawling a whole day and a whole night, Ali Mosalam finally caught up with his unit.

The exploits of militiaman Said Salem, who laid down his life for the people, are also well-known in central Dhofar. During a battle on the Rethot Lowland in autumn 1968, he stayed behind alone at a mountain pass to hold off the enemy so that the people could withdraw in safety. An hour later, the people were deep in the wooded mountains, but Said Salem was seriously wounded and surrounded by the enemy. This staunch militiaman fought bravely against heavy odds until all his ammunition was used up. Then he smashed his rifle and died like a hero.

His comrades-in-arms explained: "Said Salem constantly studied Chairman Mao's writings in his spare time. He used to encourage himself with Chairman Mao's teaching: **"This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield. No matter what the difficulties and hardship, so long as a single man remains, he will fight on."**"

Everywhere in Dhofar one can see how the army cherishes the people and the people support the army. A great number of fighters can sing in Arabic *The Three Main Rules of Discipline and the Eight Points for Attention* of the Chinese People's Liberation Army. Wherever the army goes, the fighters vie with one another to help the local people by carrying water, gathering firewood, tending domestic animals and repairing homes. Some soldiers spread revolutionary truth among the people and tell them the news about the fighting, thus greatly encouraging the masses.

The people also cherish warm love for the People's Liberation Army. Many of them live frugally so as to be able to save rice, milk, beef and mutton which they send to the army. Once a battle starts, fighters, militiamen and the masses co-ordinate to encircle and eliminate the enemy.

In Dhofar, the women, who for generations have been oppressed the worst under colonialism and feudalism, have also been mobilized. A responsible member of a women's organization in a village in western Dhofar said: "Great Mao T'setung Thought is liberating the Dhofar women from the bonds of feudal traditions and conventions. We are greatly encouraged by Chairman Mao's teaching: **'Unite and take part in production and political activity to improve the economic and political status of women.'** We'll make our contribution to our revolution just as the women of China contribute to theirs."

Many Dhofar women have come out of their homes to study politics and learn how to read and write. The young women encourage their husbands to join the People's Liberation Army. Braving enemy bullets, some women carry water and food to fighters in battle and nurse the wounded.

In summer 1968, a girl in her late teens carried water to the men fighting on a mountain top. She made several trips in the teeth of heavy enemy fire. Discovering a seriously wounded soldier, she picked up his rifle and poured bullets against the enemy. This greatly encouraged the fighters, and they finally repulsed the enemy attack.

A military leader quoted a passage from Chairman Mao's works: **"What is a true bastion of iron? It is the masses, the millions upon millions of people who genuinely and sincerely support the revolution. That is the real iron bastion which it is impossible, and absolutely impossible, for any force on earth to smash. The counter-revolution cannot smash us; on the contrary, we shall smash it."** He said: "This teaching of Chairman Mao gives our fighters and people great inspiration. The enemy has aircraft, guns and submarines, but we have weapons more powerful than theirs, namely, the broad masses of people who genuinely and sincerely support the revolution."

The fighters and people cherish boundless respect and love for the Chinese people's great leader Chairman Mao.

In the hills near Delkot a commander said with deep feeling: "We Dhofar people will never forget that when we were in the greatest difficulties in our struggle, it was the Chinese people led by the great leader Chairman Mao who were the first to give us internationalist assistance. We are grateful to Chairman Mao from the bottom of our hearts."

Pointing to the endless mountains and the vast expanse of the Arabian Sea, he said: "Dhofar and Peking are separated by thousands of miles, but all the mountains and oceans cannot intervene between the profound feelings we Dhofar people hold for Chairman Mao and the Chinese people he leads."

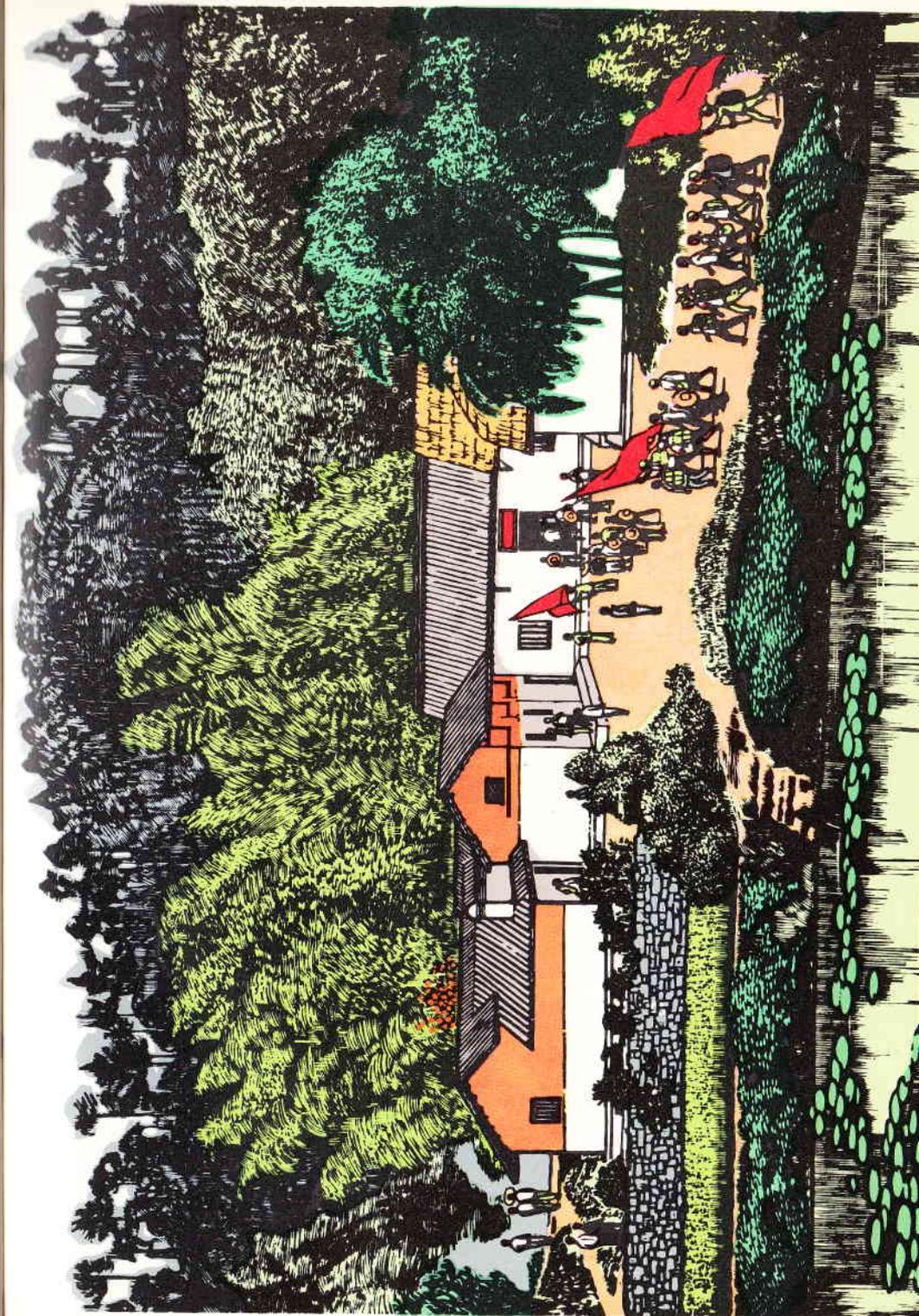
During a mass meeting at Maproof, a village in western Dhofar, a grey-haired old man presented the Chinese guests with a jug of fresh milk. He said with profound emotion: "We warmly welcome you who have come from new China led by Chairman Mao. All of us Dhofar people, old and young, cherish respect and love for Chair-

man Mao. We whole-heartedly wish Chairman Mao a long, long life.”

Today, popular among the revolutionary fighters and masses in Dhofar is the following song:

From Dhofar to Peking we send our greetings,
To the Chinese people, the workers and peasants,
Our revolution supports you, supports you truly,
Long live our great teacher, Mao Tsetung!

Shaoshan (woodcut) ▶



Tung Tsun-jui

Joining the Chinese People's Liberation Army in August 1945, Tung Tsun-jui later became a combat hero known throughout the army. He was promoted to the post of a squad leader in 1947 and admitted into the Party in the same year. In the many battles he took part in he received three major and four minor citations. In May 1948 when the great War of Liberation was at its height he laid down his life heroically in the battle to liberate Lunghua.

Lunghua County is situated in the vicinity of Chengteh, Hopei Province and its liberation played an important part in the Liaohsi-Shenyang Campaign which followed in October 1948.

In their last-ditch struggle, the Kuomintang bandit army set up close defence works in the county town, building many pill-boxes around it. In the Lunghua Middle School where the enemy headquarters was situated there were even more pill-boxes, the major and auxiliary ones connected by covered trenches. A double layer with apertures for shooting was built in all the walls, and the school was surrounded by many trenches and underground pill-boxes with apertures. The enemy claimed that Lunghua was impregnable.

The battle to liberate Lunghua began. Keeping in mind that he was a Communist who should take up the most difficult and dangerous task for the liberation of the suffering people of China, Tung Tsun-jui asked to be the first explosives man, to clear the way for the advancing army.

Tung Tsun-jui crouched with a pack of explosives in a trench at the frontline. His task was to blow up the four major pill-boxes in the enemy's outer line. Under strong covering fire, Tung Tsun-jui rushed forward with a dynamite pack. As he was nearing the pill-boxes, the enemy concentrated their fire on him. Chih Shun-yi, leader of the shock team, threw two grenades one after the other. Tung Tsun-jui rushed on through their smoke.

Ingeniously he crouched down between two apertures of an enemy pill-box and placed the explosive. Then he pulled the fuse and nimbly rolled away. With a deafening roar and thick smoke streaming the pill-box blew up. Taking advantage of the situation, Tung Tsun-jui quickly took another pack of explosives, rushed through the smoke and blew up another pill-box before the enemy realized what was happening. In this way the heroic fighter destroyed two more enemy pill-boxes. The way for the advance of our army was cleared.

Our powerful assault force finished off the enemy's outer perimeter in no time and pressed on straight towards the enemy headquarters. Suddenly six machine-guns began sputtering from a bridge, blocking our advance. Spanning a dry riverbed outside the middle school, the bridge had a roof and walls on each end, making it a kind of pill-box. Its existence halted our advance.

Tung Tsun-jui was very anxious when two men in succession, who went to blow up the bridge, were killed. Although he had just accomplished his mission he had the great revolutionary cause of the liberation of all China in mind. To give full play to our army style of fighting — **“Courage in battle, no fear of sacrifice, no fear of fatigue, and continuous fighting,”** he pleaded to be given the task. Chih Shun-yi asked to be his cover man. So, once more, the two close comrades-in-arms charged ahead under cover of our fire.



The machine-guns kept up a wild chatter. When Tung Tsun-jui had covered some distance he threw himself on the ground and quickly rolled forward a few metres as the enemy fire swept away from him. Not far from the enemy pill-box he got hit in the leg, which went numb immediately, his blood splashing on the sandy ground. Gritting his teeth and ignoring the pain, he crawled slowly forward. There were only fifty more metres to go and the enemy concentrated fire on him. Every step forward meant danger.

“This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield.” Chih Shun-yi tossed

a grenade which exploded in front of the pill-box, stopping the enemy machine-gun momentarily. Instantly Tung Tsun-jui sprang up and charged through in the smoke. The machine-gun roared again as he crossed the dry riverbed, but the bullets could only hit behind him. Safe from the enemy fire now, he came to the bridge with the dynamite pack. It was a little higher than a man from the riverbed to the base of the bridge with absolutely nowhere to insert the explosive. There was no props nor sticks around to hold it in place. Twice he tried to push the explosive between the edge of the bridge and the bank, and twice it slid down. If he put it on the riverbed it would be too far away to do much harm to the pill-box.

What should he do in this unexpected situation? His comrades-in-arms were still under enemy fire. Every second's delay meant more of them would be killed. He would blast the pill-box at any cost, he thought to himself. Chest high, head raised, he strode to the middle of the bridge where he pressed the explosive against its base with his left hand. With his right, he pulled the fuse and shouted with all his might: "Comrades, forward to victory!"

The bridge was blown up in an earth-shaking boom. With his own body, Tung Tsun-jui, who matured under the nourishment of Mao Tsetung Thought, had cleared the way for victory. The army Party branch posthumously awarded him the title of Combat Hero and Model Communist. And the squad in which he had served was named after him. To commemorate the immortal hero the local government renamed the Lunghua Middle School the "Tsun-jui Middle School."

Huang Chi-kuang

In March 1951, in Chungchiang County, Szuchuan Province, Huang Chi-kuang joined the Chinese People's Volunteers and in October 1952 was killed in the well-known Sangkumryung battle in the War to Resist U.S. Aggression and Aid Korea.

At 4.30 a.m., October 14, 1952, the Sangkumryung battle started.

A concentration of U.S. aggressors, under cover of planes, tanks and artillery fire, launched an attack from several directions against our two positions in the Sangkumryung area. Both were narrow strips less than four square kilometres in area. The fierce attack of the imperialists did not daunt the heroic volunteers guarding the positions. They fought bravely. After killing a large number of enemies they withdrew into tunnels. At the cost of five to six thousand men the enemy took our surface positions temporarily.

This was to their disadvantage as they were now sitting on the tiger's back, or rather on a volcano. A command post of the CPV made plans to counter-attack and wipe them out resolutely, thoroughly, wholly and completely before they could gain a stable footing. Com-

pany Six and Company Eight of a brother regiment were to launch a counter-attack. Commanders and fighters, all with high fighting spirit, pledged to accomplish their mission.

The heroic Huang Chi-kuang, a battalion messenger, said staunchly: "We messengers pledge to relay orders punctually in whatever conditions. And we will join in the attack or to blow up enemy defence works whenever the situation calls for it. We are determined to annihilate the U.S. aggressors resolutely and thoroughly."

The mission of Company Six was to climb the southwest slope of Sangkumryung and press on towards Height 597.9. They were to take Positions 6, 5 and 4 first, and then Position 0. Brave and dauntless, the commanders and fighters skilfully took Positions 6, 5 and 4 in a flash in spite of a heavy enemy barrage. But their advance to Position 0, which was on the peak, was stopped by a concealed enemy firing point. The terrain here was dangerous. The path, only a few metres wide, was like a fish back and blocked by enemy fire.

Yet this was the only way to get to Position 0. Besides, the enemy machine-guns kept up a continuous barrage against the mouth of our Tunnel No. 1 which made it impossible for the comrades there to come out. It was also impossible for us to get in. Even holding the positions we had taken became difficult. All this was caused by the firing point commanding the fish-back path.

Time was pressing and it was beginning to grow light. At this crucial moment, Huang Chi-kuang pleaded to be given the job of putting the firing emplacement out of action.

"I pledge to succeed," he said.

Wu San-yang and Hsiao Teng-liang, also messengers, demanded the mission, too.

Grasping Huang's hand tightly, the battalion chief-of-staff said with feeling, "I am confident that you will be able to do it. I appoint you deputy leader of Squad Six. Comrades Wu San-yang and Hsiao Teng-liang will be under your command. Blow up the enemy emplacement."

The three crawled from one shell crater to another in the teeth of the viciously spitting enemy fire, their lives constantly in danger. "This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to



vanquish all enemies and never to yield." They decided to blow the firing point up before dawn. Huang ordered Wu to cover him and Hsiao with a tommy-gun. But Wu was soon killed. After taking out a smaller firing emplacement, Hsiao was seriously wounded.

Obviously the task now fell on Huang alone. He collected the hand-grenades around him and crawled forward. A bullet caught him in the left shoulder. Without stopping to dress his wound he crawled on between bursts of enemy fire.

He was now only eight or nine metres from the enemy pill-box. Ignoring the flying bullets he sprang up and threw a hand-grenade. It went off. But three bullets hit him in the chest, knocking him down in a pool of blood.

Painfully he came to. He could hear the barking of the enemy machine-gun. Our fighters had not yet charged. He realized that his mission was not accomplished. "Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory." He gritted his teeth and half propped himself up. With all his remaining strength he threw his last grenade, stopping the machine-gun temporarily. He lost consciousness again.

Again he was wakened into consciousness by the enemy machine-gun. A red heart loyal to Chairman Mao and the motherland, and a high sense of responsibility for the victory of the revolutionary war gave Huang Chi-kuang infinite strength. What should he do, now that he had used up all his ammunition?

Stubbornly he crawled to one side of the enemy pill-box. When he came in line with the firing point he cocked his head, examined the spitting fire, propped himself up on his right leg and one hand and threw himself against the aperture. Twice more the enemy machine-gun barked, then it fell silent. With his own body Huang Chi-kuang had blocked the enemy fire.

“Charge!” On the path cleared by Huang Chi-kuang our soldiers rushed the enemy, wiped them out, and planted our red flag on Position 0. A complete victory was won. The commander took the dead body of the young hero in his arms. Huang had accomplished his arduous mission in spite of seven wounds. With profound respect the soldiers said goodbye to the hero. Huang Chi-kuang, great internationalist fighter in the War to Resist U.S. Aggression and Aid Korea, will for ever spur us on to victory.

On June 1, 1953 the leadership of the Chinese People's Volunteers conferred on him posthumously a special class order of merit and the honourable title of “Special Class Hero.”

On March 10, 1953 he was admitted into the Party posthumously by the Party branch of a department of the Chinese People's Volunteers.

Yang Yu-tsai

Yang Yu-tsai was a hero who took part in raid on the White Tiger Regiment in the War to Resist U.S. Aggression and Aid Korea. Now he is a deputy regimental commander in a PLA unit in Tsinan.

In 1953, Comrade Yang was a deputy leader of a reconnaissance platoon of the Chinese People's Volunteers. At that time he received an order to take a small unit and slip into the area behind the enemy lines and stage a raid. Disguising themselves as enemy soldiers, Yang and his men eliminated the White Tiger Regiment, Syngman Rhee's so-called crack unit — The First Regiment of the Capital Division. This co-ordinated with our army's southward drive.

Deep at night, July 13, Yang and twelve scouts hid in a tunnel near the frontline waiting for the order to start.

Golden rays flashed in the sky. Our rocket launchers were firing! Yang waved his hand, shouting: “Let's go. One by one.”

They advanced according to plan. When they reached the enemy's first defence line, Chao Shun-ho, who had been leading the way, abruptly said in a low voice: “Mine. Deputy platoon leader, I have stepped on a mine.”

"Keep your foot on it," Yang whispered. He hurried over and carefully dug the earth around the mine. He found that it was an U.S.-made anti-tank mine. This kind of mine will not explode unless the pressure on it is over ninety kilogrammes. Yang ordered the rest of the men to lie down, and said to Chao: "First, lie prone. Then draw your foot away quickly. Be careful!" Finally, they left the mined area safely.

In order to avoid mines and increase the speed of the march, they ran forward along a ditch. Artillery shells exploded around them, bullets whistled by. Many times, they had to lie down in the mud and water.

Passing through a gap, they entered the highway. Each time flare bombs floated in the sky, Yang looked to see whether he had lost any men. Suddenly, he discovered an extra man walking behind them. He talked softly to the liaison officer Han Tan-nien about this. Han slipped to the rear of the column, grabbed the fellow and brought him to the deputy platoon leader. Yang let Han question the prisoner.

"Speak up. What's the password for tonight?"

That prisoner was too frightened to answer. He had been terrified by our barrage and hidden himself in the grass by the ditch. When he saw our scouts on the highway, he thought that they were Syngman Rhee's puppets retreating, so he followed them to go south. Now, he discovered they were the scouts of the CPV. Trembling he replied: "Tonight's password is -- 'Goo-lun-mu-ou-ba.'"

Yang analysed the prisoner's answers and compared them with what he already knew about the situation in the headquarters of the White Tiger Regiment. Then he told two scouts to take the prisoner to the rear.

The small unit passed numerous enemy sentry posts. Then an unexpected thing happened. A line of trucks loaded with puppet soldiers and ammunition came rolling north. More than thirty trucks passed. Suddenly, a fierce explosion was heard to the north. This showed that our unit had engaged the enemy. The trucks stopped, blocking the highway entirely. The puppets on the trucks shouted and raised a hullabaloo.



Han crawled up to Yang and said: "This is bad. They're going to come down and assemble."

"We can't wait any longer! If we want to demolish the enemy's regimental headquarters, we'll have to break through them!" Yang drew his pistol.

He issued an order in a low voice: "Two men attack each truck. We'll break through in the confusion. The place we assemble is over there by the aspen trees."

He raised his pistol, and an enemy driver fell with the shot. Hand-grenades exploded in the trucks, bullets fell on the enemy like rain.

The puppets jumped from the trucks in a panic. Some crawled under the vehicles, some rolled into the ditch. . . . Some, fooled by the scouts' disguise, yelled: "You've made a mistake!"

The scouts victoriously broke through across the highway. Yang realized that the shooting at the pass of the gully would probably alert the enemy in regimental headquarters. It was necessary to quickly wipe out their guard platoon. He assigned this task to Li Pei-lu and two other fighters. When the three dashed into the gully, they discovered the enemy was attempting to run away. Yang divided the scouts into three groups. And they decided to start the fight at the main positions to annihilate the enemy.

Immediately, the battle began. Now the group led by Li Pei-lu fought the enemy's guard platoon, the group led by Yang attacked the enemy in the jeeps. The tremendous noise of guns and explosions shook the headquarters of the White Tiger Regiment. After a violent battle, the enemy soldiers raised their hands in surrender. We then hauled down the banner of the White Tiger Regiment.

Holding a corner of the banner, Yang examined it with his flashlight: The centre of it was embroidered with a fierce tiger head and the word "Victory."

He laughed: "A 'White Tiger' or 'Black Tiger,' is only a paper tiger in the hands of our CPV. Even if you were an iron tiger, we could still wrench your head off."

In commendation of Yang's raid on the White Tiger Regiment, the leading organization of the CPV cited him as a fighter par excellence, and awarded him the title of "First Class Hero."

Revolutionary War Is Excellent!

—*A Review of the Reactionary Film "A Father Visits His Son"*

The proletariat and the revolutionary masses, if they are to overthrow the reactionary rule of the imperialists and their running dogs and, after having seized political power, safeguard the dictatorship of the proletariat, defend the country and defeat enemy invasions, must keep a firm grip on their guns and smash counter-revolutionary war with revolutionary war. It is for this reason that the proletarian literature and art must sing the praises of revolutionary war and the revolutionary heroism of the army and people under the leadership of the Communist Party. The literature and art of all exploiting classes, on the other hand, in order to maintain or restore reactionary rule, employ every means to revile, smear and distort revolutionary war, while prettifying the counter-revolutionary forces and counter-revolutionary war.

A Father Visits His Son was produced with the support of renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi. Revisionists Chou Yang, Hsia

This article was written by the Revolutionary Mass Criticism Group of the Peking Motion Picture Studio.

Yen and Chen Huang-mei planned it personally. Foreign revisionists and imperialists also lent a hand. The film, which spews forth the most venomous hatred for the revolutionary war by means of which the Chinese people drove out the imperialist forces and their lackeys, is a typical specimen of slander, uglification and attack on revolutionary war through an artistic medium.

A Father Visits His Son was made in 1956, then remade in 1958. The first version was intended to support the bourgeois Rightists in their assault on the Party. But in 1957, before the film was completed, it was swamped in the anti-Rightist wave. A revised version was finalized in 1958 and officially released. Both versions feature a so-called "poor peasant" called Tien Lao-kang who bears the nickname of "Old Bodhisattva."

In the first version, he goes to visit his son, who has been doing revolutionary work away from home for many years. The son, forgetting his origins, refuses to acknowledge the old man as his father. This obviously is intended to assail the leadership of the Party and the dictatorship of the proletariat.

The second version tells how Old Bodhisattva goes to Peking, after the establishment of the People's Republic, to seek his son, who has been in the revolutionary army for many years. He meets instead a stranger, Tien Kang, who pretends to be his son. Playing up the "grief" which the war has brought the old man, and putting enormous stress on "suffering," the film launches a feverish attack upon revolutionary war.

What should our understanding of revolutionary war be? We have an entirely different concept from that of the modern revisionists.

Our great leader Chairman Mao points out: **"Without armed struggle neither the proletariat, nor the people, nor the Communist Party would have any standing at all in China and it would be impossible for the revolution to triumph."**

From the truths of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought, and from their own experiences in struggle, the proletariat and all revolutionary people have come to a profound realization, namely, that in a situation where the imperialists and their running dogs are

using counter-revolutionary armies and warfare to slaughter the people, revolutionary war is the sole road to complete liberation.

The entire history of proletarian revolution testifies that **"Only with guns can the whole world be transformed."** Naturally, in a revolution losses are inevitable. But if the people don't resist imperialist invasion, if they don't overthrow the rule of the reactionary classes, they endure much bigger losses and suffer for a much longer time. The death of a small number of people in a revolutionary war wins liberation for the vast majority. And so the proletariat, with the utmost heroism and revolutionary optimism, has always regarded revolutionary war as a great and earth-shaking event, as the most honourable of causes. The smoke puffs of revolutionary war are fireworks celebrating the emancipation of the proletariat.

All revisionists, old and new, betray Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought, and always oppose violent revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat. The revisionist line in the literature and art, which serves the revisionist political line, necessarily tries desperately to create counter-revolutionary public opinion with regard to these same vital questions. When the Khrushchov modern revisionists made their first wild sally, didn't the literati spring to the vanguard with vast quantities of garbage like *The Fate of a Man* which foully slandered revolutionary war? Didn't the revisionist line in literature and art seek to clear the road for Liu Shao-chi's political line of restoring capitalism in China? In the motion picture field, wasn't a counter-revolutionary programme proposed entitled "discard the classics and rebel against orthodoxy"??*

The story is deliberately set after the War of Liberation. The scenario writers, in order to fabricate the "spiritual torment" allegedly wrought in people by revolutionary war, devote considerable footage to showing the old man longing for his son, his distress, the villagers reminiscing about the boy... We are also shown the pleasant

*Counter-revolutionary absurdity trumpeted by revisionist Chou Yang and Hsia Yen and company. They ranted that there were too many films about revolution and armed struggle in China, and urged writers to "discard the classics and rebel against orthodoxy," meaning to discard the classics of the revolution and rebel against the orthodoxy of people's war.

home of Tien Kang, the son's friend, who has married and settled down, but only to sharpen the contrast with the old man's "loneliness," in a further reviling of revolutionary war. At Chen Huangmei's direction the writers emphasize the fact that even when Old Bodhisattva goes to visit his "son" he still is isolated because the young couple are "not very friendly" and there is a "distance" between them. Their aim is to prove by this "distance" between people that the "spiritual wounds" inflicted by revolutionary war can never be healed.

This despicable slander turns history upside-down. It is revisionist trash which serves counter-revolutionary war and reactionary rule. Without the people's army commanded by our great leader Chairman Mao and the people's war which he directed, innumerable labouring people would still be groaning and dying beneath the cruel oppression of the enemy. The historical facts have proved this beyond any doubt. Only after the triumph of our revolutionary war were our millions of people able to enjoy a decent life and obtain the right to work and wage revolution on their own land. This, too, is an irrefutable fact.

But *A Father Visits His Son* instead of showing that revolutionary war wins liberation and happiness for millions of working people, exaggerates the "misery" of war. This is precisely the viewpoint of the imperialists and their Kuomintang reactionary flunkies, whom revolutionary war pulverized.

The counter-revolutionary clamour reaches its high near the end of the film in a memorial service for the dead son. In the "Director's Notes" the scene is referred to as the one most expressive of the film's theme. All the major characters who have gone through the war gather and give way to sorrow and grief. With them is a little girl who has lost both her parents in the war. She presents flowers to Old Bodhisattva. The old man holds them with a dazed look in his eyes. And just as this "tragic" scene is fairly dripping with bathos, the background music suddenly wells up with the melody of the theme song: "Over Peking the red flag waves on high, red lanterns festoon Tien An Men. . . ." To make sure that the audience gets the point, they see hanging on the wall behind the old man an oil painting of the ceremony marking the establishment of the People's Republic of China. The music, the painting and the sickly sentimentality of the

acting combine in a direct assault on our great Party, on the revolutionary war which laid the foundations for new China, and on the proletarian political power won by the barrel of a gun.

The makers of the film spew out their hatred of revolutionary war through the mouth of the old man's son. In both the scenario and shooting script they have him say in his will: "My father was nearly driven out of his mind by the landlord. He won't be able to stand any more suffering." In other words, they equate the torments an old poor peasant suffered from a landlord's persecution with his feelings over the death of his son in the revolutionary war. This is the tune of renegades to the proletarian cause. Although they guiltily cut these lines when actual shooting started, this thinking permeates the film from beginning to end.

Such words are not the invention of the writers of *A Father Visits His Son*. They merely echo Liu Shao-chi. In his notorious *Self-Cultivation*, Liu Shao-chi shouts that war is "unreasonable." After the Chinese people won victory in the War of Resistance Against Japan, Liu Shao-chi demanded that the Party-led Eighth Route Army and New Fourth Army, predecessors of the People's Liberation Army, be disbanded and "amalgamated" into the so-called "Nationalist Army" of the Chiang Kai-shek bandit gang. Liu wanted to end the people's revolutionary war led by our Party, to drown the proletarian revolutionary cause in a bloody sea of counter-revolutionary war.

In a class society, you either uphold revolutionary war and approve and aid revolutionary violence, or you uphold aggressive war and approve and aid counter-revolutionary violence. It is one or the other. Opposing revolutionary violence in the name of denouncing all class violence is to betray the cause of proletarian liberation, is to deny the right of the proletariat to wage revolution, is to defend counter-revolutionary violence and the reactionary system of exploitation.

Lenin, in *The Proletarian Revolution and the Renegade Kautsky*, made this famous statement: "To talk about 'violence' in general, without examining the conditions which distinguish reactionary from revolutionary violence, means being a philistine who renounces revolution."

A trenchant criticism of *A Father Visits His Son* and its makers! The son whom the film extols is as much a renegade to proletarian revolution as Kautsky, Khrushchov and Liu Shao-chi. His dying bequest expresses the philistine philosophy of a turncoat. And Tien Kang, who diligently carries out the bequest, is just as shameless.

A Father Visits His Son is an utterly evil revisionist weed, but Chou Yang, Hsia Yen, Chen Huang-mei and company hailed it as a fragrant flower "politically without question." They said its merit lies "in praising lofty revolutionary friendship."

But when we remove this mask we can see the savage counter-revolutionary visage which lies behind it.

Tien Kang conceals the death of his friend, lies to the old man, and pretends to be his son. This is the "lofty revolutionary friendship" about which Chou Yang, Hsia Yen and Chen Huang-mei rave. Actually, it is only a device to vilify a revolutionary soldier and tout for egoism.

The proletariat was born to bury the criminal system of exploitation. A true Communist always regards the liberation of all mankind as his responsibility. He never forgets the revolutionary cause of the proletariat. And so, when he is dying he invariably urges his relatives and friends to turn their sorrow into strength, to uphold the red banner of revolution and continue the fight.

But what are the son's last words? "I'm not worried about anything else, only my father," he says to Tien Kang. "Don't tell him I've died. Say that you're me, and be his son."

In his mind, there is no place for the cause of the liberation of the people of China and the world. Turning his back completely on the historic mission of his own class, he bears not the slightest resemblance to a proletarian vanguard fighter. A man shows most clearly what he is made of when faced with death. The son's words reflect a nasty bourgeois kingdom in the depths of his soul.

Tien Kang faithfully carries out the bequest because he feels under an obligation to the son for having saved his life. Both the bequest and its fulfilment stem from purely personal motives. It is a case of bourgeois egoistical barter. Outwardly, both the son and Tien Kang

are Communists, but when death approaches they reveal that they are steeped in selfishness. Their world outlook is thoroughly bourgeois.

We live or die for the revolution, to defend Chairman Mao. We give our all to the great cause of communism. This is how proletarians look on the question of life and death. A proletarian revolutionary fights to wipe the exploitation of man by man from the face of the earth, to win liberation for all mankind. He "**fears neither hardship nor death.**" He's ready to give his life at any time for the magnificent cause of communism. Such a death is worthwhile, it is weightier than Mount Tai. Tung Tsun-jui, Huang Chi-kuang and other heroes died such deaths. Compared with these great proletarian fighters, Tien Kang and the old man's son are despicable buffoons. The film is a shameless distortion and slander of revolutionary soldiers.

Chairman Mao teaches us: "**Revolutions and revolutionary wars are inevitable in class society and without them, it is impossible to accomplish any leap in social development and to overthrow the reactionary ruling classes and therefore impossible for the people to win political power.**"

Enemies of the proletariat feverishly attack revolutionary war in order to maintain or restore political rule by the reactionary classes. This is very apparent in the character of Old Bodhisattva.

He is the central character in both versions of *A Father Visits His Son*. The film makers repose in him their strongest love, affection and aspirations. He is never called by his real name, only Old Bodhisattva. He even refers to himself that way. And the film makers do indeed consider him the saintly saviour of their own deposed landlord and capitalist classes.

They devote many scenes, dealing with his past and present, to gilding this Bodhisattva. He is presented as a poor peasant from an old revolutionary base area, an admirable person who sent his son to join the army. Now an outstanding livestock tender in an agricultural co-op, he is conscientious in his work, concerned about other people's troubles, loved and respected by the masses and so on.

"Sham is sham, and the mask must be stripped off." We have only to look at the old man's attitude towards the dictatorship of the proletariat, and we see at once that this "poor peasant" is in fact an enemy of the proletariat.

When he goes to Peking in the first version, he finds his real son. But the son, a veteran cadre and Communist, publicly refuses to acknowledge their relationship. The old man, according to the scenario, denounces him before the public. The film makers even intended to make him strike his son with his whip and "depart in a rage." This whip-strike, they said, "must be heavy enough, so that the old man can pour out all his rage."

This version was produced in 1956 when the bourgeois Rightists frantically attacked the Party as "denying kinsmen," alienated the people from the Party and fiercely demanding that it step down. At this time the top U.S. imperialists, the world's revisionist ringleaders, and their running dogs, big and small, all were baying against the dictatorship of the proletariat, all were demanding that the socialist system and the party of the proletariat be "rectified." In China, Liu Shao-chi was feverishly stirring up the Rightists to attack the Party, socialism and the dictatorship of the proletariat. It was in this foul atmosphere that Old Bodhisattva, whip in hand, strode savagely into Peking to "visit his son" and make disturbances in the capital.

Exploiting classes always claim that their aspirations and activities are what "the whole people" want. After the People's Republic was established, Chou Yang, Hsia Yen, Chen Huang-mei and company plumped for "arts of the whole people." Their purpose was to create counter-revolutionary public opinion for the overthrow of the dictatorship of the proletariat, in co-ordination with the campaign of their master Liu Shao-chi to bring back capitalism.

And so in the first version of *A Father Visits His Son* the film makers have Old Bodhisattva, dressed in the costume of a poor peasant, personifying the masses and coming to Peking to "petition redress for the people's grievances." The period from the time this script was written until it went into production coincided exactly with the counter-revolutionary uprising in Hungary and the screams of the bourgeois Rightists in our own country to "kill the Communists."

When Old Bodhisattva curses a Communist and flourishes his whip we see his real face, we recognize the image of Imre Nagy, we smell the odour of gore spilled by the knives of the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries. When Old Bodhisattva viciously strikes a Communist with his whip, we see a screen preview of the "Hungarian Incident" Liu Shao-chi was dreaming of enacting in China. The blow is a signal to class enemies here and abroad to begin a counter-revolutionary war. The whip was the symbol of their counter-revolutionary violence.

No wonder Chen Huang-mei praised the film as "very significant," no wonder a motion picture authority from imperialist France said it had an "excellent theme," no wonder a director specialist from a revisionist country gave detailed pointers and suggestions on how to preserve the "acuteness of the battle." Old Bodhisattva, disguised as a poor peasant, is an out-and-out reactionary scheming to overthrow the proletarian dictatorship by armed force.

After the first version of *A Father Visits His Son* was smashed by the great anti-Rightist campaign, the ringleaders of the sinister line in literature and art were not reconciled to their defeat. Once more they attacked. They made a new version of the film in which, instead of a son who refuses to acknowledge his own father they fabricate an impostor who is afraid to claim a "father and son." Old Bodhisattva changes his mask in the second version, but he continues to rabidly assail the proletariat.

Again wearing poor peasant garb, he seeks "redress for the people's grievances," again in this guise he spews out his venom against the revolutionary war which won proletarian dictatorship.

Chen Huang-mei proclaimed that Old Bodhisattva was very "hurt" by revolutionary war. Time and again he reiterated: "To portray him as not having been hurt would not be true to life." At the end of the film, when Old Bodhisattva learns that his real son has died in war, "his face falls, he stares, motionless." He issues a mad challenge to revolutionary war, his eyes gleaming with hatred.

His attitude towards the revolutionary war which has won us a proletarian dictatorship shows plainly that he is no poor peasant. Proletarians and poor and lower-middle peasants never take a "hurt" attitude towards war. In the period of revolutionary war the broad

masses of the workers and poor and lower-middle peasants, guided by Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, struggled persistently and made a tremendous contribution to the support and winning of the war. Innumerable heroic fathers and mothers, after losing one child in battle not only, with the utmost magnanimity and confidence, sent their second child, but themselves plunged into the flames of revolutionary war. What stirring revolutionary courage!

After the Chinese people's revolutionary war smashed the U.S. imperialists and the reactionary rule of their lackey Chiang Kai-shek and won victory throughout the land, in splendid tones Chairman Mao solemnly proclaimed to the world: **"The Chinese people comprising one quarter of humanity have now stood up."**

Hark! this is the triumphal paean of the revolutionary war of the proletariat. Revolutionary war has brought happiness to the Chinese people for generations to come. Only those classes which have been buried by revolutionary war and have lost their political power and enormous wealth are "hurt" and stricken, only they hate revolutionary war and bemoan their fate.

Old Bodhisattva, cursing that the revolutionary war through which the proletariat won political power has ruined his "happiness" and brought him "tragedy," represents the reactionary classes overthrown by the Chinese people who rose to their feet by waging national revolutionary war and class revolutionary war. Although he wears the clothes of the labouring people and adopts the guise of a poor peasant from an old revolutionary base area, he cannot conceal the fact that he is a representative of the reactionary classes.

All exploiting classes, to maintain or recapture their reactionary rule, employ double tactics — they proclaim their love of peace and exert counter-revolutionary violence at the same time. But their chief method, from beginning to end, is violence. Deception of an ecclesiastic type plays only a supporting role. In both versions of *A Father Visits His Son*, the whip in Old Bodhisattva's hand, symbolizing counter-revolutionary violence, is never put down.

Why does Old Bodhisattva oppose revolutionary war so savagely? What kind of society does he really want? He reveals this in a chat

in the first version. "When the rulers were the landlords, the Japanese, or Chiang Kai-shek," he says, "I never shed a tear."

There you have it. Old China, under the barbaric dictatorship of imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism, was his "paradise." Thus, he leaks out his political ideal — to overthrow new China, a proletarian dictatorship led by the Communist Party, and restore old China, semi-feudal and semi-colonial. A worthy bully boy for the political line of Liu Shao-chi, who sought to restore capitalism and convert China into a colony of the imperialists and social-imperialists!

Old Bodhisattva's return to the screen in a new guise teaches us by negative example that although the form of the struggle between the two classes, the two roads and the two lines changes with the situation, the struggle in essence remains the same. From the attacks by the bourgeoisie on Party leadership and the socialist system and their demand for "rectification," to their slandering of revolutionary war and their demand for its elimination, these are all, in essence, counter-revolutionary attempts to overthrow the dictatorship of the proletariat and restore the reactionary rule of the bourgeoisie.

The difference between the two versions of the film is that in the first Old Bodhisattva is completely naked, in the second he wears a thin "revolutionary" covering. When his pacifist cloak and the false face are removed, Old Bodhisattva standing before us is no other but a butcher, brandishing his whip and stirring up counter-revolutionary war. A sharp reminder to stay always on the alert against creatures assuming a benevolent mien while cursing revolutionary war. They hold a whip in their hands for the sole purpose of using it against Communists and restoring counter-revolutionary rule. This is the nature of the U.S. imperialists and the social-imperialists — that small clique of counter-revolutionaries and butchers who sing of peace while keeping a tight grip on their weapons against the revolution.

The revisionist gentlemen who laud "peace" to the skies are at this very moment using prisons, police and other counter-revolutionary means to repress internally the proletariat and other labouring people in their own countries, while sending externally troops, tanks, etc. to invade the territory of other nations. They prate of "humani-

tarianism" in order to repress, they shout "peace" in order to invade. They wave the banner of "peace," and then plant it on the chariot of counter-revolutionary aggressive war, for they madly hope to conquer and enslave the people of the world with the guns of counter-revolution.

Recently, the Soviet social-imperialists have made one counter-revolutionary hullabaloo after another with the aim of deceiving their own people and meeting the needs of their aggressive expansion abroad. A small gang of revisionist literary hacks representing the bourgeoisie and the kulaks wildly assailed in the press *The Red Detachment of Women*, and other model Chinese theatrical works, for treating the victory of revolutionary war as a "joyous festival." On the other hand, they hysterically praised tripe like *City Besieged* and *The Battle of Shanghai*, which oppose revolutionary war and prettify counter-revolutionary war, for "realistically" depicting the "misfortunes of war."

This handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists also bemoaned the "misfortunes" of the U.S. imperialists and their running dogs Chiang Kai-shek bandit gang, defeated by the Chinese people's revolutionary war. Standing on the side of these villains, they curse the happiness the Chinese people obtained through the War of Liberation. This only exposes them as renegades all the more clearly to the eyes of the Chinese people and the revolutionary people of the world. So eager are these social-imperialist curs to leap out and yap, they haven't even bothered to gloss their words over with a little Marxist phrasology.

They have the nerve to criticize our revolutionary model operas for describing the victory of revolutionary war as a "joyous festival," when it was none other than the great Lenin who said: **"Revolutions are the festivals of the oppressed and the exploited."** Revolutionary war is the highest form of revolution. The revisionists try to deceive the people with their shouts of "commemorate Lenin," while at the same time they shamelessly attack and trample his honour. Aren't they slapping their own faces?

In conclusion, we would like to call attention to a small matter. Last December, the American and British press raved over the Bolshoi performance in Moscow of *Swan Lake*. They called it "sensa-

tional." Why? Because it is more "Westernized" than before, because "the part of the Demon has been elevated to a major role," because he "leaps all over the stage" and "overshadows everyone else."

The Demon in the principle role — the latest "creation" of Soviet revisionist "realism"! An ugly demonstration indeed of capitalist restoration on the theatrical stage! Can it be that the Demon in real life sees no way out, and so has to resort to displays before the footlights?

But whether it is the Demon in real life or the one who "leaps all over the stage," we are confident that the proletariat and other revolutionary people of the Soviet Union will ultimately overthrow him.

"Away with all pests! Our force is irresistible." The flames of people's revolutionary war will kindle the radiant dawn of a new era. The great red banner of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought will surely fly the whole world over.

The Tillers Troupe

The Tillers Troupe is really good, they act
Like real workers, peasants and soldiers,
They spread Mao Tsetung Thought in a wonderful way,
So all the poor and lower-middle peasants say.

In a little village high in the misty clouds of the Yimeng Mountains, Shantung Province, a group of poor and lower-middle peasants formed a spare-time theatrical troupe more than twenty years ago. It was the Tillers Troupe of Miaochuang Brigade. Their performances were enthusiastically received by the poor and lower-middle peasants of the entire Pingyi County.

After Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art* was published in May 1942, many spare-time rural theatrical companies were formed, thanks to the guidance of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line in literature and art. The Tillers Troupe was one of them.

Whether in the war years when battle flames rampaged, or in the tumultuous socialist revolution and socialist construction period of

today, the Tillers Troupe has persistently adhered to the orientation which Chairman Mao has pointed out — literature and art should serve proletarian politics, should serve the workers, peasants and soldiers. Their performances have served as a means of **“uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy.”** They have become a revolutionary, militant team for propagating Mao Tsetung Thought, and are warmly welcomed by the masses.

During the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, the members of the troupe have been especially resolute and bold, standing firmly on the side of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and thoroughly exposing and repudiating the counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art pushed by renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and his little gang. In order to spread Mao Tsetung Thought far and wide, as soon as a new directive from Chairman Mao has been issued, the troupe has, with the utmost revolutionary enthusiasm and speed, composed theatrical pieces about it, and, after a few quick rehearsals, performed all over the county, bringing Chairman Mao's words to every village and home.

The tillers have written over two hundred theatrical items which propagate Chairman Mao's latest directives and the cultural revolution, such as *Support the Army and Cherish the People, Form Revolutionary Grand Alliances and Revolutionary Committees Are Fine*. Their innumerable performances have given a big impetus to grasping revolution and promoting production. They also wrote a play, dealing with class struggle in the countryside, called *Bombard the Class Enemies* which fully exposed and heavily smashed the enemies' sabotage.

In 1968, the county suffered one of its worst droughts in history. Every member of the Tillers Troupe plunged into the fight against it. At the same time they wrote and performed pieces about good people and good deeds emerged in the course of the struggle, and this greatly encouraged the masses.

Both at the opening and closing time of the Ninth National Congress of the Chinese Communist Party in April 1969, the Tillers Troupe used art forms the people know and like to spread the spirit of the

congress. Often, after working in the fields all day, they took their performances to remote mountain hamlets in the evening. The poor and lower-middle peasants were very pleased. They said: "No one is more ardent in spreading Mao Tsetung Thought than the Tillers Troupe; nobody acts the part of workers, peasants and soldiers better. We'd rather see their shows than any other."

The older poor peasants and veteran members of the troupe get quite excited when they tell about its beginnings. Way back in 1939, when the Chinese people under the leadership of the Communist Party of China were fighting the Japanese invaders, a detachment in a division of the Eighth Route Army, which also was being led by the Party, set up a resistance base in the county in co-ordination with the Party committee of the military region of southern Shantung. The masses were organized exceedingly well. Revolutionary associations to resist the Japanese invaders were formed everywhere among youth, children and the peasants.

Then, in May 1942, Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art* appeared, much enlightening the Party committee's theatrical team. At the urging of the masses, the team organized a theatrical troupe, selected from among the members of the youth, children and women's associations according to the recommendations of the poor and lower-middle peasants. Forty-two were chosen, the vast majority from poor and lower-middle peasant families. The youngest of them was only twelve.

At first, no one could think of an appropriate name for the troupe. Then, a leading comrade in the military region said: "You're tillers of the soil who've formed a theatrical company. Why not call it the Tillers Troupe?" That is how the name originated.

During the War of Resistance Against Japan the Tillers Troupe bravely joined in the struggle. They toured villages all over the Yimeng Mountains base area, sometimes doing their shows only five or six *li* from enemy occupied territory. Once they performed in a place the same day it was captured by the Eighth Route Army. It had been an enemy stronghold, and the gunpowder fumes had not yet cleared away when the Tillers Troupe arrived.

Their programmes were made up of revolutionary theatrical fare like *Down with Japanese Imperialism* and *Soldiers' Families Are Glorious*. These taught that resistance against the Japanese invaders was necessary to save the country. In simple, straightforward language they praised the fighting optimism of the people in the revolutionary bases. The items were true to life, and so the masses welcomed them and were encouraged by them.

The experiences in the anti-Japanese war tempered the troupe. It became not only a first-rate propaganda organization but a political work team intimately linked with the people as well. After the War of Liberation started they constantly went to places which had just been freed from the enemy yoke and did work among the masses. In fact, all through the years, they have always composed items about class struggle based on material drawn from the poor and lower-middle peasants. *Land Mines* tells how minefields laid by the militia helped beat the Japanese; *Who Feeds Whom* describes how poor peasants compelled reckonings from exploiting landlords; *A Debt of Blood* exposes the landlords' oppression of the peasants; *Helping Each Other in Nanchawan* shows how the peasants organized to produce more and support the front. These revolutionary pieces were enormously effective in arousing the masses to overthrow the tyrannical landlords and evil gentry and divide their land among the people.

Once the Tillers Troupe went to a village very close to Chaochuang, a Japanese occupied city. Tsui Yu-sung, big landlord and traitor there — he owned over three thousand *mu* of land — tried to buy over the actors with small favours. He offered to put them up in his house cleaned up specially for them. They refused. He sent them choice cuts of pork and lamb. They rejected them. They made a thorough investigation of his crimes, drew and posted pictures about them, and composed a skit about them which they performed before a huge mass audience, mercilessly exposing the cruel deeds of this class enemy.

The poor and lower-middle peasants were enraged. They smashed the big wooden sign in the manor bearing the landlord's family motto in letters of gold, and dragged the scoundrel out for a public trial. The overthrow of this Japanese-collaborator landlord who

had been riding on the backs of the people for so many years gave much joy and satisfaction to the labouring masses.

It was this sort of thing that made class enemies who were nearing defeat hate and fear the little theatrical troupe. They tried to sabotage the Tillers Troupe by hook or by crook. In 1947 when the Kuomintang reactionaries attacked the revolutionary bases in Shantung, local enemy agents stole the costumes and theatrical props the troupe had hidden. But this didn't stop the tillers. With the aid of the poor and lower-middle peasants they made new props and borrowed clothes for costumes.

Because they hated the class enemies, they formed a stretcher-bearer team, and travelled with the army through some of the most famous battles of the War of Liberation. During this period, they collected material on heroic exploits, which they wrote into theatrical pieces and performed. "The enemy can steal all that we own," they said, "but they can't steal the determination of the Tillers Troupe to go with the Communist Party and Chairman Mao and wage revolution."

Mao Tsetung Thought educated them, fierce and lengthy class struggle matured them. They fought staunchly to defend Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line in literature and art. Big renegade Liu Shao-chi and his gang, seeking to restore capitalism in the countryside, in 1962 peddled a counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art. Professional theatrical companies influenced by this line performed operas featuring kings and ministers, scholars and beauties. Certain individuals with ulterior motives openly alleged that the tillers should take a leaf from the professionals. "Your future lies in putting on the old standbys," they said. "It will make you famous."

"We're new people of the Mao Tsetung era," the tillers replied sharply, "sons and daughters of poor and lower-middle peasants. We act only workers, peasants and soldiers. We refuse to tout for those ancient scoundrels."

A capitalist roader in the local administration spent over a thousand yuan of the people's money to bring in a professional company from the county seat. He set them up to fetter the Tillers Troupe. The

company's operas were all about feudal rulers and scholars and beauties. The capitalist roader wanted the tillers to serve as the professionals' stage-hands.

But the tillers wouldn't give an inch. They stuck to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. Imbued with strong proletarian feelings, they exposed the crimes of the landlord class through performances of *The White-Haired Girl*, and other revolutionary pieces which show the differences between the old society and the new, and defeated the revisionist onslaught.

That same year an outside company performed old operas at a country goods exchange fair in a nearby town. The tillers promptly set out for the fair, carrying only some dry rations. There, they started giving performances. Tickets were free of charge. The outside company put on *Peach Blossom Nunnery*, a sexy, feudal tale. The tillers did *The White-Haired Girl*. Most of the fair-goers showed an overwhelming preference for the modern revolutionary opera. "New plays are true to life," they said. "Their every word goes straight to the hearts of us poor and lower-middle peasants. The old plays are all about kings and courtiers. They don't mean a thing to us."

No matter how the old opera company beat their gongs and pounded their drums, nobody came. No matter how they bellowed their songs, nobody listened. They had no choice but to gather together their props, and leave. The Tillers Troupe had scored another victory.

From more than twenty years now, the troupe has maintained its revolutionary traditions, thus ensuring a strong revolutionary spirit. During the war years they did propaganda, worked among the masses, and supported the front. In this present period of socialist revolution and socialist construction, they have taken a stand in the forefront of the three great revolutionary struggles — class struggle, the struggle for production, and scientific experiment.

The tillers have firmly adhered to the principle that literature and art must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, and have fought

bravely against the counter-revolutionary revisionist line in this realm. In spreading Mao Tsetung Thought as widely as possible, they often perform to audiences numbering in thousands. They just willingly put on shows for a few commune members in a field during a work break. They simply put down their hoes and take up their bamboo clappers. The edge of the field is their stage. They propagate Mao Tsetung Thought at any and all times.

When they perform in other villages, they always refuse any remuneration. With their make-up on, they are actors. With their make-up off, they are commune members. They never miss a day's work, and give their performances only in their spare time.

The Tillers Troupe doesn't try to become luxurious or put on airs of extravagance. They consider their frugal simple style an honour. They never carelessly spend a penny or add to the financial burden of the collective. They have always stuck to the principle of building the commune through hard work and thrift.

Their costumes, curtains, musical instruments and lights, for instance, were all earned by digging pools, planting lotus, opening up new land, and other such jobs. The poor and lower-middle peasants commend them for their long-time revolutionary style. "This is a theatrical troupe after our own hearts," they say.

The peasants have a deep concern in the troupe, and warmly support and help it in all its activities. They have appointed a special advisory group of five persons well-experienced in class struggle — a poor peasant, a Communist, a cadre, a militiaman and an actor — to guide the troupe politically and professionally. This ensures that the home-grown spare-time theatrical troupe retains its flesh and blood ties with the poor and lower-middle peasants and continues to advance in keeping with the revolutionary line in literature and art indicated by Chairman Mao.

After more than three years of tempering in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution every member of the troupe has acquired a much enhanced awareness of class struggle and the struggle between the two lines. They constantly bear in mind the teaching of our great leader Chairman Mao: **"If socialism does not occupy the**

rural front, capitalism assuredly will." The tillers delightedly study Chairman Mao's works, determined to become revolutionary and militant propagandists of Mao Tsetung Thought, to do political work but never become divorced from production, and to maintain close ties with the masses. Using Mao Tsetung Thought, they shall always occupy the position of culture both on the stage and in the fields.

Colour Documentary "Hail the Twentieth Anniversary of the Great People's Republic of China" Shown Abroad

Recently many Chinese embassies and offices of Charges d'Affaires in foreign countries held film receptions for patriotic overseas Chinese and foreign friends, at which the full-length colour documentary *Hail the Twentieth Anniversary of the Great People's Republic of China* was shown.

Most of the audiences were overwhelmed with emotion as they saw the film. Whenever the brilliant image of the great leader Chairman Mao appeared on the screen, they were so deeply moved that thunderous, long applause burst out, and cheers of: "Long live Chairman Mao!" Many of them said they were extremely happy to see Chairman Mao in excellent health, and wished the great leader a long, long life.

"Chairman Mao is among the people," they said. "This shows how the leader loves the people and the people love their leader."

Many patriotic overseas Chinese and foreign friends saw in the splendid National Day parade the great victory achieved by the Chinese people in the socialist revolution and socialist construction, and were greatly inspired. The film, they said, vividly demonstrated the great unity of the Chinese people, who, in a militant spirit, would win fresh and still greater victories.

An African freedom-fighter stated: The glorious accomplishments of the Chinese people during the past twenty years show clearly to the people of the world the superiority of the socialist system. The revolutionary people of Africa are determined to take the road of the Chinese people, and history will prove that following closely the Lenin of today — great Chairman Mao — means victory.

"Literary Fighter's" Criticism on Stanislavsky Reprinted in "Hongqi"

The magazine *Hongqi* in a recent issue (No. 3, 1970) published an excerpt from the article *Stanislavsky's "Supreme Task" Is a Thesis Extracted of Class Content* that appeared in the Japanese periodical *Literary Fighter* (Bungei Senshi), organ of Haguruma Theatre.

The article points out that Sugai Yukio, a hack dramatist of the Miyamoto revisionist clique, recently published in the magazine *Cultural Review* (Bunka Hyoron) an article entitled *On Stanislavsky's System*. The article purports to say that Stanislavsky, since he discovered in his later years the so-called "supreme task," "had become a standard-bearer of socialist realism."

The *Literary Fighter's* article (in the excerpt) falls into four parts: "Opposition to Socialist Realism on the Basis of Two Combining into One," "There Is No Construction Without Destruction," "Stanislavsky's System Is Based on the Static Metaphysical View" and "Stanislavsky's Disciples in the Yoyogi Are Henchmen of U.S. Imperialism." It points out that Chairman Mao's brilliant work *Talks at the Yanan Forum on Literature and Art* broke the backbone of Stanislavsky's system long ago. The orientation indicated by Chairman Mao that writers and artists should integrate themselves with workers and peasants, the article stresses, is the orientation for all revolutionary literary and art workers, and in Japan they can deal a mortal blow to U.S. and Japanese reaction and revisionist literature and art only under the guidance of this brilliant work by Chairman Mao. The article also states that the Japanese revolutionary literary and art workers are determined, through struggle and self-remoulding, to

thoroughly wipe out all influences of Stanislavsky's system in the ranks of Japanese national democratic culture.

Hongqi, in reprinting this excerpt, points out that the article gives "a sharp denunciation of the reactionary theory worked out by Japanese revisionists to bolster up Stanislavsky's system in collusion with their Soviet counterparts. It exposes that this trash is actually in the service of the U.S. and Japanese reaction."

"Modern Chinese Porcelain and Ceramics Exhibition" in Sweden and Finland

Not long ago a modern Chinese porcelain and ceramics exhibition was held in Stockholm under the sponsorship of the Chinese embassy in Sweden and the Swedish-Chinese Association and then in Helsinki and Tampere sponsored by the Chinese embassy in Finland and the Finland-China Society.

The exhibitions played host to about 20,000 visitors, including workers, peasants, old folk, students, progressive art workers as well as friends from various countries, who praised the exhibits highly. A sick and aged worker came early every morning from the suburbs of the Swedish capital, and stayed till evening. He said: "Illness cannot prevent me from loving the great leader of the Chinese people Chairman Mao Tsetung and Mao Tsetung Thought. My eagerness to study Mao Tsetung Thought and understand the great cultural revolution of China is now fulfilled."

In Helsinki some teachers made films of the exhibits to show to their students. Some people travelled 100 or 200 kilometers to the capital for the sole purpose of visiting the exhibition. It was the unanimous opinion of the visitors that this was one of the most interesting exhibitions in Helsinki for quite some time. Many visitors often looked respectfully at the huge coloured porcelain portrait of the Chinese people's great leader Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao. Some of them had their photos taken before the portrait, and expressed in beautiful phrases their respect and love for Chairman Mao. They wrote in Chinese or other

languages in the visitors' book: "Long live Chairman Mao!" "We love Chairman Mao ardently."

The visitors highly appraised the new-type works of art made of porcelain and baked clay and created during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. A progressive Swedish artist said: "The exhibition reflects the victory of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art. Literature and art must be **'for the masses of the people, and in the first place for the workers, peasants and soldiers,'** and serve the cause of socialist revolution. Here we have found the correct orientation in the Chinese revolutionary literature and art guided by Mao Tsetung Thought." A sawyer said: "Only when the labouring people have become masters, will it be possible to create such real pearls of art in the service of the labouring people."

In Helsinki a Finnish art worker, who had visited the exhibition three times, said: "These artistic works preserve and develop the excellent traditions in Chinese porcelain and ceramics. At the same time, they express the revolutionary contents of China's new society." A woman worker said, "They are easy for us workers to understand because they are genuine art in the service of the people."

The heroic images of Norman Bethune, Chang Szu-teh and workers, peasants and soldiers gave a tremendous inspiration and encouragement to the visitors. An old Swedish revolutionary who had fought shoulder to shoulder with Norman Bethune in Spain, gazed with deep feelings at the porcelain figure of Dr. Norman Bethune. He said, "It moves me deeply to know that Chairman Mao and the Chinese people have given Dr. Norman Bethune such a high appraisal. After my return home, I must study The Three Constantly Read Articles more diligently."

The clay sculpture groups *Rent Collection Courtyard* and the porcelain figures from the revolutionary contemporary ballet *The White-Haired Girl* also impressed the visitors deeply. An old Finnish worker said, "These works are a true representation of the revolutionary history of the Chinese people. Mao Tsetung is the great saviour of the Chinese people." A Finnish building worker said, "From these exhibits I have gained a deeper understanding of the great truth pointed out by Chairman Mao: **'Political power grows out of the barrel**

of a gun.' Without armed struggle there can be no taking of political power."

The porcelain sculpture series portraying model Peking operas on revolutionary themes such as *Shachiapang*, *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, the ceramic plates *The Red Lantern*, the porcelain slab "The Nanking Yangtze River Bridge" and the porcelain sculptures of educated youths settling down in the countryside and "barefoot" doctors, also aroused great interest and drew good comments.

"Exhibition of Comrade Chin Hsun-hua's Heroic Deeds" in Shanghai

The exhibition of Comrade Chin Hsun-hua's heroic deeds opened in Shanghai on February 26, 1970, under the sponsorship of the revolutionary committee of Yangpu District, Shanghai Municipality. Chin Hsun-hua (see *Chinese Literature* No. 3, 1970) was a senior middle school graduate in Shanghai. In May 1969, responding enthusiastically to Chairman Mao's call "**It is highly necessary for young people with education to go to the countryside to be re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants,**" he took the lead in settling down among the commune members of the Shuangho Production Brigade, Heilungkiang Province. In August 1969, mountain torrents inundated both banks of the Shuangho River. He lost his life while saving state property from the flood.

Chin Hsun-hua matured in the storm of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Typical of revolutionary youths, he resolved to integrate himself with workers, peasants and soldiers. Emphasizing the brilliant instruction of our great leader Chairman Mao "**It is highly necessary for young people with education to go to the countryside,**" the exhibition, which features Comrade Chin Hsun-hua's diary, portrays the young hero's life and actions.

The exhibition was warmly received by the revolutionary masses of the city. They hailed it as a classroom for the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought, a post for the dissemination of Mao Tsetung Thought, a lively education for the youth, an encouragement and stimulus to the young people with education who want

to live and work in the countryside or in the mountains. Many middle school Red Guards wrote in the visitors' book, pledging: "We'll learn from the hero Chin Hsun-hua, revolutionize our ideas, settle down in the countryside, make revolution and resolutely defend our red frontier."

Many middle school students, on the eve of their graduation, organized "fighting corps for settling down in the countryside" in their classes. Following Chin Hsun-hua's steps to integrate themselves with workers, peasants and soldiers, they are determined to march ahead as pioneers to live and work in the countryside or in the mountains. "Learn from the hero's deeds, take the hero's path and create a hero's exploit." — this has been the militant slogan of the vast number of Red Guards and revolutionary youths.

Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy

(*A Modern Revolutionary Peking Opera*)

*Revised collectively by the "Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy" Group of
the Peking Opera Troupe of Shanghai*

The modern revolutionary Peking opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, carefully revised, perfected and polished to the last detail with our great leader Chairman Mao's loving care, now glitters with surpassing splendour.

The birth of this modern revolutionary Peking opera is a tremendous victory for Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line on literature and art.

The story happened in 1946 on the battlefield of northeast China in the early period of the Chinese People's War of Liberation. It describes a heroic and ingenious battle fought by a pursuit detachment organized by the regimental Party committee of a unit of the Chinese People's Liberation Army in accordance with Chairman Mao's directive "**Build stable base areas in the Northeast.**" The detachment went deep into the mountains and forests in the Mutanchiang area where they aroused the masses and wiped out the die-hard Kuomintang bandit gang headed by Vulture.

By combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism, this opera brings out in bold relief the splendid image of the proletarian hero Yang Tzu-jung, a PLA scout platoon leader, and warmly eulogizes Chairman Mao's great thought on people's war.

The present translation has been made from the Chinese script of the opera as staged in October 1969.

With coloured stage photographs and selected arias from the opera.

22.9 × 16.5 cm.

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