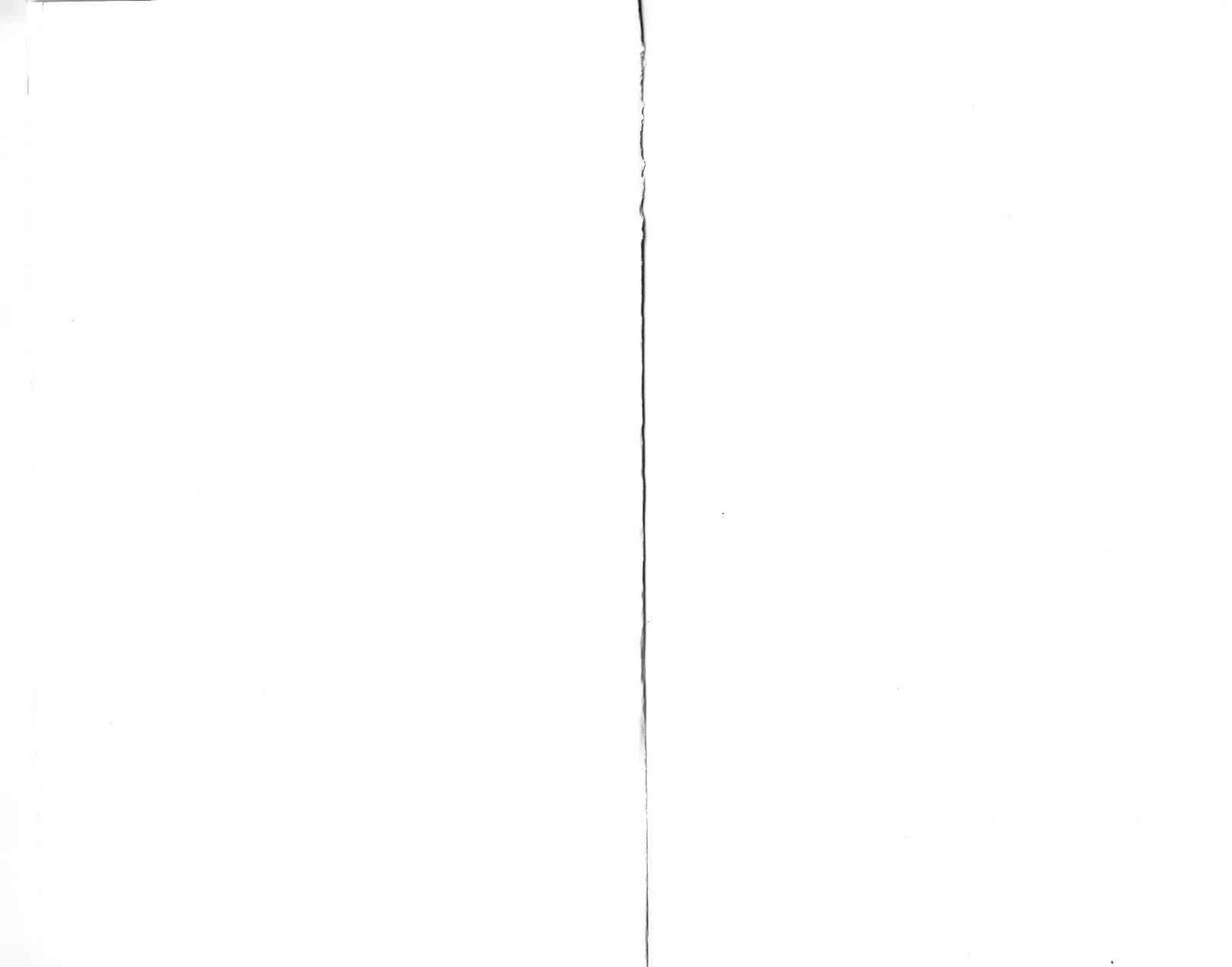




6

1971

CHINESE LITERATURE





Karl Marx, great teacher and leader of the international proletariat



Frederick Engels, great teacher and leader of the international proletariat

A Quotation From Marx

But even if the Commune is crushed, the struggle will only be postponed. The principles of the Commune are eternal and cannot be destroyed; they will declare themselves again and again until the working class achieves its liberation.

— *The Record of a Speech on the Paris Commune*

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Front Cover: Workers of All Countries, Unite!

The Principles of the Paris Commune Are Eternal

On March 18, 1871 the proletariat and other labouring people in Paris overthrew the reactionary rule of the traitorous government of the French bourgeoisie by revolutionary violence and established the Paris Commune, the first proletarian revolutionary political power in the history of mankind. It was a great epoch-making revolution of far-reaching significance for the whole world. And it was the first attempt of the proletariat to overthrow the bourgeoisie and set up the dictatorship of the proletariat.

During the Franco-Prussian War, France had met with disastrous defeat. The traitorous French bourgeois government had ceded territory to the enemy and paid large sums of money in war indemnities, while carrying out cruel suppression of the people at home. It is under this situation in which the whole nation was racked by increasing misery and class contradictions were growing more acute with each passing day that the proletariat and other labouring people of Paris launched an armed uprising. After its founding the Paris

Commune adopted a series of measures to abolish the old standing army, build up the people's armed forces, smash completely the old bureaucratic political system for enslaving the people and carry out a system of universal suffrage. It is just as Marx pointed out: The Paris Commune is **"the dawn of the great social revolution which will liberate mankind from the regime of classes for ever."**

However, since at the time the French proletariat was not sufficiently mature or powerful and lacked the leadership of a Marxist political Party, the leaders of the Paris Commune failed to follow up the victory of March 18 by pursuing and completely wiping out the Thiers' reactionary forces which were massed in Versailles. They did not carry out a firm and decisive suppression of the counter-revolutionaries. Nor did they expropriate the capitalist Bank of France. They failed to form an alliance with the peasants. All these factors led to the final strangulation of the great proletarian revolution by the joint forces of the enemy at home and abroad. But in the face of the enemy's frenzied counter-attacks the heroic sons and daughters of the Paris Commune fought valiantly in a spirit of utmost devotion to the revolution. To defend the Commune they battled to their last drop of blood. Their heaven-storming heroic deeds will always shine forth with dazzling splendour.

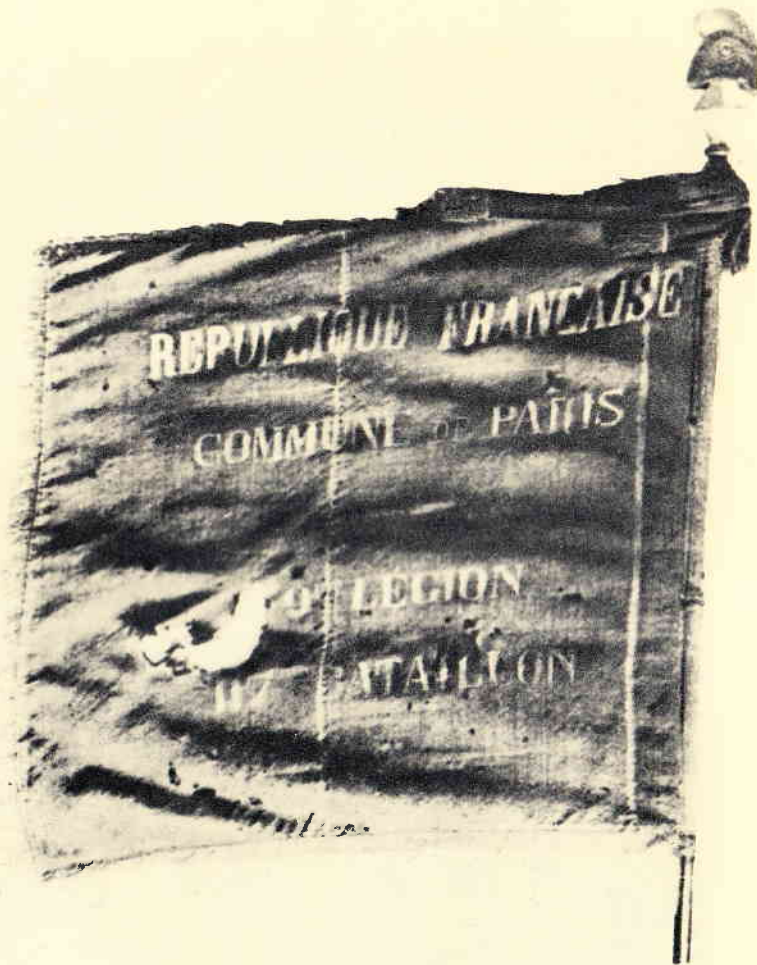
At the time when the revolution of the Paris Commune took place Karl Marx was in London. He gave active support to the revolutionary initiative taken by the proletariat in Paris. Two days after the defeat of the Paris Commune Marx, in his brilliant work *The Civil War in France*, described the great achievements won by the heroes of the Commune, and summed up the experience and lessons of this revolution. In the light of the attempt by the Paris Commune to establish the dictatorship of the proletariat, Marx pointed out, **"The working class cannot simply lay hold of the ready-made state machinery, and wield it for its own purposes."** That is to say, the proletariat should seize political power by revolutionary violence, smash the state machinery of the bourgeoisie and establish the dictatorship of the proletariat to take the place of the bourgeois dictatorship. These are the fundamental principles of the Paris Commune.

For almost a century, Marxists have waged a tit-for-tat struggle

against the old and new revisionists on the problem of what attitude to adopt towards the proletarian revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat. Marxists hold that the proletariat should seize state power through revolutionary violence and after smashing the bourgeois state machinery set up the dictatorship of the proletariat. This is the common path which the workers of all countries and all the oppressed peoples must follow to win their emancipation. Betraying these revolutionary principles of the Paris Commune, the old and new revisionists advocate "peaceful transition" and the "parliamentary road." Holding high the banner of Marxism, Lenin waged an uncompromising struggle against the revisionists in the Second International. He led the Russian people in winning the great victory of the October Socialist Revolution through a violent revolution. The October Revolution inherited and developed the experience of the Paris Commune. In the struggle against "Left" and Right opportunism our great leader Chairman Mao, integrating the universal truth of Marxism-Leninism with the concrete practice of the Chinese revolution, led the Chinese people in setting up the dictatorship of the proletariat by waging a protracted revolutionary armed struggle. The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution initiated and led personally by Chairman Mao has further consolidated the dictatorship of the proletariat in China. The Chinese revolution is the continuation and development of both the October Revolution and the principles of the Paris Commune. The victory of the Chinese revolution is a victory for Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought.

The revolution is advancing and the people are forging ahead. The world situation has undergone earth-shaking changes since the time of the Paris Commune. The revolutionary cause of the world's proletariat has been continuously winning victories. Genuine Marxist-Leninist forces throughout the world are maturing and growing more and more powerful. The struggle for liberation waged by the oppressed nations and oppressed peoples is constantly surging ahead. The struggle of the world people against U.S. imperialism and social-imperialism is developing vigorously. In his solemn statement *People of the World, Unite and Defeat the U.S. Aggressors and*

All Their Running Dogs! issued on May 20, 1970, Chairman Mao pointed out: "The danger of a new world war still exists, and the people of all countries must get prepared. But revolution is the main trend in the world today." In the face of such an excellent revolutionary situation people can realize how eloquently history has attested to the great prophecy made by Marx a century ago: "But even if the Commune is crushed, the struggle will only be postponed. The principles of the Commune are eternal and cannot be destroyed; they will declare themselves again and again until the working class achieves its liberation."



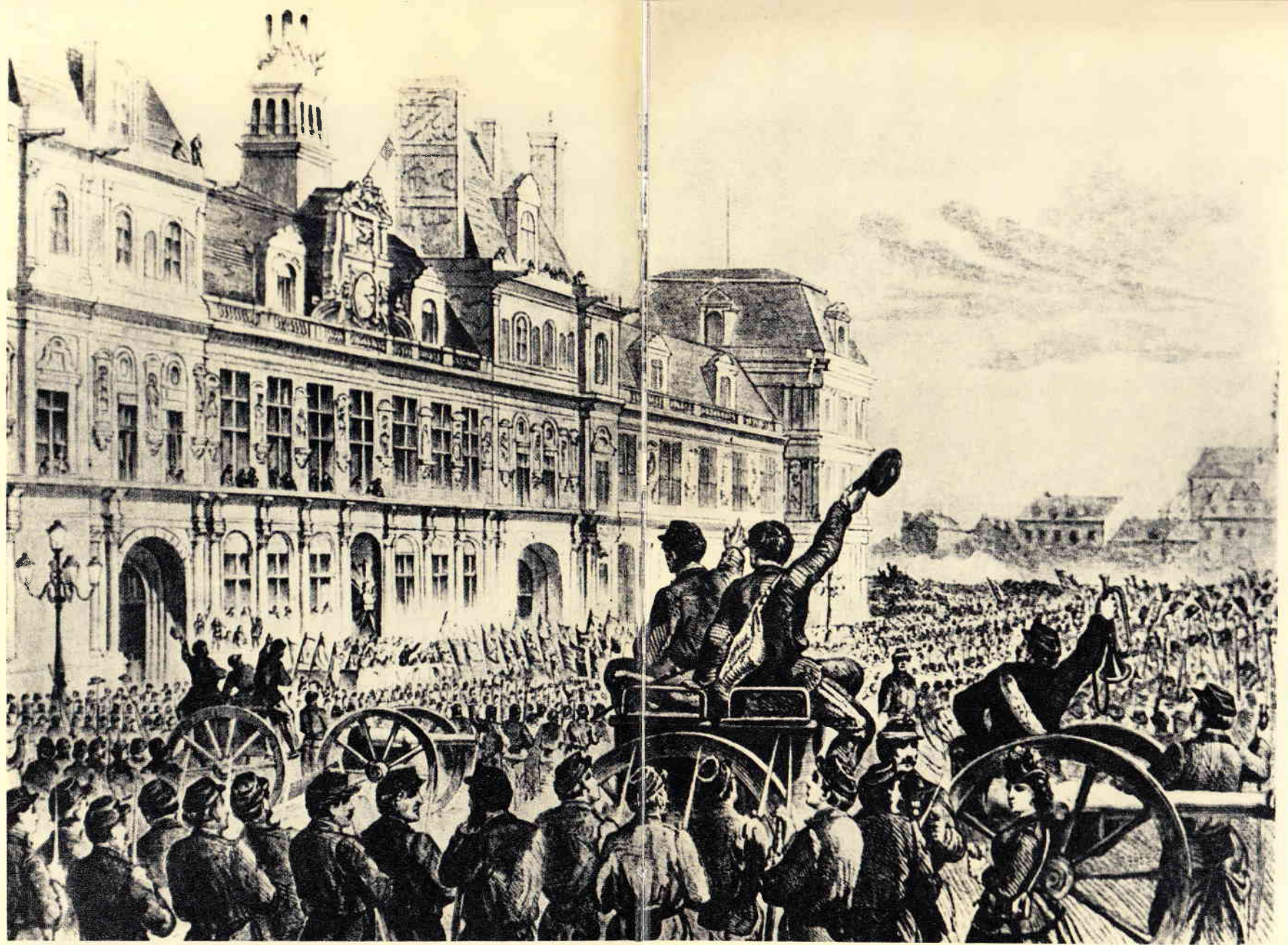
A banner of the Paris Commune. It bears the inscription: Battalion 117, Legion 9, Paris Commune, Republic of France.

The Centenary of the Paris Commune

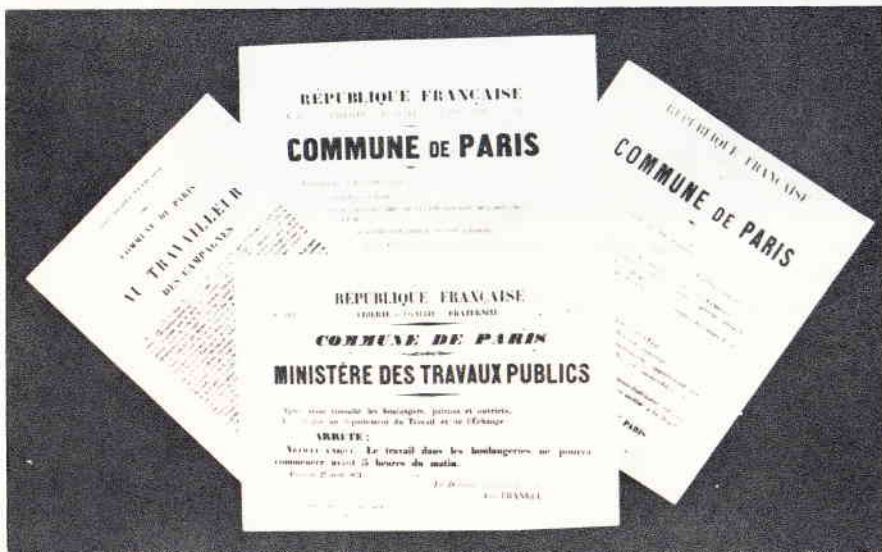
(1871—1971)



On March 18, 1871 the proletariat and other working people in Paris launched an armed uprising and completely defeated the reactionary troops.

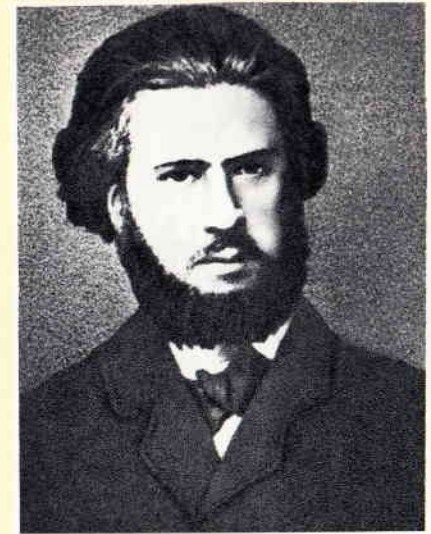


Establishment of the first proletarian revolutionary political power in human history — the Paris Commune — was proclaimed amidst thunderous cheers and shouts of "Long live the Commune!" which shook the square.



◀ The Paris Commune announced the result of the election. Its committee was formed mainly of representatives of workers and labouring people.

◀ After its establishment, the Paris Commune put out a series of decrees aimed at smashing the old state machinery and improving the living and working conditions of the labouring people.



Louis-Eugène Varlin, one of the leaders of the Paris Commune, was a member of the International Working Men's Association. He was a book-binder in Paris. He died a hero's death in the battle to defend the Commune.



Jaroslaw Dombrowski, a Polish revolutionary, was one of the leaders of the armed forces of the Paris Commune. To defend the first proletarian revolutionary political power in the world – the Paris Commune – he sacrificed his life while fighting behind the barricades.



◀ Fighters of the Paris Commune put up street barricades, determined to defend the Commune at all costs.



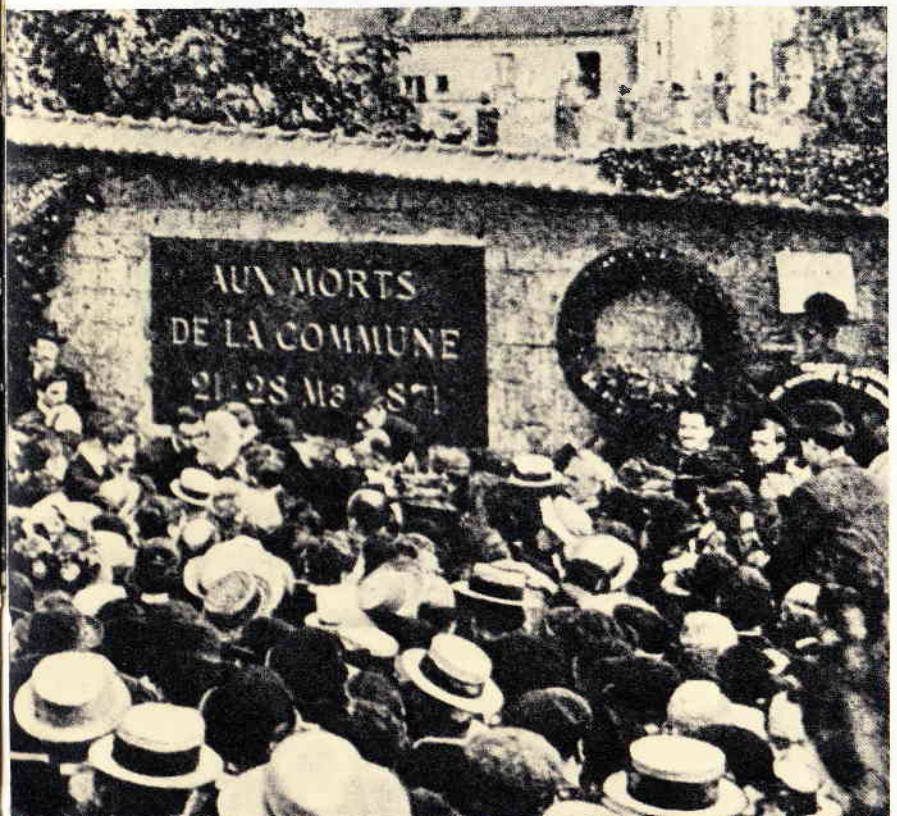
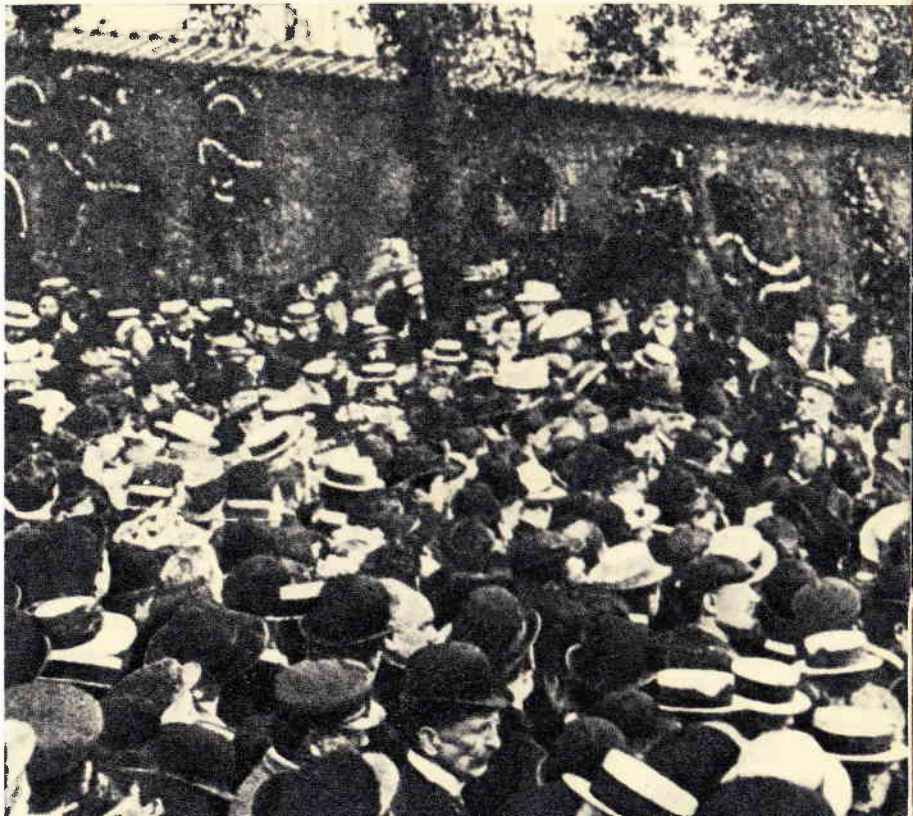
Women fighters of the Paris Commune defend their revolutionary political power. ▶



◀ The Paris Commune, holding high the great banner of proletarian internationalism, demolished the "Victory Column" on the *Place Vendôme*, a symbol of Napoleonic militarism and chauvinism, and renamed the place "International Square."

• Louise Michel, a heroine of the Paris Commune, was unyielding after arrest. In the reactionary court she said to the judges, "If you let me live I will never stop crying out for revenge." In the end she was sentenced to heavy labour and banished by the reactionary government to New Caledonia Island in the Pacific Ocean. ▶

After a fierce battle against the enemy, the last group of Commune fighters heroically sacrificed their lives at this wall at the Père Lachaise Cemetery. Since then it has been called "The Wall of the Communards" by the revolutionary masses. ▼





After the defeat of the Paris Commune a widow of a Commune fighter stands by the Wall of the Communards and tells her children never to forget class hatred.

Yu Tsung-hsin

Battle Flag

Turn a leaf of the calendar
and as March 18 appears,
suddenly I seem to hear the strains of *The Internationale*;
before my eyes rises the image
of the Red Flag of the Paris Commune —
glorious flag,
flag of battle.

I

Many years, many centuries
have heard the indignant sounds and shouts
raised to break the yoke of the old society;

Yu Tsung-hsin is a PLA man.

“Arise, you prisoners of starvation!”
“Arise, you slaves, no more in thrall!”
The miners all over Europe shouted this,
clenching their hardened fists;
all over black Africa the slaves shouted it,
flames of rage burning in their hearts;
beside the Huangpu River boatmen shouted it;
stamping shook the earth;
the prisoners in Siberia shouted it,
life returning to their rugged bones;
bitter sounds came from the slums
up from the poorest of the poor.
“Arise, we shall be masters,
arise, we shall be over all.”

The Manifesto of the Communist Party
of Marx and Engels

was a spark in the darkness of night
lighting up the gloom of the old society;
then unfurled the battle flag glowing red,
March 18, 1871

in Paris
it flew as

battle songs and cheers shook the air:
“Long live the Commune!”

Like sun driving away mist at dawn
rose working people with arms in their hands,
announcing the dawn of a new era,
the rule of the bourgeoisie
overthrown for the first time by revolutionary violence,
the red banner of working folk
making all Paris glow.



Thousands of women Communards took part in the battle

The Red Flag of the Paris Commune
proved
the old society is only
a collapsing structure.
Workers of all lands unite,

lift your weapons and fight,
tearing down the old structure, making its rubble
foundation for building the new society to come.

II

The Red Flag of the Paris Commune
filling with confidence the proletariat to win;
on the slopes of Belleville blood was spilled; still the red flag
was held aloft by the working people.

As in a hurricane
thick fog was driven away;
like a torch the red of our flag
illuminated the whole world,
its brilliance shedding a glow of a new era.

Fighting under the Red Flag of the Paris Commune
Lenin
led the Bolsheviks
on the Neva River against the bourgeoisie
launching the October Revolution by shelling;
then in the Winter Palace
the last candle went out, and
the light of the Paris Commune
shone over Soviet land.

Marching under the Red Flag of the Paris Commune,
along the path of the October Revolution,
Mao Tsetung
victoriously led the way
from Chinggang Mountains to Tsunyi,

from Yen-an to Peking,
across thousands of mountains and rivers hallowed by history,
lifting the Chinese people to their feet in the midst of gunfire,
then when the first five-starred flag so red
fluttered from Tien An Men
a glowing sun
casting its brilliance
rose from the East.

III

The Red Flag of the Paris Commune
the more it was lifted, the more splendid it looked;
the epic of the Paris Commune
the more it became known, the grander it appeared.

In 1966
spring thunder
resounded through the world;
Chairman Mao
through the storm clouds saw
fresh blood stains on the "Wall of Communards" in Paris,
driving away the mist; saw too how
the Red Star in the Kremlin was dying out;
so did he himself kindle
the flames of the Cultural Revolution,
its tempest sweeping over thousands of miles.

Look, seven hundred million of our land
sound war drums, raise red banners;
we shall not permit the restoration of capitalism in China,

never permit that rotten traitor Liu Shao-chi to
undermine the building of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat,
to tear away the building stones
of the foundations of socialism.

Heroic National Guards who joined in the uprising and defended
the Commune



Hold to the continuing revolution,
get rid of decay in the superstructure
and rubbish in ideology, taking hold of
the wheels of history, steering them
along a solid revolutionary path
towards communism, thus
advancing swiftly towards our goal.

The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution
brought a cleansing wind to socialist China,
establishing the Dictatorship of the Proletariat
as firm as a bastion of steel;
flowers of socialist construction
as splendid as the colours of a rainbow;
a century ago
the Red Flag of the Paris Commune
illuminated
a bright new starting point,
today
Chairman Mao raises the Red Flag
extending the revolutionary road of the Paris Commune
forty thousand kilometres.

Look, the Red Flag of the Paris Commune
and our red flag of victory are blending with
each other.
Listen, the sound of the footsteps of the Communards
are one with the sound of ours
continuing the revolution.

IV

The Red Flag of the Paris Commune
streams high throughout the world.

The fire of the red flag
glows
on the panes of windows of the Commune committee,
reflecting the flames of armed struggle,
levelling
the edifices of imperialism, revisionism and reaction.

**“Peoples of the world, unite and
defeat the U.S. aggressors and all their running dogs!”**

In Indo-China

the call of people's war
heralds the march to victory.

In the Jordan River valley, guerrillas lift rifles
battling colonialists;
from rugged coasts of the Atlantic
to scorching sands of windswept Gobi
revolutionary flames burn everywhere.

Today I see

how the storm of *The Internationale*
leaps over mountain peaks.

“Let each stand in his place!

the Internationale shall be the human race!”

Victory will for ever belong

to Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought,

victory will for ever belong to

the revolutionary peoples daring to fight, daring to make revolution;

victory will for ever belong

to a battle flag stained with the blood of those who die for it.

Salute to the Literature of the Paris Commune

“On the dawn of the 18th of March, Paris arose to the thunderburst of ‘Vive la Commune!’” On this day the workers of Paris fired their first salvo at the old world. With guns in their hands, the revolutionaries seized power from the bourgeoisie and established the first proletarian regime in history — the Paris Commune. This insurrection, the dawn of the proletarian revolution, also saw the rise of a new and vivid proletarian literature.

“Proletarian literature and art are part of the whole proletarian revolutionary cause,” Chairman Mao Tsetung has said. The literature born of the Paris Commune grew like a storm in the great struggle. Out of the flames came many writers and poets, most of them workers, leaders of the Commune or simple soldiers. With their blood and their lives, they wrote — during the Prussian siege of Paris, the fierce fighting of the Commune's 72 days of existence, the bloody defeat, and during the days of prison and slaughter and years of exile that followed. Stirring poems, unforgettable prose, published in the newspapers, distributed as tracts, recited in clubs,

sung behind the street barricades and in trenches, calling on the people to take up arms and fight for the revolution. They were the pulse of the time, expressing the fury of the people, the ideals, hopes and demands of the working class. Listen to the angry voice of Paris:

*O ye workers, by misery crushed,
Is there a more pitiable fate
Than to suffer until death for
The powerful who rule by crime?
For the worker, like the slave of old,
Is under the yoke of iniquitous law,
And stifling the voice of suffering
Has always been the oppressors' way.
Onward, workingmen!*

(Achilles Le Roy: *Song of the Proletarians*)

Thus the tableau of armed struggle for the seizure of power! With the cry, "Smash the old and build the new!", the fearless Parisians aimed their guns at the enemy bourgeois class and marched down the road of armed struggle.

The historic day, March 18, 1871:

*Dark clouds by the dawn dispersed,
And the new world stands
On the crimson horizon!*

(Louise Michel: *The Song of the Captives*)

The Paris Commune — the world's first dictatorship of the proletariat — **"the dawn of the great social revolution which will liberate mankind from the regime of classes for ever."** For the poets it was "the day of the people," the "prologue to tomorrow." This is how one of them described the scene:

The Commune has been proclaimed.

Past the dark façade (of l'Hôtel de Ville) whose clock has chimed the hours of centuries and witnessed events now history, beneath windows crowded with respectful onlookers, marches the National Guard, cheering with calm and proud enthusiasm.

(Jules Vallès: *The Festival*)

The Commune suppressed the domination of the bourgeoisie. But the butcher Thiers and his cut-throats, working hand in glove with the Prussian invaders, threw themselves (as Lenin later wrote) **"with energy grown tenfold, with furious passion and hatred grown a hundredfold, into the battle for the recovery of the 'paradise,' of which they were deprived."** Their frenzy took the form of a military attack on revolutionary Paris. **"Our defence was strong as a wall already, now did our wills unite like a fortress."** The Communards stood ready to hand the Versailles troops a smashing blow, ready to defend their new proletarian power at any cost:

*Fingers on the trigger, the gunners are alert,
The soldier-citizens wait for the signal,
And high above the bastions, glowing and splendid,
Flies the gold-edged Red Flag of the Commune.*

(Étienne Carjat: *Les Versaillais*)

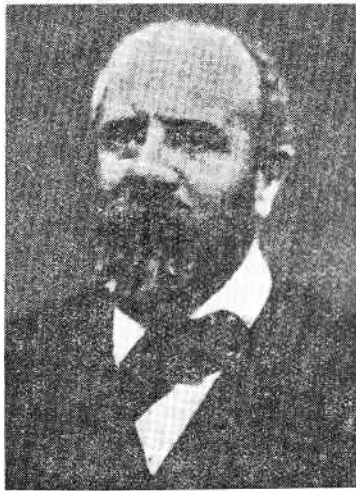
Undaunted, the Communards defied the reactionary army in a fight to death. Nevertheless, with the help of Bismarck, the reactionary troops entered Paris on May 21, only to run into the unyielding resistance of the National Guards and the people who fought behind the barricades in a battle which lasted until the 28th — the "week of blood." Jean Allemane, a member of the Commune, wrote in his *Memoirs*:

We ran to the barrier that cut the road in two and immediately set up a defence wall with paving stones. Some of us entered the Basilica of the Sacred Heart and started sniping at the Versailles soldiers from the roof. As they approached the roadblock, many were hit by our bullets and fell, but others continued advancing. However, they were caught in a fatal trap and all their attempts to escape from it proved futile.

Death-rather-than-surrender determination of the Communards! The blood of working-class heroes staining every street, every house, every inch of ground!

In fury, the sons of the Commune fought the blood-stained butchers with the pen as well as the gun:

*O frightened burgher! What do you matter?
See, under these rivers of blood you've spilled*



Eugène Pottier



Pierre Degeyter

*The revolution, which you thought dead,
Sprouts and grows up in your path,
Stronger, as if watered by heaven.*

*More beautiful and stronger does it grow
And stands before you menacingly,
And you tremble just as you trembled
As you faced the terrible week of blood.*

(Emile Deckherr: *The Week of Blood*)

Indestructible, this revolution of the Paris workers — for ever to be alive in the hearts of Paris and the world. The poets of the Commune sang of the people's fury and of their hope:

*With gun and rifle fire they killed him,
And with his flag laid him in the clay.
And the mob of greasy murderers
Thought themselves the strongest.
Yet all this has changed nothing;
The Commune is not dead!*

(Eugène Pottier: *It Is Not Dead*)

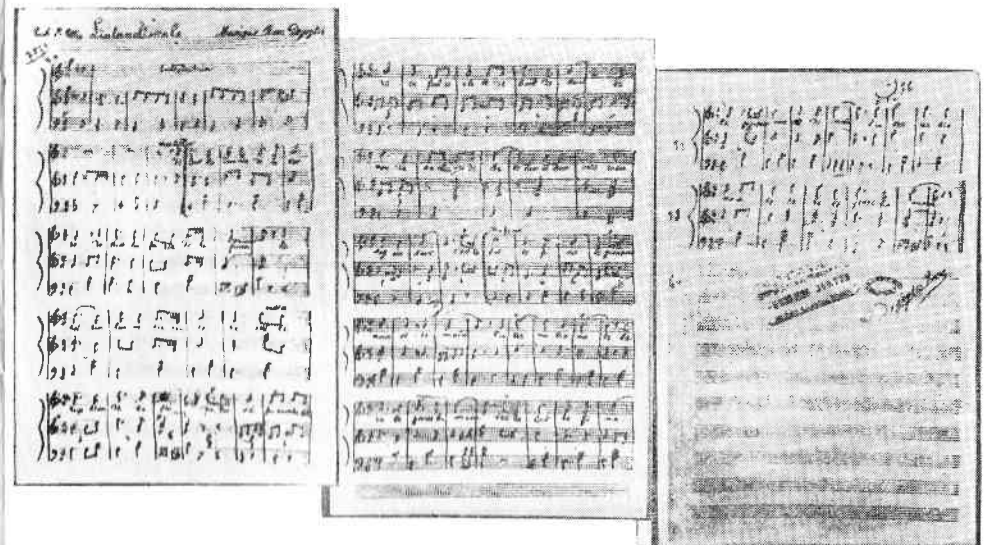
Unyielding, the valiant sons of the Commune. On the battlefield they answered the enemy with bullet and shell. Before the enemy's court they stabbed him straight in the heart with the razor-sharp word. Here is Théophile Ferré's declaration before the enemy's third military tribunal:

As a member of the Commune, I am in the hands of her conquerors. They demand my life, let them take it! Never will I save myself by cowardice.... I leave to posterity my memory and my vengeance.

The Ferrés were not the accused but the accusers. Their statements and replies before the tribunal were declarations of war upon the old society, verdicts sentencing the bourgeoisie to their inevitable end.

The Internationale deserves a very special place in the literature of the Paris Commune. Today the song of the working class all over the world, it was written by Eugène Pottier, a member of the Commune who has been called "one of the greatest propagandists by song," two days after the bloody defeat of the Commune in May, in the house of a friend in the suburbs of Paris.

Manuscript of *The Internationale*



The Internationale expresses the principle that the working class must use revolutionary violence to “destroy” and “smash” the state machinery of the bourgeois class and set up the dictatorship of the proletariat. Infused with the spirit of *The Manifesto of the Communist Party*, it calls on the “wretched of the earth,” the “prisoners of starvation” to rise up and unite. Having levelled the old world to the ground, “the earth shall rise on new foundations” — those who “have been nought” “shall be all.” “We must decide and do it well” after the seizure of power and annihilate the “bloody birds of prey” so that the sun will shine for ever. With the enthusiasm of life, the certainty of victory and triumphant power, the composer finished the song with these words:

*‘Tis the final conflict,
Let each stand in his place;
The Internationale
Shall be the human race!*

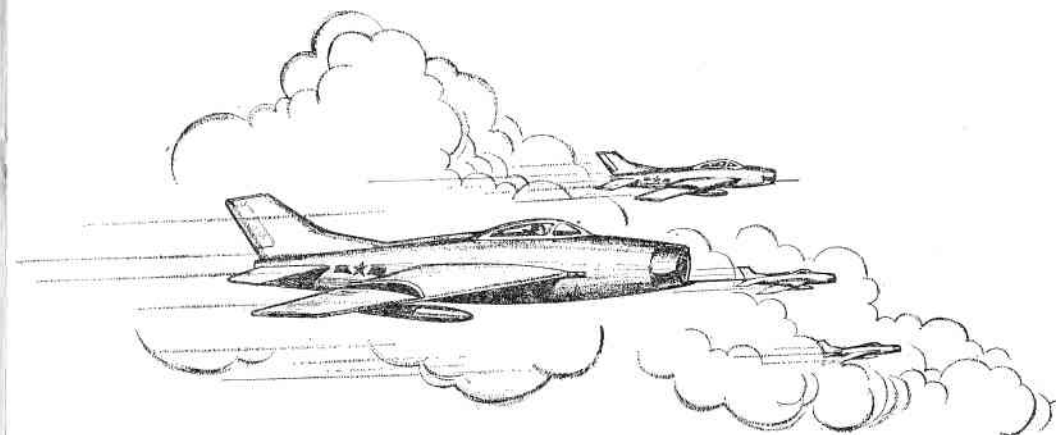
Immortal fighting song of the proletariat! A torch, thrust up out of the sea of the Commune’s blood to light the universe!

Seventeen years later, Pierre Degeyter, a worker-composer from Lille, put Pottier’s poem to a solemn and majestic music — and *The Internationale* took wing across mountains and oceans to be sung in every corner of the earth.

It was the great Lenin who said, **“The workers of all countries have adopted the song of their foremost fighter, the proletarian poet, and have made it the world-wide song of the proletariat.”** **“In whatever country a class-conscious worker finds himself, wherever fate may cast him, however much he may feel himself a stranger, without language, without friends, far from his native country — he can find himself comrades and friends by the familiar refrain of the Internationale.”**

The literature of the Paris Commune was the dawn of a world-wide proletarian literature. **“The principles of the Commune are eternal and cannot be destroyed.”** The literature of the Commune too is eternal, carrying the splendor of the proletarian revolution.

Stories



Wu Chin-chieh

New Heights

If it’s altitude you’re talking about, Second Squadron flew the highest. If it’s speed, Second Squadron was certainly the fastest. Why challenge them, of all the squadrons, to a practice air duel? Yet that was exactly what the young man from Fifth Squadron was doing.

“We hope the division Party committee will approve our request.” Twenty-four, he was somewhat dark complected, with heavy brows and shining eyes which reflected competence and determination. His voice was expressionless, but those eyes betrayed his eagerness. Kao Yun-piao, leader of Fifth Squadron, was attending a division headquarters conference, lasting several days, on the implementation of the instructions by Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman Lin Piao regarding military training. Our armed forces, steeled in the battles of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, were making me-

teoric progress ideologically and in military technique. Kao's proposal added fuel to the flames. The entire meeting was thrown into a ferment.

What nerve! Everybody in the division knew Second Squadron. It was famed for its living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought. Several times it had been cited for gallantry in action. Shih Meng, its leader, had been received by Chairman Mao on the Tien An Men rostrum during National Day. A Four Good squadron, it was described by admiring airmen as "a whirlwind on the ground, a dragon in the sky."

What's more, its planes were of a more advanced type than those of Fifth Squadron. They were capable of altitudes several thousand metres higher and speeds several hundred kilometres faster. Its pilots had clocked up much longer flying time. So everyone was astonished when Fifth Squadron issued the challenge.

All eyes were on Kao.

"We hope the division Party committee will approve," he repeated calmly.

"Oh," the division commander said non-committally. But he obviously was quite pleased. "Tell us what's on your minds."

Kao didn't want to make any claims in advance. "We just think it would improve our fighting ability," he said.

"You're not afraid of losing?" the division commander asked with a smile.

Kao laughed awkwardly. Everyone chuckled in a friendly manner. When he first joined the air force Kao had taken part in a practice air duel. To use his own words, his opponent had made a "live target" out of him. After landing, he was so furious he couldn't eat and sat glowering at the wall. When the division commander called him in for a chat, Kao blurted:

"I lost. How can I defend Chairman Mao and our homeland? I've been shot down by the 'enemy.' A fine soldier of Chairman Mao I am!" From the way Kao talked you'd think it was the division commander who prevented him from winning.

The commander poured him some tea and sat down opposite. In a kindly voice he explained: "It's wind and rain that temper

the eagle's wings. Storms make the green pine sink its roots deep. If a comrade goes easy on you in a practice duel, you won't be tough enough in actual battle."

From his map case the commander took out a copy of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*, and they studied some passages together.

"Winning or losing both are tests," said the division commander. "They're tests of our thinking, our working style, our technique. Both must be founded on conditions of actual warfare, otherwise they have no meaning." He paused, then took from his desk a copy of the articles by Chairman Mao affectionately known as the Three Constantly Read Articles.

"Only if we have a proletarian world outlook can we know who we are waging revolution for, who we are fighting for, who we are flying for," he continued. "Chairman Mao praises the selfless man. Men without self are men without fear. Those without fear are the most powerful fighting force."

Chairman Mao's teachings opened Kao's eyes. The fields seemed broader, the course was clearer, his wings stronger.

That was four years before. Although not a long time, Kao had taken a big stride down revolution's road, thanks to having been educated by Mao Tsetung Thought. Now when the division commander asked whether he wasn't afraid of losing, he knew that this was a reminder. Kao raised a hand and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"If I lose to a comrade in a practice exercise," he said, "it's in order that we both can defeat the enemy in battle."

"But why do you want an air duel with Second Squadron particularly? Give us your reasons."

"Why?" Kao grew excited and his brows contracted. "Because their planes are better than ours. It's not a question of winning or losing a practice air duel. If we learn how to beat them through hard, practical experience, we'll be able to take on the Americans' Phantom jets. Some say it can't be done with the planes of our squadron, but we say it can. We're going to knock down those Phantoms, and be worthy of the proletariat and Chairman Mao."



The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution had roused every fighter. Determined to defend Chairman Mao and their homeland, they were marching forward, their denunciations of imperialism, revisionism and reaction shaking the heavens. But even in the midst of this, there were those who advocated a bourgeois military line. They said that to send the type of plane Fifth Squadron was flying against the Phantoms would be like hitting a stone with an egg.

Kao had overheard someone making such a remark. That same night he went storming into division headquarters. The division Party committee was in the middle of a meeting criticizing the bourgeois military line when Kao banged open the door. He marched up and placed on the table an inscription written on red paper.

"Who says the enemy's Phantoms are stones and Fifth Squadron's planes are eggs?" he demanded. He clenched his big hands into fists. "We're hammers, hammers of the pure steel of Mao Tsetung

Thought. There's no stone we can't smash." Kao stood fuming with rage.

The division commander had looked at the inscription. It read: "We swear to be worthy of Chairman Mao! We swear to knock down the Phantom jets!"

He recalled the incident vividly. Now he said to Kao, "Your planes can't fly as high as Second Squadron's." He was deliberately stressing the difficulties.

"Altitude is a relative thing," Kao replied. "A high ideological level can make up for that."

"Their ideological level is pretty high, too," the division commander smiled.

That was something Kao hadn't thought of. He had been concentrating so hard on trying to find ways to defeat a better equipped enemy, he had forgotten that his "foe" for the purposes of practice were actually revolutionary comrades.

"Of course we must learn from them," Kao said in hasty embarrassment.

Everyone laughed. The division commander turned to Shih Meng, leader of Second Squadron. "How about it?" he asked with an encouraging smile. "Do you fellows dare to take them on?"

Shih Meng who had been repressing his eagerness jumped to his feet. "We'll do whatever the revolution requires." He gave Kao a friendly glance.

"But let me remind you. Chairman Mao says: **'In short, we must be prepared.'**" Although he was still smiling, the division commander's tone was serious. "This air duel will be for the sake of the whole division. You must learn practical lessons and sum them up for us all. So you must make thorough preparations. The division Party committee will decide when the time comes whether or not to permit this duel, depending on how well you prepare."

The conference ended. Kao shouldered his pack and hurried back to his unit. Overhead a flight of war hawks hurtled across the blue.

II

Fifth Squadron consisted of four pilots — Kao, Wei Kang, Ting Yi and Lin Hsin-ming. All were rated as Five Good fighters. Since their unit was known as the "Tiger Squadron," everyone said their duel with Second Squadron would be a sky battle between "a tiger and a dragon." In courage and ideological level both were evenly matched, though in arms and equipment Second Squadron was far superior. But a people's army never places its main reliance on military hardware to win victory. No one, therefore, could predict what the outcome would be.

As Kao, returning from the conference at the division headquarters, neared his camp, his comrades came running to meet him. He had been away only three days, but they greeted him like a long-lost brother.

"Did they approve?" Lin asked eagerly.

Kao mopped the sweat from his face and fanned himself with his cap. He was breathing hard from his rapid march. "Not yet. Whether they do or not depends on how we prepare."

"Good." Lin smacked his thigh emphatically. "In that case, it's in the bag."

They walked towards camp, and Kao told them what had been covered in the conference. Wei and Ting reported on the squadron's activities.

"Have our meetings on the application of Chairman Mao's military concepts begun yet?" asked Kao.

"Yesterday."

"Let's have another one tonight. I want to catch up," said Kao. "What about fighting better enemy planes? Have you any leads on that?"

"We've got some ideas. We thought we'd wait till you came back before going into them," said Wei.

"It's man himself that counts the most. We're sure to work something out," Lin said confidently.

By the time their meeting finished that night, it was ten o'clock. Kao was still thinking of what they had said.

In given conditions an inferior position can be changed into a superior one. It was necessary to create these conditions so as to hasten the reversal of positions. But how? It wasn't going to be easy. Kao repeated to himself Chairman Mao's words: "**We go there to work and struggle to overcome these difficulties.**"

Gradually the moonlight shining in the window drifted away. The silvery orb hung motionless in the centre of heavens. Weary insects beneath the trees and in the fields grew still. The only sound was the occasional chimes of the clock in the main airport building. The hour was late.

Kao put down his pencil and stood up. He checked the mosquito nets of his sleeping comrades, closing those which had been kicked open. Then he drenched his head beneath the tap, shook the water off and went outside.

There wasn't cloud in the dark blue sky. Vast, quiet, it seemed to be breathing. Faint stars gleamed with the intimacy of the lights on his plane's dashboard. How imposing, the firmament of our great motherland. But the dear sky recalled cruel memories.

In the old society, the landlord traditionally came around on the last day of the year to collect his debts. On one such occasion, when Kao's father couldn't pay, the landlord burned down their thatched shack. Kao was less than a month old at the time. His father carrying him in his arms, his mother leaning on his father, they left the village.

The parents wanted to abandon the baby where someone could find him. It was snowing, a gale raged. The mother was hoarse from weeping. They put him on the side of a mound out of the wind. The father removed his tunic, which was practically in shreds, and wrapped it around him. "Let's hope some good-hearted person will take you," he muttered.

Sobbing, the mother hugged the infant and suckled him for the last time. Steeling herself, she put him down and, with the father, walked away. The baby began to cry. Mother and father hurried back and picked him up again. This happened three times. Finally, they took him with them.

Kao spent most of his first two years in the basket his father carried on his back when they went begging. They led a meagre existence right up until the time of Liberation.

Tears came to Kao's eyes as he recalled those days. He looked up at the sky and thought proudly, joyously: "Today I defend our homeland, I'm a flier for Chairman Mao, China's sky belongs to its working people. There's no problem we can't lick. Enemy planes may come, but they'll never leave in one piece."

Kao returned to his quarters and read again Chairman Mao's famous Three Constantly Read Articles, which treat so succinctly with serving the people, revolutionary determination and proletarian internationalism. How many heroes were educated by these splendid articles, what deeds they performed, how many hardships they overcame. The Three Constantly Read Articles set hearts afire. As he read, Kao thought: "Altitude and interception are the key to winning the air duel. Ideology, Mao Tsetung Thought, is the key to altitude and interception. If we can grasp Chairman Mao's great concepts, working out a method won't be hard. We'll be wise and strong."

The next day, Kao and his squadron reported to the practice room. Maps and charts covered the walls. Models of various types of planes hung from the ceiling. In the centre of the room were simulated cockpits with complete controls. Quotations from Chairman Mao were on the walls. On the table were copies of his works.

Kao and the others first studied and discussed related passages by Chairman Mao on military matters. Then they sought to apply them in their practice. Everyone was energetic and in high spirits. Their faces shone.

"'Enemy plane' at 150 degrees. Speed 2,000 kilometres per hour. Altitude 15,000 metres," Kao sang out.

Lin moved his control column to the left and pressed down on his left rudder pedal. His "plane" veered sharply leftwards, putting it at a virtually ninety-degree angle to his "foe."

"Height, get height," Kao shouted.

But Kao's warning was too late, and the "enemy" escaped.

"Stop," he ordered angrily. "Why didn't you climb?"

"The rules say we should not get any closer than that to an enemy plane," Lin retorted righteously.

"That's the whole problem," Ting interrupted. "When you're fighting a better equipped foe, you've got to stick close. His heavy armour makes him clumsy and puts him at a disadvantage, and we can make full use of our lightness and manoeuvrability."

"What's more, we have to take him by surprise," added Wei. "We should intercept boldly at a wide angle."

"Victory depends on courage," Kao said. "Chairman Mao teaches: **'Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.'** You can't be afraid to die. You've got to be brave to beat a better equipped enemy. You have to dare to fight, dare to race him for altitude."

In all parts of the practice room, pilots were reading aloud from the Three Constantly Read Articles. They were reviewing in their minds what it is that a proletarian lives for, and why he should serve the people heart and soul.

Finally Kao and his men worked out their battle tactics. This plan soon caused a minor disturbance.

III

It happened like this. They had decided on wide-angle interception. Kao was studying Chairman Mao's *On Contradiction*. He pondered over the words: **"Between the opposites in a contradiction there is at once unity and struggle, and it is this that impels things to move and change."**

He thought: "Development depends on the struggle of opposites within a contradiction. Strategy and tactics are the product of the struggle between us and the enemy. Our plan can be developed only in actual battle conditions. But why are we seeking this air duel with Second Squadron? In order to learn better how to wipe out our common foe. When we improve the fighting technique of our two squadrons, each flying a different type of plane, the real loser will be the enemy."

Kao took his model plane and map case and hurried to where Second Squadrons' planes were standing on the field. While he was still a distance away, Shih Meng hailed him.

"I was just going to look for you."

Kao was startled. Could it be for the same reason? "To tell us some of your valuable experience?" he demanded with a grin.

Shih Meng climbed out of his plane and playfully punched him on the shoulder. "Don't try to kid me. What are you here for?"

"To state our conditions."

"Well, what are they?"

"First, treat us like a real enemy. You're not to go easy on us in the air duel."

Shih Meng laughed. "Don't worry. It's a crime against the revolution to do that in a practice exercise. But the same goes for you fellows."

Kao laughed too. "It's a deal."

"Good. What's your second condition?"

"Second, look over our battle plan and give us your opinions."

"I hear you've worked out some new tactics."

"We don't know whether they're any good or not. They've never been tried."

"Secret, eh?"

"No secrets among us proletarians," Kao said jestingly.

"Why do you want to tell us?"

"If you find flaws, we can change and improve the plan. Everything goes from contradiction to struggle to development."

Shih Meng shook Kao's hand warmly. "You've thought this out much better than we have."

"Now who's kidding whom? You were just about to do the same with your plan."

They both laughed.

The concrete runway was scorching hot in the blazing sun. Model planes in hand, the two squadron leaders demonstrated the tactics they intended to use against each other, sparing no details. The division commander, who was passing by some distance away, saw them and smiled with satisfaction.

Word got around rapidly. The next day, when Fifth Squadron was holding its pre-flight study session, Lin suddenly announced to Kao: "I've got a criticism of you."

Kao grinned. He knew what was coming. He handed Lin a glass of ice-water. "Take this and cool off a little first."

Lin drained the glass, wiped his mouth and plumped himself down. "Do you want to win or not?" he demanded.

"Of course."

"Looks to me like you want to lose."

"I want to lose too," Kao said calmly.

"Is the air duel still on?"

"Sure."

"You've told our opponents our whole plan. We're sure to lose. What's the good of this air duel?" Lin asked heatedly.

Kao handed him a palm-leaf fan. "What do you think its purpose ought to be?"

"To learn how to beat better equipped planes. That's obvious."

"Right. That means we not only have to study Chairman Mao's military concepts. We have to put them into practice and sum up the results, we want to win, but against the real enemy. We don't mind losing in the air duel since it's to our own comrades. But, win or lose, we've got to do our best."

"Naturally," Lin cut him short. "But tactics are developed mainly in battle, where neither side knows what the other is up to. That's how you learn to think fast. In real battle what enemy ever tells you what his tactics are going to be?"

It seemed to Kao that Lin was not clear on the dialectical relationship between the air duel and real battle, that he had a bit of winning for its own sake in his approach. This could be dangerous in actual combat and have a bad effect on the race for altitude.

"Of course a real enemy wouldn't tell us his tactics in advance," said Kao. "That's why Chairman Mao says: **'Being prepared, we shall be able to deal properly with all kinds of complicated situations.'** That means we have to know ourselves and know our opponents. Since the enemy doesn't tell us, we have to analyse

and anticipate his tactics. Even more important, we must grasp Chairman Mao's military concepts and have true proletarian courage. Only with a high level of thinking can we reach a high tactical level and fly at high altitudes. Our shortcomings are an objective fact. If we don't expose them before our comrades, we'll expose them before our enemies. When we get our comrades' help, even if we lose, we're bound to gain. If our faults don't show till we get into battle, we're likely to take losses. Practice and actual combat are not quite the same thing."

"I still don't see it," said Lin.

That was obvious enough from the young fellow's expression and manner. But before Kao could go on, the order came for them to mount their planes. Kao directed the squadron to fight according to their original plan. They took off.

Fifth Squadron failed in both of its air duels that day. The news became the talk of the regiment.

IV

They had vied with planes of the same type as their own. Everyone was sure that Kao would use the new tactics his squadron had been sweating into shape for days, and "slaughter" his opponents with the devastating type of close quarters fighting Fifth Squadron usually employed so well. But although they had spotted the "foe" first and quickly jockeyed themselves into an advantageous position, they merely followed at a distance, as though they hadn't the power to catch up. When they fired, it was at nearly twice the prescribed range. And they did this not when the "enemy" was flying level and relatively easy to hit, but when they were taking sophisticated evasion action.

But Fifth Squadron did very well in sticking to their "foe." They maintained the distance they had decided upon as if in formation. Nothing their opponents did could shake them off.

Fifth Squadron was credited with knocking down three in the first duel, for a loss of seven of their own.

In the second they made a wide angle interception while flying at more than a thousand kilometres per hour. They had never travelled at that speed at that angle before, and many of the watchers were doubtful of the feasibility of the tactics. Sure enough, their opponents suddenly slowed down and Fifth Squadron sped out in front of them. If they hadn't promptly pulled up in a verticle climb, they would have presented the "foe" with a perfect target.

Both squadrons clung tenaciously to each other's tail. The duel ended in a score of zero to zero.

When the films of the fights were developed and the results posted, the whole regiment discussed them animatedly.

"Very queer. What made Fifth Squadron change their style?"

"There's something fishy about this."

"They only just squeaked by against planes of their own type. They won't even put a scratch on jets like Second Squadron's."

"If this is the way they prepare, I don't think much of it."

The tales about Second Squadron all were good. They were studying new tactics. They had invited a pilot who had been an ace in the Korean war to tell them his experience. They had scored nine hits out of ten in aerial target practice.

It didn't look very promising for Fifth Squadron. But the division commander had seen the developed films. He knew what they were attempting, and he was proud of them. Approaching their quarters he heard Kao's voice. He stopped outside the door and listened.

"We're representing the entire PLA, the entire working class in these preparations to fight the Phantom jets," Kao was saying. "It's a battle to defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. Why are we practising? For show or for actual combat? How do we prepare? By taking it easy, just going through the motions? Or by simulating the toughest, most complicated conditions possible? These two different attitudes reflect two different military lines. We're flying for Chairman Mao. We can't deviate an iota from his revolutionary line. Why did we do poorly in the air duels today? Because we weren't sufficiently prepared in our thinking. You're absolutely right. We must prepare much better."

"Even if we get only two points out of a possible five in practice, it doesn't matter, so long as those two are for hard, solid skill," said Ting.

"It isn't the score that counts," Lin said quietly. "The political commissar explained it to me. I was wrong."

"I had a lot of that mentality myself. Always wanting to shine," said Kao. "From now on, we've got to remember it's for Chairman Mao and the proletarian dictatorship we're striving, not for any personal glory."

The division commander pushed open the door. Chalk sketches of the two air duels they had fought that day covered most of the floor. Several large arrows were drawn in red chalk.

"What's this?" the commander asked with a smile. "Refuse to admit your defeat, eh?"

Kao couldn't guess what the commander was getting at. "We're holding a self-criticism meeting," he said, slightly embarrassed.

"Self-criticism?" the division commander feigned surprise. "Who told you to do that?"

"The people, our proletarian partisanship, that's who," said Lin, his usual exuberant gaiety bouncing back. "Feel my chest, commander. I've got the people beating right here in my heart."

The commander chuckled. "So you've seen the point. No more secrets?"

"No secrets from the proletariat!"

They all laughed.

"Fine. Now everybody sit down. How do you explain your defeat?"

"Weaknesses in our thinking and technique. Poor preparation," Kao replied.

"But we did our best, commander," said Lin. "Really."

"Since you made such a poor showing, I'm afraid we'll have to put off your air duel with Second Squadron," the commander said with pretended severity. He rose and started for the door.

The airmen were frantic.

"We used those tactics according to a definite plan, commander," Ting hastily confessed.

The commander chuckled. He drew a roll of film from his map case. "I could see that from this film. Thought you fooled me, did you?"

The outspoken Lin could hold back no longer. "Chairman Mao teaches that we must hit the enemy when they don't expect it, when they're unprepared," he said, "that a force with inferior equipment can defeat a well equipped force if it has dedicated soldiers who will fight fiercely at close quarters."

"Then why did you fellows attack from so far away?" The division commander was interested.

"We did that on purpose. Our squadron commander wanted us to do things the hard way, so that we could learn to cope with the worst that might happen. We knew that in real combat we would strike suddenly from close up. But if, for any reason, we shouldn't get the chance, we wanted to be able to hit them at a distance," Lin explained.

"Why did you shoot when they presented the least vulnerable target?"

"We thought that if we could hit them, regardless," said Kao, "then they'd never get away, regardless."

"But why did you come so close in your second duel?"

"We figure that in fighting better equipped planes the main thing is beating them to the higher altitudes and cutting them off," said Lin. "As long as we can intercept and meet them head on, we can handle them. Our squadron leader says: 'Revolution must race ahead with throttle wide.' That's why we always fly at top speed."

"Aren't you afraid of ending up in front of the enemy planes?"

"Our squadron leader says we'd better run the risk of that rather than falling behind them in safety."

The division commander nodded approvingly. The more they studied Chairman Mao's military concepts the more intelligent they became.

He smiled. "You barely passed the test in your second duel today, but you seemed to have learned something from it."

"Actually, we failed."

"Oh?"

"We didn't bring down any 'enemy' planes. That's the least the Party and the people expect of us."

These vital young airmen stirred the commander's heart. How quickly they matured as they mastered Mao Tsetung Thought. But he concealed his satisfaction and issued a reminder.

"The masses are the real heroes. Tap their wisdom in creating your plan. Get their criticisms and corrections and additions." He pointed at the sketch on the floor. "How about this, for example?" With a piece of chalk he drew a large "U."

There was a moment of stunned silence, then the pilots leaped to their feet. Kao enthusiastically punched the commander in the shoulder. "Great," he yelled. "That's it."

"Hey, take it easy, young fellow," said the commander. "You don't know your own strength."

They all laughed. And their laughter rang like trumpets of victory, bursting the confines of the walls and soaring into the sky.

V

The day of the big match dawned at last. A low overcast added to the complications of the weather. Early in the morning, the jets lined up at the starting line like a long wall of silvery steel stretching to the horizon. Oxygen and gasoline trucks shuttled to and fro, pumping vitality into the fighter hawks.

Bold airmen marched towards their craft in smart formation. As each pilot reached his plane, he dropped out of ranks and clambered into the cockpit. Gradually the marchers thinned out until all were seated in their jets.

Kao stuck a strip of adhesive beneath a picture of Chairman Mao. On the white surface he wrote in red with a ball-point pen: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**"

"She's tuned up beautifully, squadron leader," his mechanic said of the jet.

Kao patted him on the shoulder and nodded.

Two bursts, and green signal flares arched into the cloudy sky. Both competing squadrons, eight planes, took off.

As they rose through the clouds, they joined their respective formations. Each squadron seemed to spot the other at the same moment. The battle between "the tiger and the dragon" was joined.

They used all their tricks. Neither squadron gave an inch, each applying every advantage it had available. But neither could get the other into their gun sights. Then the unexpected happened, though it was something they all had been anticipating for some time. In the earphones of the eight pilots came the voice of the division commander:

"Attention 101, attention 202." These were the designations for Shih Meng's and Kao's squadrons. "There has been a change. Four small enemy planes are approaching. Halt your air duel. Engage them in combat immediately. Course 165."

A militant ardour filled Kao's veins. This was what they had been longing for—a chance to prove worthy of Chairman Mao. Small planes meant either F-105s or Phantoms. Both were equipped with radar and missiles and could fly at twice the speed of sound. The U.S. imperialists boasted they were the latest thing in jets. Kao had long hated these planes. Now the tactics he and his men had so painstakingly evolved flooded into his mind. His mouth clamped in a tight line.

"Good," he snapped.

Over his communicating phone he said angrily: "'All reactionaries are paper tigers.' Prepare to attack."

Like silver blades the jets of Fifth Squadron stabbed through the clouds into battle.

Second Squadron took similar action.

In headquarters, the division commander stood quietly, hands behind his back, watching the operations chart with burning eyes. Black lines, representing the course of enemy aircraft, wriggled across the brown altitude lines like snakes.

"Enemy planes thirty kilometres away. Altitude fifteen hundred metres," a staff officer announced.

The commander strode over to the radar screen. The combat area was clearly visible, with its hosts of mountains, rising to twenty-five hundred metres in height. Through the valleys the flickers of the enemy planes floated like will-o'-the-wisps.

"Twenty kilometres away. Altitude thirteen hundred."

"Cloud ceiling?" the division commander asked coolly.

"Five hundred and twenty metres," was the meteorologist's prompt reply.

The foe, confident in their superior equipment, flying low, were going to slip in. They were sure we wouldn't dare to intercept planes so bountifully endowed with military hardware.

His eyes on the radar screen, the division commander smiled contemptuously. "We'll fight, of course."

But how? The cloud ceiling was lower than the mountains, and the enemy was inside the clouds and mist. Fighting under such circumstances was like dashing through a narrow winding alley on a pitch-black night. It was all too easy to run your head against a wall. In planes travelling hundreds of metres in the blink of an eye, the danger was great.

Hands clasped behind his back, the division commander paced the operations room, deep in thought.

"202 requests to intercept within cloud formation." Kao's voice rang out over the loud-speaker.

"101 requests to attack within cloud formation."

In the operations room, all eyes turned to the commander.

He walked quickly over to the operations table and picked up the microphone.

"202 may intercept. 101 cover from above. Ground operations will control course safety," he said in a loud voice. "**'Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.'**" He put down the microphone and said to the combat staff officer, "Keep an accurate check on the terrain they're flying over. Give them frequent reports."

"Enemy planes fifteen kilometres away. Eight hundred metres altitude."

The commander grasped the microphone. His gaze on the operations chart, he said crisply, "202, descend through clouds. Course 230."

Kao pushed his control column forward. The four planes of his squadron dove through the clouds like dragons plunging into the sea. They skimmed dangerously close to the rocky face of a mountain slope.

"202, course 270, quick," shouted the commander.

The jets wound swiftly through the cloud-draped valley.

"Keep your eyes open, 202. The enemy is directly ahead."

Still lower flew the enemy planes. They were now below the cloud level. Kao followed. As they emerged in the clear, Lin's voice sounded excitedly in Kao's earphones:

"Ahead to the right, about eight kilometres. Four enemy planes."

"Get them," barked Kao. He took the lead in the rush against the foe.

Like tigers, the four planes quickly circled the enemy. Sure enough, they were Phantom jets. Rage against the U.S. imperialists surged in Kao's chest. He pressed closer, closer.

Suddenly the four Phantoms split into teams of two, separated and prepared to engage. Kao thought our force would be too weak, two against two. But if we concentrated on the leading pair, we would be attacked by the rear pair, while if we engaged the rear pair, the leading pair might turn and assault us from behind.

Kao smiled icily. He recalled Chairman Mao's teaching: "**Injuring all of a man's ten fingers is not as effective as chopping off one.**" He notified his planes 3 and 4 to climb and cover, while he and number 2 pursued the enemy rear pair closely through the valley.

"101 requests to descend through clouds and attack the leading pair." Kao's earphones crackled with the sound of Shih Meng's voice addressing operations command.

Kao grew very anxious. "Too dangerous, 101," he shouted. "Don't come down!"

But the division commander figured that the leading pair would climb above the clouds and sweep around to Kao's rear unless they were stopped. He ordered Shih Meng to engage them.

The rear pair of Phantom jets zigzagged wildly, preventing the pursuers from taking aim. Kao was burning with impatience. In his earphones he heard the division commander read him a quotation from Chairman Mao: **"Be brave, firm and cool."** The friendly voice calmed him. He wouldn't let those Phantoms escape, come what may. He decided to meet them head-on.

As the Phantoms veered to the right, Kao swung his control column to the left and pressed down hard on his left rudder pedal. His plane whooshed around to the left like a shooting star. Kao's vision blacked out, but his mind was clear. He held the control column tightly.

Before ominously looming mountains a Phantom jet rushed towards him, snarling and brandishing its claws.

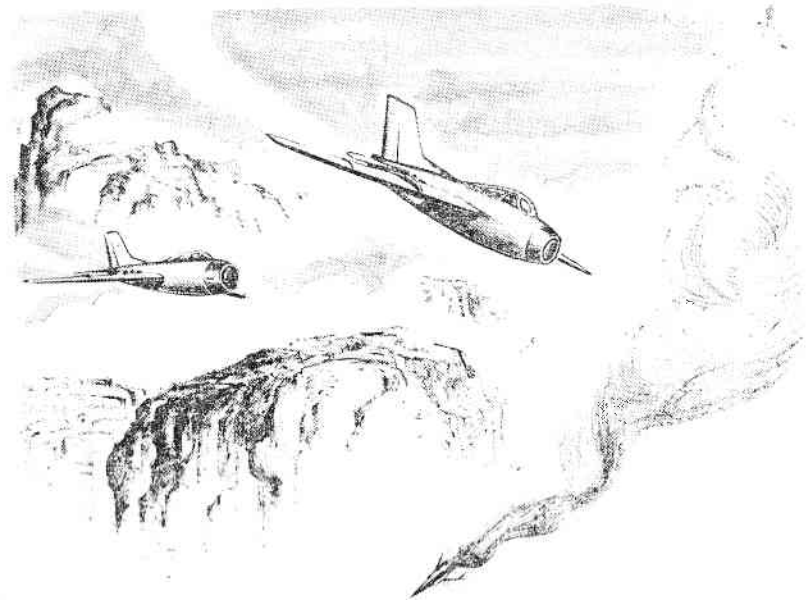
Closer and closer they hurtled. In a moment they might collide. Kao burned with a furious anger. Chairman Mao's call seemed written in huge letters of fire across the sky: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."**

Kao's strength was boundless. Both hands gripping the control column, his shoulders pressing to the left, he clenched his teeth and glared at the foe. Savage beasts! Typical fascists! He had only one thought: Charge! Charge! He would write his loyalty to Chairman Mao with his blood. That small cockpit contained the aspirations of seven hundred million people. That light control column bore the responsibility to world revolution. Even the entire universe could not encompass the largeness of Kao's heart.

Two sparks flew towards one another on the radar screen. In the operations room, men said to themselves: "Kao is keeping his promise. He's become a red artillery shell."

"Kao is a credit to Chairman Mao," the division commander said to himself. But then he thought, "There's no certainty the planes will collide. The enemy pilots never sacrifice even one gasp of their lives, if they can possibly avoid it. That's what they are like."

"Watch those Phantoms, 202," he called over the microphone.



"They'll try to flee." Planes 2, 3 and 4 shouted back their acknowledgement.

Kao could see only the mountains falling behind him and the dark figure of the enemy plane growing rapidly larger. Anger rose in him in a wave. His brows drew together like inverted swords, his eyes flashed fire, his entire life force was concentrated in his jet's control column. He looked back a moment. Wei was sticking to him like a shadow.

The leading Phantom was very close now. A collision seem inevitable. But at the last instant the foe lost his nerve. He rolled sharply to the left and pulled up into a climb.

"Fine," said Kao. "We'll see who can gain altitude the fastest." Though it meant risking running into the enemy jet, Kao hauled back on the control column. His plane shot up like a shell out of a gun, till it was higher than the foe. Then Kao dipped the nose of his jet and spewed tongues of flame at the still climbing Phantom. There was an enormous explosion, and the enemy craft flew into bits.

Two dark shapes rushed by. Ting and Lin were pursuing the other Phantom as it twisted through the mountains. "Dangerous," Kao muttered. But this was followed by a burst of gunfire, and the enemy jet became a blazing hulk which plummeted into the mountainside.

High mountains reared directly ahead. It was too late to go round them. "Climb," Kao yelled into his microphone. The four planes of Fifth Squadron sped directly up like silver arrows. At the same time Kao stamped down on his left rudder pedal. His jet veered to the left, narrowly missing an abutting cliff and spearing into the clouds. He had never performed this manoeuvre at such an altitude.

Two Phantoms were shot down, but the other two still remained. Chairman Mao says we should wipe out the enemy **"resolutely, thoroughly, wholly and completely."** Not a single Phantom could be allowed to escape.

On orders from the division commander, Kao and his squadron rose above the clouds. They found that Shih Meng and Second Squadron had already destroyed one enemy jet and was chasing the last of the foe. Kao advanced his throttle as far as it would go. Flame spurted in a long plume from the rear of his jet engine as his plane swiftly mounted to the sky above the Phantom. The foe was caught. It couldn't shake off Shih Meng, and neither could it climb because of Kao. Shih Meng opened up with his cannon. A hit! Trailing dense smoke, the enemy jet fled towards the sea.

VI

One by one our planes landed, to be greeted with cheers, laughter, handshakes, beating drums and clashing cymbals, a veritable tumult of triumph.

A car swept up from operations command and halted. The division commander jumped out and strode over to Kao and Shih Meng.

"Congratulations. You're a credit to Chairman Mao and our motherland." Smiling, he shook their hands.

"But we didn't wipe them out completely. The last one, though it was trailing smoke, got away."

Not long after, the mist dispelled and the clouds scattered, revealing a sky so blue it seemed to have been washed. Kao again led his squadron up into the vast firmament, climbing to new heights.



Red Hearts and Green Seas

“Red is the east, rises the sun...”

Strong voices rang out as the fishermen set sail. Members of a coastal commune, they had completed their regular morning study of Chairman Mao's works. Now, as a red ball of a sun seemed to leap from the misty horizon, they began their day's work.

Sunlight shimmered on the waves. A team of motorized sailing vessels, East Wind One and East Wind Two, were hauling a seine between them that bellied in a huge semi-circle. They proceeded on parallel courses, a considerable distance apart, against the wind and current. A violent gale was due, and they wanted to make their first catch before it struck, for this was the peak of the yellow fish run.

Captain Kao Hung-hai stood at the controls of East Wind One. He was secretary of the Party branch, which consisted of the Communists on both boats. Ruddy complected, tall and stalwart, Kao was fifty-five, a veteran of forty years of battles against wind and wave. Planted solid as an iron tower, with penetrating eyes he scanned the distance where sea and sky blended into one, while directing operations. His heavy eyebrows suddenly knit together

in a frown. He waved a signal flag and shouted in a stentorian voice: “Get ready. Here comes the gale.”

If only it would hold off another hour! They could haul in their catch then. The men were quite upset.

“This cursed weather,” fumed Chu Hai-sheng, captain of East Wind Two.

“Why must it pick this moment to make trouble.” Chu was in his thirties. His manner of speech was like his temperament — explosive. The fishermen called him Captain “Cannon.”

Kao signalled to him: “Rev up your engine. Full speed ahead.”

The two boats sped forward like arrows.

Weather changes quickly at sea. A few minutes later a gale rushing about wildly like ten thousand stampeding horses whipped up the waves. The fishermen say of the billows: “On a calm day three feet high, when the gale blows they reach the sky.” East Wind One and East Wind Two were tossed lightly about, rising in an instant to the top of mountainous waves, then plunging down into deep briny valleys. Their bows threw up sheets of water which flew past the masts and drenched the boats from stem to stern.

Captain Kao never turned a hair. He stood calmly in the control room and looked at a picture of our great leader Chairman Mao. Warmth flowed into his heart. He felt filled with energy. “Comrades,” he shouted above the roar of the waves, “remember Chairman Mao's teaching: **‘Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.’**” The fishermen recited the quotation in chorus, and their confidence grew.

The boats sailed on. There was a lot of excited bustle on a boat ahead to the right, and its captain hastily waved a message with his signal flag. “That's bad,” Kao exclaimed.

What was wrong? The boat had dropped anchor that morning and spread a net for fish and prawns. As they were hauling in, the nylon ropes snapped in the heavy sea. The floats bobbed wildly as the net floated away on the current, then the whole business disappeared beneath the waves. Captain Chen immediately signalled Kao to get his boat out of the way.

But it was too late. Even as Kao was swinging his rudder over hard, something struck with a thud, and East Wind One slowed almost to a full stop. The drifting net had fouled the propeller. Kao urged his crew to keep cool. He signalled East Wind Two to slow down.

The comrades on East Wind Two could see clearly what had happened. They were very concerned. Captain "Cannon" heatedly ripped open his jacket, pounded his right fist into the palm of his left hand, then flung arms downward and cried, "There goes our plan!"

Of course the boat couldn't sail very well with a net wrapped around its propeller. It would have to be moored to the shore. Then, when the tide went out and the boat rested on the sand, the net could be removed. The whole operation might take two or three days. By that time the yellow fish run would be over. They wouldn't come even near catching their quota, to say nothing of making a bigger contribution to China's socialist construction and to world revolution.

Captain "Cannon" fumed. Then he got an idea. He signalled to Kao to proceed full speed ahead.

Kao, who was talking things over with his crew, frowned when he saw the signal. The idea was that he should cut the net to shreds with his propeller and shake it off. His men's reaction was divided.

"Maybe that would work," a few said hopefully.

But most of them were against it. "If we ruin our brothers' net and send it to the bottom," they said, "it would be thinking only of ourselves. We can't do that."

Kao agreed. He called them together and they read from Chairman Mao's *Quotations*. They recited these passages aloud:

"At no time and in no circumstances should a Communist place his personal interests first; he should subordinate them to the interests of the nation and of the masses."

"Take the interests of the whole into account."

They also studied a recent call by Chairman Mao: **"Unite to win still greater victories."**

In the discussion that followed they agreed that, in the spirit of Chairman Mao's teachings, they should accept any number of disadvantages rather than inconvenience their class brothers. They definitely would not destroy the net. Nor would they use the old method of beaching their boat.

But what was the alternative? Many different proposals were put forward. While this was going on, Kao noticed that the crew of East Wind Two had also taken out their little red books and were sitting around in a circle, studying and discussing. He was very pleased.

"How about this?" he suggested. "We'll stop and untangle the net right here. That will save time and save the net. We'll be able to get on with our fishing and our brothers will still be able to use the net, after patching it up a little."

The men shouted their approval. Everyone began demanding that he be allowed to go down under the boat and free the net. Kao was moved by their enthusiasm. But he knew that besides revolutionary ardour a cool head and concrete methods were needed as well.

"We've got to see what the situation is down there first," he said.

"Another signal," someone yelled.

All eyes turned to East Wind Two. Captain "Cannon's" flag read: "Cancel previous signal."

Kao understood. After studying the little red book, Captain "Cannon" had realized what was the correct thing to do. "He's a good fellow," Kao commended.

Soon they worked out a plan of action. But whoever went into the water would have to be quite fearless. The whole crew was eager to go. Kao formed them into various teams, but decided that he must be the first. He convinced the crew of his reasons and said he would need one man to accompany him.

Again, everyone volunteered. A lad by the name of Keng was extremely insistent. He said that the big traitor Liu Shao-chi had been trying to poison people with the idea that "the most important thing in life is to survive," and that he wanted to bury that craven philosophy by his own actions in the bottom of the sea.

Kao accepted him. Both quickly stripped off their outer garments and dived in. They swam like porpoises through the heaving waves, then flipped over and sped down with strong deft kicks. The current was strong in the murky darkness beneath the boat. It soon separated the two men.

Swimming underwater against the flow, Kao groped about till he found an edge of the net. He began pulling it towards the bow. Kao was a big man, weighing over 180 pounds, but a powerful current suddenly sucked him under the boat. Although they had stopped the engine, the tossing craft was quite capable of crushing his skull with its rudder or propeller. Moreover, Kao was getting dizzy from holding his breath so long. Every move he made now increased his danger.

Silently he recited Chairman Mao's words: **"I am for the slogan: 'Fear neither hardship nor death.'"** Kao had been a boatman who ferried PLA fighters across the Yangtze in pursuit of the fleeing Kuomintang army in 1949, and had displayed outstanding courage. Now, he seemed to feel himself back in battle. With increased energy he drove forward, forward....

Keng, after being separated from Kao by the current, struggled to reach their underwater objective. Because he hadn't much fat on him, the cold water made him shiver. But he felt warm inside and encouraged himself with Chairman Mao's teachings and recollections of the examples of proletarian heroes. Gritting his teeth, he searched for Kao and the net.

The crew watched tensely from the deck. Every tick of the clock was like a blow against their hearts. Still no sign of the divers! The fishermen couldn't stand it. They began peeling off their clothes.

Two splashes were heard. Captain "Cannon" and one of his crew were already in the water, swimming towards them. Two young fellows from East Wind One promptly knifed into the sea.

Just then Keng surfaced, hauling Captain Kao. They both were quickly pulled on deck. Kao was unconscious, his face bleeding.

"Our captain is really a man of iron," the boy exclaimed. "Untangling that net under the boat is riskier than pulling teeth from the mouth of a tiger."

Kao, who was being given emergency treatment, revived. He rolled to his feet. "Come on," he said. "We've got to the net." Everyone urged him to rest. But he wouldn't listen. He told what kind of situation he had found beneath the boat and assigned various tasks. Then he jumped again into the sea. Men of the third and fourth teams followed.

The crews of both boats were in fine fighting spirit. On East Wind Two a young fellow excitedly cried: "Look. Captain 'Cannon' is giving us an order."

Sure enough, the captain was waving his hand towards his craft from the water. "Jump," he was shouting. "Jump!"

With a yell, a dozen men of East Wind Two hit the waves almost as one man.

A small sampan from the boat which lost the net came rowing up against the gale. Captain Chen and another dozen strong young fishermen were hastening to join the battle. As they neared East Wind One, they also jumped into the water.

The gale was fierce and the seas were high, but what was that to men armed with Mao Tsetung Thought? They made a stirring picture as they fought dauntlessly against the elements. Kao, now on the surface, now beneath the waves, directed the operations. At last the men extricated the net. Once more the engine of East Wind One roared and its propeller spun freely.

"Long live Chairman Mao!" Cheers thundered over the bounding main.

Chen, moved beyond words, tightly gripped Kao's hand. Captain "Cannon" had tears in his eyes.

"What happened today has been a real education to me," he said to Kao.

Kao shouted to be heard above the wind: "When we use Mao Tsetung Thought we can quell the biggest waves and crack the toughest problems."

Gradually the storm passed. Once more the skies above the sea were clear. In the glowing sunlight the men of the three vessels quickly repaired the broken lines and net. Then East Wind One and East Wind Two again proceeded on parallel courses, sailing swiftly over the golden seas.

The First Step

"I'm a worker now!" Liu Ying said to herself. Liu was a girl apprentice who had just been sent to the dockyard and put in the care of a veteran worker. She hurried happily after him to where the construction of a ten-thousand-ton ship was in full swing.

The young girl looked down now and then at her new outfit, her worker's overalls, the bucket of paint and brush she carried. "How lucky I am," she thought, "to begin work on this big ship the first day I come here."

Although her mind was filled with such a pleasant thought she watched the master-workman leading the way and followed him closely. This veteran worker, named Hung, a Communist, was very active in applying Chairman Mao's thought to his work and daily life and a fine teacher to help mould young apprentices into good workers. Young Liu had already made up her mind that since she came from a worker's family she would learn carefully from him.

The girl had to hurry to keep up for, even when walking, Hung went at full pelt. It was a cold morning and an icy north wind

whipped her cheeks till they were red, but going at such a pace kept her warm enough. "Old Hung is like a soldier charging the enemy when he works," she remembered hearing others say of him. She knew too that he was over forty but it was all she could do to keep up with him!

Inside the dockyard they merged with the vast crowd of workers who, after finishing their morning study of Chairman Mao's works, were all streaming towards the ship and their various work sites. Hung and Liu had to slacken their pace a little, but it was not long before Liu caught her first glimpse of the huge vessel, its masts, bridge and hull all golden in the morning sun. She was so excited she wished she could jump aboard in just one big leap.

Taking their turn Hung and his apprentice arrived at a gangway up which they climbed to the deck, then going down again through a small opening they came to the oil bunker where they were to work. The walls were of steel and it was extremely cold there, much more so than outside. In spite of a hanging lamp it was also rather dark. Liu straightened up to look at the ceiling but struck her head against a steel beam, jerking her neck. Hung saw her frown and reminded himself that she was a youngster just out of school. "She's not been through any revolutionary storms," he thought. "Her real education is only just beginning. She must be helped to learn from Mao Tsetung Thought." He knew it was a much harder task for him to help shape a revolutionary worker than to help build a ship.

Sitting down and taking his copy of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*, he invited the girl to join him. Together, their voices blending, they read, "What is work? Work is struggle..." After a short discussion Liu felt full of strength and courage. Hung then began to teach his apprentice how to apply the heavy oil paint to the steel walls. He stayed with her until he felt sure she understood the technique. Then he went off to paint in another bunker.

As she started to work a small voice inside Liu began to sing, "I'm a painter now! I'm a painter now!" She worked meticulously but realized she was slow and became annoyed with herself.

"Other painters work much faster than this," she thought. "I must speed up a bit." She had to squat to reach the lowest part of the wall but her legs soon became numb. Then she knelt on the icy floor, urging herself on with every brush stroke, "Faster! Faster! Every stroke is helping to complete the ship."

Time passed. The cold seeped through her thick clothing till she was chilled to the bone. But all she thought was "I must work faster. That'll warm me up as well as finish this job." She swung her brush in wide arcs over the steel wall, applying one wave of paint after another.

"Hey there, youngster. Aren't you cold?" asked an electric welder, poking his head through the opening. "Come on out for a rest and warm up."

"Who's a youngster? I'm a painter," Liu, slightly angry, shouted back at him.

"A painter," he echoed, smiling as he noticed the walls. "What's that stuff you're putting on, paint or thick lacquer?"

Liu stopped working to look at the wall she had just finished, surprised to see that the paint which she had applied too thickly was full of heavy wrinkles. It was fortunate that Hung returned just then.

"You're very quick, young comrade," he said smiling to encourage her, while with his own brush he began to remove some of the excess paint. "We workers accept responsibility for both the Chinese and world revolution," he went on while he skilfully continued to remove the wrinkles. "This brush is our weapon. We're using it in the battle against imperialism, revisionism and all reaction. We must use our weapon like our soldiers use their guns, steady, exact, and powerfully."

"Yes, Master Hung," Liu agreed. "What you say is right. All I was thinking about was speed."

"Well, that would be all right if you paid attention to the quality of your work at the same time," he told her, pleased with the way she had quickly and frankly criticized herself. He suggested it was time they both went to the deck to warm up and have a rest. As soon as they arrived another young worker asked Hung to help

him mix some coloured paints. So, after telling Liu to do a few exercises to limber up, Hung left her and hurried away.

The girl had already gone when Hung returned. He searched the bunkers but she was not in any of them. Back on deck he thought he heard her voice somewhere at the stern. He leaned against the bulwark, craning his neck to look down over the side of the ship and there she was with another worker on a gangplank suspended from the deck. It swayed perilously as they painted a patch of the hull and beneath them was nothing but the rolling sea. It was an extremely dangerous job for an inexperienced painter and Hung, afraid that she might lose her balance, ordered her to come back to the deck. It was the worker beside the girl who explained, "When I came to borrow some paint from her a moment ago, she insisted on coming to help me. She works well here. You don't have to worry, Master Hung."

"Please don't praise me, comrade," Liu said. "You should have seen the awful job I did down in one of the bunkers."

"Aren't you nervous working down there?" asked Hung.

Indicating the other worker with her head, Liu answered, "This worker told me not to look down. I like painting out here. I'm not a bit afraid."

It was a small job and soon finished. Helped by her companion Liu scrambled up on deck but, as she threw her leg over the rail her bucket of paint hit it and besides splashing over Hung the paint poured onto the deck. The girl was annoyed and terribly embarrassed by her clumsiness. Hastily she dragged out an old paint rag from her overall pocket and began to wipe the splashes from Old Hung's clothes. But he pushed her hand aside. Bending down he used his brush to scoop up the paint on the deck and put it back into the bucket. "This paint has lead in it," he explained to the flustered girl. "We mustn't waste a scrap of it. A few splashes on us don't matter. We're used to it, but there's some spilled here that we can save."

Liu admired Hung's thoughtfulness and helped him to recover what they could from the deck. She noticed that her new overalls were splattered with rust and paint. To hide her embarrassment

she joked, "I look like a real painter now, don't I? Just look at me!"

Hung shook his head with a forced smile. "It's not clothes that make a good painter," he told her. "It's what goes on in here," he added, touching his forehead with his fingers. He spoke gently but every word struck Liu like a sledge hammer. Looking down at the big smear of paint on the deck she acknowledged, "I've been very careless and wasteful."

"Young Liu," Hung continued, "you must get busy and arm yourself with Mao Tsetung Thought. You must plunge into the battle, the class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment. Then you'll really become a fine painter."

When that first long workday ended Liu returned to her dormitory. The first thing she did that evening was to write in her diary. "Now I've changed into worker's overalls, I must change my thinking too. I must study Mao Tsetung Thought and then one day I'll be a good worker like Master Hung."

II

Winter passed; spring returned. Carried by the wind, the sound of the workers' efforts to complete the ship reverberated everywhere. There was a tremendous bustle all over the dockyard. The big 15-ton crane was not idle for a moment as it swung heavy pieces of equipment onto the deck. Unfortunately a small mechanical breakdown stopped it one evening. Without losing any time the welders repaired it that same night. Liu knew it needed painting but that work should not stop the next day. That morning right at daybreak she was at the dockyard, and with her bucket of paint she went straight over to the crane.

The tower was at least four-stories high and the arm doubled that and more. When the girl reached the foot of this giant, calmly and without any hesitation she began to climb up the narrow steep iron ladder. She climbed so swiftly it seemed as though she would reach the top in one breath.

"Who's there?" a voice came from below. "What are you doing up there?"

Liu looked down to see who was calling but instantly she became dizzy and had to clutch the railing to steady herself. Equipment and people below looked very small in the dim dawn light. A truck ran past the foot of the crane and she felt it vibrate. "Don't look down!" That was what the other worker had taught her when she had helped him over the side of the ship on a gangplank. She remembered the warning in time and continued to climb.

After only a few steps more she looked up and exclaimed in surprise, "Why, it's you up there, Master Hung!" There he was right at the top before her, but she had not seen him while she was climbing up. Then she reached the top and together with Hung, painted the repaired part. When they had finished the girl looked towards the east.

What a distance she could see! The sea stretched away to the horizon, the undulating waves glistening under the rays of the rising sun. There were several ships in the distance.

Liu cried out in excitement, "What a wonderful view!"

"Yes, the higher up you are, the farther you can see," Hung said significantly. "We painters work on a ship, but we must keep the whole world in view. Eh, my girl?"

"Of course," she answered. "We have to paint the whole new world red."

"A new world will only be built by hard struggle," Hung continued. "We must all learn the lessons that Chairman Mao teaches us and use our knowledge to defeat our class enemies both at home and abroad. While we're doing that we must also fight against our own selfishness and wrong ideas. Only when our minds are clean can we see the revolutionary line clearly and follow it in the right direction. We must stand high and look far!"

Late that night, all lights in the dormitory went out, yet Liu still sat on a chair by the window. Her mind was in a turmoil from the excitement of the day and all she had learned while high up on the top of the crane. She picked up a copy of Chairman Mao's article

on Doctor Norman Bethune and, not wishing to disturb others, flicked on her flashlight to read:

“Comrade Bethune’s spirit, his utter devotion to others without any thought of self, was shown in his boundless sense of responsibility in his work and his boundless warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people.”

The words “boundless sense of responsibility” and “boundless warm-heartedness” immediately raised a question in her mind. “Do I have a boundless sense of responsibility in my work and boundless warm-heartedness towards my comrades?” she asked herself seriously. “I thought I went to the crane early enough this morning, but Master Hung was there before me. This must mean that I’m not as devoted to the public interest as he is.” Remembering what Hung had said to her that morning, she was lost for a while in deep thought, then still holding the flashlight, she wrote in her diary, “No one can see far along the revolutionary road unless he is entirely devoted to the interests of the people.”

III

By the middle of summer the big ship was nearing completion. Last minute painting was still needed but the painters often had to make way for other finishers. Hung and Liu used their time well and, by sometimes painting while others took their rest or re-arranging their work places, they completed all their assignments.

One day the painters were given an emergency task. It was to clean off the rust and paint deep inside the hull right in the bows of the ship.

In this very narrow section, inside steel walls heated by the summer sun, the place would be like a furnace. It would really take a big battle to carry out this emergency task.

The responsible comrade on the leading revolutionary group called all the painters together to ask for their opinions. “We can do it,” the men said. “The welders finished their job down there ahead of time. So can we.” Picking up their tools and paint

buckets they were preparing to go when suddenly a clear young voice called out from behind them, “I’ve something to say!”

It was Liu. Her face was flushed with excitement as she continued, “I suggest we use borax and barium, instead of lead paint for this job.”

The older workers looked at Liu with surprise, knowing she was an apprentice who had only been working in the shipyard for a few months. They understood quite well that her suggestion was made to save precious lead for the state.

“The fumes from borax and barium are pretty strong but they’re a good substitute for lead paint,” Liu explained. “We workers should do what’s best for the revolution, no matter how difficult it is.”

“She’s right! For the sake of revolution we should fear no hardship,” Hung shouted loudly in support of his apprentice’s proposal. He was pleased to see a young worker maturing so well.

The leading comrade of the revolutionary group agreed. “Liu’s suggestion is good,” he said as he looked around at the other workers and saw their nods of approval. A shock team was quickly formed. Its members repeated together, “To make revolution we fear no hardship or difficulty. We’ll finish this job in record time to win honour for our motherland.”

Down in the bow of the ship the battle began. The noise was deafening as the painters struck at the rust and scraped the steel walls clean. Chips and powdered rust filled the air; the beat was terrific and they were all soaked with sweat. But not one stopped to rest until the walls were as smooth and shining as a polished mirror.

The painters were divided into two groups, one to work while the other rested outside, changing places every ten minutes to prevent heatstroke. The first group, while reciting, **“Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,”** plunged in with Liu leading. She went immediately to the lowest and most cramped space, using long brush strokes with precision and care. The hot air filled with rust dust and the pungent odour of the paint nearly choked her. Even though she became dizzy

she persisted by fixing her eyes on her brush as she applied the paint to the wall in long sweeping strokes.

Even before it was time the men on the second shift rushed down, Old Hung leading the way and pushing the members of the first group up to rest. They began to work. When Hung reached the deepest and most difficult place he saw Liu there and shouted to her to go up for a rest. She did not stop working. "I'm not tired yet," was all she said, continuing with her long sweeping brush strokes.

Although Hung and the others all shouted at her she refused to quit. Hung finally pulled her to the foot of the ladder. Seeing the serious expression on his face she gave in and climbed up, but not right to the top. When Hung returned to the lowest level she began working again.

After Hung had finished painting at the lowest level he climbed up a way and saw Liu still working there. He took her by one arm and was going to insist that she go right up for a rest, but she resisted him. "I'll go up when I've finished this," was all she said as she calmly went on painting.

Finally the walls were gleaming, the whole space dazzling white and clean.

One after another the painters went back on deck, and Hung, the last to leave, felt as though a great victory had been won. Looking around he saw his young apprentice standing by the rail and looking out over the sea. Hung gave her a fatherly pat on the shoulder, saying, "You really belong to the working class now, Young Liu." She turned to face him, smiling. "Not yet, Master Hung. I'm still only a pupil."

Hung laughed then with satisfaction. "That's true," he admitted. "We still have to learn how to emancipate the whole of mankind. We're only just starting out on a long march of ten thousand miles!"

Liu nodded. She understood what he meant.

A siren called across the water. Master and apprentice watched the great gulls wheeling and dipping over the sea and soaring above other ships as they sailed away.



A Drawing

One early morning, before the day shift started, an atmosphere of Spring Festival seemed to pervade our factory. Day shift workers were coming in and standing in a noisy crowd in front of the wall newspaper board. New articles were being put up on the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought.

Lin Hung was finishing off a drawing which was to be used as a heading. True to life, it depicted a group of workers, among whom Wang Liu-mei was the chief figure. Working in No. 5 Shop, she was a Communist and activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought. In one hand she held a volume of *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung* and her other hand was raised as though she were using it for emphasis while she talked.

Sitting around her were members of her small group listening intently to her experiences in studying the philosophic thinking of Chairman Mao. A streamer in bright red characters had the following slogan, "Study and apply philosophy to reform the old technique and set up the new in order to fulfil the hundred-ton quota."

By their comments, the workers were obviously interested in the drawing.

"Make way, please!" With a padded coat thrown around his shoulders, Old Ting, a master worker, squeezed his way through the crowd as cheerfully as any youngster. He reached Lin Hung and, patting him on the shoulder, said, "This is the right way, Young Lin." The older man's kindly face and expressive eyes recalled to Young Lin's mind something that had happened two years previously. Old Ting also patted his shoulder then while looking at another drawing on the eve of the Spring Festival shortly after the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution had commenced.

At that time Young Lin had only been in the factory about eight months. Old Ting, who was in charge of the political propaganda group led by the factory revolutionary committee, discovered by chance that Young Lin was known for his good drawing and painting even while still at school. So Old Ting had asked the young worker to draw for the wall newspaper propagating Mao Tsetung Thought. That issue was to publicize the advanced deeds of Wang Liu-mei and he asked Young Lin to draw a picture showing her studying Chairman Mao's works. Young Lin began to make a sketch. One idea after another flitted through his mind, but none satisfied him.

One day, when Young Lin's small group finished work an hour early, he stayed behind to prepare some solution for the next shift, while the others went to give a hand in the building of a new workshop. Sitting on a tool box, he thought he would make use of the twenty minutes before the solution was ready to finish his sketch. From his pocket he took out a small album full of sketches and pictures he had copied and kept carefully for many years. Leafing through it he noticed one picture called *Meditation* which caught his attention. It was a copy of a young woman resting her chin on her wrist, the fingers of both hands crossed...

This drawing had been praised in certain art circles. Young Lin decided to use it as the basis for his drawing. Just add a cap and overall. Draw a pencil between her fingers; sketch in a desk, four volumes of Chairman Mao's works and a lamp... This would make a fine picture of Wang Liu-mei studying late at night! Opening his portfolio, he quickly became absorbed in drawing.

"Lin Hung!" A shout suddenly aroused him. Old Ting hurried in. "What a foul smell! What's happened?" he demanded. Young Lin sniffed and looked at the clock on the wall. Gosh, five minutes too long! The solution was overflowing! He dropped his pencil and sketch book on the floor. But Old Ting raced to the switch and pressed it down to stop the pump. Young Lin stood stupidly looking at the overflowing solution. Old Ting frowned at such waste, saying, "A lot has been spilled! What are you standing there for? Get me a pan." Throwing off his padded coat, Old Ting found a bucket and, using the pan Young Lin handed him, began to scoop up the solution...

Old Ting was in his late forties and had worked for more than thirty years, but he was as active as any youngster. In spite of the fact that he could not read well, he had memorized more than 200 quotations from Chairman Mao. He was admitted into the Party not long after Liberation and had been cited by the municipality as an advanced worker three times and an activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought for many years running.

When the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution commenced, he led his fellow workers in breaking the bourgeois reactionary line promoted by Liu Shao-chi. Impressed by his high consciousness of the struggle between the proletarian revolutionary and the bourgeois reactionary lines, the masses elected him to the standing committee of the factory's revolutionary committee. Yet Old Ting remained the same: always in the workshop or at the bench besides using the stipulated time for study.

He was working with the No. 1 Workshop that day. It was when he passed No. 2 Workshop on his second trip, transporting material on a hand-cart, that he smelt something queer. Had it not been for his sensitive nose as a chemistry worker, possibly Lin Hung would have been still drawing.

After cleaning up the floor, Old Ting relaxed a bit. Red in the face Young Lin still stood there awkwardly like a naughty child, while Old Ting wiped his hands on some waste cotton. He picked up his coat and threw it as usual around his shoulders. "Well, a bad thing can be turned into a good thing. You should learn a



lesson from this. You won't be so careless about your work from now on." Then Old Ting noticed the sketch book on the floor. "What's that?" he asked smiling. "Were you busy drawing just then?" Young Lin, seeing his things still scattered on the floor, quickly picked them up and handed them to Old Ting.

"Were you drawing Wang Liu-mei?" Old Ting asked, glancing at the drawing. Young Lin nodded. Suddenly Old Ting's brows gathered again in a frown. "Why do you draw her with her chin propped up and her hands posed like that?"

"Well, it's artistic that way," Young Lin mumbled. Old Ting recognized the same position of the woman in *Meditation* as he leafed through the album at random. Suddenly the expression on his usually kindly face changed, and his habitual smile vanished from his eyes and the corners of his mouth.

Old Ting saw immediately that Young Lin was adapting this drawing for his sketch of Wang Liu-mei. His sensitive worker's nose smelled something foul again. Drawing a deep breath he said, "It smells wrong to me, Young Lin." The young man looked per-

plexed. Very seriously, the older man patted his shoulder and put the question, "Who does this woman look like?"

Young Lin was too perplexed to answer. Clenching his fist, Old Ting said, "I'll tell you! This woman looks like the third mistress of Skinner Chi who was the boss of this factory before Liberation." He stood up then slowly, and emphatically he continued, "The struggle between the two lines is everywhere. Why do you like this picture, lad? You're on the wrong path. Well, we'll have a talk tonight."

That night, in the factory revolutionary committee office Old Ting talked with Young Lin. With the picture *Meditation* propped up in front of them Old Ting began to tell the young man about Skinner Chi and his mistress.

More than thirty years before, Ting had started work as a child labourer in the Shunchang Chemical Factory. He toiled twelve hours every day in the workshop and in addition had to sweep Skinner Chi's reception hall and garden. Yet, while up early and going to bed late, he had nothing but thin gruel to eat. On the eve of one New Year the weather was especially cold. Skinner Chi ordered Ting to get up extra early to sweep the hall in readiness for the New Year celebration. The walls of the hall were decorated with paintings of beautiful scenery, flowers and birds, while in a special place stood a large framed photograph of Chi's mistress. Many elegant and well-dressed guests were shown this photograph, and praised it.

Ting who had been cold all night and was shivering climbed onto a bench and took down the photograph to dust it. His hands were shaking so that he dropped it and slipped off the bench. He was just going to pick it up when he felt a heavy blow on his shoulder. There stood Skinner Chi in his pajamas, scowling and angry, with a stick in his hand while his mistress, leaning against the door, began to laugh.

Where there is oppression there is resistance. The insulted and exploited Ting could endure it no more. He was full of anger and hatred. When the second blow fell on his other shoulder, Ting threw the broken frame at Chi and his mistress....

Those days of wretchedness are gone for ever, but Ting's shoulders still ache in cold weather. Young Lin's feelings were aroused by this account. His heart was full of anger also.

Picking up the red book of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* Old Ting gazed fondly at it. "The working class is the master now," he said significantly, shaking his fist. "We rely on Mao Tsetung Thought and follow Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. We threw Liu Shao-chi out, but his revisionist line which would restore capitalism still has to be fought." Picking up Young Lin's draft, he continued with deep feeling, "Look, the struggle between the two lines shows up even in this drawing. I know nothing about painting. But when power is in the hands of the proletariat I know who we should draw and whether the drawing looks like one of us. Is this woman you've drawn a worker? Is she one of us? No. She is a bourgeois woman and you've just drawn her in worker's clothes. Look at your album again. Do any of these people look like workers, peasants or soldiers? Only Skinner Chi, his mistress and their kind would appreciate these poisonous drawings of themselves. You must not follow their line!"

Every word Old Ting uttered reached Young Lin's heart. Amazed and shocked he realized that, under the influence of Liu Shao-chi's reactionary revisionist line in education and his sinister line in literature and art, he had been stuffed full of feudal and bourgeois art. What a dangerous road he was taking. It was not he but Old Ting who really understood how to use art! Old Ting had given him a lesson on class struggle between the two lines, which he did not have in school. Angrily he snatched up his draft and torn it to pieces. He picked up his album next. If there had been a stove in the room he would have thrown it into the fire.

Smile returned to the corners of Old Ting's mouth. Pressing Young Lin's hand he said, "Keep this album. We'll use it as material for mass criticism."

Young Lin looked up at him earnestly, his eyes wet. "I began to understand now, Master Ting," he said with great sincerity.

"No, not fully!" Gravely, Old Ting produced a pamphlet from his pocket which he gave to Young Lin. "Chairman Mao teaches

us: **This question of 'for whom?' is fundamental; it is a question of principle,**" he recited solemnly. "Study this writing by Chairman Mao carefully and keep in mind these words and remould your world outlook."

Young Lin took over the pamphlet carefully. Red characters gleamed on the cover: *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*. Young Lin had read this article before, but he had never thoroughly studied it. He would do a better job from then on, he promised Old Ting.

Seedlings grow strong in dew and rain. For the past two years Young Lin had been growing steadily. And this morning, as spring was approaching, he was using his art for the wall newspaper in the struggle to promote Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.



Chang Hsiu-keng

All My Life for Our New Countryside

When I had completed my education at Hengshui Middle School in 1962 I returned to my native village to do farm work. Eight years of practical experience has shown me that if young intellectuals want to strike roots in the countryside they must have a high revolutionary goal to strive for. Our goal is to contribute our all for the construction of a new socialist countryside. Chairman Mao has pointed out to us that intellectuals should be manual workers too.

My father joined the revolution in 1937 when the War of Resistance Against Japan started. Just before the liberation of Hengshui County he came home. He gave us a book to read. By the light of the lamp we saw on the first page a mimeographed portrait.

"This is our people's great leader Chairman Mao," he said. Caressing me, he went on, "My child, you must always listen to Chairman Mao."

This incident left a deep impression on my young mind. Later when I went to school, my father often said, "Study well. Prepare

yourself to serve the people in the future." But I soon swallowed the drug of revisionist education. "Self" became the centre of my thinking: My plan was to go from primary school to middle school and on to university, eventually becoming a scientist. In order to achieve this "goal" I worked very hard, burying myself in books.

Then the Party called upon young people with some education to go to the countryside. Together with my schoolmates I studied Chairman Mao's teaching for intellectuals: "**Our countryside is vast and has plenty of room for them to develop their talents to the full.**" This encouraged me to see it was a privilege to work for the new socialist countryside. Right then, however, the Peking Foreign Languages Institute was enrolling new students. Should I go there or to the countryside? I wondered.

I turned for advice to Chairman Mao's wonderful Three Constantly Read Articles. In them our great leader praised some fine examples. One of them, Comrade Chang Szu-teh, a squad leader in the guards regiment, became a charcoal-burner when the revolution needed one. Another, Comrade Norman Bethune, a doctor by profession, came to China from far away Canada when he was already past fifty. While helping us in our War of Resistance Against Japan, he gave up his life at the front. Chairman Mao values very highly the communist spirit of these comrades.

I realized that it does not matter whether you are a university student or a farmer so long as you work for the Party and people. It's simply a division of labour. All jobs allow some scope if you are determined to serve the people. Life was not easy in the countryside then. But this was all the more reason for us to go there. What education I had then had been given me by the Party and people, so surely I should use it unconditionally in the people's service.

These thoughts decided me to return to my native village — the Huchia Production Brigade in Hengshui County.

Plain, hard work is necessary to achieve a revolutionary goal. I must throw away all my intellectual airs, modestly learn from the

poor and lower-middle peasants and, through revolutionary struggles, change my stand to the side of the proletariat. Chairman Mao teaches us in *Talks at the Yanan Forum on Literature and Art* that intellectuals **“must change and remould their thinking and their feelings. Without such a change, without such remoulding, they can do nothing well and will be misfits.”**

At the beginning I was determined to become one with the peasants. The trouble was how to do this! The first few days I dressed like a student as usual. But I soon discovered that the poor and lower-middle peasants and I were far apart not only in our way of life and appearance but also in language and actions. In the fields, they sat quite naturally on the ground during a rest period, but I was always aware that I would dirty my clothes.

An old peasant granny noticed this and said to me. “Do sit on my jacket.”

How ashamed I was! Later, when I was harvesting beans in the fields, I cut my hand. Without a second thought the head of the women’s team tore a strip of lining from her jacket and used it for a bandage. She really touched my heart-strings, yet I had misgivings. The piece of cloth was quite dirty and I feared infection. Chairman Mao teaches us: **“Compared with the workers and peasants the unremoulded intellectuals were not clean and that, in the last analysis, the workers and peasants were the cleanest people and, even though their hands were soiled and their feet smeared with cow-dung, they were really cleaner than the bourgeois and petty-bourgeois intellectuals.”**

I realized it was not so much the cloth as my thinking that was not clean. From then on I worked, attended meetings and studied together with the poor and lower-middle peasants. Their noble character inspired me and changed my class feelings. One evening when I was going off to see a film, some one said that a granny had fallen down some steep steps, severely injuring her back and legs and that she must go to hospital. Her family were all away, so I took her to the doctors. While she was being examined I did everything I could to ease her pain, not caring whether her clothes were dirty or not. My concern for this granny impressed the doc-

tors. They asked me if I was her daughter. I shook my head with a smile, for I realized then that I was much closer to the poor and lower-middle peasants than I had been before.

But to overcome my feeling of intellectual superiority required still more effort on my part. Once the production team leader told me to clear weeds out of the bean plots. This was considered a job for old women, so I did not want to go. “Why can’t I hoe in the fields?” I asked.

“Because you’re a newcomer,” the team leader said. “You’ve much to learn yet.”

“I’m not so clumsy as that,” I argued. “I was brought up in this village. There’s no secret to hoeing, is there?”

“All right,” the team leader said, “you may go to the fields.”

Soon after we had started working, I discovered I could not keep up with others, who advanced steadily leaving behind neat clean rows. There were ruts and untidy lumps where I had worked. This took me down a peg or two. I’ll be a laughing stock if I lag behind, I thought nervously. The next moment my hoe broke a yam shoot. This made me all the more jittery.

What should I do. People would laugh at me if I stopped to prop up the shoot, but would criticize me if I didn’t. “Better to fall behind,” I thought to myself. “Later, I’ll prop up the shoot when the others can’t see me!” Just then Uncle Hou came over and said, “Don’t worry, I’ll teach you how to use the hoe. You must learn before you can do a good job.”

He used the hoe so skilfully and easily that the weeds were separated and cut off with each stroke. I tried, but I could not do half as well as he. After one morning’s work I had a terrible backache and my arms and legs were stiff. I hated to be defeated; I really did want to help build the new countryside. Right after lunch I went to work again. By the time the others arrived I had finished a plot.

“You must have started very early!” they said.

“That’s the only way for a clumsy hand to catch up with the others,” I answered.

I began to ask the poor and lower-middle peasants for help whenever I needed it. In this way I gradually learned.

Every scrap of progress I made was because of the re-education the poor and lower-middle peasants gave me.

In our village there was a woman Communist named Tu Tsui-ching who came from a very poor family. Although conditions improved after Liberation, she still remained frugal. Her clothes were old but well patched. Once I asked her, "Sister, you're not so hard up now, why don't you buy a few better things?" "That's the way we peasants are," she replied, "our slogan is 'Be frugal.'" Learning from her I began to wear peasant's clothing too.

What this woman Communist displayed most was her infinite loyalty to Chairman Mao. Illiterate though she was, she could recite the Three Constantly Read Articles from memory and the general programme of the new Constitution of the Chinese Communist Party. She never failed to turn up to work even when she was not very well, and she always worked hard. When her blood pressure was very high and the doctor told her to stop doing heavy farm work, she still went to the fields.

Last summer, although her illness grew more serious, she helped gather in crops before a rain storm, and fainted.

"Sister," I said to her, "you can't go on like this. If you have a good rest you'll be able to work better later on."

"I'm a Communist," she said significantly. "In our Party's new Constitution it says that members of the Communist Party, who dedicate their lives to the struggle for communism, must be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory! I must work as long as I can breathe."

Her words affected me deeply. The poor and lower-middle peasants insisted on sending her to hospital. But her heart remained in the village. She always inquired about the crops and other farm work whenever anybody went to see her. When she was beyond medical help she said to her husband, "Don't take it too much to heart when I pass away. Think only about following Chairman Mao, continuing the revolution to the end and bringing up the children in the same spirit."

I am also deeply touched by the great love for and deep loyalty to Chairman Mao shown by poor and lower-middle peasants. To

realize the great goal of communism, they fear neither hardship nor death. They are my best teachers, and there are so many noble qualities I must learn from them.

What the poor and lower-middle peasants are teaching us is to change our whole outlook on life. Whom to serve? This is the fundamental question. Only when we settle this question in our minds can we do our best for the building of a new countryside.

When I first came to the village there was one backward team in our brigade, where power was not in the hands of the poor and lower-middle peasants. As a result no one cared about the Communist Youth League. Many young members were poisoned by remnants of feudal thinking and culture. Because of their pernicious influence they wasted time in idle talk or read old feudal literature.

Chairman Mao teaches us, **"The proletariat seeks to transform the world according to its own world outlook, and so does the bourgeoisie. In this respect, the question of which will win out, socialism or capitalism, is still not really settled."** Following Chairman Mao's instruction, I began to apply his teachings in our rural district. The Communist Youth League was consolidated with the support of the Party branch, and I was elected secretary. When a study group of Mao Tsetung Thought was formed we used socialist literature and art in a propaganda campaign.

Shortly after, the movement for rural socialist education started. I studied together with the poor and lower-middle peasants, and fought hand in hand with them against the hidden counter-revolutionaries, from whom we finally regained the power they had usurped. The struggle tempered me. As my consciousness of class struggle increased, I was elected secretary of the brigade Party branch.

But I estimated the situation wrongly, believing that, since we had successfully cleaned our class ranks, our major task then was to promote production. In 1965 we suffered from a severe drought. The uneven level of the fields, characteristic of the land in our district, made irrigation extremely difficult. With other commune members I had to wade barefoot in the mud to water the plots properly. This struggle went on continuously for several days and

nights, till our eyes were blood-shot and our lips parched and bleeding. Yet our work was not very satisfactory.

Discouraged by difficulties, some team cadres wanted to give up, while quite a few commune members were reconciled to defeat. I blamed myself for, as an inexperienced leader, I had failed to make the best of their efforts. Just at the critical moment a youngster of poor peasant origin gave me some startling information. He said that I was being attacked surreptitiously by a handful of class enemies. To sabotage our work they slandered me, saying, "Why use a hare to pull a cart when you have horses and mules? Why use a woman to lead a brigade...."

"Never forget class struggle." This teaching of Chairman Mao helped me to think clearly. I realized that the poor and lower-middle peasants had much sharper eyes than I, so again I learned from them. Under new forms of class struggle this counter-current had developed. The crucial problem was still that of who was to hold power.

Early next morning I called a meeting of the Party branch committee and reported what I had been told.

"We must make a serious analysis of the situation," one comrade said quietly. After telling the history of the struggle between the two lines in one of our teams, he went on, "When our co-ops were all set up, quite a number of well-to-do peasants wanted to withdraw. The situation was quite serious. Then capitalist roaders seized power and began to restore capitalism. In our brigade class struggle has never ceased even for a single day. The class enemy are like onions in winter. Their outer leaves may wither, but inside they're still alive. Class enemies never accept defeat; they seize every opportunity to defy us."

It was now plain to all of us that the main contradiction right then was this reactionary counter-attack. We were determined to beat it back. We must not only fight, I thought, but fight well. By studying Chairman Mao's article *On the Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People*, we learned that we must make a clear distinction between contradictions among the people and those between the enemy and ourselves.

We talked together about our sufferings in the past and the happy life we enjoyed today, so that the class consciousness of the poor and lower-middle peasants was raised and they understood the importance of holding and keeping political power in their hands. Once we lost power we would be plunged into misery again. Everybody became vigilant. In two days all the walls along the street were covered with posters criticizing and exposing the crimes of the class enemy. Their counter-attack was beaten back, and one of them who had been carrying on criminal activities underground was completely exposed.

This struggle reminded me that I must always keep a cool head and be ready to engage the foe who would always be lurking around us. Indeed, in a class society class struggle is a long-term affair. If we relaxed, forgot this and became immersed in the daily routine, the enemy would certainly attack us. We must never forget class struggle.

Closely following Chairman Mao and inspired by him, one can always overcome all sorts of difficulties. After I married and became a mother, some discouraging things were said, "Once a woman has a child, she can't work in the fields any more." "Motherhood ends a woman's career." But Chairman Mao teaches: **"When women all over the country rise up, that will be the day of victory for the Chinese revolution."** I saw that these things said about women reflected the desire in some people to stop making revolution. Since Chairman Mao praised women so highly as a force contributing to the success of the revolution, we must take pride and do our share for the Chinese and the world revolution.

Whenever I came back from work, no matter how late it was, I studied Chairman Mao's works while nursing my baby. I found I could manage this pretty well. But when he was a little bigger, he would often cling to me or snatch the pen from my hand. It made things difficult. I often felt like postponing my study till the next evening, but I gave up the idea, for I knew I would be just as busy then. I could do without food or sleep for a while, but

I could not do without Mao Tsetung Thought. So, on I went, both summer and winter.

In December 1968, when Chairman Mao issued the great 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."** I was notified to attend a meeting of the county revolutionary committee. It was cold with a north wind and snowing heavily. Mother tried to dissuade me from going.

"You're over thirty now and have only this one child," she said. "You must take care of it."

"As a woman," I said, "I've a double task. I must do my job well and also bring up my child in a revolutionary way. We don't bring up children as our private property, to care for us in our old age."

I know I should accept physical hardship in peace time just as I should in war time. For a Communist the notice was correct. If war comes, and I am notified to go to the front, would I go or stay at home to look after my child? An assignment from the Party is in the interests of the revolution and far above one's personal wishes. In the revolutionary model Peking opera *The Red Lantern* many Communists and revolutionary comrades fought heroically under most difficult conditions to deliver the secret code to the guerrilla base.

So I decided to go to the meeting in the county town, and take my child with me. I also persuaded my younger sister to go with me. "It's very far," she said. "Your child is very young. He may catch a chill or be hurt if we stumble and drop him in the snow."

"Come on. Let's start right away," I said, carrying my child in my arms. "Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory. Don't you remember seeing pictures of Chairman Mao wearing an old cotton-padded coat full of patches when he was out in winter time?"

"Of course I remember," she said.

"On the Long March he led thousands of revolutionary fighters to cross the snowy mountains and marsh lands," I said. "And when, led by him, our people were struggling to free themselves,

many revolutionary fighters lived in caves, ate millet and even gave their lives. That's why we are free today. Chairman Mao teaches us, **"Thousands upon thousands of martyrs have heroically laid down their lives for the people; let us hold their banner high and march ahead along the path crimson with their blood!"** What does this little snowstorm matter?"

"You're right," said my sister.

We felt full of energy as we faced the storm and arrived safely at the meeting place.

When the child was a little older I took him with me when I went to work in the fields. I taught him to know the look of millet, corn, kaoliang and other grain. I wanted my child to grow up like the peasant's children.

Because my husband worked some distance away in Shensi Province the Party proposed to transfer me to the same place. My husband wrote to ask if I was pleased about this. My thoughts were always in our village. Every plot here had my footprints and my sweat and that of the poor and lower-middle peasants had soaked its soil. I would prop up a weak seedling here and care for it as I would care for my own child. How could I leave this place?

I wrote back to my husband, saying that as a young intellectual I should stay here as a farm worker as Chairman Mao had taught me. He agreed with me. So I stayed on in the village. Whenever he had leave he came to see me and we went to the fields together to work. We encouraged each other in keeping our youthful spirits for the revolution.

I have lived in the countryside eight years now. It is only the first step in my own personal Long March. The journey is long and the task heavy. So much is still to be accomplished. I must go on making even greater efforts.

An Old Man Studies Chairman Mao's Works

I was ninety-seven years old this year. In the old society I lived like an animal, working for the landlords. People who had to eat herbs without salt know the value of salt. People who had to hide in dark forests enjoy the rays of the sun. The Miao people are like that. Chairman Mao liberated us and we became our own masters. Nearly crushed in the bitter past, we know our happiness today is priceless.

I'll never forget our suffering — nor the one who dug the well to give us water. From the bottom of my heart I thank the benefactor Chairman Mao whom I follow and whose writings I like to study most. When I studied the Three Constantly Read Articles, I found three heroes whose examples we should follow if we want to go on making revolution. In *Serve the People* is Chang Szu-teh who served the people wholly and entirely. In *In Memory of Norman Bethune* is Dr. Norman Bethune who came to help us during the War of Resistance Against Japan and was utterly devoted to others without any thought of himself. In *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains* is an old man who went on digging every day, unshaken

Lolao is a commune member of the Miao nationality.

in his conviction and persistence. These three articles by Chairman Mao are revolutionary treasures which open up great horizons in the mind.

I'm old and my memory is poor. Besides that, I can't read and I don't understand much of the Han language. Well, I thought, "Where there's a will, there's a way." I couldn't read books, but I could listen, ask questions and think — of course I could learn.

I started out by asking my thirteen-year-old great-grandson to teach me the Three Constantly Read Articles. But he said, "You're too old, great-grandfather. You don't even have any teeth. It's difficult for you to read, so why do you bother to try?"

No teeth, eh? *That* brought bitter memories. "Look, child," I told him, "I drank the bitter water of the old society for more than seventy years, never stopped the back-breaking labour, ate nothing but wild plants and bark, and wore nothing but old gunny sacks. Even so, the Kuomintang reactionaries conscripted us and taxed us and the landlords hobbled us with rent and debts. I moved to get away from them, drifting from one place to another, until in the end I hid in a virgin forest.

"We worked very hard in that forest, reclaiming a piece of ground and planting corn. Just as it began to ripen, a landlord came with his henchmen, claimed the land was his and demanded our corn. I got furious and yelled, 'That's outrageous!' The landlord clenched his teeth and hissed, 'So, you want to rebel, eh?' He knocked me down, kicked out four of my teeth and robbed our corn. The poor had a hard time in the old society, my child. Now we live a happy life. And where does that happy life come from? Chairman Mao! That's why we must study Chairman Mao's writings and follow him closely."

When I finished, my great-grandson's eyes were swimming with tears. There was no more holding back, he became my fervent teacher.

My great-grandchildren taught me at home and I went to every brigade meeting where the people talked about their experiences in studying and applying Chairman Mao's works.

One night, just as I was starting out for such a meeting, rain came

pouring down. "Better stay home, great-grandfather," my great-grandson said. "It's pitch dark and really pouring, it will be hard to walk in all that. I'll tell you about the meeting when I come back."

"Can't learn from other people's experiences that way," I retorted. "You can go for me but you can't remould my thinking for me. Have to do that myself. Besides, I won't sleep if I stay home!"

So I insisted. The boy lit a torch and we started out. The rain put the torch out and in the dark I slipped and fell. But we kept on and reached the meeting in time. That night I learned many revolutionary truths from the Three Constantly Read Articles. The three heroes of those articles are engraved in my mind and I am determined to learn from them, follow Chairman Mao and work for the revolution with all my heart the rest of my life.

Our brigade has about 130 hectares of land on the slope of the mountain. It used to be under the constant threat of sudden floods pouring down the mountain. Eight of us old men in the brigade were inspired by the Three Constantly Read Articles and we decided to dig a long protection ditch half way up the mountain to keep sudden torrents from washing away the crops. This was certainly a way we could help increase production for the motherland.

The leaders and the poor and lower-middle peasants supported us. But there were also some doubters. "The slope is covered with rocks," they said, "how can old men like you tackle it?" We told them, "The Foolish Old Man dug away two big mountains, why can't we dig a little ditch?"

The digging wasn't hard at first, but soon we got down to a rocky layer which blunted our hoes and stung our hands with every blow. A few of us began to waver. The Foolish Old Man didn't stop, I thought, so I said, "The rocks are hard all right, but every inch we chip away will be that much less to do. Let's work with the spirit of the Foolish Old Man." Then we got to reciting Chairman Mao's **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** It was as if Chairman Mao were working with us and our strength grew. We fought for twenty days and dug a ditch a kilometre and a half long.

Last February the county needed men to dig an extension canal

from the Red Flag Reservoir in order to turn several thousand hectares of dry land into rice fields. Our brigade wanted to send strong workers. But some people countered, "How are we going to fulfil our quota if we send our good workers away?" I went and discussed the principles in the Three Constantly Read Articles with those people and together we came to the conclusion that it was narrow-minded to think only of our brigade; we had to think of the whole commune, the county above that, all of China and the whole world too. Firmly determined, we swore not only to send men to dig the canal but to overfulfil our quota in the brigade as well. We eight old men worked hard with the brigade members who stayed home, finished planting the corn one month ahead of schedule and did it well too.

Every day I compare myself with the three persons in Chairman Mao's three articles to examine my enthusiasm and conscientiousness in working for the revolution. I have tried to check every act like this. People in other parts of the country send me hundreds of letters of encouragement. One of the things I had done was to use a home remedy for the palsy, so lots of people asked me for it. These were class brothers whom palsy was hindering from taking part in revolution and production. So I asked the brigade book-keeper to write down my remedy and sent it to them.

But then, when I was comparing myself with Chang Szu-teh's way of serving the people wholly and entirely, there seemed to be something wrong with my attitude. I had sent the people my remedy all right, but I hadn't thought anything about whether they could get the necessary herbs for it or not. Prying deeper into myself, I realized that I had handled it that way because I didn't want to go to much trouble. That was just plain selfishness. I had not done my duty to my class brothers and served them wholly and entirely. So I promptly went up a mountain to collect herbs, washed, dried and ground them into a powder, which I sent them.

Last April I got a letter from a PLA soldier in Tientsin who wrote: "Dear Uncle Lolao, I've fallen ill with palsy and it makes me sad not to be able to defend our motherland. I long to work for the Party again and return to my fighting post." He asked for my remedy.

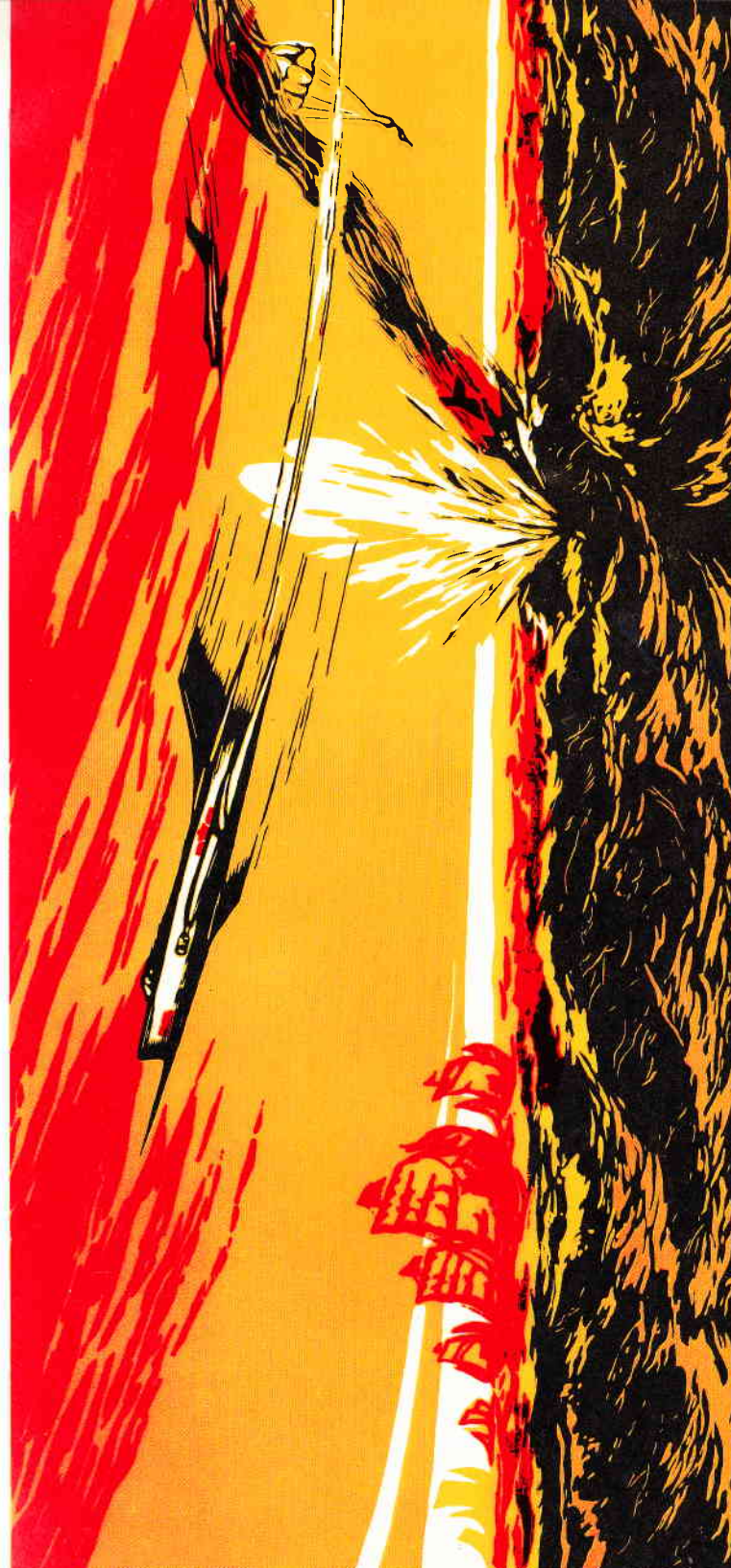
His letter moved me greatly. I myself had been saved from a bitter life by Chairman Mao's PLA soldiers. These brave men stand guard over our proletarian dictatorship day and night. They are Chairman Mao's fine soldiers and the good sons of workers and peasants. I must help this one with my remedy.

But I had sent all my remedy away. I had a boil as big as an egg on the back of my neck at the time. I had lost my appetite and the pain made it hard to walk. When my boil gets better, I thought, I'll go out and gather some herbs for him. But just then I raised my head and saw Chairman Mao's portrait. I thought of his teaching, "**Comrade Bethune's spirit, his utter devotion to others without any thought of self, was shown in his boundless sense of responsibility in his work and his boundless warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people.**" I realized that every day I put it off, the PLA soldier would suffer that much longer.

I got out of bed in spite of how it hurt. Asking my great-grandson to accompany me, I started off with my stick and a basket to gather the herbs. By the time we were half way up the mountain I was soaked in sweat, my legs were weak and the boil hurt.

Again I thought of Norman Bethune, a foreigner who came from half way round the world to help the Chinese people in their revolution. He even gave his own blood to save our wounded. A little boil on my neck seemed silly. I just gritted my teeth and pressed on to the top to get my herbs. I didn't get back home until dusk, but I processed the herbs right away and sent them off to the PLA soldier in Tientsin.

I have been following what Chairman Mao teaches in the Three Constantly Read Articles, and have done my duty to the Party and to the people. But I have still a long way to go to be like the men described in those articles. Changing one's old-fashioned thinking and making it into working-class thinking takes a lifetime of effort. I must try hard to get rid of selfishness and unhealthy thinking. I can become like the men Chairman Mao wrote about in the three articles only if I conscientiously use his teachings to remould my thinking.



Chou Chien-jen

Learn from Lu Hsun; Repudiate Revisionism

Our great leader Chairman Mao has praised Lu Hsun highly, saying, **“The chief commander of China’s cultural revolution, he was not only a great man of letters but a great thinker and revolutionary.”** The main reason Lu Hsun could become the chief commander of China’s cultural revolution and make tremendous contributions to China’s ideological and cultural revolution is that he seriously studied Marxism and tried to master it in the course of his revolutionary practice; he consciously remoulded his world outlook, firmly carried out Chairman Mao’s proletarian revolutionary line, and struggled unremittingly against all kinds of reactionary imperialist, feudal and bourgeois ideas, and against the counter-revolutionary revisionists Chou Yang and company who were sham Marxists. To carry out Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line, he fought on the cultural front until his dying day.

Bourgeois scholars, revisionists and sham Marxists of every stripe and hue in one way or another have tried to negate and degrade Lu

Hsun as a great thinker and revolutionary. Always hating Lu Hsun, Chou Yang and company bent every effort to attack Lu Hsun while he lived, and carried out all kinds of counter-revolutionary plots to misrepresent and slander him in the guise of "commemoration" and "research" after his death. We must make deep-going criticism of the revisionist fallacies they spread.

Bending His Back for the Liberation of the Proletariat Until His Dying Day

Chairman Mao points out: **"Representing the great majority of the nation, Lu Hsun breached and stormed the enemy citadel; on the cultural front he was the bravest and most correct, the firmest, the most loyal and the most ardent national hero, a hero without parallel in our history."** Chairman Mao issued the call: **"All Communists, all revolutionaries, all revolutionary literary and art workers should learn from the example of Lu Hsun and be 'oxen' for the proletariat and the masses, bending their backs to the task until their dying day."** The life of Lu Hsun was one of struggle for the liberation of the proletariat.

One year after Chairman Mao's work *On New Democracy* was published, the counter-revolutionary revisionist Chou Yang dished up the article *A Fighter in the Spiritual Field* in open opposition to Chairman Mao's appraisal of Lu Hsun. Chou Yang pretended to "analyse" the early period of Lu Hsun's thinking and misrepresented and libelled him on the key question of "for whom." He alleged that "at the heart of Lu Hsun's thinking are opposition to philistinism and advocacy of individuality. . . . This point of view played an important part throughout his life and art"; "self-respect, stubborn resistance and an uncompromising spirit are the essential Byronic characteristics that Lu Hsun believed in and adhered to throughout his life." In a nutshell, he meant that Lu Hsun stood all his life for bourgeois "emancipation of individuality."

For the worker and peasant masses or for the exploiting classes, for the class emancipation of the proletariat or for bourgeois "emancipation of individuality" — this is a line dividing proletarian revolu-

tionaries from bourgeois revolutionaries. Lu Hsun, who devoted his life to the liberation of the proletariat, took a road entirely different from that of those advocating the "emancipation of individuality."

Lu Hsun's life spanned ups and downs of the revolution, victories and failures, groupings and divisions. As China's revolutionary struggles deepened, Lu Hsun grasped Marxism better and better, and his thinking on the struggle for the liberation of the proletariat became ever clearer, ever firmer. Most admirable of all, his revolutionary will grew stronger and stronger in his later years, and he became increasingly loyal to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. Lu Hsun was convinced that "a classless society will certainly come into being" and he stood for the dictatorship of the proletariat. He held that proletarian literature is "an intrinsic part of the proletarian struggle for liberation." "To the imperialists, traitors and collaborators, warlords and bureaucrats, local tyrants and evil gentry, fascists and all shameless villains, his brush was like an artillery piece or an evil-exposing mirror," said the cable sent on Lu Hsun's death by the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China and the then Soviet Government of China. Lu Hsun consciously followed Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on the cultural front and worked in co-ordination with the people's revolutionary war. He led the Left-wing art and literary fighters in a struggle against the three major enemies of imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism against the Kuomintang's lackeys in culture, against the renegades and special agents Chou Yang and company who hid themselves in the revolutionary camp. He was clear about which line he followed and stood his ground firmly.

Fierce-browed, I coolly defy a thousand pointing fingers,
Head-bowed, like a willing ox I serve the children.*

He wrote many poems and songs, singing the praises of the red base areas led by Chairman Mao. The news that the Chinese Red Army had triumphantly reached northern Shensi at the end of its

*From Lu Hsun's poem *In Mockery for Myself*, written in 1932. "A thousand pointing fingers" refers to the enemy while "the children," the people.

25,000-li Long March inspired Lu Hsun on his sickbed, and he sent a cable to the Party Central Committee with the moving words: "The hopes of China and mankind are pinned on you." This showed his sincere feelings and boundless love for Chairman Mao, for the Chinese Communist Party and for the Chinese Workers' and Peasants' Red Army.

The future and destiny of our country and nation hung in the balance during Lu Hsun's later years. Warrant was issued by the Kuo-mintang reactionaries for the arrest of him and a net of secret agents spread to search for him. He faced both the betrayal of renegades and attacks from counter-revolutionary writers. But suppression, arrest or assassination did not daunt him. He always had faith that the people's revolution led by Chairman Mao would triumph. The Trotskyite hooligans viciously attacked Chairman Mao's policy of the national united front against Japanese aggression and tried to turn Lu Hsun against the Party. In his *Reply to a Letter from the Trotskyites*, Lu Hsun declared: "I count it an honour to have as my comrades those who are now doing solid work, treading firmly on the ground, fighting and shedding their blood in the defence of the Chinese people."

Lu Hsun stood firmly on the side of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. He was gravely ill then, but he fought on. He did not stop fighting till his last breath, and wielded his brush up to the day before he died. In the essay *Thought on Martyrs' Day*, he said, "There is no end to the revolution. If there was really anything in the world that 'ends up perfect' then humanity would become static." It was his dialectical and historical materialist world outlook that made Lu Hsun more and more staunch in the fight during his last years.

The essence of Lu Hsun's thinking has nothing to do with the "emancipation of individuality" and "individual resistance." These are slogans the bourgeoisie use to oppose feudalism, and they serve bourgeois politics. Proletarian revolutionaries base all they do on the fundamental interests of the proletariat and of the masses. They **"must work for the interests of the vast majority of the people, for the interests of the vast majority of the people of China and of the world."** The advocates of the "emancipation of individual-

ity" make "self" the centre of everything. They uphold and extol anything that appeals to personal inclination, and oppose and expose everything that does not. What they call individual resistance is nothing but an infinite magnification of bourgeois egoism both frantic and feeble. The "emancipation of individuality" and "individual resistance" are thoroughly reactionary and decadent in the period of proletarian revolution.

Chou Yang and company described the "emancipation of individuality" as something Lu Hsun "believed in and adhered to all his life." Their aim was not only to defame Lu Hsun, but to achieve their reactionary political purpose. In his article *A Fighter in the Spiritual Field*, Chou Yang advertised the idea of the "emancipation of individuality" as something which "does not lose its tremendous significance as ideological education even in our time."

His sinister intention was to tempt us to seek bourgeois "emancipation of individuality" and "individual resistance" and turn away from Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought and from the proletarian revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Fundamental Transformation from Revolutionary Democrat to Communist

The denial of the qualitative change in Lu Hsun's thinking was another instance of how Chou Yang and company tried to negate the decisive role of Marxism in transforming Lu Hsun's world outlook. They described the thinking of his early years as that which ran throughout his life. They alleged that Lu Hsun "stood for eradicating bullies and helping their victims and for the liberation of man. This is true humanism and is intimately associated with communism." They added that the fact that Lu Hsun "is our fore-runner, who ultimately transformed himself into a Communist intellectual" was "due mainly to the impact of 19th century west European literature on him." In other words, Lu Hsun's communist ideology grew out of that of the bourgeoisie in the West and "is intimately associated with it." What an absurd revisionist viewpoint!

Chairman Mao makes the penetrating statement: **“This change in world outlook is something fundamental.”** Before the October Revolution, the young Lu Hsun was under the influence of evolutionism from the West and other ideas in his quest for the truth to save the nation and the people. **“The salvoes of the October Revolution brought us Marxism-Leninism.”** He saw in this new hopes for the liberation of the nation and plunged himself into the new cultural movement under the leadership of the proletariat. Chiang Kai-shek staged the April 12, 1927 counter-revolutionary coup d'état. The ruthless class struggle showed Lu Hsun that the young counter-revolutionaries were just as ruthless in spying and killing as the middle-aged counter-revolutionaries. The lessons drawn from the bloody class struggle prompted him to study and apply historical and dialectical materialism, and he changed from a revolutionary democrat into a Marxist and achieved a fundamental transformation of his world outlook.

It was this that made Lu Hsun a great proletarian writer, thinker and revolutionary, distinct from all the bourgeois “masters.” It was thanks to this transformation that Lu Hsun grasped materialist dialectics, had firm thoroughgoing proletarian revolutionary integrity and resourceful, flexible tactics in struggle, had a steadfast class stand and sharp political insight which enabled him in the sharp and complicated class struggle and the struggle between the two lines to see through and resist Wang Ming, Chou Yang and other political swindlers operating under the cloak of Marxism, and to implement and defend unswervingly Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. The best example of this is the debate around the “two slogans” that took place between Lu Hsun and Chou Yang and company in the thirties.

The intensified Japanese invasion against China following the north China incident in 1935 made China's national contradiction extremely acute, and there were changes in China in the relation of classes. In this complex situation in which national and class contradictions were interwoven, Chou Yang, who had usurped Party leadership in the League of Left-Wing Writers, put forward the slogan of “national defence literature” which was an implementation of Wang

Ming's right capitulationist line. At that time, certain so-called Marxist “theoreticians” within the Party hastened to support him. Many people in cultural circles also echoed this. The clamour “every effort for national defence” seemed rampant. Lu Hsun clearly saw the reactionary nature of the slogan “national defence literature,” which is to give up proletarian leadership and practise capitulationism.

In accordance with Chairman Mao's policy on the national united front against Japanese aggression, and with a principled Marxist stand and flexibility, Lu Hsun advanced the proletarian slogan “a mass literature of the national revolutionary war.” This maintained the principle of **“independence and initiative within the united front,”** defended the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party and the proletariat on the anti-Japanese cultural front and dealt a heavy blow to the capitulationist line of Wang Ming, Chou Yang and company. All this fully demonstrates Lu Hsun's high consciousness in grasping Marxism and implementing Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

Chairman Mao says, **“Lu Hsun's later essays are so penetrating and powerful and yet so free from one-sidedness precisely because he had grasped dialectics by then.”** Lu Hsun's later essays showed a high unity of revolutionary political content and the finest artistic form and they were free of a certain metaphysical one-sidedness present to a degree in his earlier essays. This indicates that Lu Hsun's thinking had developed to the plane of Marxism by then.

The fundamental transformation in Lu Hsun's thinking was a process of destroying the old and fostering the new. **“There is no construction without destruction, no flowing without damming and no motion without rest.”** Lu Hsun studied and grasped Marxism in the course of the struggle against the old social system, the old culture, and especially such reactionary bourgeois concepts as the theory of human nature, humanism and vulgar evolutionism, and in the course of the struggle against sham Marxism. He applied Marxist teachings on class struggle in his scathing criticism of the hypocritical bourgeois theory of human nature. “Men cannot impart their grief or joy to each other,” he said. “It is human nature to know joy and anger, but the poor are [never worried because they

lose money on the stock exchange, and an oil magnate cannot know the trials of an old woman collecting cinders in Peking. Victims of famine will hardly grow orchids like rich old gentlemen, nor will Chiao Ta in the Chia family fall in love with Miss Lin.*” He criticized the bourgeois humanist Tolstoy, saying, “It was precisely because Tolstoy was a noble who had not lost all his old propensities that he merely sympathized with the poor without advocating class struggle.” Lu Hsun’s thinking was antithetical to bourgeois humanism.

When Chou Yang denied the qualitative change in Lu Hsun’s thinking and preached that “this is true humanism, which is intimately associated with communism,” he was, in essence, negating the class nature of man’s thinking and advocating the possibility of a “peaceful transition” from bourgeois ideology to proletarian ideology. This is the revisionist theory of class conciliation. Bourgeois humanism and communism are two ideological systems that stand in diametric opposition to each other.

Taking the bourgeois theory of human nature as its philosophical basis, humanism flatly refuses to admit the fact that the history of mankind over the past several thousand years is one of class struggle; it flatly denies classes and class struggle, flatly denies proletarian revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat. Bourgeois humanism is as irreconcilable with the world outlook of historical and dialectical materialism as water and fire. It absolutely cannot lead to communism, but only to capitalism, revisionism. Marx and Engels state explicitly in the *Manifesto of the Communist Party*: **“The Communist revolution is the most radical rupture with traditional property relations; no wonder that its development involves the most radical rupture with traditional ideas.”** The fundamental transformation in world outlook means shifting one’s standpoint from one class to the other, a transformation from one ideological system to the other. This transformation is so radical that it can be achieved only in the course of thoroughgoing criticism of the ideology of the bourgeoisie and all other exploiting classes; “peaceful transition” is

*The heroine of the classical novel *Dream of the Red Chamber*. Chiao Ta was a servant.

absolutely impossible. When he spread the absurdity that humanism and communism were intimately associated, Chou Yang, in fact, opposed us arming our minds with Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought to remould our world outlook.

Unity of Studying Marxism and Revolutionary Practice

The counter-revolutionary revisionist Chou Yang also viciously distorted the revolutionary road taken by Lu Hsun, alleging “Lu Hsun’s road is unique” and “he finally took the correct road” through his own “struggle in groping to find the way.”

From the viewpoint of dialectical materialism, Lu Hsun’s road was not unique. His revolutionary road was a unity of the study of Marxism and participation in revolutionary practice. The violent storms of the mass class struggle were the revolutionary furnace in which Lu Hsun was tempered and matured. Lu Hsun always stood at the forefront of revolutionary struggle and did not divorce himself from revolutionary practice for even a moment. He most strongly opposed the idea that “you simply shut yourself up behind glass windows to write.” All his revolutionary practice was closely linked with the great struggle waged by the Chinese people to overthrow the three big enemies of imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism and seize political power.

Shortly before and during the early 1920’s Lu Hsun carried on a heroic fight against the corrupt imperialist and feudal cultures in Peking, where the new cultural movement was first launched. During the high tide of revolution (1925-1927) he opened a new front in Kwangchow, a centre of the revolution, organizing new cultural contingents with unsurpassed revolutionary zeal. During the period of land revolution (1930-1937), already a believer in communism, he chose Shanghai, then the centre of the cultural struggle, as his fighting base and, guided by Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line, he defied and overcame all obstacles standing in his way. He successfully smashed the reactionary cultural extermination campaign staged by the enemy, and became the great man in the Chinese cultural revolution.

The great teacher Lenin said, "Without revolutionary theory there can be no revolutionary movement." Lu Hsun attached importance to the study of theory as well as to revolutionary practice. After 1927, he studied Marxist works resolutely, combining his study with the practice of revolutionary struggle. No matter how intense the struggle was, how hazardous the situation, how poor his health, he never relaxed his efforts to study, and avidly continued it. During the period under reactionary rule when to own a book with a red cover was liable to land a person in prison, Lu Hsun risked his life by renting a room in a Shanghai bookstore, where he kept his Marxist classics and continued to study the actual problems of the Chinese revolution. He studied such Marxist-Leninist classics as *Manifesto of the Communist Party*, *Socialism: Utopian and Scientific* and *Concerning Questions of the Chinese Revolution*. Shortly before his death Lu Hsun said, "As long as I live I will keep studying."

If he had not studied Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought and had divorced himself from the heated class struggle of the masses, Lu Hsun would not have become a great communist. The counter-revolutionary revisionists Chou Yang and company preached personal "struggle in groping to find the way" so as to negate the revolutionary practice in which Lu Hsun was tempered and negate Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought which guided Lu Hsun. In the final analysis, they opposed us remoulding our world outlook in accordance with Marxism.

What is personal "struggle in groping to find the way"? To put it plainly, it is precisely that they opposed our studying theory and taking part in the revolution. And this is typical bourgeois idealism. We dialectical materialists recognize the unity between knowing and doing, and oppose both dogmatism which is divorced from practice and empiricism which negates the role of theory. Closely combining living study and application of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought with the practice of the three great revolutionary movements of class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment is the only road for all revolutionaries in remoulding their world outlook.

The struggle waged by Lu Hsun against Chou Yang and company in the 1930's and the attacks and slanders made by Chou Yang and his like against Lu Hsun after his death were not isolated phenomena. They were reflections on the ideological and cultural fronts of the struggle between Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line and the counter-revolutionary revisionist line pushed by Wang Ming and Liu Shao-chi. The heart of the struggle is whether to adhere to or to oppose taking Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought as the theoretical basis guiding one's thinking; and which world outlook is to be used to transform the world. All revisionists and sham Marxists want to transform the Party according to the bourgeois world outlook in their evil drive against the proletarian revolution and to overthrow the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Liu Shao-chi's sinister book *Self-cultivation* and the modern revisionists' "love of humanity" and Chou Yang and company's "emancipation of individuality," "humanism is intimately associated with communism" and "groping to find the way" are all alike; they all use the bourgeois "theory of human nature" to deceive the people. They all use "human nature" in the abstract to negate the class nature of ideology, calling it "the nature common to humanity" and "combining two into one" in the ideological sphere, and they all oppose criticism of bourgeois ideology. They use "human nature" in the abstract to lead the people to examine problems apart from social being and the development of history in an attempt to peddle idealism and metaphysics which cut off the subjective from the objective and separate knowledge from practice. This is the trick they often use to oppose us taking Marxism as our guide of the revolution so as to disarm us ideologically.

We must learn from Lu Hsun's fighting life, conscientiously read books, study Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought and make great efforts to remould our world outlook in connection with the practice of the three great revolutionary movements; we must deepen the criticism of revisionism and further criticize the "theory of human nature" advocated by the landlords and the bourgeoisie, and carry the socialist revolution on the ideological and cultural fronts through to the end.

Centenary of the Paris Commune

Long Live the Victory of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat!, an important article by the editorial departments of *Renmin Ribao*, *Hongqi* and *Jiefangjun Bao*, was published in the national and local press on March 18 in commemoration of the centenary of the Paris Commune. It also appeared in pamphlet form in various languages of minority nationalities and was distributed in all parts of the country.

The article falls into six parts: "The principles of the Paris Commune are eternal," "It is of the utmost importance for the revolutionary people to take hold of the gun," "Revolution is the cause of the masses in their millions," "It is essential to have a genuine Marxist-Leninist party," "The modern revisionists are renegades from the revolutionary principles of the Paris Commune," and "Persist in continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat and strive for still greater victories."

To mark the great occasion, pictures and photos of the Commune were printed in all the national and local papers, photo exhibitions were held, talks given and posters put up in public places throughout the country.

Two Documentaries on Show in China

Welcome to South Vietnamese Comrades-in-arms, a colour documentary film, and *We Pledge to Be Powerful Backing for the Three Indo-Chinese*

Peoples, a documentary, have been put on show since March this year in Peking and other parts of the country and warmly applauded by the people of various nationalities.

The film *Welcome to South Vietnamese Comrades-in-arms* shows how the Chinese people, full of admiration and fraternal feelings for the heroic Vietnamese people, warmly welcomed the delegation of the Central Committee of the South Viet Nam National Front for Liberation with Dang Tran Thi, member of the Presidium of the S.V.N.N.F.L. Central Committee, as its leader that came to China to attend the celebrations of the tenth anniversary of the founding of the S.V.N.N.F.L. It also records the friendly visits the delegation paid to different parts of the country.

Great scenes in which the delegation received a warm welcome can be seen in the film. When the delegation arrived in Peking, tens of thousands of people, holding banners and flowers and singing songs, flooded to the streets in a festive mood to welcome the heroic envoy from the forefront of anti-U.S. struggle. A militant friendly atmosphere predominated over their visit extending from the capital Peking to Nanking and Shanghai, from Chairman Mao's birthplace Shaoshan to the southern city Nanning. The film also shows the cordial talks between the Vietnamese comrades-in-arms and the Chinese Liberation Army fighters, militiamen, Red Guards and workers. It screens the vivid scenes in which the Vietnamese visitors told their Chinese comrades-in-arms the fighting experience they gained in defeating the U.S. invaders.

The film *We Pledge to Be Powerful Backing for the Three Indo-Chinese Peoples* shows that in the excellent situation in which the three Indo-Chinese peoples are winning victories in their war against U.S. aggression and for national salvation, the armymen and civilians in twelve major Chinese cities including Peking, Shanghai, Tientsin and Kwangchow held mighty demonstrations to express firm support for the Chinese Government's February 12 statement and denounce the heinous crimes of U.S. imperialism in expanding its war of aggression against Indo-China.

The two films are permeated with the militant solidarity between the Chinese people and three Indo-Chinese peoples. The moving

scenes in the films reflect the iron will and firm determination of the 700 million Chinese people armed with Mao Tsetung Thought to be powerful backing for the three Indo-Chinese peoples and to support them in their war against U.S. aggression and for national salvation.

A Literary and Art Propaganda Team in Kwangsi

Deep in the mountains in northwest Kwangsi Chuang Autonomous Region, there is a literary and art propaganda team — the Silin County Mao Tsetung Thought Propaganda Team, an advanced heroic collective in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought in the autonomous region.

Formed in July 1969 the team, most of its seventeen members being the sons and daughters of workers and poor and lower-middle peasants, has persisted in serving the workers, peasants and soldiers. Guided by Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*, the team members went with beddings and stage settings on their shoulders to the mountains and forests to perform in the villages, fields, or at work sites for the local people of various nationalities. They have created many items to sing praises of the good deeds done by the workers, peasants and soldiers and given more than one hundred performances of the revolutionary theatrical works.

Educated by Chairman Mao's teaching "**Serve the people wholeheartedly,**" the team members took part in physical labour wherever they went. They gathered firewoods, carried water, gave haircuts, did whatever they could for the local people. People warmly welcomed them and called them "Literary and Art Pioneers in the Deep Mountains."

CHAIRMAN MAO TSETUNG ON PEOPLE'S WAR

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