

# CHINESE LITERATURE



In this issue:

**Articles and poems in memory of Premier Chou**

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## IN MEMORY OF PREMIER CHOU

January 8, 1977 was the first anniversary of the death of Premier Chou En-lai. To convey the Chinese people's deep love and respect for him, we present below some articles and poems in his memory. *Our Beloved Premier Chou at Meiyuan New Village* was written immediately after Premier Chou passed away last year. But the Wang-Chang-Chiang-Yao anti-Party clique forbade its publication, engineered an attack on it from all sides, ordered an investigation into its background and labelled it "counter-revolutionary". This shows how these conspirators out to seize power hated both Premier Chou and the people throughout the country who loved him so dearly. We are printing the article here as an indignant indictment against the "gang of four".

— The Editors

### Our Beloved Premier Chou at Meiyuan New Village

During the days when the millions of our people were mourning over the death of Comrade Chou En-lai, a fine member of the Chinese Communist Party, a great proletarian revolutionary, an outstanding communist fighter and a long-tested Party and state leader of the Chinese people, we went with deep respect and love in our hearts to No. 30, Meiyuan New Village, Nanking where the Premier once battled.

It was here that Comrade Chou En-lai led the Delegation of the Chinese Communist Party in negotiations with the U.S.-Chiang reactionaries lasting ten months and four days, from May 1946 to March 1947.

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This article was written by members of the Nanking Museum and the Nanking Cultural Relics Bureau for the magazine *Worker-Peasant-Soldier Review* in Kiangsu Province.

In this fight he brilliantly carried out the glorious, historical mission entrusted to him by Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee.

Today, we are stirred by the sight of each flower and tree in the courtyard and each thing used by the Premier. The heroic battles he fought here flash back to our minds.

## 1

In May 1946, after Comrade Chou En-lai flew to Nanking, he had a picture taken with Comrade Tung Pi-wu, deputy head of the Delegation of the Communist Party, in the courtyard of No. 30 Meiyuan New Village. Two towering cypresses bathed in early summer sunlight flank the grape-vine in front of the house under which they stand, looking both resolute and relaxed. This picture makes it hard for us to believe that within a hundred metres' radius the Kuomintang had set up more than ten spy stations such as the joint command post of the Bureau of Investigation and Statistics of the Central Executive Committee and the Bureau of Investigation and Statistics of the Military Council, the reconnaissance office of the Special Interrogation Court and the "residence" of the head of the Nanking Police Department. From the front, back and both sides the enemy kept a strict watch on our delegation. Their secret agents' motor-bikes, jeeps and cars were parked in the nearby streets or lanes, ready to trail our delegates whenever they went out. And spies disguised as pedlars, cobblers, fortune-tellers, pedicab-men and news-boys roamed the neighbourhood day and night. But our beloved Premier Chou and Comrade Tung Pi-wu remained as serene as the two cypress trees towering in the courtyard, cool, courageous and resourceful in this head-on confrontation with the enemy. They had a building put up in the front courtyard and the courtyard walls doubled in height so that the enemy could not see in. When our delegates held a meeting they drew the curtains and placed a radio on the steps outside, turning it full on to transmit the news from Yenan so that the enemy could not hear what they said.

At that time, to help Chiang Kai-shek launch a civil war against the people, the U.S. imperialists were using planes and warships to transport large numbers of Kuomintang troops to various fronts to fight

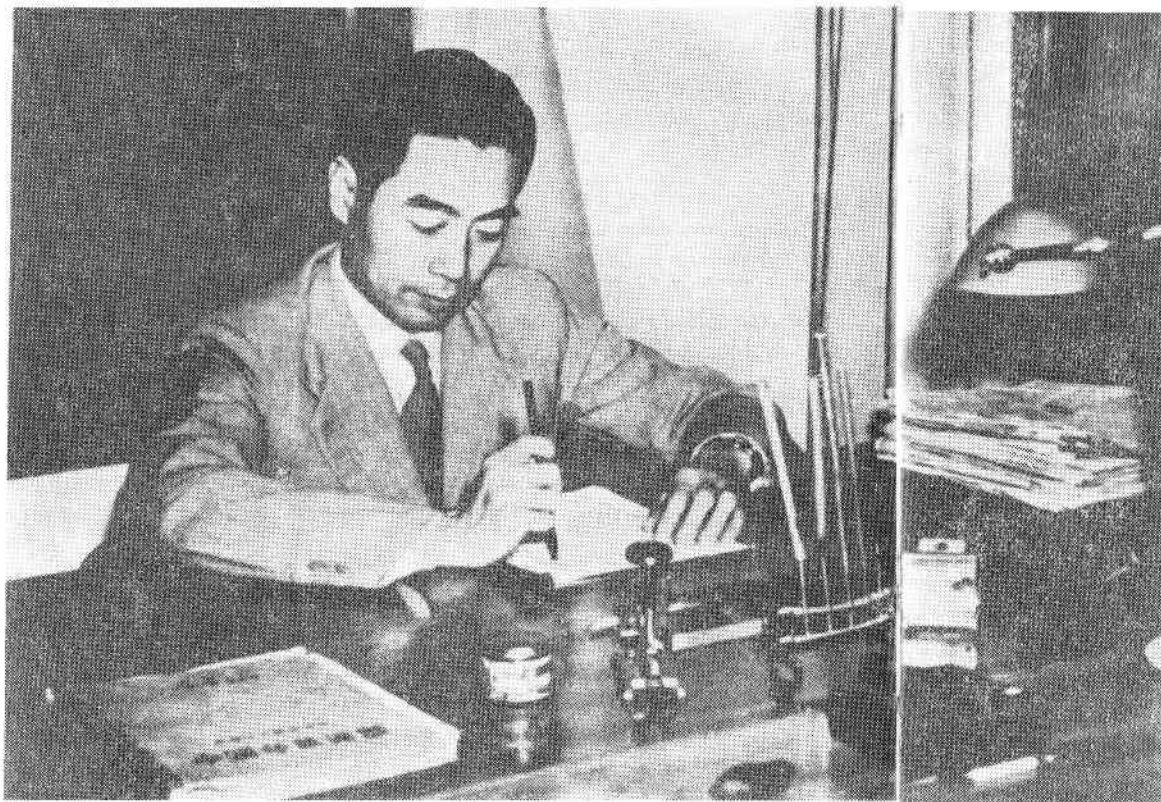
the people's army. Comrade Chou En-lai exposed with irrefutable facts the aggressive plot of the U.S. imperialists who were interfering in China's internal affairs in the name of "mediation". Once George C. Marshall sent a representative of the Kuomintang Delegation to Meiyuan to ask Comrade Chou En-lai over to hold negotiations. Comrade Chou En-lai refused to receive the man who, after waiting for hours, beat a crestfallen retreat. Some time later, Comrade Chou En-lai sent a delegate to tell Marshall: "It's all right to hold negotiations if you want. But the time and meeting place must be fixed by our two sides through consultation." Rebuffed like this, Marshall could only turn up one thumb and say, "General Chou En-lai is certainly a first-rate diplomat."

In the room of the communications group of the Chinese Communist Party Delegation there is displayed the big BC 610 radio transmitter with which the delegation kept in touch with Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee. This room on the second floor has windows on both sides. The Kuomintang spies set up a station near by to listen in and monitor our transmissions, but failed to decipher our code messages. Finally, at their wits' end, they started jamming our wireless signals in order to cut off our communications. Our radio operators were very worried. But Comrade Chou En-lai quickly thought of a way to counter-attack. He said: "We must pay them back in kind. The enemy's jamming us, we can jam them too." So, on his instructions our radio operators concentrated on jamming transmissions from the control tower of the enemy airport, with the result that enemy planes could neither take off nor land. Then the fools had to stop jamming us.

After this battle, Comrade Chou En-lai instructed the communications group to install a small auxiliary 5-watt transmitter in a built-in closet. And in case the enemy cut the power supply, they installed a diesel generator too. Comrade Chou En-lai's dauntless spirit and ingenuity in foiling the enemy were a great inspiration to the whole delegation.

## 2

In Comrade Chou En-lai's office on the ground floor still stand the desk and swivel chair which he used, and on the desk are the brushes,



Premier Chou in his office

ink-stone, bronze ink-pot, *Hsinhua Daily*, map of China and stationery of the Communist Party Delegation. A prominent feature of the room is the bookcase behind the door packed with the works of Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin and Chairman Mao.

In 1941, when Chairman Mao launched the great rectification movement in Yen-an, Comrade Chou En-lai immediately returned from Chungking to Yen-an to join in the movement. Later, he took Chairman Mao's brilliant article *Reform Our Study* back with him to Chungking and then to Nanking. Now this copy, on the cover of which the Premier wrote his name, is among the books in the bookcase. On one wall hangs a photograph taken by his secretary of Comrade Chou

En-lai hard at work in his office late one night in June 1946. It reminds us of the many sleepless nights he spent in those arduous days.

Comrade Chou En-lai always worked very hard and against time. During the day, in addition to negotiations with the Kuomintang delegates, he had to receive visitors from the revolutionary masses, newspaper men, democratic personages and foreign friends, in order to expose to them the plot of the U.S.-Chiang reactionaries to expand the civil war, and to explain to them the correct stand of our Communist Party. In this way he did a great deal of united front work. At night he had to hear reports from the delegation's information group, foreign affairs group and military affairs group, analyse problems and personally draft telegrams to Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee to report on his work or ask for instructions. He also made time to study Marxist works and Chairman Mao's writings. Though he worked until late every night, before going to bed he repeatedly reminded the comrades working by his side: "Seizing time means victory. Getting out ahead with the news, we'll have the initiative. When Chairman Mao and the Party

Central Committee send any important instructions or when there are urgent telegrams from other parts of the country, you must wake me up at once. We mustn't have any delay."

Because of the Kuomintang's economic blockade our Party was extremely short of money. Each staff member of the delegation had only 17,000 yuan per month. But at that time even a shoddy short-sleeved shirt cost 12,000 yuan. Comrade Chou En-lai lived very frugally and ate the plainest food. Sometimes he had no time to go back for meals and simply went to a small eating-house for a snack. His comrades warned him: "Those places are neither safe nor clean. You'd better not go there."

"It doesn't matter," he would say laughingly. "Here, in Nanking, Chiang Kai-shek daren't murder me yet. And as for hygiene, I'll be on my guard."

Comrade Chou En-lai's bedroom was very simply furnished. There were only two single beds of coir matting, a small chest of drawers and a coat-stand. The cotton quilt folded on the bed was given to him by the delegation in 1946. When we went to Peking to collect it in 1964, he was still using it — he had used it for more than ten years. The leather suitcase on the chest of drawers was already worn white in places. This was the case in which he kept his clothes. It had accompanied him from Yen-an in 1936 through more than a decade of fighting north and south until he finally took it to Peking.

The sight of the topee on the coat-stand thrilled us. On August 28, 1945, to thoroughly expose the counter-revolutionary dual tactics of the U.S.-Chiang reactionaries, our great leader Chairman Mao regardless of personal danger flew from Yen-an to Chungking accompanied by Comrade Chou En-lai. Before they boarded the plane, to protect our beloved Chairman from the blazing sun Comrade Chou En-lai gave him his own topee to wear. As these memories flashed through our minds, we seemed to hear the stirring strains of *The East Is Red* and see the red sun rising from the eastern horizon to light up our great motherland.

As the negotiations proceeded, the struggle became sharper and Comrade Chou En-lai worked even harder, often working the whole night through without stopping to rest. The rest of the delegation began to worry about his health. At one Party branch meeting they urged him to take proper rest and pay more attention to his health. "I rest quite enough," he answered with a smile. The Party branch meeting passed a resolution enjoining him not to stay up after midnight. Comrade Chou En-lai was very touched by their concern, but in view of the tense situation he told them gravely: "Our delegation is entrusted by the Party Central Committee, Chairman Mao and the people of the whole country with the important mission of negotiation. This is a life-and-death issue for our whole nation. Compared with this crucial task, what does my health matter?" His

words moved everyone to tears. Indeed, our beloved premier never spared himself. He worked tirelessly and uncomplainingly for the Party with no thought of his own comfort.

At that time Comrade Teng Ying-chao was in charge of women's work in the delegation and she often went out to attend women's meetings. But her main job was to assist Comrade Chou En-lai. When the negotiations reached the most critical stage, the two of them took it in turns to be on duty and handle important business. In that enemy stronghold under a reign of terror, she defied all dangers and hardships and set all thought of self aside to share thick and thin with Comrade Chou En-lai, battling shoulder to shoulder with him, working indefatigably for the Party and making a big contribution to the women's liberation movement in China.

But busy as they were and fierce as was the struggle, Comrades Chou En-lai and Teng Ying-chao often made time to go to Yuhuatai to pay homage to those who had died there for the revolution. Each time they brought back some of the coloured pebbles from Yuhuatai and put them in a bowl on the table in the reception room of the delegation, to educate their comrades in the revolutionary tradition. More than once Comrade Teng Ying-chao said, "The sight of these pebbles always reminds me of the blood countless martyrs shed for the revolution." Comrade Kuo Mo-jo who was a frequent visitor there in those days was deeply touched by this. In his book *Glimpses of Nanking* he wrote: "The tranquillity, brightness, firmness and selflessness of these Yuhuatai pebbles seemed to symbolize the spirit of our hosts."

### 3

The headquarters of the Chinese Communist Party Delegation was, as we have said, surrounded by Kuomintang spies. Whenever members of the delegation went out on foot or by car, they were instantly shadowed. Their lives were in constant danger.

Comrade Chou En-lai, utterly fearless, risked his own life to lead his comrades to fight on. Concerned as they all were about his safety,

he was even more concerned about theirs. He always warned those going out to be on their guard, sometimes even working out the best route for them, not setting his mind at rest until they returned safe and sound.

Upstairs above Comrade Chou En-lai's office and bedroom was the office of the delegation's secretariat. Comrade Chou En-lai made them work upstairs for the sake of secrecy and security.

One August day in 1946, the Kuomintang police suddenly raided the delegation on the pretext of "checking on the residents", and demanded to search the house. When they stormed into the courtyard and tried to force their way into Comrade Chou En-lai's office and bedroom, his secretary barred their way, saying sternly: "Our delegation has come to hold negotiations with you. You are not allowed to break into the office of our delegation's head." The reactionaries were forced to retreat.

After that the comrades in the secretariat became more concerned about Comrade Chou En-lai's security. But to fight for the cause of the Party and to ensure his comrades' safety Comrade Chou En-lai completely ignored his own danger. The secretariat's three small offices had such low ceilings that you could touch them by putting up a hand. During the summer they were sweltering, and the few small windows had to be kept covered day and night with red and black curtains as they were under constant watch by the Kuomintang spies. In spite of these bad conditions, the comrades of the secretariat worked tenaciously day and night. Comrade Chou En-lai was so concerned about their health that he often went upstairs to see them. Grasping the sweat-soaked youngsters' hands, he told them fondly: "The confidential work you're doing is the lifeline linking us with the Central Committee. We've put you upstairs so that you can work here safely. Downstairs I'm your door-keeper standing guard for you. You can work with easy minds for the cause of the Party." Then he set three requirements for them: secrecy, accuracy and speed. They carried out these instructions to the letter and with flying colours fulfilled all the tasks entrusted to them by the Party.

As we entered the reception room in No. 30 Meiyuan New Village, the row of armchairs reminded us of how Comrade Chou En-lai would sit there discussing state affairs with friends from different walks of life. We recalled his eager, kindly expression and the profundity of all he said. . . . This was no ordinary reception room.

Outside the window of Comrade Chou En-lai's bedroom there was a grape-vine. It was summer when the Communist Party Delegation arrived in Nanking and the leaves of the grape-vine were luxuriant. Sometimes Comrade Chou En-lai sat under the trellis with visitors explaining Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and policies as well as the firm stand taken by our Party in striving to stop the civil war and secure peace and democracy.

At that time, while negotiating with our Communist Party, the Chiang Kai-shek clique were relying on U.S. aid to transport over one million troops to the front to fight a civil war. They attacked our Central Plains Liberated Area in June 1946, and the next month invaded the Kiangsu-Anhwei Border Region. This made many middle-of-the-roaders doubt whether our Party could beat back their attack and worry about the future of the peace negotiations. Comrade Chou En-lai conveyed to them his full confidence in our Party's victory. Citing the famous concept formulated by Chairman Mao that "**all reactionaries are paper tigers**", he pointed out that the Kuomintang reactionaries looked imposing but were really weak, that their perfidious attack on us and their tearing up of the agreement they had signed had unmasked their vicious features and isolated them completely, and that their military "superiority" was temporary. With dauntless optimism Comrade Chou En-lai assured the visitors: "We are resolved to negotiate with the Kuomintang reactionaries and to struggle with them to achieve peace. If they force us to fight, we are confident that we shall win. The final victory will undoubtedly belong to the people."

Less than two months after the Chinese Communist Party Delegation arrived in Nanking, the Kuomintang reactionaries staged the



notorious Hsiakuan Incident.\* Comrade Chou En-lai heard of it at two in the morning. He went straight to the hospital to see the wounded representatives and clasped their hands, assuring them: "The blood you shed will be paid back!" Many of those who heard this were moved to tears.

In this way, Comrade Chou En-lai fought day and night for peace, endeavouring to build up the revolutionary united front. His painstaking efforts led many people to understand the situation, discard their illusions about Chiang Kai-shek, accept our Party's proposals and join the revolutionary ranks.

Comrade Chou En-lai had foreseen that the Kuomintang would tear up the truce agreement once they had completed their disposition of troops with the support of U.S. imperialism and that the negotiations would break down. Once, in analysing the situation in No. 17 Meiyuan he said: "We'll go back to Yen-an very soon. But we'll be back — that's certain. How shall we come back? In my estimation, there are two possibilities. First, we may be invited back. That's to say, after the KMT have suffered a devastating defeat at the front they may invite us back for further negotiations. Or, we may fight our way back. And the second possibility is the more likely."

On November 15, 1946 the Kuomintang reactionaries brazenly violated the resolution of the Political Consultative Conference and convened "The National Assembly" under their exclusive control. The very next day, Comrade Chou En-lai held a press conference at the meeting hall of the Chinese Communist Party Delegation in No. 17 Meiyuan. So many Chinese and foreign newsmen attended the conference that the meeting hall could not hold them, and some of them had to stand in the doorway, outside the windows or even in the courtyard. Standing in front of a map of China, Comrade Chou

\*In June 1946, the Kuomintang's preparations to launch nation-wide civil war with the support of U.S. imperialism met with angry opposition from the whole Chinese people. On June 23 a hundred thousand students, workers and other Shanghai residents demonstrated against civil war and sent Ma Hsu-lun, Yen Pao-hang and other representatives to Nanking to present a peace petition to the KMT government. When these representatives reached Hsiakuan Station in Nanking, they were beaten up and many of them were injured by KMT thugs.



Premier Chou and Comrade Tung Pi-wu at No. 30 Meiyuan New Village

En-lai pointed at it with his right hand and exposed the crimes of Chiang Kai-shek in launching a counter-revolutionary civil war and an all-round offensive against the liberated areas. Then he reiterated our Party's proposal to unite with the people of the whole country to realize real peace. He solemnly announced: "We, the Chinese Communist Party, resolutely boycott the so-called National Assembly controlled exclusively by the Kuomintang reactionaries."



One reporter asked: "What will the Communist Party do if the National Assembly passes a resolution to fight against you?"

Comrade Chou En-lai laughed. "What difference would that make?" he answered. "We've been fighting a long time now. . . . Before the Anti-Japanese War there was civil war for ten years, and during the war of resistance there was friction between us for eight years. Since the victory in the Anti-Japanese War there's been a year of conflict. We've been through all this but we're still serving the people. Provided we rely on the people, we shall certainly find a way out for this country of ours." After a pause he added: "If you're worried for us, I can tell you frankly: Don't worry."

The newsmen who had been feeling tense now laughed, infected by Comrade Chou En-lai's superb confidence based on his penetrating insight into the future.

"We rely entirely on our own efforts," Comrade Chou En-lai went on. "For instance, when we return to Yen-an this time, if we want to eat we must take part in production. We must support ourselves. So long as we remain servants of the people, we'll always have work to do and food to eat; we'll always have fresh vitality and new hope. This is our honour. And we'd like to share this honour with you all."

To protest against the Kuomintang sabotage of the peace talks, Comrade Chou En-lai returned to Yen-an on November 19, 1946. His statements at the press conference were promptly published by the *Liberation Daily* and *Hsinhua Daily* and served as a great encouragement to the people of the whole country.

As Comrade Chou En-lai had predicted, the Kuomintang reactionaries finally showed clearly that their claim to be seeking peace had been a fraud. On February 28, 1947 they ordered all staff members of the Communist Party Delegation stationed in Shanghai, Chungking and Nanking to withdraw within five days. On March 7, 1947 when Comrade Tung Pi-wu left Nanking, representatives from all walks of life came to see him off. Chang Chih-chung, a member of the Kuomintang Delegation in the negotiations, said to him: "I've come to see you off." Comrade Tung Pi-wu promptly answered: "In a couple of years we'll be going to Peking. Then we'll come to

meet you and you will be one of our guests." Just before boarding the plane, Comrade Tung Pi-wu said meaningfully to all who had come to farewell him: "It won't be long before we meet again."

What Comrades Chou En-lai and Tung Pi-wu had predicted in Meiyuan New Village very soon came true. Led by our great leader Chairman Mao and the Chinese Communist Party, the Chinese People's Liberation Army together with the Chinese people wiped out eight million troops of the Chiang Kai-shek gang and drove out the U.S. imperialist aggressors, thus liberating our country, and established a socialist new China.

In the twenty-six years since the founding of New China, the magnificent revolutionary struggle waged by Premier Chou at Meiyuan New Village has never ceased to inspire the Chinese people in their vigorous advance along the great road of socialist revolution and socialist construction.

Our beloved Premier Chou has not left us. His integrity, revolutionary vitality and confidence in victory, as well as his voice and smiling face will for ever remain in our minds. The glorious image of this loyal son of the Party and the people, who fought tenaciously and selflessly his whole life for the Chinese people's liberation and the cause of communism, will live on in our hearts just like the two towering cypress trees in the courtyard of No. 30 Meiyuan New Village, evergreen from generation to generation.

## Our Beloved Premier Chou's Three Visits to Tachai

On the eve of the first anniversary of Premier Chou's death, we returned from the fields to gaze at his portrait and the precious photographs of him taken here. For a long time our hearts were in a turmoil. The scenes of his visits here with foreign guests flashed back to us.

### The Premier's Heart-Blood Transfused Tachai's Red Banner

The roots of our pines on Tiger-head Hill interlace, and Premier Chou's heart was linked with the hearts of us Tachai people. He showed unfailing concern for us. He loved, supported and encouraged us.

In 1964 our great leader and teacher Chairman Mao issued the great call to the whole country: **"In agriculture, learn from Tachai."** The Premier who best understood Chairman Mao's instructions and was the most resolute in carrying them out summed up our basic experience. He said: Tachai stuck to the principle of

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This article was written by the Tachai Party branch.

putting proletarian politics in command and taking Mao Tsetung Thought as their guide. The whole country should follow their example of self-reliance and hard struggle and their communist style of loving the country and the collective.

On May 21, 1965 Premier Chou came to Tachai for the first time with Vice-premier Li Hsien-nien and some honoured guests from Albania. Then on April 9, 1967 he and Vice-premier Chen Yi brought us guests from Vietnam. The third time, on April 23, 1973, he and Comrades Teng Ying-chao and Lin Chia-mei accompanied guests from Mexico to Tachai.

On his first visit Premier Chou looked over our newly constructed cave-dwellings and new houses with tiled roofs. As he walked along with Vice-premier Li Hsien-nien, he commented that though there weren't very many of us in Tachai we had certainly done a big job — changed the face of the countryside. On his second visit he noticed that we had done more to transform Tachai and said: How fast Tachai has changed. It's so different now from the last time we were here. He seemed even happier on his third visit and told Comrade Chen Yung-kuei: I can hardly believe my eyes, Yung-kuei. You've changed Tachai out of all recognition. You people and your young folk have done very well. Instead of taking a car, Premier Chou strode vigorously up Tiger-head Hill. Standing by the People-and-Army Pool, he pointed out to our foreign guests the seven gullies, eight ridges and single slope of Tachai as well as our new houses as he explained the various construction projects that had changed our brigade. He spoke at such length that Comrade Teng Ying-chao remarked with a smile: See, the Premier's become a guide to Tachai. Premier Chou quipped: This is my third visit to Tachai, I should know something about it. If I say anything wrong I hope Comrade Yung-kuei will correct me.

How did we manage to keep our Tachai banner so red? This was only possible because our banner was set up by Chairman Mao himself and because our beloved premier spared no pains to transfuse it with Mao Tsetung Thought and his heart's blood.

When the Premier first came here we had a little exhibition hall by the big willow tree. It consisted of four sections: The general

situation, class struggle, our fight to increase production and the scientific experiments we had made. Premier Chou examined everything in detail and asked many questions. Having seen the contrasting models of the new village and the old, the graphic presentation of Tachai's history and Chen Yung-kuei's family history, he commended the exhibition, saying that although on a small scale it was most educational. On display were the old clothes and bedding of Comrades Liang Pien-liang, Niu Kuo-tung and Shih Kuei-lin in the old society as well as a basket used when one of them went begging from door to door. Picking up a wooden pillow used by three generations of Niu Kuo-tung's family, Premier Chou told the photographer that he must be sure to take pictures of all these exhibits to help educate young people in other parts of the country.

At Ephedra Gully, Premier Chou praised us for keeping a small section of the old gully unaltered with the signboards "Educational Field" and "Educational Gully", contrasting the new with the old to help our young people understand our revolutionary tradition. He suggested changing the name to "Gully to Educate the Young" and adding Chairman Mao's instructions on self-reliance and hard struggle so that our young people would bear in mind the struggles we had to build up our village, and would work hard themselves and never forget their origin. Premier Chou also pointed to a rocky gully near by channelled out by the rain and asked Kuo Feng-lien: Tell me, Little Kuo, which is stronger, water or man? She answered: Man is the stronger. The Premier challenged this, saying: I think water is the stronger. See what a deep groove water has made in that boulder. Feng-lien retorted that it had taken the rain thousands of years to form that gully and that man was much more powerful. Hadn't Tachai rebuilt the whole of Wolf-lair Gully so that now more grain was grown for the people? The Premier was delighted. Now you're talking, he said. Young people should understand this. Chairman Mao has told us, **"Of all things in the world, people are the most precious."**

After going over Wolf-lair Gully, Premier Chou praised the Tachai people for their three battles against nature there. Then he again questioned Feng-lien: Do you study Chairman Mao's works, Little

Kuo? Feng-lien assured him that she did. When you've done something to your credit, asked the Premier, do you remember Chairman Mao's teachings? Feng-lien answered by quoting the saying: Modesty helps one to make progress whereas pride makes one fall behind. Premier Chou was satisfied and told her earnestly: That's right. You have to go on making progress.

At supper that evening, the Premier cut a steamed corn bun and some potatoes into two halves giving one portion to Feng-lien and keeping the other for himself. He said significantly, I've not had a meal like this for some time. This is food for revolutionaries. In the war years we didn't often eat as well as this. By reminding Feng-lien of our revolutionary traditions Premier Chou showed the love and concern of our older generation of revolutionaries for younger comrades. Before leaving, he urged our Party committee repeatedly to be modest and prudent, guard against arrogance and impatience, be democratic and always consult the people. He told us to train our younger generation to be true revolutionaries, to safeguard our red flag and our socialist country, and to advance holding high the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought.

### **Premier Chou Took Thought for Us in Every Way**

In spring when we start sowing we remember Premier Chou's injunctions to use good seeds and cultivate our own good strains. When we spread fertilizer we remember how on Changnao Hill he picked up a handful of compost and said with a smile: Your method of composting is very good. We should apply more natural fertilizer. When we take our tools to the fields, we remember how the Premier encouraged us to improve our farm implements and set machines to work for us. Dear Premier Chou took an interest in the proportion of various crops we grew, our afforestation, animal husbandry as well as our various side-lines, and even in our work in family planning. . . . He gave thought to everything concerning the development of our collective economy. In fact he took thought for us in every way.

On his first visit, Premier Chou showed great interest in how we had built terraced fields. After listening to the guide's introduction, he asked Chen Yung-kuei to tell him how Tachai remodelled Wolf-lair Gully. As he walked along the gully, he wanted to know whether our embankments were strong enough to withstand a flood as big as that in 1963. He suggested we dig more drainage ditches and some small drainage ponds to contain flood waters. On his third visit to Tachai, Comrade Teng Ying-chao proposed after lunch to go and see Wolf-lair Gully. The Premier promptly approved, telling her that unless she saw it she could not rightly say she'd been to Tachai. Comrade Teng Ying-chao went specially to see Wolf-lair.

Premier Chou was very concerned about irrigation and water conservancy in Tachai. Before 1965 we built a small pump-house beside our well. The Premier wanted to know the depth and capacity of the well and the horse-power of the diesel engine. Comrade Chen Yung-kuei answered all his questions and told him that there was enough water for drinking with a little surplus for compost piles. Premier Chou advised us to find a more abundant source of water so that irrigation could be taken care of. He asked: What will you do if it doesn't rain? What if there's a drought three years running? That's happened before in Chinese history. You must try to solve the question of water supply thoroughly.

Premier Chou was also very interested in our afforestation. The first time he came he noticed a small wood on the hillside opposite us and asked whose it was. Comrade Chia Cheng-jang said that it belonged to Wuchiaping Brigade. How fine it would be if all our hills were wooded like that, said the Premier. He told us: Plant more trees and develop forestry. Fruit trees, nut trees, trees for timber — plant them all. He also encouraged us to turn our wild dates into sweet ones by grafting. When he came on his third visit he was delighted to find that green trees covered our Tiger-head Hill and our date-trees were now bearing sweet fruit.

With the welfare of the whole country in mind, Premier Chou loved Tachai and wanted to make it a success for the sake of the whole country. It was he who brought the loving care of Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee to hundreds of millions of peasants.

We can never forget the Premier's concern for Hsiyang, for central Shansi, for the whole province and for the whole of China. When he came in 1973 and found a member of the central Shansi Party committee here, the Premier said to him: Here in Hsiyang when there is a big drought, the people counter it by working hard. Now I want to challenge you. You must learn from Hsiyang. Are you people brave enough? The comrade from central Shansi said that they were confident they could do it. Premier Chou said: I'm putting pressure on you because pressure's needed to get things done. We're all under pressure. On Tiger-head Hill Premier Chou looked at the hills and fields around, noting the change in Wuchiaping and Chinshihpo, then asked Comrade Chen Yung-kuei how long it had taken Wuchiaping to change. Five years, said Chen Yung-kuei. Why was it backward before? asked the Premier. It had better land and more water than Tachai. What it lacked was strong leadership. Chen Yung-kuei said: Now, it's practically the same as Tachai. If we don't look out, it may surpass Tachai. Premier Chou was elated to hear this. Practically the same? he said. If it surpasses Tachai I'll be very pleased. I'd like very much to see many other brigades surpass you. Then you'd strive to catch up with them. If the whole country becomes like Tachai, that'll be great.

When we heard this we couldn't help thinking how far-sighted the Premier was. He thought of everything. Our Premier had charge of great affairs of state and concerned himself with the struggle on the international front, yet in spite of his heavy responsibilities he made time to come to our village and inquire about everything relating to our revolutionary work, our farming and forestry. He thought of everything, not only for our generation but for the next generation too. He planned everything carefully for us and he took such a far-sighted view. Premier Chou was really close to our peasants' hearts.

### **Premier Chou Was Just Like One of Us**

Beloved Premier Chou had immense concern and feeling for the masses. His eagerness to be near the masses, the genuine affinity between him and the poor and lower-middle peasants, made a deep

impression on us which is still fresh in our minds. His three visits to Tachai were short ones, but in the limited time at his disposal he chatted cordially with a number of old people, gave kindly advice to many young ones and sang gaily with the children. Premier Chou laughed and talked so informally with us and took such an interest in all our concerns, he made us feel completely at home and happy to have him with us.

Sixty-three-year-old Niu Kuo-tung, former poor peasant, recalled: I remember clearly Premier Chou's third visit. I was standing in the third row of the people lined up outside the village to welcome our guests. Premier Chou spotted me at once. He stretched out his hand to me across the people in front and told me that he remembered me. Later that morning as I was raking manure on a sunny slope, Premier Chou returned from accompanying the foreign guests on a tour of the village. He asked after my health and wanted to know my age. Then he introduced me to the Mexican guests with him. We were all so stirred that tears filled our eyes. I could hardly say a word. I told myself, Niu Kuo-tung, you worked as a hired hand for over twenty years in the old society. In those days what official would know you? Even a village head of the reactionary regime wouldn't lift his eyes to look at you, to say nothing of a prime minister or even a magistrate. But our beloved Premier Chou, a statesman renowned throughout the world, remembered me. What great fortune was mine!

Our young Party branch secretary Kuo Feng-lien will never forget the happy occasions when Premier Chou visited her. She said: Premier Chou came to see my grandmother the very first time he came to Tachai. I shouted into granny's ear that here was our Premier Chou come all the way from Peking to see her. Granny asked how many days the journey had taken him and how long he was staying. The Premier smiled. I came by plane, he said. It took only a few hours. I've so much work to do at home I can't stay long. Got to be back today. When the Premier learned that my granny had ruined her health working as a servant in landlord households in the old society, he told me to take good care of her and see to it that she had a happy old age. On his third visit to Tachai, the Premier came to

see us again. He asked granny if she remembered his last two visits. Of course she did. The Premier said: Feng-lien was not married the other times. Just then I came in bringing some steamed corn buns which I offered him, and granny remarked that what you got from the stores could never be as good as home-cooking. The Premier burst out laughing so heartily that everyone joined in. Before he left the Premier took granny's hand and told her that when he'd time he'd come to visit her again. After that, my granny could talk about nothing else. Premier Chou isn't a bit like an official, she said. He wants to know all about us. He's just like one of us!

Chia Cheng-fu, leader of the forestry section, talked happily about the Premier's visit. He came to our house on his third visit to Tachai, he said. As he cracked the sunflower seeds we served him, he asked us: How big is your family? How many rooms have you? He examined the photographs on the wall and pointing to my mother wanted to know who she was and whether she was still living. When he learned that she was in the next cave-house, he insisted on going over to see her. He asked after her health and wanted to know her age. Mother told him she was eighty-six and that, with Chairman Mao and the Communist Party leading us, life was good and she'd like to live for another couple of years. Yes, do that and live well, said the Premier. Our working people should enjoy their old age.

The Premier was good to the aged and very concerned over the development of the younger generation. In our exhibition hall he talked to young workers on the staff; on the irrigation construction site he sang revolutionary songs with the PLA soldiers; in our guest-house he asked the girl attendants about conditions at the grass-roots.

We still remember vividly the happy time Premier Chou spent with our Tachai children in 1973. That day the kindergarten children put on a performance for the Mexican guests. First they danced, then announced that they were going to sing *The East Is Red*. The Premier walked over to stand in front of the children and conduct their singing. As the strains of "The east is red, the sun rises..." floated out, rhythmic clapping synchronized with the vigorous swinging of the Premier's hands. We were all moved beyond words.

## If We All Worked with Premier Chou's Drive, How Much Could Be Done!

If we add up all the time we Tachai people spent with our premier, it comes to less than twenty hours. But in this little time, his words and deeds set us a splendid example.

Premier Chou always worked tirelessly and indefatigably. We still remember his first visit to Tachai. Since he came by helicopter, it was a tiring journey. But after only a short rest, his party made the round of Tiger-head Hill. The sun was fiery and the day sultry. We had straw hats ready for our guests but Premier Chou refused to wear one. He accompanied the foreign guests the whole way, which meant walking about eight *li*. It was enough to tire a much younger man but our premier strode with a spring in his step. And straight after our return from Wolf-lair Gully he went to see our exhibition. You must be tired after the long walk, Premier Chou, said Comrade Chen Yung-kuei. The Premier only smiled. We've seen only a third of Tachai, I'm afraid, he said. Too bad my time here is so short. Premier Chou felt that he could not see enough of Tachai and we felt that we couldn't hear enough of his instructions.

Premier Chou came to Tachai on his second visit with Vice-premier Chen Yi when the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution was deepening. We noticed that his hair was turning white because he worked so hard for the revolution. However, he was as vigorous as before and when Comrade Chen Yung-kuei tried to take his arm going uphill, he would not have it. The Tachai spirit is self-reliance and hard struggle, he told us meaningfully. Your brigade members carry heavy loads uphill every day. I want to tour Tachai in the Tachai spirit. I'll walk up without help.

When Premier Chou came the last time he was already ill but none of us realized that. On his return from touring our terraced fields, he made the foreign guests rest but he himself conferred with Comrade Chen Yung-kuei and all the members of the Tachai Party branch committee. The time after lunch was left free for the visitors to rest before their departure. Premier Chou, however, seized this chance to talk to the comrades of the Party committees of Shansi Province and

central Shansi prefecture, giving them important instructions. He arrived in Tachai at eight thirty in the morning and left at four ten. Throughout the busy day he had not a single moment's rest. We poor and lower-middle peasants were very moved but our hearts bled to see the Premier not sparing himself. If everyone worked with the Premier's drive, what a lot could be done was the general comment. Yet that scoundrel Wang Hung-wen, a member of the despicable "gang of four", went to Chairman Mao by plane to slander Premier Chou. Those devils are more poisonous than vipers.

Premier Chou lived very simply, accepting no privileges. His contributions to the state were tremendous, but he cut down his own requirements to the very minimum. Every time he came he insisted that we must not entertain him extravagantly or give the people any extra trouble. Before his first visit, the Premier sent word from Peking that he would eat our standard Tachai fare -- steamed corn buns and millet gruel. We followed his instructions and prepared only four dishes and a soup made of Tachai produce. Premier Chou ate the corn buns and millet gruel with relish, saying how good it all tasted. On his second visit, Premier Chou and Vice-premier Chen Yi ate in the home of a commune member and found the corn buns and flapjacks most appetizing. We were particularly touched when Premier Chou wrapped up half a corn bun which he couldn't finish in his handkerchief, saying that he would take it back to eat. He also took some flapjacks away, announcing that these were for some leading comrades of the Central Committee. The third time Premier Chou came he was wearing a plain grey suit. An attendant handed him a hot towel in the rest-room and he hurriedly wiped his face. When the attendant offered to rinse out the towel so that he could wash more thoroughly, the Premier said: That'll do. We must economize on water here. In a mountainous area every drop of water is precious. All that day, the Premier took good care of our foreign guests with no thought for himself. In the middle of their tour of Tiger-head Hill, the guests decided to take cars. The Premier saw them into sedans then followed behind in a jeep.

On all three of his visits Premier Chou insisted that we should not disturb the people or affect their farm work in any way. He was

careful to protect the trees and plants of Tachai. In 1973 when we reached the rear gully, the Premier saw some of his group striding through a wheat field. Don't cut through the field, he called out. The shoots are growing so well, mind you don't trample them. When we came back, the Premier asked Comrade Chia Cheng-jang whether the wheat had been damaged, only setting his mind at rest after Comrade Chia assured him no harm had been done.

Premier Chou was rich in experience and had extensive knowledge, having been through long periods of revolutionary struggles. But with us peasants he was just a simple, modest person. Once a foreign guest after hearing the Premier describe how our Tachai fields had been built complimented him: You're not only a diplomat and statesman, I see, but an agronomist as well. Premier Chou shook his head. No, no, I'm a layman here. I've come to Tachai to learn from them. I'm a student and they are my teachers. In April 1973 when Premier Chou came for his last visit to Tachai, he gave us many valuable instructions. Then he said wistfully: In ten years' time there'll be even greater changes here. Too bad that I'm old. There's no chance of my coming again. At that time none of us was aware that the Premier had cancer. On behalf of us poor and lower-middle peasants of Tachai, Comrade Chen Yung-kuei begged him to come again in five years to see the new changes in Tachai and Hsiyang.

When the time of departure drew near all the members of our Party branch committee went over to say goodbye to the Premier. He shook hands with us one by one. Do please come and visit Tachai again when you have time, we begged, and he promised so long as his health held out to do so. When Premier Chou saw us to the door, he waved and said: Till we meet again. But that was the last time we saw our beloved premier.

Premier Chou had us in mind all the time and we thought of him constantly. When the papers carried pictures of him receiving foreign guests in hospital, we would scan them carefully to see if he looked slightly better, hoping that he would soon be restored to health and leave hospital. Every time Comrade Chen Yung-kuei returned from

Peking, we questioned him about the Premier's health. Our dear Premier had a special place in our hearts.

Beloved Premier Chou died on January 8, 1976. When the dreadful news came, happy Tachai Village was suddenly filled with anguish. That evening, heart-stricken cadres and masses alike gathered in our political night school to mourn him.

It was here two years ago that I told you the good news of Premier Chou coming to visit us. Today, I have to tell you that never again will Premier Chou come to our Tachai. . . . Kuo Feng-lien could not go on. Tears rained down her cheeks and sobs choked her.

Had we known that Premier Chou was ill that time he came in '73, said Chia Chin-tsai, his voice breaking, we'd never have let him walk up the hill or eat corn buns. By then everyone, old and young, was weeping.

Comrades, said members of the Party branch committee, choking back sobs, let's wipe our tears and think hard. Of the instructions the Premier gave us how many have we carried out? What have we left undone? How can we improve on the work already done? How can we carry out those unfulfilled tasks?

At the time of the Premier's death, the "gang of four" wouldn't let the masses mourn him. Instead they stepped up their attack on him. They also tried to cut down the red banner of Tachai. That witch Chiang Ching stormed into Tachai and accused us of "arrogance", "political backwardness" and "listening to the revisionists". We were furious but could only fume inwardly. The more that "gang of four" opposed Premier Chou the more we thought of him and longed for him. The harder that gang tried to pull down our Tachai red banner, a banner raised by Chairman Mao and safeguarded by Premier Chou, the more firmly we resolved to hold high this red banner.

Here in Tachai, Premier Chou's portrait hangs in every household and his goodness is remembered in every heart. The passing of time cannot blur our indelible memories of our beloved premier. The slanders of the "gang of four" cannot sully the splendour of his image in our hearts.



Now that the four pests have been eradicated, how happy everyone is. With the "gang of four" overthrown, China's future is bright. Beloved Premier Chou, rest in peace! With Chairman Hua, a successor selected by Chairman Mao himself, at the helm, our country will do even better. We are determined to carry out the grand plan to modernize our agriculture, industry, national defence and science and technology which, on Chairman Mao's instructions, you put forward at the Fourth National People's Congress. We are fully confident that this can be done.



**Comrade Chou En-lai, Great Proletarian Revolutionary (sculpture)  
by Tung Tsu-yi and Yang Shu-ching**

## Mourning Premier Chou

### 1. To the Tune of *Nien Nu Chiao*

With a noble mind, as clear as crystal,  
You worked together with our great teacher,  
Sharing his will, sharing his life,  
For more than fifty years,  
Continuing the Long March and Big Leap Forward,  
Uniting the whole country,  
Challenging the two superpowers;  
You won the love and respect  
Of China's people and millions elsewhere.  
You have left us too soon;  
In all the five continents tears are shed for you.

Those monsters Wang, Chang, Chiang and Yao,  
Intrigued and formed a "gang of four",  
They slandered and tried to trample on you.  
For a while dark clouds pressed low,  
But with one bold stroke the gang was smashed.  
The Party rid itself of these traitors,  
The country rid itself of these pests,  
The people have taken their revenge,  
So now your loyal spirit  
Should come and share our celebration!

December 16, 1976



## 2. A Lu Shih

Forerunner of the revolution, great statesman,  
Your brilliant star has disappeared; the five continents mourn.  
Tears flow endlessly in tumultuous waves;  
Never ending crowds gather to pay their respects.  
Your kind heart will never be forgotten by the people;  
Your great deeds will shine on through the ages.  
Loyal heart! Your splendour shines on with the sun  
Enduring for ever with the heavens and earth.

January 13, 1976

Saifudin

## Proud Eagle

— Commemorating the first anniversary of Premier Chou's death

How I long to express  
My feelings for our beloved Premier Chou,  
But no words of mine are adequate.  
How can the Chinese people ever forget  
The close comrade-in-arms of our great leader and teacher,  
Who fought for the revolution till he breathed his last.

Chairman Mao was the giant roc;  
Our Premier Chou the proud eagle.  
When the giant roc, with widespread wings,  
Soared into the sky,  
The eagle followed swiftly,  
Scattering the clouds and foul mist,  
Breasting the storm to scour the skies.

Following the flight of the giant roc,  
With lightning flash and thunder's roar  
He brought destruction to the old world.  
Never did he leave our leader for one minute,  
Singing together with the proletariat of the world  
The strains of *The Internationale*.

The radiance of our giant roc  
Lit up our whole motherland  
As Liberation was solemnly announced!  
Without rest our indefatigable eagle,  
With love for the people in his heart,  
Then soared through the skies again  
Continuing the battle.  
Braving stormy clouds, thunder and lightning  
He plunged into the maelstrom  
To rid the land of evil birds and beasts.

Following mighty struggles victories were won,  
As our heroic Chinese people climbed to ever greater heights,  
Travelling the path charted by our great leader and teacher.  
The four pests hated and feared our giant roc and eagle.  
In disguise they plotted and intrigued,  
In an effort to regain their lost paradise  
And plunge the people into hell again.  
But, due to our giant roc's sharp eyes and vigilance,  
He saw through their vicious plots;  
Our eagle never ceased to battle with them.

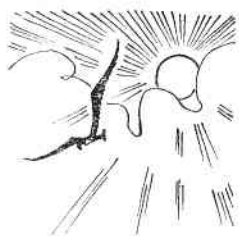
When the critical moment came,  
Our brilliant new standard-bearer

Carried out the giant roc's behests, the eagle's wish,  
And leading all our nationalities in a daring struggle,  
Dealt the four pests a crushing blow.

Ah!

A whole year has passed since our beloved Premier Chou left us.  
But his great image as the loyal pupil  
Of our great leader and teacher will ever remain  
In the hearts of the people, from generation to generation,  
Never to be forgotten,  
Never losing its splendour!

January 5, 1977



*Chao Pu-chu*

## On the Anniversary of Premier Chou's Death

— to the tune of *Chin Lu Chu*

One whole year has passed.  
But who can ever forget  
The sad scene of a year ago?  
As slowly the catafalque passed  
Many millions shed tears for our premier,  
But no tears could bring him back to life.  
Endless were the mighty streams of people,  
Wreaths of flowers became a vast sea.  
Even if the four monsters gloated in glee,  
'They were full of fear when they saw  
'The masses gather in Tien An Men Square.

Never was there such a premier as Chou En-lai  
Who devoted all his energy to serve the people,  
Working hard till the very end.  
Buffeted by snow and frost,  
Some flowers become more fragrant.  
His deeds will remain for ever  
Though his ashes were scattered by the wind.  
The poison spread by the monsters is being erased;  
Mayflies may lightly wish to shake the tree,  
But their wishes are in vain.  
Behold, we see the dawn of a new day,  
And welcome the rosy morning light.



*Shih Hsiang*

## The Lamp in Premier Chou's Office

Night is quiet,  
Oh, so quiet.  
In our motherland, when the busy, bustling day is over,  
When people smile in their dreams,  
Dimples lurk beside the mouths of sleeping babes,  
And sparkling dew bejewels the lush green foliage. . . .  
Are you aware, comrades, that the lamp  
In our beloved Premier Chou's office continued to burn  
Throughout the quiet night?

Ah! But the spring breeze, the summer rain,  
Autumn frost and winter snow. . . .  
They all knew well  
That for decades our beloved Premier Chou

Worked throughout the night for us,  
Keeping in step with our great leader Chairman Mao!

If there are some whose need for sleep is less,  
Then our beloved Premier Chou was such a one;  
For, throughout his whole life  
He slept so little, so little.  
The lamp in his office is all the proof we need.  
Is it an ordinary lamp?  
No, it burned on his life's energy,  
It was his loyal heart that shed such radiance.

Never say that our beloved Premier Chou has gone to rest.  
Great proletarian revolutionary that he was —  
Those brilliant, glowing eyes of his  
Will never really sleep!  
Never say his ashes lie inert upon our vast land,  
Outstanding communist fighter that he was —  
Whose life was so dynamic,  
He will never halt and rest.

Look! From factories in Shanghai\*  
Premier Chou moved right on  
To the armed uprising in Nanchang.\*\*  
In an ordinary small house there,  
The lamp in his office burned all night until,  
Together with the morning star, it ushered in the dawn.

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\*Referring to the armed uprising of Shanghai workers in 1927 led by Comrade Chou En-lai during the period of the Northern Expedition.

\*\*Nanchang is in Kiangsi Province. On August 1, 1927 the first shot against the Kuomintang reactionaries was fired when Chou En-lai, Chu Teh, Ho Lung and other comrades led an armed uprising there.

When Shaoshan's rising sun lit the east,  
And the moon over the Ching Kang Mountains  
Tinged with red that corner of the land,  
The lamp in Premier Chou's office  
Added flames to the leaping prairie fire.

From a dwelling in Tsunyi city,\*  
The lamp in Premier Chou's office downstairs  
Mirrored that in Chairman Mao's upstairs.  
When Chairman Mao corrected our Party's course  
And steered it clear of dangerous shoals,  
Premier Chou raised both hands in acclamation,  
'To firmly establish the leadership of Chairman Mao.

During the Long March,  
Over snow-capped mountains and tricky marshland,  
Plagued by hunger, cold and fatigue,  
Strafed and bombed by enemy planes,  
Pursued and blocked by enemy troops . . .  
In those days of extreme hardship,  
There were no lamps by which to work at night.  
But by burning small torches of split pine,  
Wild bamboos and dried cane for light,  
Or working beside a campfire with his knees as desk,  
Premier Chou continued to lead our troops.

In Yen-an's cave-dwelling at Yangchialing,  
The lamp in Premier Chou's office burned fiercely  
With the fires of resistance to Japan.

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\*Tsunyi is in Kweichow Province. In January 1935 an enlarged meeting of the Political Bureau of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party was held there. At this meeting, Wang Ming's Right opportunist line was criticized and Chairman Mao's leadership in the Party was established.



The red arrows he drew across the war maps  
Were dazzling rays from his blazing lamp.  
In Sian, Chungking, Nanking\* and Shanghai,  
Watched and spied upon by the Kuomintang reactionaries,  
The lamp in Premier Chou's office continued to shine  
Like a dagger piercing the enemy's heart.

By the rippling waters of Chungnanhai,  
The lamp in Premier Chou's office shone  
Throughout many a long, long night.  
Diligently, by its light he studied  
The works of Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin  
And Mao Tsetung.  
There too he read and wrote his comments on reports,  
Met with foreign friends from many lands,  
Frequently receiving the representatives  
Of workers, peasants and soldiers. . . .

When he went abroad by plane,  
The lamp in Premier Chou's cabin  
Glistened and shone beside the stars;  
When out on inspection tours by train,  
The lamp in Premier Chou's compartment  
Raced with the locomotive's headlight.

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\*The city of Sian in Shensi Province was an important Kuomintang base. At one time the Chinese Communist Party maintained an office there. Chungking in Szechuan was used by the Kuomintang as a temporary capital during the War of Resistance Against Japan (1937-1945). Comrade Chou En-lai worked and led the struggle there against the Kuomintang reactionaries. Nanking was the capital of the Kuomintang. During the War of Liberation (1946-1949) for some time Comrade Chou En-lai led the Communist Party Delegation there to negotiate with and struggle against the Kuomintang reactionaries.

Most memorable were the ten years  
Of the Cultural Revolution,  
When the Premier hardly slept at all.  
At meeting after meeting he patiently taught the masses;  
Firmly combating the anti-Party cliques of Liu and Lin,  
Fencing off revisionist interference,  
Ceaselessly he battled,  
Indefatigably he worked,  
From dawn till midnight,  
From dusk till the morrow's dawn.

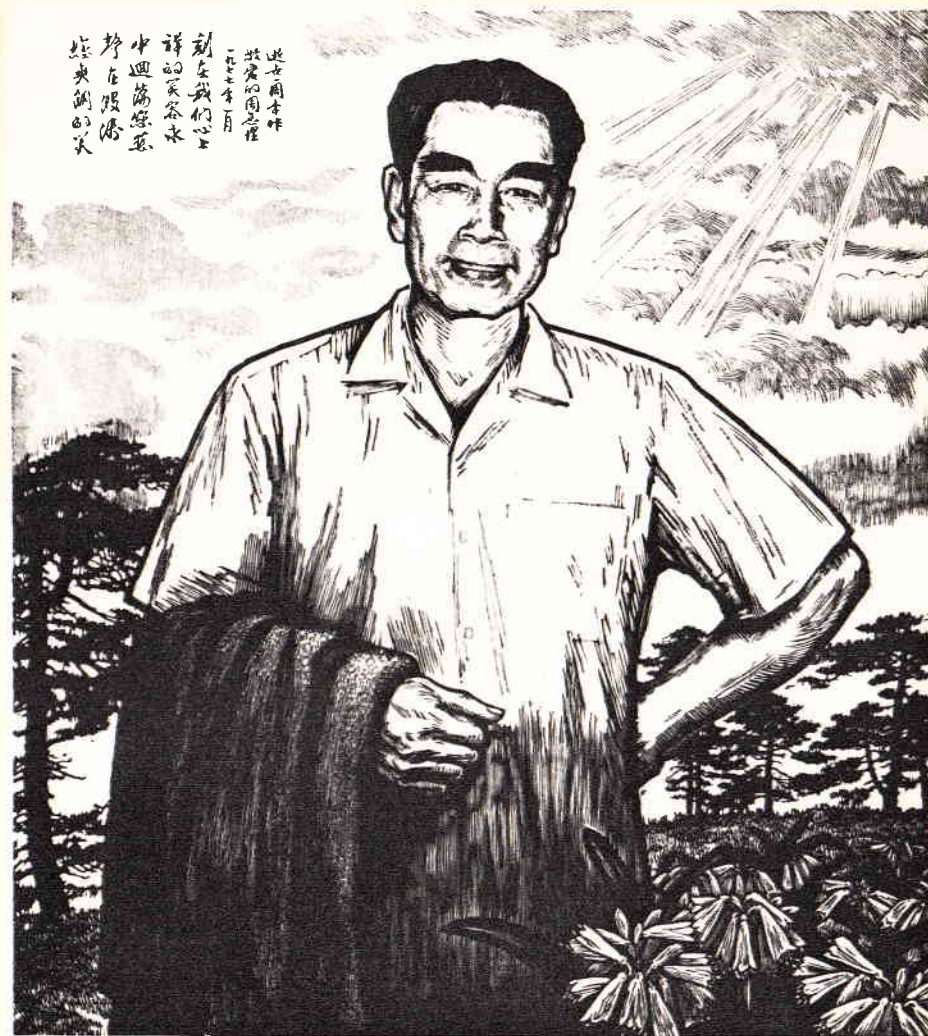
When our beloved Premier Chou fell ill  
His lamp-light never flickered,  
Despite illness he continued working day and night,  
With clenched jaws ignoring pain,  
While he fought on indomitably  
Against the gangsters' slings and arrows.  
His eyes were red from lack of sleep,  
His cheeks hollow with care.  
Yet when he drew his final breath,  
By his lamp he was listening to a reading of poems of Mao Tsetung.

Good premier of the people,  
For ever the lamp in your office  
Will light the hearts of our 800 million!  
Look, another lamp is now lighting us on our way,  
Steadily at the helm Chairman Hua steers the ship.  
Set your mind at rest, Chairman Mao,  
Rest in peace, Premier Chou,  
We sincerely support and fully trust  
Chairman Hua's wise leadership!

Night is quiet,  
Oh, so quiet.  
When we saunter in the moonlight,  
When we ponder beneath the stars,  
When we sit at our desks,  
When we reminisce beneath our lamps. . . .  
Comrades, have you thought about these things —  
How we should fight tirelessly like Premier Chou,  
And like him ever follow Chairman Mao's instructions?  
How we should closely follow our Chairman Hua,  
A wise leader, marching on boldly, ever forward?

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We'll Always Think of Premier Chou  
(woodcut) by Yang Hsien-jang



## In Those Days of Deep Sorrow

### 1. Remember This Day. . . .

This day the dawn sighed in grief;  
This day the wind wailed;  
This day the earth trembled at the bad news;  
Our motherland had lost her proud son. . . .

Remember this day,  
January 8, 1976.

This day all gay songs were silenced,  
This day mourning music filled the air;  
This day our red flag waved in vain for him;  
A great fighter was lost to the revolution. . . .

Remember this day,  
Let it be inscribed in our hearts!

This day the pulse of the whole world slowed;  
This day the ocean surged in grief;  
This day we could not control our tears,  
Which flowed however much we tried to suppress them!  
Remember this day,  
When our beloved Premier Chou left us for ever!

This day sorrow set fresh flames ablaze;  
This day in spite of tears we polished our bayonets;  
This day our fighters raised their arms to vow:  
We must realize our premier's mighty plan!  
Remember this day,  
We shall always remember our Premier Chou!

## 2. Keep the Good News in Your Pockets

Don't beat the drums or sound the gongs,  
Keep the good news of targets reached in your pockets.  
Don't sing, don't laugh and chat;  
For our Premier Chou has just gone to sleep.

Our beloved Premier Chou was just too tired;  
Though he would never admit fatiguc.  
All through these years he's fought for every second,  
And worked on for eighteen hours a day.

Good comrades, do you know  
That he worked all through the night till dawn?

Do you remember how during the Cultural Revolution  
His hair was suddenly touched by frost?

Now he's asleep, sound asleep,  
On his face there's a faint smile.  
Does he know how well our furnace has done?  
Can he see the sparks from our steel in his dream?

Don't beat the drums or sound the gongs,  
Keep our good news in your pockets.  
Don't sing, don't laugh or chat;  
For our Premier Chou has just gone to sleep.

He's asleep in a bower of flowers  
Amid evergreen pines and cypresses;  
Eternal spring surrounds him;  
A red sun still shines in his heart.

Don't disturb him, don't disturb him,  
Let our premier have a quiet sleep;  
For we must still have him with us  
When we usher in the splendour of tomorrow.

## 3. Morning at the Newspaper Stand

Today at the newspaper stand,  
So many hands are stretching out.  
Heads are lowered, you can't see their faces;  
Only those strong arms and hands stretching out.

Calloused hands, hands smeared with oil,  
Hands that have held guns or wield sledgehammers. . . .  
Whose hands are they? We know no names  
But with such hands we're very familiar.

They're hands which have subdued tigers and dragons,  
Hands creating a new heaven and earth. . . .  
They're hands that can move mountains and seas,  
Hands that write announcements of victories won . . .  
Whose strength has not yet been fully measured,  
But today these same strong hands are trembling.

Tell me, comrades-in-arms, tell me,  
Why are you stretching out your hands today?  
Have you forgotten your gleaming guns all ready for battle?  
Have you forgotten your hammers thirsting for more work?

Oh wind, blow afresh and sweep away  
Mists and questions from my mind!  
The souging of the wind brings me the sad news,  
And I begin to understand why these hands are stretching out.

Yes, stretch out those strong hands, stretch them out  
And, through the window of this dawn, strangle death;  
Bring back our esteemed and beloved Premier Chou  
Bring him back! Bring him back!

Oh, stretch out your hands, stretch them out!  
Bring him back to us, bring him back!  
As my heart bids me,  
I stretch out my own hands too.

Sheet after sheet, we grasp the newspapers;  
Ah, Premier Chou, we'll keep you in our hearts.  
My blood races on, filled with new warmth,  
As in this dawn we greet a new day's battle.

#### 4. Written Before the Premier's Portrait

Why am I so attracted to the picture?  
What light is that which fills my mind?  
What has swept away my sorrow  
So that my tears cease to flow?  
    Ah Premier Chou, I see you smiling at us,  
    On the front page of our Party paper.

Whence comes the urge to wield my sledgehammer?  
This desire to polish my gun?  
What causes my pulse to beat faster?  
What gives me infinite new strength?  
    Ah Premier Chou, you are smiling at us,  
    Right into the hearts of us millions of people.

You are smiling, smiling down at us;  
There is so much expectation in your eyes;  
You are smiling, smiling down at us,  
In your eyes I see the light of our communist tomorrow.  
    Watching your face, ah, Premier Chou,  
    We realize we have no right to weep.

Let's add more weight to our sledgehammers,  
Let's polish our rifles, wipe away our tears;  
Beloved Premier Chou, we understand your message;  
We are ready right now to fight on any front.

January 15, 1976



## STORIES

*Wei Shu-hai*

### The Battle in Wanshan Valley

As soon as darkness fell the stretcher-bearers' team set off to carry five wounded Eighth Route soldiers to Wanshan Village. When skirting a town, they were spotted and pursued by the "night attack squad" from a Japanese base.

Yang the squad leader and Little Li, the girl medical orderly escorting the team, decided to take a winding path through the mountains. But they failed to throw off their pursuers. By the time they climbed up to the east mouth of Wanshan Valley, the enemy was close behind them, separated only by a big gully. Before them was a wide open space, not far from which was a pine wood.

"If we let the enemy get up here, we'll be in a jam," Yang told Li. "I'll intercept them here while you take the stretcher team into that wood. Before daybreak you must get into touch with Sister Chang of the village women's association."

Just at that moment they heard the blast of a whistle. Several figures leapt out of the wood. Yang and Li charged towards them while the stretcher-bearers whipped out their stretcher poles and picked up stones to guard the wounded.

"Who's there?" Yang challenged sharply.

"Comrades, we're Wanshan Valley guerrillas."

Under the dim moonlight Yang made out about a dozen militiamen and women headed by a woman of thirty or so. No mistake, it was Sister Chang. Yang's heart was flooded with relief. With a nod to him and Little Li she ordered the militia to lie down behind the rocks facing the mouth of the valley.

Meanwhile the enemy soldiers had crept like ghosts into the gully less than two hundred yards away. The situation was critical. Sister Chang frowned then turned to a young fellow. "Ta-meng, take your group down to the gully, quick. Lure the enemy into Myriad-peak Mountain."

"Right!" Ta-meng whispered, then darted off with his men.

"Sister Spring! Your group's to plant mines here to bar access to the valley. Then take a short-cut to the village and get ready to receive the stretchers."

Yang watched Sister Chang with new respect. He was thinking, "I didn't know she was such a seasoned commander, so fearless in the face of danger."

A burst of firing rang out now in the gully. Evidently Ta-meng was carrying out his mission.

Sister Chang, musket in hand, came over to look at the wounded one by one. They were all serious casualties, three of the five in a coma.

"To the village, hurry up!" she urged with burning anxiety.

"Sister, the enemy..." Yang pointed in the direction of the gunfire.

"Don't you worry," she replied as if speaking to her own men. "The paths in Myriad-peak Mountain are like a maze. Once up there in the dark, the enemy will find it hard to get out."

Yang cast a glance at the wounded, then at Sister Chang, and said, "Sister, I'm going back to the front. I'll leave these five comrades, all so badly wounded, in the care of the local Party and your village folks..."

"Our village is their home. Please tell your commander and your comrades not to worry." Then she took from her knapsack a package

of pancakes with shallot and pickles and handed it to Yang, saying, "Take this with you."

Yang accepted the package with immense gratitude, then took a hasty leave of them all and went off.

"To the village!" came the command.

Earlier that night Sister Chang had received a message from the district Party committee informing her: "The Eighth Route Army has ambushed the enemy and rescued over two hundred villagers pressganged to work for them. In the fighting five of their men were seriously injured. Wanshan Village is to be responsible for their safe transfer to an army hospital; so send people out to meet them. If you can't break through the enemy's blockade line, hide the wounded in your village for the time being." Acting on these instructions, Sister Chang had at once made the necessary arrangements in the village, then taken the militia to the east mouth of the valley.

When the wounded had been carried into the village and put up in different peasant homes, saline artemisia solutions were ready to dress their wounds and hot meals were waiting for them. Sister Chang and the villagers helped Little Li to attend to the wounded and feed them. Soon, under their care, two of the three who had been insensible came to. Only Young Wang, in Sister Chang's home, had been so severely burnt that he still lay senseless, unable to take any nourishment. Forehead burning, lips cracked and choking for breath he seemed at his last gasp. And they had no medicaments for burns. What was to be done?

As Sister Chang tried to feed him she frowned thoughtfully, then hit on an idea. Handing the bowl to Little Li she said, "Take your time. Try to make him swallow drop by drop. I'll be back soon."

Presently Sister Chang returned with three older women. Pointing at Young Wang she said, "This young comrade was badly burned while killing the enemy to rescue our folk. So we must save him at all costs. In your long experience, what's the best way to cure burns?"

As the three old women examined the burns their hearts bled for the young soldier. One of them said, "Here in our village the best cure's been cotton ash mixed with herbal medicine."





“Yes, we’ve always found that works,” another added. “I’ve kept some of the right herbs, but where are we going to get cotton ashes? It takes a catty of cotton to get a handful of ashes.”

She was telling the truth because those were the hardest years during the war of resistance. The Japanese aggressors were concentrating their forces on the anti-Japanese bases in an all-out drive to devastate them by burning, killing and looting and due to their economic blockade cotton was virtually unobtainable.

On hearing this Sister Chang wrung her hands, sweat beading her forehead. Then her eye fell on her small daughter asleep on the *kang*. “Look, how scatter-brained I get when I’m flustered!” she cried. “Isn’t there cotton here at hand?” She pulled off her jacket and wrapped it round the child in place of her quilt, which she then tore open.

The older women tried to stop her, one of them saying, “That won’t do. That’s the only quilt in your house. How can the child do without it? Her dad’s fighting at the front, and you need the jacket yourself as you’re busy outside day and night. We’ll find some cotton in our houses and pool it.”

“Saving this comrade won’t wait. Besides, none of you has any cotton to spare,” answered Sister Chang, pulling out the cotton wadding.

“Oh no. You can’t burn that,” protested Little Li.

“Don’t dilly-dally, dear. Come on, help me unpick it,” said Sister Chang impatiently.

Making no further objection, Little Li took off her army coat and laid it gently over the sleeping child.

The cotton was set aflame, turning Sister Chang’s whole face ruddy. When it was burnt to ashes they mixed these with herb medicine and sprinkled them evenly on the young soldier’s burns. . . .

At last Young Wang regained consciousness. “He’s come round!” exclaimed Sister Chang. All present shed tears of joy. The young soldier slowly opened his eyes and looked around. His lips moved as if to speak, but he could not utter a word. Tears trickled down his cheeks.

At dawn Ta-meng returned to report: “We lured the enemy into the mountains and led them on a wild-goose chase half the night. Then, realizing they’d been fooled, they slouched back to their base.”

“But we must be on our guard,” warned Sister Chang. “The enemy won’t let it go at this. They may come to the village to search as soon as it’s light. We must take emergency measures at once.”

True enough, presently the district Party committee sent Sister Chang an urgent message: “The enemy has discovered that the wounded soldiers are in this vicinity, so they have stepped up their blockade of all the main mountain passes. The Japanese commander Sakada may come to comb your village. Keep the wounded well hidden at all costs until you get a chance to transfer them elsewhere.”

Sister Chang promptly mustered the militia and ordered Ta-meng and Sister Spring to take two fighting groups to occupy the east mouth

of the valley while she and two other comrades evacuated the villagers into the mountains and carried the Eighth Route soldiers to Pine Tree Gully on the south to conceal them there.

Pine Tree Gully was strewn with boulders and densely wooded. Around it, like surrounding walls, rose the stone embankments of terraced fields. In previous "mopping-up" campaigns the enemy had always made a careful search of the natural caves in this gully, so it was not safe to hide people or supplies there. In view of this a few days previously, they had decided to dig caves in the embankments. For several nights, with Sister Chang taking the lead, they had already dug hide-outs in several places with wooden supports for the roofs, so that ploughing could go on as usual above. The entrances in the embankment were then covered up again with the original stones, leaving no sign of any tampering.

Sister Chang had the wounded carried into two of these hide-outs and laid down on piles of hay and sheepskin coats. Some food and water had been brought along and two old people stayed in each hide-out to care for the wounded.

Shooting started on the other side of East Mountain, reverberating through the valleys and pine woods.

"Sister, you'd all better leave, quick," the soldiers urged with concern.

"Right," she replied. But she was wondering: "What if the enemy occupies the village for three to five days so that we can't open these hide-outs? The food can be eked out, but it won't do if the soldiers run out of water."

The gunfire grew more intense. As though she had not heard it, Sister Chang kept on thinking hard. All of a sudden her face lit up. She turned and ran down to a spring at the foot of the cliff where she plucked two thick reeds which she hollowed out with her ramrod. She inserted these through holes in the two hide-outs, leaving one end above the ground, then blew down each reed to make sure it was unblocked. "Sisters," she told the girls and women around, "remember where these reeds are — just beside two clumps of pinks. If it's too dangerous to open the hide-outs you can supply the comrades with water through these, under cover of digging up herbs."

"Sister," the soldiers urged, "you folk must withdraw now — hurry!"

Before she left, however, Sister Chang examined each man's wounds in turn and assured them, "No matter what happens outside, you don't have to worry. Just lie quietly here and rest."

By the time she came out of the hide-outs, the shooting had fanned out and was louder than ever. The villagers carefully put back the stones of the embankment, then gently raked the stamped grasses. Sister Chang fetched a ladleful of water to sprinkle over them with a brush like dewdrops, so that even if the enemy came here they would find nothing suspicious.

The sky was obscured by the dense morning mist. Just as Sister Chang left Pine Tree Gully, Ma Shih-piao — the man formerly in charge of the village's grain and fodder — came running frantically towards her. This fellow Ma had gone through an old-type school where the Confucian classics were taught, and later he tried to be a merchant. In winter the year before last when the main force of the Eighth Route Army came to stay in Wanshan Valley, Ma showed great keenness in collecting money and grain for the army as well as in putting up posters and doing propaganda work. The new terms "resist Japanese aggression" and "save the nation" were always on his lips. Because of his show of enthusiasm and his ability to read, write and keep accounts, he was given his new post. In fact what he had wanted was to become village head, in the hope of enriching himself through the perks of that job. When he discovered that communist officials could not pocket public funds as the old rulers had done, he detested the new regime. In the recent Japanese "mopping-up" campaigns he had spread many pessimistic views and rumours. His change of attitude caught the attention of Sister Chang. At the Party branch meeting several days before, Ma's behaviour came under special discussion, and it was decided that he could no longer be allowed to handle the village's grain and fodder or any of the matters concerning armed struggle. They would keep him under observation for a while before dealing with his case. So Sister Chang had not told him anything about the wounded soldiers.

Now Ma panting up exclaimed, "*Aiya!* A few wounded soldiers have brought the enemy to our area. Our village's no hospital, better send them somewhere else, quick. If not, when the Japs come, they'll burn the whole village to the ground. Then where'll we be? Apart from that, how can we hide wounded soldiers in our gullies? If anything happens to them how can we take the responsibility? As the saying goes, 'Only a fool looks for trouble.' We'd better. . . ."

"Stop!" Sister Chang saw red. But realizing that this was no time to argue with him, she waved him away. "Go with the militia, quick. We're withdrawing west."

The militia, knowing what was in her mind, urged too, "Hurry!" Not allowing Ma to say anything more, they dragged him along.

By now the enemy had occupied several mountain-tops. Judging by the gusts of smoke and fumes this was going to be a fierce attack. But Sister Chang remained calm and resolved. Brushing her hair back she took up her musket and said to the militiaman next to her, "Let's go." They walked through the thick undergrowth in the gully and soon disappeared into the mist-shrouded pine wood.

Meantime the Japanese commander Sakada had charged towards Wanshan Valley at the head of over twenty Japanese soldiers and fifty odd puppet troops. This sudden offensive before daybreak showed how desperate he was to capture the wounded soldiers. In the past month or so, Sakada had suffered repeated defeats by our Eighth Route Army and had failed to pressgang the number of labourers ordered by his superior. Now that he had been informed of the presence of wounded Eighth Routers in this area, he thought that by capturing them he could find out the whereabouts of our main force.

Sakada did not make straight for the village, knowing that all the villagers were up in the surrounding mountains. Under cover of the thick mist he advanced along the gullies and succeeded in overtaking some villagers whom he forced to return to the village. Pandemonium broke out then and flames reddened the sky.

Sister Chang at once gathered all the units of the militia in a forest west of the village. At the roll call they found Ma Shih-piao missing. A militiaman who had been with Ma the night before said that they

had encountered a squad of Japanese soldiers while running west, and while the rest of them were eluding the enemy Ma doubled back to the village. On hearing this, Sister Chang frowned thoughtfully.

After firing a series of shots the enemy began searching the mountains. Sister Chang and her men went into action too, some covering the villagers' withdrawal, others going to the West Mountain to engage the enemy force, while Sister Chang herself led a group to hide in the dense woods above Pine Tree Gully to keep a careful watch on any movements down below.

As in previous "mopping-up" campaigns, the enemy searched at random with no idea where the people were hidden, firing blindly into every cave they saw.

Soon, over a dozen enemy soldiers came into the gully. They hunted right and left and repeatedly searched the few caves there. To the amusement of Sister Chang and the militia, they even fired into some rock clefts too narrow for anyone to creep in. Several times they passed the wounded Eighth Routers' hide-outs, but failed to discover anything.

At sunset the enemy fell back to the village then prepared, as their custom was, to return to their base.

"I've had all I can take, crouching here the whole day," cried Sister Spring, taking up her gun. "Come on, comrades, let's give the enemy a 'send-off'."

"Wait." Sister Chang held her back. "Look!"

She pointed to the entrance to the village, and they saw that the enemy instead of heading east towards their base had turned south towards Pine Tree Gully.

"Why are they turning back? Has Ma sold out?" Sister Chang asked herself. She was stepping forward to reconnoitre when an old man came running from the village. Grasping Sister Chang's arm he panted, "Quick, think of some way out. That scoundrel Ma Shih-piao's a turncoat. He's bringing the enemy here."

Early that morning after Ma had slipped back to the village, he hid himself in a haystack. When caught by the enemy, the shameless coward fell on his knees and surrendered.

Hearing this, the militia saw red. And just then nearly fifty enemy soldiers came running towards the embankments along the gully. Knowing they meant to search those, the militia whipped out their swords and levelled their guns, ready to fight.

"Hold it, comrades!" Sister Chang calmly ordered the militia to keep under cover. "If we open fire, we'll expose ourselves."

"Then what's to be done?" asked Sister Spring frantically, her eyes on the Japanese soldiers. "Look, they're searching the embankments."

"Ma's brought the enemy here; sure, we're in a spot. But we can make use of him too. Here's what I propose. . . ."

After hearing Sister Chang's plan the militia all said, "Fine. Let's get cracking!"

Sister Spring went off to find Ta-meng and pass on these instructions, while the rest slipped quietly into the wood.

The enemy soldiers were searching the embankments as ordered. Doubtful whether anyone could be hidden there and afraid of stepping on mines, they made very slow progress. As they approached one of the hide-outs, a rustle ahead made them flop to the ground in alarm. A woman with a gun leapt out from behind a rock. She fired two shots at them, calling softly over her shoulder, "Quick! Get going!" Then she led a team of stretcher-bearers down the gully.

When the puppet commander saw this he cried, "Catch them — don't let the Eighth Routers get away!" Hurrying back to the mouth of the gully where Sakada waited on horseback, he reported, "Excellency, the wounded Eighth Route soldiers are moving away. They're right ahead of us."

When he first came with Ma, Sakada had suspected a trap and commanded his soldiers and the puppet troops to go ahead while he, Ma and several others had remained at the end of the gully to watch. This report fired him with anxiety. And Ma eager to win his confidence cried, "Excellency, after them, quick!"

They hurried to the gaping hole in one embankment. Ma groped inside, found the hay spread there and exclaimed, "No mistake. The wounded soldiers were here." He jumped on to a rock and saw Sister Chang directing the stretcher-bearers to run westward. Leaping for joy he told Sakada, "Excellency, that woman over there named

Chang is the head of this village's local Eighth Routers. Go after her."

Sakada shouted himself hoarse, "Don't open fire! Catch her alive!"

Sister Chang and the stretcher-bearers rushed ahead with Ma and the enemy in hot pursuit. The stony path, zigzag and rough, was overgrown with weeds. The enemy soldiers, panting and drenched with sweat, were too exhausted to overtake their quarry. Still they would not give up and chased doggedly on until they reached the foot of Myriad-peak Mountain. It was getting dark. They had lost track of the stretcher-bearers. But just then these suddenly reappeared in a gully barely five hundred yards away and started up the mountain.

"Press on. Quick!" yelled Ma vociferously.

The head of the "night attack squad" which had failed to capture the wounded soldiers the previous night said nervously to Sakada, "Excellency, this is Myriad-peak Mountain ahead. Take care — this may be a trap."

By now the sky was black, wind was howling through the mountains. Looking up at the inky peaks all around, Sakada shivered.

"I know the way, Excellency, follow me. Don't let the Eighth Routers slip away," urged Ma, eager to win a merit.

"Hurry up, give chase," growled Sakada. The Japanese and puppet troops pressed forward, lurching and stumbling. When they reached the mouth of a gully, fearing an ambush Sakada reined in his horse. "What's this place ahead?" he demanded.

"Report, Excellency, it's Gourd Gully," answered Ma gasping. "There's no way out of it for the Eighth Routers. Hurry, Excellency! After them!"

With a wave of his sword Sakada directed his men into the gully. On three sides of them loomed dark cliffs, but not a trace of the militia could be seen. The cul-de-sac they were in made Sakada's hair stand on end. He was about to order a retreat when Ma pointed to a bare cliff and reported, "Excellency, there's a cave there. The Eighth Routers must be hiding in it."

Sakada looked round Gourd Gully and decided that unless the wounded soldiers had flown away they must be in that cave. He

followed Ma up to it and, peering through the gloom, saw that it was unblocked.

"Search!" Sakada yelled. Several puppet troops crept fearfully in while Sakada and Ma watched intently. The next minute — "Boom!" — the mine in the cave exploded. At once Sister Chang on top of the bare cliff cried, "Comrades, open fire!" Guns roared from all the cliffs around.

"Comrades, throw stones at them!" ordered Sister Chang again. In a second stones and rocks hurtled down from all sides. The enemy down below shrieked in fear and desperation.

Seeing he was trapped, Sakada ordered his men to retreat. But when some of them ran back to the mouth of the gully, the militia exploded two mines, killing some and injuring the rest.

Sakada gave the order to break out at all costs. Fighting desperately, they nearly broke through the blockade.

"Comrades, light your pine torches and hurl them into the gully." At Sister Chang's command, burning torches rained down. Fanned by the October wind the dry undergrowth burst into flames, crackling as if doused with oil. The militia pushed bundles of faggots over the cliffs, blocking the exit from the gully with a wall of fire.

In desperation Sakada swung his sword to gash his steed on the haunch. Neighing, the horse reared up then galloped as if on wings. Seeing Sakada about to pierce through the wall of fire, sharp-eyed Sister Chang speedily fired. The Japanese commander fell shrieking into the pit of flames.

"Lay down your arms and save your skin!" the militia shouted from the cliffs, then came bounding down like tigers into the gully. The enemy remnant raised their hands and surrendered. The militia began to clear the battlefield and look for Ma Shih-piao.

"Search carefully," said Sister Chang. "He can't get away."

Presently a man sprang up from among the enemy corpses and burning faggots. He made a dash through the flames towards the end of the gully. They saw it was Ma.

"Stop!" shouted Sister Chang.

Ma did not look back but bent lower to bolt. Several militiamen fired. The traitor hurtled headlong into a chasm. The battle was

over. The villagers came to Pine Tree Gully to open the hide-outs. They carried the wounded soldiers out on their backs, then offered them hot soup, rice and boiled eggs. . . .

According to the district Party committee's instructions, the wounded soldiers were to be transferred to a safer place. Sister Chang set to and got everything ready for the journey, working into the small hours.

As they were about to leave, Sister Chang went from stretcher to stretcher to tuck the quilts round the wounded. "Go steady and watch your steps," she urged the stretcher-bearers. "When you raise or lower the stretchers, do it slowly and gently." She came last to Young Wang and adjusted his pillow for him. At sight of her, he grasped her hand not knowing how to express his gratitude. "Elder Sister," he assured her, "I'll go back as soon as I can to the battlefield to kill more of the enemy!"

"That's the spirit. I wish you a speedy recovery and our army many more victories."

*Illustrated by Chen Yi-hsun*

## Reply to a Letter from the Trotskyites

### The Letter

June 3

Dear Mr. Lu Hsun,

After the failure of the 1927 Revolution, instead of withdrawing in order to prepare for a come-back, the Chinese Communists took to military adventurism. Abandoning work in the cities, they ordered Party members to rise everywhere although the tide of revolution had ebbed, hoping to make Reds out of the peasants to conquer the country. Within seven or eight years hundreds of thousands of brave and useful young people were sacrificed on account of this policy, so that now in the high tide of the nationalist movement there are no revolutionary leaders for the city masses, and the next stage of the revolution has been postponed indefinitely.

Now the Reds' movement to conquer the country has failed. But the Chinese Communists who blindly take orders from the Moscow

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bureaucrats have adopted a "New Policy". They have made a *volte-face*, abandoned their class stand, issued new declarations and sent representatives to negotiate with the bureaucrats, politicians and warlords, including those who slaughtered the masses, in order to form a "united front" with them. They have put away their own banner and confused the people's mind, making the masses believe that all those bureaucrats, politicians and executioners are national revolutionaries who will resist Japan too. The result can only be to deliver the revolutionary masses into the hands of those executioners for further slaughter. These shameless acts of betrayal on the part of the Stalinists make all Chinese revolutionaries blush for shame.

Now the bourgeois liberals and upper strata of the petty bourgeoisie of Shanghai welcome this "New Policy" of the Stalinists. And well they may. The traditional prestige of Moscow, the blood shed by the Chinese Reds and their present strength — what could play better into their hands? But the greater the welcome given to this "New Policy", the greater damage will be done to the Chinese revolution.

Since 1930, under the most difficult conditions, our organization has made unremitting efforts to fight for our ideal. Since the defeat of the Revolution we have opposed the recklessness of the Stalinists and advocated a "revolutionary democratic struggle". We believe that since the Revolution has failed, we must start all over again from the beginning. We have never ceased to gather together revolutionary cadres to study revolutionary theory, accepting the lessons of defeat to educate revolutionary workers so that during this difficult period of counter-revolution we may lay a firm foundation for the next stage of the revolution. The events of the past few years have proved the correctness of our political line and method of work. We were against the opportunist and reckless policies and bureaucratic party system of the Stalinists. Now we resolutely attack its treacherous "New Policy". But precisely because of this we are under fire from all sorts of careerists and party bureaucrats. Is this our good fortune or is it a misfortune?

For the last decade and more, sir, I have admired your scholarship, writing and moral integrity, for while many thinking men have fallen

into the quagmire of individualism you alone have fought on without respite to express your own views. We should count it a great honour to hear your criticism of our political views. I am sending you a few of our recent publications, which I beg you to accept and read. If you are good enough to write a reply, please leave it with Mr. X — I shall go to his house within three days to fetch it.

With best wishes,

Chen X-X

## The Reply

June 9

Dear Mr. Chen,

I have received your letter and the copies of *Struggle* and *Spark* which you sent me.

I take it that the main drift of your letter is contained in these two points: You consider Stalin and his colleagues bureaucrats, and the proposal of Mao Tsetung and others — “Let all parties unite to resist Japan” — as a betrayal of the cause of revolution.

I certainly find this “confusing”. For do not all the successes of Stalin’s Union of Soviet Socialist Republics show the pitifulness of Trotsky’s exile, wanderings and failure which “forced” him in his old age to take money from the enemy? His conditions as an exile now must be rather different from conditions in Siberia before the revolution, for at that time I doubt if anyone so much as offered the prisoners a piece of bread. He may not feel so good, though, because now the Soviet Union has triumphed. Facts are stronger than rhetoric; and no one expected such pitiless irony. Your “theory” is certainly much loftier than that of Mao Tsetung; yours is high in the sky, while his is down-to-earth. But admirable as is such lofti-

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This letter was dictated by Lu Hsun and taken down by O. V. (Feng Hsueh-feng).

ness, it will unfortunately be just the thing welcomed by the Japanese aggressors. Hence I fear that it will drop down from the sky, and when it does it may land on the filthiest place on earth. Since the Japanese welcome your lofty theories, I cannot help feeling concern for you when I see your well-printed publications. If someone deliberately spreads a malicious rumour to discredit you, accusing you of accepting money for these publications from the Japanese, how are you to clear yourselves? I say this not to retaliate because some of you formerly joined certain others to accuse me of accepting Russian roubles. No, I would not stoop so low, and I do not believe that you could stoop so low as to take money from the Japanese to attack the proposal of Mao Tsetung and others to unite against Japan. No, this you could not do. But I want to warn you that your lofty theory will not be welcomed by the Chinese people, and that your behaviour runs counter to present-day Chinese people’s standards of morality. This is all I have to say about your views.

In conclusion, this sudden receipt of a letter and periodicals from you has made me rather uncomfortable. There must be some reason for it. It must be because some of my “comrades-in-arms” have been accusing me of certain faults. But whatever my faults, I am convinced that my views are quite different from yours. 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. Excuse me for making this an open reply, but since more than three days have passed you will probably not be going to that address for my answer.

Yours faithfully,  
Lu Hsun



## Reply to Hsu Mao-yung and on the Question of the United Front Against Japanese Aggression

August 1

Dear Mr. Lu Hsun,

I sincerely hope you have recovered. Your illness and on top of that the bickering in literary circles have deprived me, much to my regret, of the chance to profit by your instructions.

My straitened circumstances and poor health constrain me to leave Shanghai and live in the country until I have raised enough cash by editing or translating books to come back. For a time I shall be outside of the Shanghai world of letters. I mean to take this opportunity to think carefully about all sorts of problems; then I may be able to clarify my ideas.

At present, I cannot help feeling that your words and actions during the last half year have inadvertently encouraged a bad trend.

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This article was first published in August 1936 in *The Writer* No. 5. Hsu Mao-yung was the young administrative secretary of the League of Left-Wing Writers.

You have not looked carefully into Hu Feng's\* tricky nature or Huang Yuan's\*\* sycophantic behaviour, but have let them use you as an idol to delude and impress the masses. This is why the movement to split our ranks, prompted by their ambition, has now got out of hand. Hu Feng and his clique are clearly activated by selfish interests; their extreme sectarianism and their theories are self-contradictory and riddled with errors. For instance, the slogan "mass literature of the national revolutionary war" was originally put forward by Hu Feng to oppose the slogan "national defence literature"; but later he said one was the main thing, the other subsidiary; and later still he claimed that the first was the slogan of Left-Wing literature in its present stage of development. Not even you, sir, can defend such chops and changes. It would have been very easy to attack their actions and words, but just because they had you as their shield and we all have such a high regard for you, we found ourselves in a most difficult position as regards solving the problem and in this battle of words.

I am well aware of your intention. The one thing you feared was that those Left-Wing comrades-in-arms who joined the united front would abandon their original stand, and it seemed to you that Hu Feng and company looked most lovably "Left"; hence you agreed with them. But I must point out that this was because you had failed to understand the present basic policy. The mainstay of the present united front — in China just as in the rest of the world — is undoubtedly the proletariat; however, this is not owing to its name, special position or history, but because of its correct grasp of reality and its tremendous ability to struggle. Hence, objectively speaking, the proletariat must of course be our mainstay. Nevertheless, subjectively, it is inappropriate for the proletariat to openly pin on a badge and demand leadership not on account of its work but because of special qualifications, so that comrades-in-arms belonging to other classes are frightened away. Thus, at present, to raise a Left-Wing

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\*A member of the League of Left-Wing Writers who after Liberation became a counter-revolutionary.

\*\*Editor of the magazine *Translated Literature* started by Lu Hsun and Mao Tun in September 1934.



In this letter I have no intention of attacking you, sir, but I really hope you will reconsider various facts more carefully.

My translation of *The Life of Stalin*\* will soon be published, and when it comes out I shall send you a copy in the hope that you will read it carefully and give me your criticism of both its content and my translation. I wish you better health.

Mao-yung

Above is the letter sent me by Hsu Mao-yung which I am publishing here without his permission, because it consists entirely of a lecture to me and an attack on others and publishing it does not detract from his dignity — indeed he may have written it with a view to my publishing it. Of course, people cannot fail to see from this letter that the young man who sent it has some “bad” tendencies.

But I have one request: I hope Messrs Pa Chin, Huang Yuan and Hu Feng will not follow Hsu Mao-yung’s example. Because if they pay back in kind this letter which attacks them they will be falling into his trap. In this time of national crisis aren’t there people who in broad daylight talk in a dignified, high-sounding way but at night resort to provocations to split our ranks? This letter was planned as a new challenge to those who have not joined the “Association of Writers and Artists”, and they hope these people will take up the challenge so that then they can charge us with the crimes of “sabotaging the united front” and of “treason”.

However, we are not to be drawn. We are not going to concentrate our attack on a few individuals. It is not our way to “first pacify the country before resisting invaders”.

But here I have some observations to make. First, as regards my attitude towards the united front against Japanese aggression. Actually, I have stated this in quite a few places already, yet Hsu Mao-yung and his lot seem unwilling to glance at these statements; instead, sinking their teeth into me, they insist on maligning me for “sabotaging the united front” and lecturing me for “failing to understand the present basic policy”. I don’t know what their basic policy

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\*By the French writer Barbusse.

is. (Isn't it just to snap at me?) But *the policy of the united front against Japanese aggression proposed to the whole people by the present Chinese revolutionary party is one I have seen, one that I support; and I join this front unconditionally because I am not only a writer but also a Chinese.* That is why, to me, this policy is *absolutely correct* and why I want to join this united front. Of course, the only weapon I have is a pen, and all I can do is write articles and translate books. If some day this pen ceases to be of any use, I am confident that when it comes to using other weapons I shall not fall short of people like Hsu Mao-yung!

Next, as regards my attitude towards the united front in literary and art circles. *I am for the view that all writers, no matter what groups they belong to, should unite in response to the call to resist Japanese aggression.* I have also put forward my ideas as to how to organize such an association. Naturally those ideas were killed off by certain so-called "advisers", who retaliated at once out of the blue by charging me with the crime of "sabotaging the united front". This is what first made me decide not to join the "Association of Writers and Artists" for the moment, but to wait and see what they were really up to. At that time, in fact, I had my suspicions of these self-styled "advisers" and young people like Hsu Mao-yung. Because judging by my own experience those who pose as "revolutionaries" are prone to slander others as "renegades", "counter-revolutionaries", "Trotskyites" or even "traitors" and are usually up to no good; they craftily kill off the nation's revolutionary forces with no regard for the interests of the revolutionary masses, simply making use of revolution for their own selfish ends. Frankly speaking, sometimes I even suspect that they may have been sent by the enemy. I thought it better, for the time being, to steer clear of a menace which could do our people no good and not to obey their orders. Naturally, events will prove their true character, and I certainly have no desire to pass judgement on them. But if they are truly devoted to the revolution and the nation and resort to clumsy tactics merely because they are out in their reckoning and mistaken in their views, then I think they really need to correct themselves.

My attitude towards the "Association of Writers and Artists" is that I consider it a body of writers who are for resistance to Japan, and though it has members like Hsu Mao-yung it also includes some new people; but we must not assume that the formation of this association means that the united front in literary and art circles has already been established. Far from it. We have not yet united all the writers and artists of different groups. The reason is that this "Association of Writers and Artists" still smacks strongly of sectarianism and gangsterism. Setting other aspects aside to consider just its regulations, the qualifications for membership are too strict: each member has to pay one dollar's entry fee and two dollars' annual subscription, which shows it is élitist instead of being a "mass" organization to resist Japan.

Where theory is concerned, articles such as "The Problem of Unity" and "National Defence Literature" published in *The World of Letters* No. 1\* are basically sectarian. One writer quoted a statement I made in 1930\*\* and made that his starting point; so although he kept professing readiness to unite with writers of any school, he was still imposing his own arbitrary restrictions and conditions. He had forgotten what age we are living in. In my view, *on the question of resisting Japan no conditions should be laid down for writers banding together. Provided a writer is not a traitor, is willing to resist or approves resistance, then whether he belongs to the "brother-and-sister" school,\*\* the school of pedantic gibberish\*\*\* or the "duck-and-drake-and-butterfly" school,\*\*\*\* it doesn't matter.* On literary problems, however, we can still criticize each other. This same writer also cited the example of the popular front in France; but I think here he forgot his nationality. *Because our people's united front against Japanese aggression is much wider in scope than the popular front in France.*

\*Two articles by Ho Chia-huai and Chou Yang respectively. Chou Yang and others were the editors of this monthly.

\*\*Referring to a statement by Lu Hsun which was lifted out of context to support "national defence literature".

\*\*\*Referring to the type of romances popular after the May 4th Movement.

\*\*\*\*Referring to some current works written in classical Chinese.

\*\*\*\*\*Referring to stories about Shanghai's new "talented scholars and beauties" written after the 1911 Revolution.

Another writer expatiating on "national defence literature" said that this required a correct writing method, and that today apart from "national defence literature" there was only "literature of national betrayal". He wanted to rally all writers with this slogan "national defence literature" and prepare in advance the label "literature of national betrayal" with which to condemn others in future. This is a really brilliant sectarian theory. To my mind, *we should unite writers under the banner of "opposing Japanese aggression" or "national defence", but we cannot ask all writers to unite under the slogan "national defence literature" because some of them do not write works "with national defence as the main theme", yet in other respects they can still join the united front against Japanese aggression.* And even a writer like myself who has not joined the "Association of Writers and Artists" is not necessarily a "traitor". The "national defence literature" *cannot include all writing, because apart from it and the "literature of national betrayal" there exist other schools which belong to neither category,* unless they have the ability to prove that *A Dream of Red Mansions, Midnight\** and *The True Story of Ab Q* are all "national defence literature" or "literature of national betrayal". Such books exist, but they are not the "third type of literature" of the Tu Heng, Han Shih-hang and Yang Chun-jen school. So I fully agree with Mr. Kuo Mo-jo's view that "national defence literature is patriotic literature in a broad sense" and "national defence literature marks a relationship among writers but not any principle in writing". I propose that the "Association of Writers and Artists" should overcome its sectarianism and gangsterism in theory and in practice and relax its restrictions, and at the same time it would be best to make over the "leadership" to those writers and young people who can do an honest job of work, instead of letting it be monopolized by fellows like Hsu Mao-yung. As to whether I personally join it or not, that is unimportant.

Next, regarding my connection with the slogan "mass literature of the national revolutionary war". The sectarianism of Hsu Mao-yung and others is also revealed in their attitude towards this slogan.

\*A novel by Mao Tun.

\*\*In 1932 Tu Heng called for a "third type" of "eternal literature transcending classes".

They dub it "an attempt at being original", and also an attack on the "national defence literature". Little did I think they could carry sectarianism to such extremes. As long as "mass literature of the national revolutionary war" is not a slogan of "national betrayal" then it must serve to strengthen the resistance. Why call it "an attempt at being original"? What evidence have you that it is an attack on the "national defence literature"? What is excluding friendly forces and insidiously undermining the strength of the resistance is your own narrow-mindedness, in which you surpass the "white-gowned literator" Wang Lun.\* To my mind, *on the resistance front we should welcome all forces whatsoever that resist Japanese aggression; at the same time, in literature we should allow everyone to raise new ideas for discussion. "Attempts at being original" are nothing frightening either.* This is different from monopoly in commerce; and in fact you put forward your slogan of a "national defence literature" without first securing a patent from the Nanking government or the "Soviet" government either. But now in the world of letters there seem to be the two trademarks of "national defence literature" and "mass literature of the national revolutionary war", and the responsibility for this must be taken by Hsu Mao-yung and company, for I did not regard them as two different camps in the article I wrote to answer a visitor's questions during my illness.

Of course, I must also explain why there is nothing wrong with the slogan "mass literature of the national revolutionary war" and what its relationship is to the slogan "national defence literature". First let me say that the former slogan was not raised by Hu Feng. It is true that Hu Feng wrote an article about it, but he did so at my request. It is also true that his article did not explain matters clearly. Again, this slogan was not an attempt on my part "at being original", but was arrived at after discussion by several people, Mr. Mao Tun among them. Mr. Kuo Mo-jo was far away in Japan being watched by secret agents at the time, so we could not consult him even by letter. The only pity is that Hsu Mao-yung and his lot were not invited to join in the discussion. However, the problem is not who put forward this slogan but whether or not it is wrong. If

\*A narrow-minded character in the classical Chinese novel *Water Margin*.

it is to urge Left-Wing writers who have hitherto restricted themselves to proletarian revolutionary writing to hasten to the front line of the national revolutionary war against Japanese aggression, if it is to remedy the ambiguity of the slogan of "national defence literature" in terms of literary theory, and to correct some of the incorrect ideas instilled into this formulation, then the raising of this slogan for these reasons is appropriate and correct. If instead of thinking with the soles of their feet people use their brains a little, this cannot simply be dismissed as "an attempt at being original". The formulation "mass literature of the national revolutionary war" is intrinsically clearer, more profound and more significant than that of "national defence literature". It was put forward in the main for those progressive writers usually known as Left-Wing, in the hope that they would strive to make further progress. In this sense and at present, when we are forming a united front, Hsu Mao-yung's condemnation of this slogan is nonsense. This slogan can also be raised for writers in general or for particular schools, in the hope that they too will strive to make progress. To deny this, again, is nonsense. However, this is not the criterion for the anti-Japanese united front. When Hsu Mao-yung alleges that I claimed this "should be the chief slogan of the united front" this is even worse nonsense. I would like to ask Hsu Mao-yung whether he has actually read what I wrote or not. If those who read what I wrote do not interpret this slogan in the way Hsu Mao-yung and company explain "national defence literature" — a mistake made by Nieh Kan-nu\* and others — then they can see that this slogan has nothing to do with sectarianism and exclusionism. Here the term "mass" can be interpreted in the ordinary sense of "popular" and at present certainly means "of the whole people".

I said that "national defence literature" is one specific slogan in our present literary movement because this slogan is catchy, and as many people are already accustomed to it it can extend our political

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\*Nieh Kan-nu in his article "Slogans for Writers and the Question of Banding Together" considered "national defence literature" as a concise slogan to guide writers but also said "mass literature of the national revolutionary war" was "more explicit" and "less ambiguous". He took a partisan stand in distinguishing between the two slogans instead of explaining the fundamental difference between them.

and literary influence; besides, it can be interpreted as patriotic literature in a wide sense, to unite all writers under the banner of national defence. So even if it has been misinterpreted and has intrinsic defects it should still be tolerated, as this is in the interest of the resistance. In my view, both these slogans can co-exist, and we need not justify this as Mr. Hsin Jen\* did on the grounds of the "period" and the "times"; much less do I agree to all the restrictions others impose on "mass literature of the national revolutionary war". If the slogan "national defence literature" must be considered orthodox because it was raised first, I have no objection to giving this authority to those who want to be orthodox, because what is important is not fighting over slogans but taking action. If one just shouts slogans and fights for orthodoxy, one can of course produce "writings" and earn enough from them to make a living, but even so not for too long.

Finally, I have a few words to say about myself. Hsu Mao-yung claims that my words and actions during the last half year have encouraged bad trends. So let me examine them. Regarding words, I have published four or five articles, and apart from this at most have chatted a few times with visitors and told the doctor the symptoms of my illness. Regarding actions, I have done slightly more: printed two volumes of woodcuts and one of random thoughts, translated a few chapters of Gogol's *Dead Souls*, been ill for three months, and signed my name to something.\*\* These things aside, I have neither visited brothels or gambling dens, nor taken part in any meetings. I really don't know how I am encouraging or have encouraged bad trends. Surely not by being ill? Unless it was wrong to fall ill but not die, there can be only one answer: I was wrong to fall ill and be unable to fight against such bad trends as Hsu Mao-yung's.

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\*In August 1936 Hsin Jen published in *Realist Writing* an article "On Problems in the Current Literary Movement". In this he described "national defence literature" as a short-term topical slogan which could not take the place of the long-term slogan "mass literature of the national revolutionary war" which suited the needs of the times, but should be comprised in it.

\*\*This was the "Proclamation of Chinese Writers and Artists" which called for a broad united front among writers and artists to resist Japan.

Next, regarding my relationship with Hu Feng, Pa Chin and Huang Yuan. I only got to know them recently, all through literary work; and although I cannot yet call them close friends we can be considered as friends. So when people unable to produce any genuine evidence slander my friends as "traitors" and "despicable", I have to defend them, not just out of loyalty to my friends but as a result of considering the people and facts involved. Hsu Mao-yung's accusation that I consider only people, not facts, is slander. It was after considering certain facts that I reached my conclusion about creatures like him. I had only a nodding acquaintance with Hu Feng to start with. One day last year a celebrity\* invited me over for a talk, and when I got there a car drove up and out of it jumped four fellows — Tien Han, Chou Chi-ying\*\* and two others\*\*\* — all impressive in foreign suits. They said they had come specially to notify me that Hu Feng was a traitor sent by the authorities. When asked for evidence they said this had been disclosed by Mu Mu-tien\*\*\*\* after he turned renegade. That the words of a renegade should be considered as gospel truth by Left-Wingers really staggered me. After a few more questions of mine had been answered, I replied that the evidence was extremely flimsy and I did not believe it. Of course then we parted in dudgeon. But after that I never heard Hu Feng referred to as "traitor" again. Strange to say, however, since then whenever the gutter press attacks Hu Feng they usually drag me in, or lead up from me to Hu Feng. As when recently *Realist Writing* published some proposals I had dictated to O.V. and *Society Daily* said that O.V. was Hu Feng and there were discrepancies between his account and my original views. Or as when, a little earlier, Chou Wen protested to Fu Tung-hua about certain changes and cuts in his short story, the same paper claimed that Hu Feng and I were behind this. The most dastardly case was last winter or this spring, when that same paper published the stop-press news that I was going to sell out to Nanking with Hu Feng's connivance, how soon or how late depending on his manœuvring.

\*Hsia Yen.

\*\*Chou Yang.

\*\*\*Hsia Yen and Yang Han-sheng.

\*\*\*\*Mu Mu-tien had joined the League of Left-Wing Writers. In 1934 he was arrested and turned renegade.

I have also considered facts relating to others. Wasn't a certain young man pointed out as a "traitor" so that all his friends steered clear of him, he was reduced to roaming the streets with nowhere to go and finally was arrested and tortured? And wasn't another young man likewise smeared as a "traitor", but because he had taken part in a courageous struggle he ended up in Soochow Jail and who knows whether he is now alive or dead? The facts have proved that both young men neither wrote formal recantations like Mu Mu-tien's lot nor staged new dramas in Nanking like Tien Han.\*

At the same time, I also consider the persons concerned. Even if Hu Feng is not to be trusted, I can at least trust myself. I never negotiated with Nanking via Hu Feng. This led me to understand that Hu Feng is too outspoken and prone to give offence, someone I can have dealings with, while it made me start distrusting and even detesting those young men like Chou Chi-ying who like to slander others. Of course, Chou Chi-ying may have other good qualities. He may change his ways in future and turn out a true revolutionary. And Hu Feng has his shortcomings: hyper-sensitivity, petty-mindedness, a pedantic approach to theory and a refusal to write in a popular style; however, he is clearly a young man with ideals who has never taken part in any movement opposing the resistance or the united front. This cannot be refuted, however hard people like Hsu Mao-yung try to smear him.

As for Huang Yuan, I think he is a conscientious translator with progressive leanings, as can be seen from *Translated Literature* which is a serious magazine as well as some other translations. Pa Chin is a writer with passion and progressive ideas, one of our very few good novelists; though he has been dubbed an "anarchist" he has never opposed our movement and is one of the signatories to the militant proclamation jointly signed by writers and artists. Huang Yuan was a signatory too. When translators and writers such as these want to join the anti-Japanese united front, we welcome them, and I fail completely to understand why Hsu Mao-yung and his clique

\*Tien Han was arrested in February 1935 and while in prison in Nanking denounced the Party. In July that year he was bailed out by the Kuomintang Minister of Propaganda, who got him to organize the Chinese Stage Association in Nanking which put on some of his reactionary, anti-Party plays.



should call them "despicable". Does *Translated Literature* offend their eyes? Or is Pa Chin responsible for the sabotage of the revolution by Spanish "anarchists"?

Another thing. A recent practice in China which not only "encourages" but is itself a "bad trend" is calling your opponent opprobrious names without producing any evidence. Examples are the way Hsu Mao-yung labels Hu Feng as "tricky" and Huang Yuan as "sycophantic". The charge made by Tien Han, Chou Chi-ying and their lot that Hu Feng was a "traitor" turned out to be untrue and was due to their stupidity; it was not that Hu Feng pretended to be a "traitor" while actually he was not, to show them up as liars. When *Society Daily* claimed that Hu Feng had pulled me over to the other side, although I have still not gone over, the reporter was deliberately slandering me; it was not that Hu Feng pretended to pull me over while doing nothing of the sort, to make the reporter out a rumour-monger. Hu Feng is not so "lovably Left", but I think his personal enemies are really "fearfully Left". Huang Yuan has never written in my praise, nor has he written a biography of me. He simply edits a monthly and does this so conscientiously that the general opinion of it is favourable. Why should this be "sycophantic"? Why does this mean "professing loyalty" to me? Is *Translated Literature* my private property? No doubt Hsu Mao-yung learned from his superiors that when Huang Yuan "made up in the past to Fu Tung-hua and Cheng Chen-to" he behaved in a "sycophantic way". But I never heard or saw it. In my own dealings with him I have not noticed any "sycophancy", and as Hsu Mao-yung was never once with us I fail to understand on what he bases his judgement that this sycophantic behaviour was "no different". I witnessed those occasions, yet Hsu Mao-yung who never saw us together has the effrontery to make such vicious attacks to me, an eye-witness. This is surely carrying despotism to its limits. Is this because he "understands" the "present basic policy"? Because it is the same "in China just as in the rest of the world"? If so, this is really frightening!

Actually the "present basic policy" cannot be such a strait-jacket. Aren't all who want to resist Japanese aggression our comrades? So what does "trickiness" or "sycophancy" matter? Why must

Hu Feng's writings be blotted out and Huang Yuan's magazine crushed? Do they consist of nothing but the "Twenty-one Demands"\* and "cultural aggression"?

What we should first get rid of are those despots who use a great banner as a tiger-skin to disguise themselves and intimidate others; when they feel the least offended they use their "authority"(!) to pass sentence on others, and the charges are fearfully heavy. Of course, a united front will be formed, but a united front formed by intimidation is no use in a fight. There have been previous examples of this, yet the ghosts of the fallen have not realized their mistake and have reappeared before me in the form of Hsu Mao-yung.

Before and after the founding of the League of Left-Wing Writers, there were some so-called revolutionary writers who were actually the vagabond sons of ruined families. Some were discontented, some revolted and fought, but the tactics they usually brought to the literary forum were those of bickering wives and sisters-in-law and squabbling brothers-in-law in families in decline. They would gossip and make trouble by idle talk, regardless of principles. This tradition has never died out. Take for instance my relationship with Mao Tun and Kuo Mo-jo. One I know, the other I have never met; one I have never clashed with, the other and I have written sarcastic things about each other; however, in a major fight we are for the same goal and certainly do not spend the whole time thinking about personal favours or grievances. Yet the gutter press delights in comparing Lu Hsun with Mao Tun or harping on Kuo Mo-jo's attitude towards Lu Hsun, as if we were for ever fighting for position and using secret weapons against each other. Thus after *Translated Literature* stopped publication, *The Treasury of World Literature\*\** finished printing the first part of *Dead Souls*; however, some of the gutter press claimed that "Cheng Chen-to truncated *Dead Souls*", or that Lu Hsun had given up translating in anger. This is really a bad trend, this trying to split our literary ranks with rumour-mongering, and it approximates to

\*The secret demands presented by Japan to Yuan Shih-kai's government in 1915.

\*\*A periodical founded in May 1935 to publish selections of classical Chinese and world literature. Its editor was Cheng Chen-to.



“treachery”. Yet these are the depths to which bankrupt writers will sink.

In my view Hsu Mao-yung is a writer of this bickering type, connected with the gutter press but not yet completely degraded, although already muddle-headed enough. (Or else despotic.) For instance he said in his letter: “. . . It would have been very easy to attack their actions and words, but just because they have you as their shield . . . we found ourselves in a most difficult position as regards solving the problem and in this battle of words.” Whether he meant to attack Hu Feng’s trickiness and Huang Yuan’s sycophancy from the angle of moral rectification, or to attack Hu Feng’s articles and Huang Yuan’s magazine from the literary angle, I am in no hurry to find out. What I want to ask is: Why should they find it so difficult to attack them because I know them? Of course, I refuse to follow the lead of rumour-mongers, but if Hsu Mao-yung and company have justice on their side, how could I make the whole world turn deaf and blind to those men’s shortcomings? And what did he mean by “solving the problem”? Exile or decapitation? Can one charge people with crimes like this and throw one’s weight about in the high-sounding name of the “united front”? I sincerely pray that “national defence literature” will produce some great works; otherwise, “encouraging” this “bad trend” may be added to my crimes of the last half year.

Hsu Mao-yung concluded by exhorting me to read *The Life of Stalin* carefully. Yes, I shall do so. As long as I remain alive, of course I must study. But in conclusion I too would like to ask him to read it carefully several times himself, for while translating it he does not seem to have learned anything from it, and he really needs to read it carefully again. Otherwise, with this banner in his grasp, he will feel superior to everybody else and lord it over them like a slave-driver whose sole task is cracking a whip. In that case he will be incurable, not only of no use to China but downright harmful too.

August 3-6



Levelling Fields

by Mu Su-teh

## Peasant Paintings





Our Socialist New Mountain Village

by Ma Chien-ya



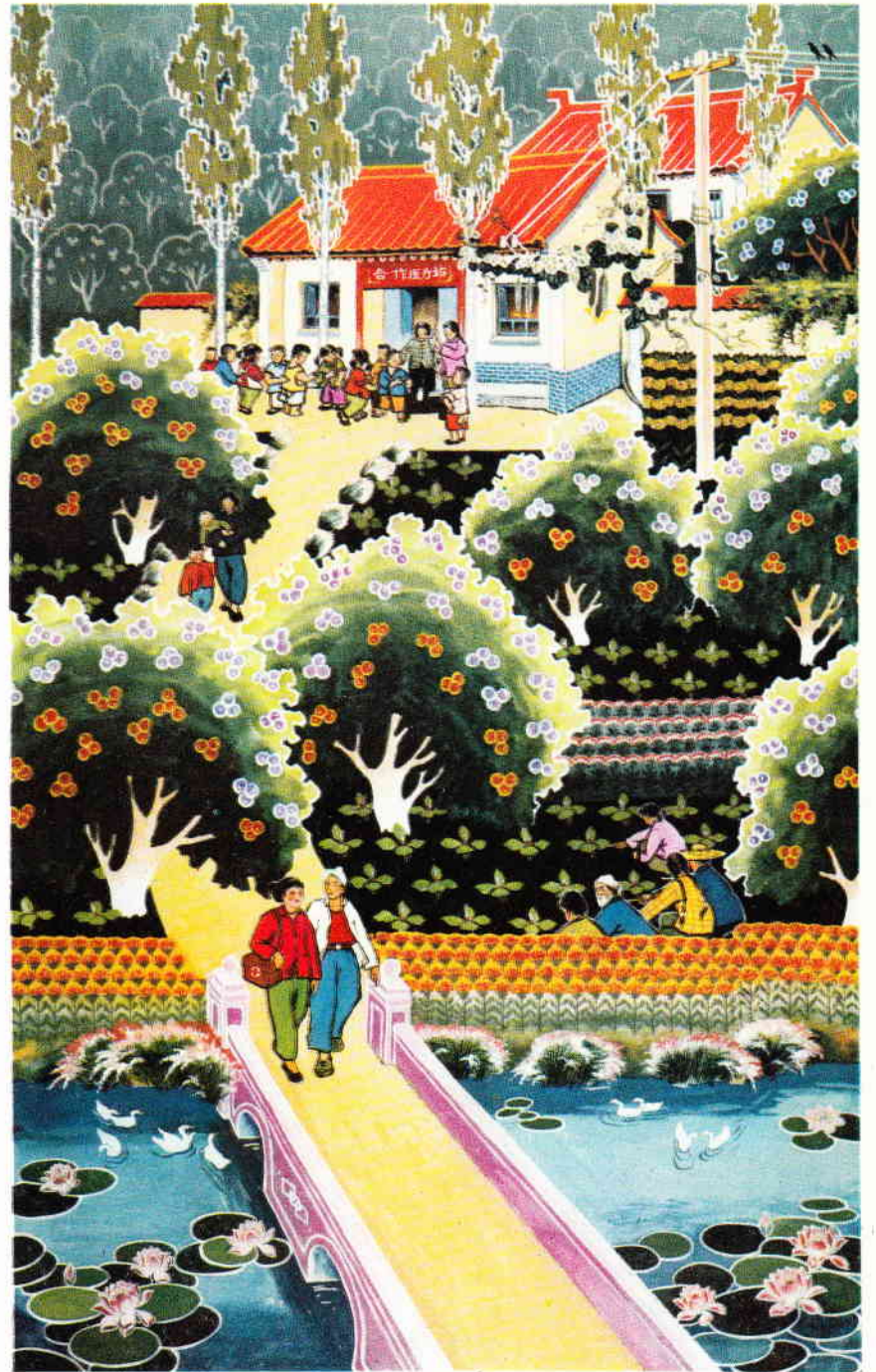
A Village Performance

by Wang Li-ping





A Bumper Harvest of Lotus by Li Hui-yu



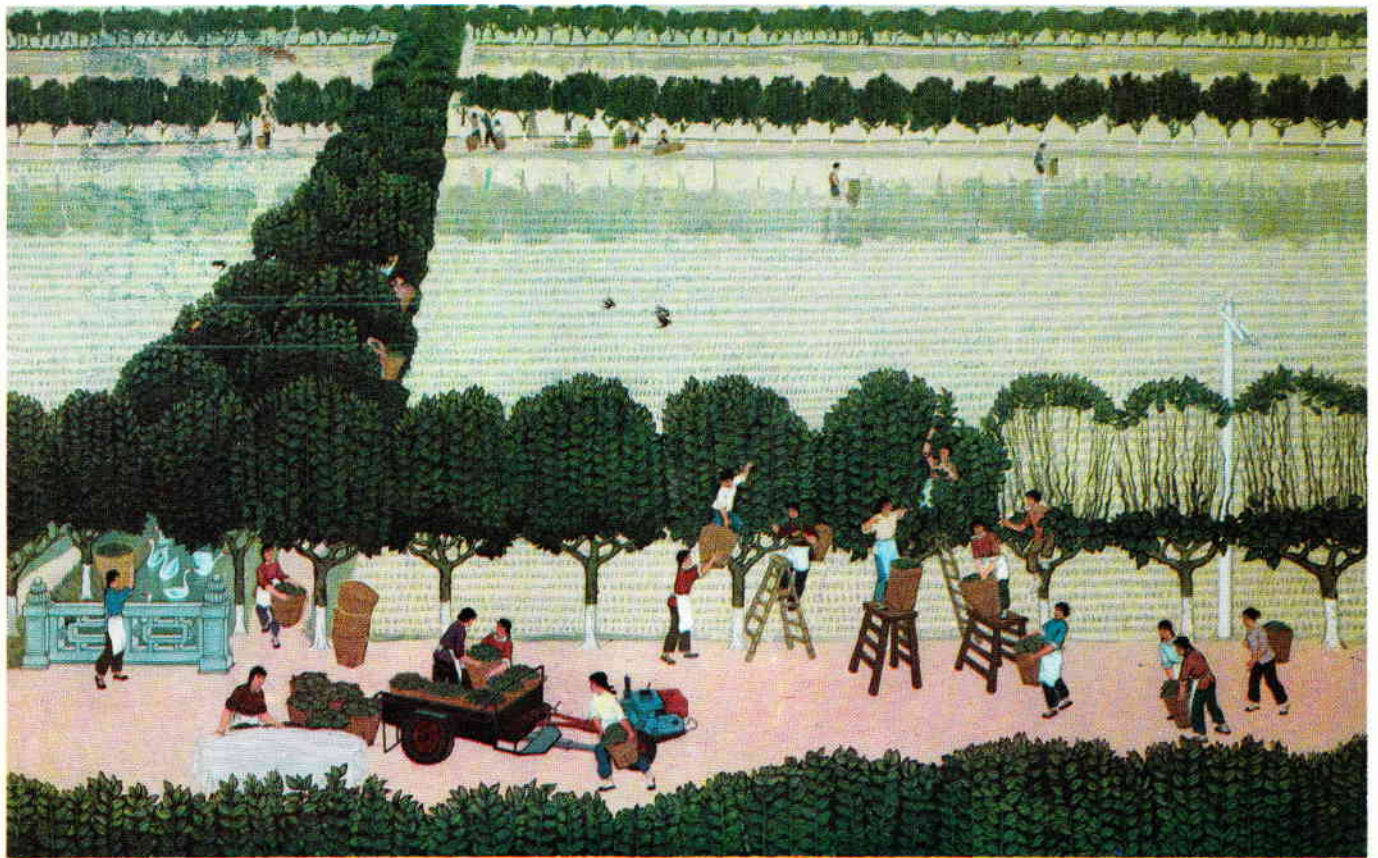
A Brigade Clinic by Li Cheng-hsuan





Damming the Sea to Make Fields

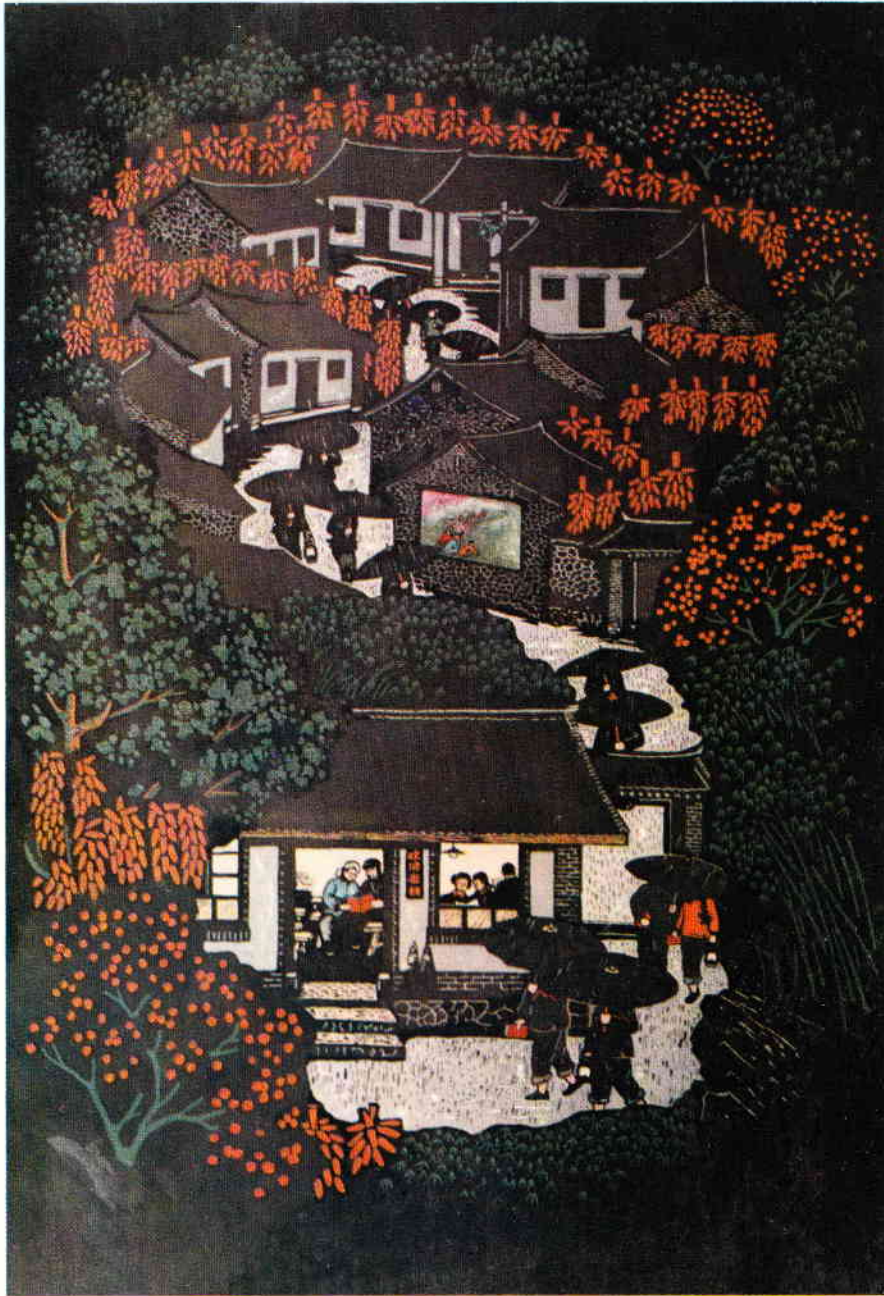
by Lin Lai-yuan and Hsueh Teh-yi



Picking Mulberry Leaves

by Li Teh-chih





Political Night-School

by Pai Tien-hsueh

## Lu Hsun's Struggle Against Hidden Enemies in the Revolutionary Camp

— *Introducing two of Lu Hsun's letters*

In 1934 Lu Hsun wrote to a friend: "The enemy is not to be feared; what is more fearful are those maggots in our own camp who do immense damage." These words based on his own experience show his contempt and hatred for those enemies who posed as revolutionaries.

During the tempestuous period of a revolutionary upsurge, some opportunists posing as progressives may sneak into our camp to sabotage the revolution from within. In the course of the Chinese revolution we have seen many such cases. So the great communist fighter Lu Hsun, while opposing those enemies who sided openly with imperialism, feudalism and the Kuomintang reactionaries, never gave up attacking the "maggots" in the revolutionary camp. He used his trenchant pen to unmask them and expose their plots, two excellent examples of this being his *Reply to a Letter from the Trotskyites* and *Reply to Hsu Mao-yung and on the Question of the United Front Against Japanese Aggression* which we have published here.

These two letters were written during a period of grave national crisis and acute class struggle. In September 1931 the Japanese had

invaded China's northeastern provinces, and after occupying these they proceeded in 1935 to attack north China. The reactionary Kuomintang regime, representing the interests of the big landlords, big comprador class and the foreign imperialists, adopted a policy of non-resistance and capitulation; but the Chinese people led by the Chinese Communist Party fought back against the invaders, and the national salvation movement spread all over China. In December 1935 at a conference of Party activists at Wayaopao in north Shensi, Chairman Mao delivered his important speech *On Tactics Against Japanese Imperialism*, making a penetrating analysis of the political situation at home and abroad and the changes in class relationships caused by the Japanese invasion. He proposed setting up a broad national united front against Japanese aggression, and emphasized the leading role of the proletariat in the united front. This policy formulated by Chairman Mao spurred the development of the resistance throughout the country and ensured the victory of the war of resistance.

However, certain opportunists represented by Wang Ming opposed Chairman Mao's line and put forward their own Right opportunist line of surrendering the leadership of the proletariat and giving up its independence and initiative in the united front. They advocated class capitulationism, to make over the leadership in the war of resistance to the Kuomintang. Some Party members like Chou Yang who had assumed charge of revolutionary literary and art work in Kuomintang areas followed this Right opportunist line and raised the reactionary slogan of "national defence literature", wanting the proletariat to give up the leadership of literature and art.

Lu Hsun, fearless standard-bearer of the cultural revolution, countered this with the revolutionary slogan of "mass literature of the national revolutionary war" based on Chairman Mao's policy, and emphasized the leading role of the proletariat. This incensed Wang Ming's followers, who played dirty tricks and accused Lu Hsun of sabotaging the united front and being a "Left" sectarian and Trotskyite. They attacked him from all sides. Then a Trotskyite using the name Chen Chung-shan seized this chance to write a sinister letter threatening Lu Hsun and trying to win him over. Lu Hsun, ill as he was,

wrote an open letter to expose the dastardly plots of these hidden enemies.

First Lu Hsun refuted the Trotskyite view that Stalin and his colleagues were bureaucrats, pointing out Leon Trotsky's reactionary features and his pitiful failure. Trotsky had openly opposed Lenin's line at the time of the October Revolution, claiming that the Russian revolution would be defeated unless they took his advice. However, things did not turn out as he hoped. After Lenin's death, the Soviet people continued to advance under Stalin's leadership and made great headway in socialist construction, completely debunking Trotsky's theories. Lu Hsun contrasted the victories of the Soviet revolution with Trotsky's fate when he had to fly the country and beg help from the enemy. Lu Hsun caustically described the degradation of Trotsky, an object of derision discarded by history, pointing out that "his conditions as an exile now must be rather different from conditions in Siberia before the revolution", for at that time probably no one would so much as have offered him a piece of bread, whereas now he was in the pay of the imperialists and acting as a traitor to his country.

Then Lu Hsun refuted the attack on the national united front, commenting sarcastically that the Trotskyite theory was fundamentally different from Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. Using Marxist class analysis Lu Hsun exposed this reactionary theory and predicted that, "it will drop down from the sky, and when it does it may land on the filthiest place on earth". For the Trotskyites by favouring capitulation helped the imperialists.

Lu Hsun followed up his exposure of the Trotskyites with an attack on such "maggots" within the revolutionary camp as the followers of Wang Ming. For he saw the connection between the Trotskyites sending him a letter and certain periodicals and the scurrilous accusations made against him by Chou Yang's group in their concerted attack on him and attempt to sabotage the Party's united front policy. Taking the clear proletarian stand of a fearless revolutionary, at the end of this letter Lu Hsun declared that he looked upon the Trotskyites as enemies and showed his deep feeling for the Chinese Communist Party and our great leader and teacher Chairman Mao.

The reply to Hsu Mao-yung was written two months later. At that time Chou Yang's group, carrying out Wang Ming's Right opportunist line and without consulting Lu Hsun, had disbanded the League of Left-Wing Writers and organized an "Association of Chinese Writers and Artists" from which revolutionary writers including Lu Hsun were debarred. They had raised the slogan of "national defence literature" and urged the proletariat not to "openly pin on a badge and demand leadership" in the anti-Japanese united front "so that comrades-in-arms belonging to other classes are frightened away". Lu Hsun countered this with the slogan of "mass literature of the national revolutionary war", and emphasized that this new slogan was aimed at strengthening the proletarian leadership of revolutionary literature and extending its scope. He refuted Chou Yang's denial of the leading role of the proletariat, scoffing that his followers were "muddle-headed fools" and dreamers and pointing out that "national defence literature" was actually a literature of capitulation. When they saw that their plot was being exposed, they took advantage of Lu Hsun's illness to get their hack writer Hsu Mao-yung to challenge him.

Lu Hsun with his rich experience of class struggle saw through this trick at once. He knew that Hsu Mao-yung's letter represented the views of Wang Ming's followers, and that therefore refuting it was not merely a personal affair but a matter of principle regarding what line to take in this national crisis. So, unable to remain silent, he completed this militant letter in four days.

At the start of it Lu Hsun explained why he had decided to publish Hsu Mao-yung's letter and make an open reply. He pointed out that this letter was not an isolated phenomenon but a part of the plot of Wang Ming's followers to sabotage the revolution and prepare the way for capitulation to the Japanese imperialists. It was a planned attack on revolutionary writers.

In reply to Chou Yang and Hsu Mao-yung's charge that Lu Hsun had failed to understand the basic policy at that time and was sabotaging the united front, Lu Hsun stated explicitly: "... the policy of the united front against Japanese aggression proposed to the whole people by the present Chinese revolutionary party is one I have seen,

one that I support; and I join this front unconditionally..." In this way he exposed and ridiculed the plot of Wang Ming's adherents to push their capitulationist line and slander revolutionary writers who supported the Party's united front policy.

At that time writers and artists were heatedly debating such serious problems as whether or not to insist on the leadership of the proletariat, on achieving unity through struggle or capitulating in the ideological field to the landlords and bourgeoisie, on forming a united front under the banner of resistance to aggression or under the banner of "national defence literature". On all these problems there was a difference in principle between Lu Hsun and Wang Ming's clique. Lu Hsun insisted on proletarian leadership, while his opponents wanted to give the leadership to the big landlords and capitalists. Lu Hsun believed that while uniting with the landlords and the bourgeoisie in the united front the proletariat should still remember class struggle, and that where literary problems were concerned writers could still criticize each other. His opponents on the other hand did not criticize the views of the exploiting classes and were ready to accept them. Lu Hsun believed in unity under the banner of resistance to aggression, while his opponents claimed that all writing on other themes was "literature of national betrayal", and that writers could only unite under the slogan of "national defence literature".

In this letter Lu Hsun enunciated his stand on the united front of writers and artists and hit back at the calumnies of Hsu Mao-yung and others. He pointed out: "Those who pose as 'revolutionaries' are prone to slander others as 'renegades', 'counter-revolutionaries', 'Trotskyites' or even 'traitors' and are usually up to no good; they craftily kill off the nation's revolutionary forces with no regard for the interests of the revolutionary masses, simply making use of revolution for their own ends. Frankly speaking, sometimes I even suspect that they may have been sent by the enemy." Later events proved that Lu Hsun's judgement was correct. Such people were not revolutionaries but characters who infiltrated the revolutionary ranks from ulterior motives, and some of them sold out the proletarian revolution.

In this open letter Lu Hsun again explained the class character of the slogan "mass literature of the national revolutionary war", which

reflected the spirit of the age. The main task of the Chinese revolution at that time was waging a national revolutionary war; the masses were the mainstay of the resistance and all literature and art should serve their political struggle; so this slogan was appropriate not only for Left-Wing writers but for all writers who wanted to resist Japanese aggression. The claim of Wang Ming's followers that this slogan would frighten away comrades of other classes was based on their reactionary political stand. So Lu Hsun lashed these capitulationists for talking nonsense, pointing out that, "What we should first get rid of are those despots who use a great banner as a tiger-skin to disguise themselves and intimidate others; when they feel the least offended they use their 'authority'(!) to pass sentence on others, and the charges are fearfully heavy." Here he showed up the class origin of those careerists, pointing out that they were actually "the vagabond sons of ruined families". Adhering to their reactionary class stand, they tried to corrupt revolutionary literature, spreading rumours, sowing dissension, achieving prominence by attacking others and damaging the revolution — all in the tradition of the exploiting classes.

Though these two letters of Lu Hsun's were written some forty years ago, his valuable experience in his struggle against those "maggots" within the revolutionary camp still has a real significance in our present-day struggle to oppose and prevent revisionism. The anti-Party "gang of four" — Wang Hung-wen, Chang Chun-chiao, Chiang Ching and Yao Wen-yuan — which has recently been exposed and smashed are "maggots" of this kind, out-and-out counter-revolutionary double-dealers. Chang Chun-chiao in the thirties was an ardent follower of Wang Ming's Rightist line. Under the pseudonym "Dick" he trumpeted "national defence literature" and struck out at Lu Hsun, who trounced him for his slanderous attack. Chiang Ching acted in "national defence plays" and tried in many despicable ways to ingratiate herself with Chiang Kai-shek. But these "maggots" later hid their dirty past and climbed up to high positions in the Party, using the banner of Marxism to oppose Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought and Chairman Mao's proletarian line, even altering Chairman Mao's instructions. Resorting to all the tricks of former counter-revolutionary double-dealers, they spread rumours and trumped up

charges against many responsible cadres in the Party, the government and the army in the hope of seizing power and overthrowing our proletarian dictatorship and restoring capitalism. In order to cover up their dirty past, they also tried their utmost to suppress the publication of Lu Hsun's letters so that they could not be read by the masses; they even organized articles to distort Lu Hsun's image and slander him. However, they could not in the end escape the verdict of history. Now, under the brilliant leadership of the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Hua Kuo-feng, their conspiracies have finally been crushed and their reactionary features exposed.



### The Struggle Around the Film About Premier Chou En-lai

When China commemorated the first anniversary of the death of Premier Chou En-lai, the colour documentary of the nation-wide mourning for our esteemed and beloved premier, which had been suppressed by the “gang of four”, was finally released. This was another victory after the smashing of that anti-Party clique by the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Hua Kuo-feng.

Here we mean to introduce the facts about the shooting of this film and denounce the criminal attempts of the “gang of four” to suppress it.

#### Tragic January the Eighth

Our beloved Premier Chou En-lai passed away on January 8, 1976. This heart-rending news staggered us. We could not believe it. . . .

China's mountains stood mourning; the whole land fell silent. Through cities and countryside alike, across plateaus and off-shore

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This article was written by The Central Newsreel and Documentary Film Studio.

islands, grief swept like a cruel coldwave thrusting into all our hearts.

At this moment, how many memories flashed through the minds of all of us in the Central Newsreel and Documentary Film Studio, and how much we had to say to our beloved premier!

As we held the photographs of Premier Chou taken with us, our hands trembled. As we picked up the cameras which Premier Chou had touched, tears flowed down our cheeks. . . .

We thought back to the development of our newsreel film industry and the growth of our film workers' ranks, which owed so much to his loving care and guidance. Most important in this respect was the way the Premier always educated us with Mao Tsetung Thought, making Chairman Mao's revolutionary line the life-line of our work.

It was our beloved Premier Chou who built up our first contingent of newsreel film workers in 1937 in Wuhan, then controlled by the Kuomintang. He also pointed out: When you go to Yen-an life will be very hard, but your work is most significant because it is for the people.

After the people's first “film studio” — the Yen-an Film Studio set up in a loess cave — was destroyed by Japanese bombs, Premier Chou, Comrade Kang Sheng and other Party leaders came to see us. Premier Chou said kindly to us: This is nothing. You film workers should go to the front to fight face to face with the Japanese aggressors.

Our great leader Chairman Mao and our beloved Premier Chou came to see *Nanniwan*, the first documentary we made in our cave in Yen-an. Chairman Mao himself wrote the inscription for this film: Using our own hands, we shall have ample food and clothing. And Premier Chou in high spirits encouraged us to take the people's films to the masses in all parts of the border region.

After the establishment of our People's Republic, following the development of the revolutionary situation our task became heavier and heavier and Premier Chou paid even more attention to our work. He instructed us: When you make a documentary you must bring out the main theme clearly and make the presentation logical, with a beginning and an end, in our own Chinese style and

spirit. Busy as he was with domestic and foreign affairs, he would make time late at night to revise our commentaries, even correcting punctuation mistakes.

Premier Chou was completely devoted to our great leader Chairman Mao. Each time we planned to take pictures of Chairman Mao, he would ask what the temperature in the room would be and tell us not to let the light shine directly on Chairman Mao's face. He chose angles for our cameramen too, so that we could get good shots of Chairman Mao without tiring him or causing him any discomfort.

Premier Chou also showed great consideration for the people working with him. When he saw how heavy our cameras were, he would weigh them in his own hands and urge us to produce lighter apparatus. When he saw us sweating hard, he would offer us the towel provided for him to wipe our faces. He even cared about such little things as the water we drank and the food we ate.

After one of our comrades injured himself while working, Premier Chou rang him up to ask how he was doing. When another fell ill during a trip with the Premier, he sent his own doctor to look after him. When we made mistakes in our work, he always pointed them out at once and often helped us correct them. And if we made a good film he would warmly congratulate us. We remember once we were holding a meeting in the studio to welcome some comrades returning from the front. It was pouring outside when suddenly Premier Chou appeared in our midst holding an umbrella. His shoulders and sleeves were wet, but he was beaming with smiles and in high spirits. . . .

We remember too the Premier's instruction: Your work is hard and keeps you on the move, so you may easily slack off in your study. You must seize every chance you get to study Marxist works and Chairman Mao's writings. Give your whole hearts to our Party's work, and try to do more for our people.

Our deep grief and longing gave us strength. Like soldiers preparing for battle, we hurried to our different posts and made ready to film this documentary at top speed. We all handed in

requests to our Party committee asking to take part in making this film recording the nation-wide mourning for our beloved premier.

## **The People Told Us to Shoot It**

It was bitterly cold in January in Peking, but we set to work with a will. Some of our staff left for the provinces, travelling day and night; others kept vigil by the catafalque; yet others shot street scenes of the people's mourning. Our cameramen went to factories, villages, schools and army units with one single thought in mind: We must film as much, as fast and as well as we could, to record this period of nation-wide mourning for posterity. We knew that the whole Party, whole army and whole people of China expected this of us and were longing to see the film recalling our premier's glorious life so that they could learn from him.

However, even as we suppressed our own grief to start shooting this film, the sinister "gang of four" stretched out their black talons to frustrate us. They had seized control of cultural and propaganda work and now, speciously, in the name of the Party Central Committee, they did their utmost to stop us making this film.

The "gang of four" hated Premier Chou, but as they knew they could not forbid this film to be made they had to make a show of agreeing to it. The facts prove, however, that from the start they plotted and manoeuvred to strangle this film.

In the evening of January the eighth, one of their lieutenants in the Ministry of Culture rang up to tell us: "The Premier has passed away. The Central Committee wants a film made and is giving you the job. . . ." That was all, a curt notification with nothing said about how to do this work well. On the contrary, the next day when we reported that we planned to film scenes of mass mourning in places where Premier Chou had lived and worked, this flunkey of the gang expressed disapproval. Then word came from that charlatan Yao Wen-yuan: "Don't be in a hurry to shoot this film. Take your time. . . ." No one had ever told us before to "take our time" over a newsreel, especially such an important one as this.

The idea was simply fantastic. We smelt something fishy and foresaw that difficulties would be put in our way.

The "gang of four" waved a red banner and used the name of the Central Committee to suppress the Chinese people. They issued a whole series of bans and prohibitions. It was forbidden to hold meetings to mourn the Premier, forbidden to wear black armbands, forbidden to take wreaths to Tien An Men. . . . However, the masses protested: "Premier Chou worked all his life for the revolution and for the people. He was our own dear premier. Why can't we mourn for him?" Indignation swept the country. The masses everywhere ignored these bans. And we did not hesitate to record the public indignation and grief, despite those outrageous restrictions.

When we went to the Martyrs' Memorial at Tien An Men to take shots of the mass mourning, the gang were furious. They sent word through their flunkies: "Stop filming Tien An Men. More and more people are flocking there because you're taking pictures. If trouble comes of it, we'll hold you responsible." What a grotesque accusation! We countered indignantly: "We're only filming Tien An Men because that's where the masses are mourning. Are we cameramen able to attract all those endless streams of people there?"

In those days of mourning, whenever we took our cameras to Tien An Men and the Martyrs' Memorial our own eyes filled with tears. The moving scenes there are still fresh in our minds.

Grey-headed veteran soldiers came with their whole families bringing wreaths. These heroes who had braved death on the battlefield broke down now and shed hot tears on the marble steps of the memorial.

Travellers straight from the station, carrying heavy luggage, asked their way to the memorial and stood there weeping in silence.

School-children vowed to carry on the revolution. "Premier Chou, Uncle Chou, rest in peace. . . ." they cried. They fastened the white paper flowers they had made to the iron railing, each flower bearing the inscription "Your children". It was a heart-rending and yet a heart-warming sight!

Peasants carrying wreaths came dozens of miles from people's communes in the outskirts. Workers flocked there after their shift, still wearing overalls. There was a mountain of wreaths, and the pines and cypresses in the square were covered by white paper flowers. The people's anguish was matched by their resolution.

This shows our people's deep feeling for Premier Chou who devoted all his life and energy to their service.

We ignored the prohibitions of the "gang of four". "Don't listen to that rot," said our comrades. "Shoot!" One of their underlings rang us up to ask, "Who told you to shoot that?" We answered firmly: "The people. The people want us to shoot it!"

Late one night when one of our cameramen was hard at work in Tien An Men Square, an old worker just coming off shift told him: "You film workers know what's right. Go ahead and shoot more pictures for future generations." These simple, sincere words warmed our hearts and spurred us on.

When some of our camera teams were in a hurry to leave for the provinces, members of the Civil Aviation Bureau helped them jump the queue to buy tickets.

When we filmed the lowering of the flag at Tien An Men, the police on duty helped us by diverting the traffic. Pedestrians and the passengers in buses stood up and took off their hats to mourn for the Premier.

The China Opera Troupe volunteered to sing for the film. We asked for a choir of sixty, but more than eighty turned up. Some had not performed for years on account of ill health, but they pleaded: "Let me sing a few notes for the Premier. Just a few notes, to set my heart at rest. . . ."

We received full support and co-operation from the cadres and masses in villages, factories, schools and army units. Some of them helped us under most difficult conditions and at the risk of persecution by the "gang of four".

While shooting this film we saw the ludicrous and hateful performance put on by the "gang of four". Some of us went to Peking

Hospital, our hearts filled with unutterable grief as we prepared to film the Premier lying in state. There we saw the veteran revolutionaries' deep feeling for the Premier; we saw how workers, peasants and soldiers beat their breasts, stamped their feet and cried out in anguish; and we saw crowds waiting for hours outside the hospital in the biting wind, unable to tear themselves away.

But how did the "gang of four" behave? That snake in the grass Chiang Ching neither took off her cap nor halted before the bier. She simply nodded slightly then turned away. Yao Wen-yuan blinked hard three times without managing to squeeze out a single tear. Chang Chun-chiao, thinking his chance had come to take power, put on a clumsy act but his crafty look and his hypocrisy revolted everyone. As for the gang's lackeys, some shuffled apathetically round the bier with their hands behind their backs, others strutted past briskly and smugly. Their behaviour gave them away, making it very clear who were the people's friends and who the enemy. These shots are historical evidence against them.

#### **Four Attacks on the Film**

After twenty days and nights of continuous work, the film was completed. The elation we felt was mixed with anxiety. Would the "gang of four" allow the film to be released to the public? As we had feared, their plot to sabotage this major documentary was fully revealed when the film was submitted for approval.

When responsible members of the funeral committee viewed the film, before others could make their comments one of the gang's lackeys in the Ministry of Culture produced a slip of paper prepared in advance and raised four objections. First, was it a good idea for this film to include shots of the Premier's life? These episodes taking ten minutes or so could not cover the whole of his life and they made the film too long. Better cut them. Second, was it appropriate to show the spontaneous mass mourning at Tien An Men? This had not been authorized by the Central Committee, and filming it implied official approval. Third, there were too many

shots of the masses watching the catafalque passing down Changan Boulevard, and these should be cut. Fourth, was it a good idea to have so many scenes of bitter weeping? These had better be cut. And so must the shots of wreaths with the Party flag. He concluded viciously: "The whole film is too long. It must be shortened."

These four objections raised by the "gang of four" were savage attempts to whittle away Premier Chou's glorious achievements, the people's ardent love for him, and the close ties between the Premier and the people — the main themes which the film wanted to express.

Premier Chou devoted his whole life and strength to the Chinese revolution, the Chinese people and the international communist cause. The deep grief aroused by his death reflected the people's feeling. The mass mourning in Tien An Men Square, the crowds lining Changan Boulevard to farewell the catafalque, the Party flag on the wreaths, the white paper flowers on the pines and cypresses . . . all these showed the ardent irrepressible love of the people for Premier Chou. These scenes together made up a paean for the Premier, a lasting historical record of his greatness, and a tribute to his glorious career. At the same time they displayed the people's strength, this powerful demonstration against the "gang of four" forming a major obstacle to their plot to seize power.

How could we cut these powerful scenes showing the people's firm stand, their clear love and hatred? To cut them would mean falsifying history and would constitute a crime against the people.

We knew then that this film which all China was waiting for would not be released. Still our comrades said with bitter indignation: "We can't do any more cutting. Even if it's banned, we must preserve a complete record."

Sure enough, a few days later when our studio asked the Ministry of Culture then controlled by the "gang of four" to re-examine this film, their underling there said: "Our ministry had no hand in this film. Go and consult the funeral committee." In fact he himself was the one in charge of films in the propaganda department of

the funeral committee. In this way, without consulting the Central Committee, they suppressed this splendid film.

### Nine Frustrating Months

The murder of this film by the “gang of four” weighed heavily on us all. Wherever we went, people asked us urgently: “What’s happened to the film on the mourning for the Premier? We’re longing to see it.” We received countless letters expressing the same wish.

Though at that time the people were thwarted owing to the sabotage of the “gang of four”, we firmly believed in the victory of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought and were confident that the day would come when this film would be shown to the whole Chinese people. Determined to preserve this precious historical record, we decided to keep the whole screening and not alter a single shot. We preserved all the cuttings too. After the Tangshan earthquake, which was felt even in Peking, we promptly moved our sample copy and all our tapes and negatives to a safe place.

During those nine frustrating months how eagerly we waited for the day when the film would be released to the public.

As Chairman Mao wrote in one of his poems: **“Now the cock has crowed and all under heaven is bright.”**

Our Party Central Committee headed by our brilliant leader Chairman Hua Kuo-feng carried out Chairman Mao’s behests and resolutely smashed the plot of the “gang of four” to usurp Party and state power. They saved the revolution, saved the Party and brought to life our film commemorating Premier Chou.

This film *Eternal Glory to Our Esteemed and Beloved Premier Chou En-lai* is now on show, bringing the Premier’s glorious image before our eyes. Premier Chou will always live in the hearts of the people. His ashes scattered over the fields and streams of China will make our motherland yet more splendid and strong. In spring the fragrance of flowers will recall him to us; in autumn, gathering fruit, we will feel he is with us. His footprints will always remain on our vast land;

our rolling rivers will sing his love of our people. Premier Chou is still battling beside us, advancing with our socialist motherland. . . .

Premier Chou all his life was loyal to our great leader and teacher Chairman Mao and to Marxism-Leninism. Shortly before his death he sang the *Internationale*, repeating the lines “’Tis the final conflict, let each stand in his place! The Internationale shall be the human race.” This ideal for which the Premier fought all his life is his precious behest to us. Taking him as our example, we must make a painstaking study of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought, rally round the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Hua Kuo-feng and fight all our lives to realize communism.

Beloved Comrade Chou En-lai, our people’s good premier, will live for ever.

Hung Lu

### Some Outstanding Peasant Paintings

The plates in this issue are a vivid demonstration of what has been achieved recently in China in the field of peasant paintings. Simple but colourful, these pictures have a distinct style of their own and are graphic reflections of our new socialist villages. They present the work and struggles of the members of our people's communes and show their immense love for our socialist motherland.

Our hundreds of millions of peasants, led by the Chinese Communist Party and Chairman Mao, are waging a socialist revolution that is ever deepening and ramifying. The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, in particular, infused them with tremendous enthusiasm. *Levelling Fields* from Shansi and *Damming the Sea to Make Fields* from Shanghai show the heroism with which Chinese peasants are turning high mountains and seas into arable fields.

*Levelling Fields* depicts how the peasants of Tachai Brigade and Hsiyang County, a Tachai-type county, battle against nature. About five-sixths of the canvas is taken up by a huge mountain, yet this is on the point of being completely upturned. For thousands of years, the Chinese peasants were slaves chained to the land by the feudal

landlord class. Now they have become masters of the country. In the spirit of the Foolish Old Man who dared move mountains, they are turning one mountain after another into fertile level plains. Digging away incessantly, they are making fine fields and battling against rocks and cliffs. In the painting, red flags flutter in the valleys, carts shuttle to and fro and men wield hammers and shovels. With powerful, skilful hands, China's commune members are cutting through high ranges and filling up gullies, reconstructing the hills to suit the needs of the people. Here, the mountain is dark and opaque while the people are painted in bright vivid colours. A dab of fresh green shows new fields in the distance conveying the bright prospects of this mountainous region and at the same time paying tribute to the commune members' tenacity and determination to conquer hardships in building socialism.

*Damming the Sea to Make Fields* unfolds yet another moving scene. Lights are ablaze across a stretch of seashore. A huge labour force works between the blue of the sky and the deep blue of the sea. Tractors ply to and fro late into the night, taking rocks out to the coast line to dam the sea and make new fields. The strong colour contrasts used and the comparatively formal composition conjure up a scene of fervid, dynamic activity and make a strong artistic appeal.

Thanks to collective strength, China's commune members are transforming our countryside, creating the loveliest of landscapes. *Our Socialist New Mountain Village* and *A Bumper Harvest of Lotus* from Huhsien County in Shensi and *Picking Mulberry Leaves* from Szechuan show how all over our motherland "new scenes replace the old". The mountainous regions in China's northwest have been arid, sandy wastes since ancient times. But *Our Socialist New Mountain Village* shows green hills and limpid water. Fine trees line the roads. On a threshing field bustling with people and chugging machines, maize is stacked as high as a wall. A far cry from the desolation of the past! Red and gold are the keynote in this colourful picture of a thriving new mountain village.

In *A Bumper Harvest of Lotus* we see a lotus pond built after razing a mountain. White succulent lotus roots — produced by hard work and sweat — are being loaded into crates and carts. Again, in

*Picking Mulberry Leaves* we see a vast stretch of mulberry trees and paddy. Would these teeming orchards and fields have been conceivable without socialist collectivization in agriculture? Both paintings are as evocative as lyrics, their fine pastel colours and delicate brush-work affording another example of the wide range of styles and modes of expression of our peasant artists. The ordinary village scenes depicted also show graphically the superiority of the socialist system.

The source of the Chinese peasants' immense strength and ability to achieve miracles is Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought. *Political Night-School* from Huhsien reflects the peasants' eagerness to learn Marxist political theory. We see commune members in a mountain village going in twos and threes to night-school. The umbrellas in their hands and the storm-lanterns they carry show that they are undeterred by wind or rain. The artist's bold use of large patches of black evokes the darkness of night. This method, borrowed from wood-engraving, brings out by contrast the brightness of the classroom and the village path lit up by lanterns. In a subtle way, it conveys the truth that Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought is the lantern lighting the way for our revolutionary people.

*A Village Performance* by a woman in a commune in Yunnan Province depicts one of the ways in which our peasants use revolutionary theory. With literature and art as their weapon, they are debunking the retrogressive ideas and restoration of capitalism advocated by Liu Shao-chi and Lin Piao. Both the large audience in the foreground and the big-character posters in the background show the determination of our peasants to fight against revisionism. They are fully confident that whoever tries to restore capitalism in China will be overthrown by the people. As in *Political Night-School*, the time here is also night. But again this is not a naturalistic depiction of darkness. Black is used as a foil for the colourful crowd while the quiet night scene serves as a good background to action, throwing the main theme into sharp relief.

The peasant paintings of Huhsien are well-known throughout our country and *A Brigade Clinic* comes from this county in Shensi. Done by a barefoot doctor who works in a co-operative clinic, it is a depic-



*The Brigade's Geese*

by Wang Chen-chuan

tion of his own life and that of those around him. However, this painting too is by no means naturalistic, for the artist has imbued this portrayal of real life with his own revolutionary romanticist ideal. His hands, used to holding a hoe and acupuncture needle, have now taken up a paint-brush as well to express his love for and pride in his medical post and the co-operative clinic, a new socialist phenomenon. While doing his best to portray his ideal on paper, he is working hard to carry it out. The clinic he depicts has now become an even finer place thanks to the work he and other barefoot doctors have put in. Its garden is luxuriant with fruit trees and plots of herbs of every kind. In this painting the artist has clearly given free rein to his imagination; at the same time, the garden shown here has been watered by his sweat. Only those who truly love the militant life of the revolutionary people and take an active part in creating this new life can appreciate all that is most beautiful and typical in it. Only they can correctly depict such things in art.

The paintings mentioned here are only a few picked at random from our garden of peasant art. In Huhsien County alone there are

about a thousand peasant artists while all over China's vast countryside more and more peasants are taking part in artistic creation. As Marx and Engels once foresaw: **"In a communist society there are no painters but at most people who engage in painting among other activities."** Our hundreds of millions of workers, peasants and soldiers are now striding in the direction foreseen by our revolutionary teachers. As they create material wealth for our society they add to its spiritual riches with their fine works of art. They are on the way to becoming people who engage in painting among other activities. These artists and their works are new buds growing from the rich soil of our socialist garden.

## CHRONICLE

### New Films Released

New feature films, documentaries, cartoons and science and education films were released in all parts of China during the New Year festival.

The colour documentary *Celebrating the Great Victory* shows a million people and armymen in Peking as well as countless others throughout the country celebrating the appointment of Comrade Hua Kuo-feng as Chairman of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party and of its Military Commission, and the victorious smashing of the plot of the anti-Party Wang-Chang-Chiang-Yao gang to usurp the Party and state power.

*Song of Taching Oilfield*, a full-length documentary, introduces Taching's history in the early sixties and records how the oil workers guided by Mao Tsetung Thought stuck to the principle of independence and self-reliance and overcame various hardships and obstacles to construct oilfields.

Four other colour documentary films express the determination of village cadres and peasants to stick to the socialist road in furthering the movement to learn from Tachai, in defiance of the interference and sabotage from the "gang of four". They also reflect their achievements in transforming the countryside.

*On the March*, a colour feature film, describes how youngsters who have responded to Chairman Mao's call to go and settle in China's



border regions mature in the course of their struggle against the social-imperialists. It warmly praises this new socialist phenomenon. Another, *A Pearl on the Sea*, depicts the struggles evolving round kelp-growing in a coastal village, portraying the villagers' fresh enthusiasm and morale after the Cultural Revolution.

A colour cartoon *A Brave Boy* describes how a boy educated by the Party in the War of Liberation courageously runs the Kuomintang blockade and successfully delivers secret information to the People's Liberation Army.

### Fresh Animation on the Stage in Peking and Shanghai

During the New Year festival about 90 concerts and shows were put on in Peking and Shanghai, while amateur and professional opera troupes toured factories, villages and army units on their outskirts to perform for the workers, peasants and soldiers. The varied and lively programmes reflected the fresh animation on our stage since the smashing of the "gang of four".

Some new songs, dances and variety shows paid tribute to the memory of Chairman Mao and Premier Chou or acclaimed Chairman Hua Kuo-feng, the successor designated by Chairman Mao; others denounced the crimes of the "gang of four" who vainly attempted to ruin the country and usurp the Party and state power. This highly topical and militant repertoire was warmly applauded.

Some good items that had been suppressed and banned by the "gang of four" were restaged. Among them were a *pingtan* (Soochow ballad) based on Chairman Mao's *Reply to Li Shu-yi* — to the tune of *Tieh Lien Hua*, the full-length play *The Long March* singing of the heroic deeds of the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army, the suite of songs *The Red Army Fears Not the Trials of the Long March*, the piano concerto *Fighting the Typhoon*, and the dance-drama *Little Daggers Society* depicting the fight put up by the people of Shanghai against the imperialists and their lackeys towards the end of the Ching Dynasty.

In addition, some modern revolutionary Peking operas, acclaimed by the masses, were also performed.

### Publication of Songs to Commemorate Premier Chou

To mark the first anniversary of the passing of Premier Chou beloved by all the nationalities of China, the People's Music Publishing House brought out in January a selection of songs entitled *Respected and Beloved Premier Chou, We'll Always Think of You*. It comprises 19 new songs by professional and spare-time composers which show deep proletarian feeling. Some have been broadcast or sung at recent concerts.

### New Discovery of Lu Hsun's Letters

Lu Hsun, the chief protagonist of the cultural revolution in China, wrote over 5,000 letters according to his diaries. Lately, with the help of the broad masses, 13 of these letters hitherto thought lost have been recovered from the recipients or their families. All were written in his last ten years (1927-1936) when he had become a great communist fighter. Some exposed the counter-revolutionary character of the followers of Wang Ming's anti-Party line who had set themselves up as "rulers in the world of letters" and attacked Lu Hsun. Some described the writer's persevering fight for the revolution. Others expounded his views on critically inheriting the literary and art heritage and his comments on religion, literary translation, publishing and other topics.

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**A Study Group in a Li Village (woodcut)**

**by Teng Tzu-ching and Teng Tzu-fang**



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