

# CHINESE LITERATURE



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**Writings in Memory of Chairman Mao**

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## IN MEMORY OF CHAIRMAN MAO

*Hsin Chun-wen*

### A Memorable Voyage

“To oppose imperialist aggression we must build a powerful navy.” These glorious words were written twenty-four years ago by our great leader and teacher Chairman Mao when he inspected some of our naval vessels.

Now the officers and crews of those five warships *Changchiang*, *Loyang*, *Nanchang*, *Kwangchow* and *Huangho* and the two torpedo-boats 53-101 and 53-104 are restudying the instructions Chairman Mao gave on building our navy, and recalling the happy four days and three nights when he first inspected our ships and cruised down the Yangtse with them. These memories have deepened our love and admiration for our great commander and our determination to work harder to build up our navy and carry out Chairman Mao's behests under our new leader Chairman Hua Kuo-feng.

It was February the nineteenth, 1953. After a fall of snow the city of Wuhan gleamed white in the morning sunlight. In the harbour were moored the two warships *Changchiang* and *Loyang* waiting to be inspected by Chairman Mao.

Soon after the clock in the customs house struck eleven, Chairman Mao briskly boarded the *Changchiang* to the sound of tumultuous cheering. Our seamen felt bathed in warm sunshine as they gazed with heartfelt admiration and love at Chairman Mao, and brushed aside the tears that kept springing to their eyes. Ah, Chairman Mao, how we seamen had longed to see you! For days we had gazed at your portrait, for nights we had dreamed of you. Now at last you were here before us. So great was our happiness, it seemed to us that even the river and the mountains were smiling.

As the two ships slowly left the harbour, the banks were crowded with spectators ranging from old people with white hair to Young Pioneers wearing red scarves, skipping, jumping and cheering for joy. The Yangtze was thronged with junks all come to salute Chairman Mao. Now the boatmen shipped oars and raised their arms to cry, "Long live Chairman Mao! Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to our Chairman!"

Chairman Mao standing on the deck waved to them all with a smile.

The mighty river flowed eastward, the red sun shining above it, as the *Changchiang* and *Loyang* embarked on this memorable voyage under the direction of our supreme commander.

Aboard the *Changchiang*, Chairman Mao made a round of the gun emplacements and cabins to look in on the young seamen on duty there.

Then he climbed the ladder to the bridge and asked the men working there how they liked being in the navy.

"We like it fine!" the navigating officer answered.

Chairman Mao nodded approvingly and said: You should give your whole hearts to it. Most imperialist aggressors in the past invaded us from the sea. The Pacific still isn't at peace. We must build a powerful navy.

When Chairman Mao came to the foredeck, the sailors there clustered around him, looking up at his kind, smiling face.

Have all of you been to Peking? he asked cordially.

"We went there for the National Day parade," several comrades replied.

Then we're old acquaintances, he said with a smile.

"But we couldn't see you clearly that day, we were too far from the rostrum," one sailor put in.

Chairman Mao leaned forward and said with a smile: Now you can see me clearly, can't you?

His friendly manner warmed their hearts, making them feel the happiest men on earth, so close was the relationship between the rank and file and their leader. Bursts of laughter kept floating out over the river.

As the vessel steamed ahead, cleaving through the waves, the wind sweeping across the deck flapped the sailors' clothes. Chairman Mao felt one man's uniform and asked with concern: Do you feel cold?

Their blood racing they answered, "Not us!"

Looking benignly at each in turn the Chairman asked where they came from and what units they had been recruited from. They told him some of them were from Shantung, others from Hopei, Chekiang and Kiangsu; some had been transferred from the army, others had joined the navy straight from school, and some had come over from the Kuomintang navy.

Asked how they got along together, they assured him, "We get along fine."

Chairman Mao nodded in approval.

Then, ticking points off on his fingers, Chairman Mao spoke of China's socialist revolution and construction, the bright future of communism, the international class struggle and the future of our navy. The imperialists are bullying us, he said. We must face up to them and tell them where they get off. With such a long coastline as ours, we must build up a powerful navy.

He added: Formerly we had neither air force nor navy. Now we have both planes and warships. Provided we work hard and pull together, we've a very bright future before us.

"All owing to your leadership," said the seamen from their hearts.

No, he answered. Owing to hard work and pulling together.

From the foredeck Chairman Mao went to the mess hall where a meal was just being served.

Do officers and crew have the same food? he asked.

"Exactly the same!" was the answer.

And do you eat like this every day? he inquired.

"Yes, we do."

Chairman Mao nodded, well pleased.

The ship advanced steadily, its engines roaring. Chairman Mao decided to visit the engine-room. But when he started towards it the assistant engineer tried to stop him, as the place was stifling hot and reeked of oil. "It's too hot there," he objected. "Please don't go down."

But Chairman Mao insisted that he must see the comrades there, and down he went.

He talked for some time with the chief engineer on duty about his life and work, cupping one hand to his ear as the noise of the engine made it hard to hear clearly. At the end of the conversation, Chairman Mao offered his hand to the chief engineer. The latter reached out to take it, then realized that his own hand was smeared with grease and hastily withdrew it to wipe it with a piece of waste. But before he had wiped it clean, the Chairman had clasped it in his. Grasping Chairman Mao's big, warm hand in both his own, the chief engineer gazed at his kind face with emotion.

On his return to the deck Chairman Mao went to the gun turret, where the officer on duty ran up to report to him. Chairman Mao asked detailed questions about the structure and performance of the front main armament and leaned forward attentively to listen to the officer's explanation, sometimes putting in questions to clear up minor points.

Then he turned to ask the ship's political commissar how well up he was in naval warfare. The commissar said, "I've learned a bit about ships, and that's about all."

The Chairman encouraged him to learn all he could from the crew.

Fired with determination by this instruction, the political commissar vowed to bear Chairman Mao's teaching in mind and always remain the pupil of the seamen and the masses, learning from them.

The next day at noon, Chairman Mao left the *Changchiang* to board the *Loyang*.

After inspecting the radar room and the bridge he entered the meeting room, sent for the deputy political commissar and asked about the study, political outlook and ideological progress of the officers and men. Chairman Mao stressed that primary attention should be paid to political education so as to fire the political enthusiasm of the crew.

Lighting a cigarette, he thought for a while and then asked the deputy commissar to show him all the books one of the crew was reading.

The deputy commissar left promptly and met one of the radio operators at the top of the stairs outside. A few minutes later, he returned with the radio operator's books.

Chairman Mao browsed through the books, which included the *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung*, *On Practice*, *The Chinese Revolution and the Chinese Communist Party*, accounts of the heroic exploits of the People's Liberation Army and of the Chinese People's Volunteers in Korea, as well as some technical books. He picked out and read page by page a story extolling the courage of the officers and crew of a certain gunboat who, armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, fulfilled an escort mission victoriously in the face of an enemy who outnumbered them several dozen to one.

Chairman Mao looked up with a smile after reading this and asked the deputy commissar if he had read it.

"Yes, I have."

Chairman Mao said: Its content is excellent and the simple, straightforward language makes it suitable for our fighters.

Chairman Mao repeatedly urged the cadres to do a good job of ideological education and pay attention to building up the navy politically. He had many chats with the sailors too about their ideas, work and life and encouraged them to raise their political consciousness, just as he had encouraged the troops during their advance to the Chingkang Mountains and on the Long March.

Gathering on the afterdeck, some of the crew played accordions

and danced the spirited *Sailors' Dance*. Chairman Mao joined them, smiling, and commented: Good, you're all very lively.

He asked them what musical instruments they had.

"A fiddle!" "An accordion!" "A flute!" they shot back as if numbering off.

A gunner squeezed through the crowd to announce, "We've drums and gongs as well."

Chairman Mao smiled at him and said: Yes, we need drums and gongs for the *yangko* dance.

He then asked those present how many of them had been workers and peasants and how many had been students before enlisting. This was ascertained by a show of hands. After counting the number in each group Chairman Mao asked whether they were united.

"Very well united, Chairman!" they responded.

Satisfied with this answer he pointed out: You should unite still better in the future, because workers and peasants are going to become well educated and intellectuals will learn to do manual labour, gradually bridging the gap between intellectuals and the labouring people.

Some seamen brought a chair for Chairman Mao, but he declined to sit down and went on talking with them standing among them. He asked if they all were accustomed now to life aboard ship.

"Sure!" came the answer in unison.

Chairman Mao nodded smilingly and said: Land based in the past, we loved our mountains and our soil. Now, as seamen, we should love our ships, islands and seas.

He went next to the ship's galley and greeted the cooks, saying: It's a hard job you have, comrades!

"We're just serving the people," they answered.

The Chairman looked at the food already prepared and ladled out some soup for a closer examination. Then he asked whether the rations were adequate to keep the crew in good health. After carefully inspecting the whole galley he said with satisfaction: Very good. You keep this place spick and span. Sanitation is very important in a kitchen. It has a direct bearing on the health of the entire crew.

Sunlight gleamed on the Yangtse; the view on both banks was magnificent.

As the vessel approached the small island Hsiaokushan, Chairman Mao came to the foredeck and trained his binoculars on it. Not until the ship had passed by did he put the binoculars down. Then, turning to point at the islet, he remarked that when he came down the Yangtse thirty years before this island had been on the other side of the channel, which had then been much narrower than it was now. The waterway has changed, and so has the world, he said.

Late at night, a cold wind swept the river. The temperature dropped. The sentries on deck watched the light from their beloved Chairman's cabin. At midnight that light was still shining. Chairman Mao was still up working for the Chinese revolution and the world revolution.

The sentries were relieved several times, but still Chairman Mao sat up working. Gazing at the light from his window, the sailors were reminded of the camp fires on the Ching kang Mountains and the oil lamp in his cave at Yen-an. Too excited to sleep, they gathered in twos and threes to softly exchange their impressions of meeting Chairman Mao. Some were most struck by his simple way of life — his old army cap, worn leather shoes which had almost lost their original brown colour, faded khaki serge uniform and threadbare overcoat. Others commented that Chairman Mao slept on a rough plank bed with simple bedding borrowed from a sleeping-car, and he usually ate coarse unpolished rice with fried capsicum as a side dish. One of the cooks recalling Chairman Mao's visit to the galley said, "I was cooking when I looked up and saw Chairman Mao standing by the door. I quickly put down the ladle, wiped the grease from my hands and saluted. Chairman Mao asked me: How many of you work here? How many pans do you have? He also asked: Does it make extra trouble for you, our eating here too? I promptly assured him. No trouble at all, none at all..."

Anecdotes like these filled us all with tremendous admiration for Chairman Mao. He showed such loving concern for us while

living so simply and frugally himself. He was so great yet made us all feel so at home with him!

Because of our devotion to Chairman Mao we all longed to have a photograph taken with him.

Chairman Mao knew how we felt. At nine the next morning he went first to be photographed with the crew of the *Loyang*. As it was a freezing day and we didn't want the Chairman to catch cold, some of the men suggested taking one single group picture of the whole crew. But Chairman Mao said that as there were so many of us it would be better to divide into groups and he would be photographed with each group in turn. And while we were forming groups, he kept turning round to make sure that everyone was ready or urging us to stand closer so that everybody would be in the picture.

After that, Chairman Mao went back to the *Changchiang* to be photographed with the ship's company there. He drew the sailors near by closer to him, then turned and pointed at the men on the bridge, asking the photographer if he could get them in too. When the photographer said that he could, the Chairman looked satisfied.

Chairman Mao spent two hours having eight pictures taken with the officers and men of our two vessels.

Ah, Chairman Mao, we shall treasure these photographs as long as we live. Looking at them gives us the courage to cut through seas of fire and scale mountains of swords. Looking at them, we shall never lose our bearings however dense the fog and wild the storm.

Red flags fluttered in the wind at the foot of the Purple Mountain; the green waves of the Yangtse sang for joy. After our beloved leader Chairman Mao reached Nanking with these two ships, at noon on February 24 he braved the wind and rain again to inspect the warships *Nanchang*, *Kwangchow* and *Huangho* and review manoeuvres by the torpedo-boats 101 and 104.

Our vessel cut through the waves towards Swallow Cliff. From the wheel-house one could see two swift torpedo-boats zooming

up behind us. Their blue exhaust-gas mingled with the foam to form silvery wings for these boats.

From the wheel-house Chairman Mao waved to them both.

The boats shuttled back and forth on our port side. At this moment Chairman Mao stepped out of the wheel-house and stood firmly on the bridge deck. He exclaimed cheerfully: Fine! Then he commented: These boats are good and fast. We should build more of them.

It was raining more heavily now. Declining the offer of a raincoat, Chairman Mao soon got wet through. Water dripped from his temples. But in high spirits he inquired about the revolutionization and modernization of the navy.

Chairman Mao then questioned the officers and men who were navigating the vessel. When he learned that the acting captain had been a rating on the KMT vessel *Changchih* who helped to organize its mutiny and was now a member of the Communist Party, making good progress, Chairman Mao shook hands with him cordially, asked about the mutiny and spoke highly of the just stand he had taken. The captain was moved to tears.

Then, accompanied by naval cadres of various ranks, Chairman Mao went to the saloon to listen to reports from these leading comrades.

He listened attentively, raising questions from time to time and giving them extremely important instructions.

Speaking of the history of imperialist aggression against China the Chairman said: Our country is poor and backward. We have very little steel but a very long coastline. The imperialists were able to bully us because we had no navy.

In a tone of encouragement Chairman Mao continued: Now we have a navy, a navy of our own, a people's navy. You must do a good job and build it up into a powerful naval force.

Chairman Mao asked the leading cadres present, one by one, if they had put out to sea. When two of them replied in the negative he looked very concerned and said: You're in the navy. You mustn't fear storms and waves but must temper yourselves on the sea.

At that time, our navy was still in the embryo stage and the country could not yet supply us with all the technical equipment we needed. Chairman Mao told us that in future we must build our own equipment and not depend entirely on others. The building of the navy must be put on the basis of self-reliance.

Some cadres reporting to Chairman Mao suggested that as naval techniques were so complex and we lacked experience, we should learn from foreign methods and take them over wholesale. Chairman Mao replied: We need to learn from the advanced experience of other countries, but we mustn't think everything foreign is good. The navy has its special characteristics, but these mustn't be overstressed. Our army's fine traditions should be carried forward, not discarded. The navy should also rely on the people, on our fishing folk, and strike root among the masses.

Chairman Mao left the ship at four in the afternoon.

"Long live Chairman Mao! Long live Chairman Mao!" "A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

The cheers of the seamen mingled with those of the crowd on the shore.

After a few steps Chairman Mao turned round to wave to us. He walked on a little, then turned and waved again. After a few steps further, he turned and waved yet a third time. By then we were unable to restrain our emotion. We shouted, "Chairman Mao! Chairman Mao! Your immense concern for us will always give us strength. We will always bear your teachings in mind. Your glorious thinking will always light up the way forward for our people's navy!"

## ERRATUM

The caption on page 12 should read:

**Chairman Mao with Yen-an Peasants**  
(traditional Chinese painting)  
by Liu Wen-hsi



## **Chairman Mao Inspects Nanniwan**

In July 1943, Nanniwan showed promise of a splendid harvest. Green paddy, maize and soya bean quivered in the breeze while crab-apples, red maples and chestnut trees on the mountain slopes added to the beauty of the countryside. One noon, as we were hoeing the maize fields under a scorching sun, a messenger from brigade headquarters hurried over calling breathlessly, "Quick, the brigade commander wants you!"

Sticking my hoe in the soil and wiping the sweat from my forehead I asked, "What for?"

"I don't know," he said. "But look sharp."

I was a section leader in Brigade 359. "It must be important," I thought. "Otherwise the commander wouldn't send a messenger over twenty *li* to fetch us." As if on wings, we flew to brigade headquarters at Chinpenwan.

Brigade Commander Wang Chen had just had a shave. As soon as we entered the cave headquarters he said, "So you've come. Make preparations, quick. Chairman Mao is coming tomorrow."

I nearly jumped for joy though I found it hard to believe my ears. "Chairman Mao?" I asked to make sure.

"Yes, Chairman Mao." Brigade Commander Wang laughed. "Why? Aren't you pleased?"

Too happy for words we started to make preparations. Without stopping to eat, we set about cleaning up our caves and newly built houses. The cooks' squad, grinning from ear to ear, went to pick the best vegetables from our vegetable plot, catch the fattest pig in the pen and round up some chickens.

"We must show Chairman Mao a little of everything we produce," someone suggested.

"Can't be done. There's not room enough in one cave," another countered.

Three years before, the Party Central Committee and Chairman Mao had ordered Brigade 359, one of the strongest brigades in the Eighth Route Army, to return to the Shensi-Kansu-Ningsia Border Region from the anti-Japanese front in north China. At that time three hundred thousand Kuomintang troops were attacking and blockading the border regions in an attempt to starve out and strangle the Eighth Route Army. The task given us by Chairman Mao was to develop production, relying on our own efforts. So, as soon as we reached Nanniwan, while keeping our guns in hand we launched a big production drive — reclaiming wasteland, raising sheep and starting factories. How happy Chairman Mao would be to see once desolate Nanniwan transformed now into a rich, thriving place.

That night we recalled Nanniwan as we first knew it, overgrown with weeds, when we had to guard against leopards and wolves breaking into our small wooden huts at night. We held meetings in complete darkness because we had no oil for lamps, and as grain was in short supply we lived mostly on black beans, sweet potatoes, pumpkins and wild herbs gathered in the mountains. Our winter clothes, of coarse sackcloth, were padded with ox-hair and wool clipped from sheep which slipped down after only a few days' wear, giving the trousers the look of half-filled bags. Having no socks, we tied rags round our feet. Having no tooth brushes or toothpaste,

we cleaned our teeth by rubbing them with salt on our towels. . . . To tell the truth, many comrades doubted whether we could make anything of such a barren place as Nanniwan. Now, the contrast between past and present was tremendous. Now we had food, clothes and everything we needed. We had flocks of cattle and sheep, sties filled with fat pigs. What's more, we were running a cotton mill, iron foundry, carpentry shop, farm tools factory, pickle plant and many other enterprises besides. In addition to supplying our own needs we were able to market some of the cloth produced by our Takuang Cotton Mill and some of the towels and soap from our factories. Now we were able to sing of Nanniwan:

Crops are growing fat and wide,  
Cattle graze on the mountainside;  
This northern region once so bare  
Has become like south of the Yangtse — rich and fair!

Chairman Mao, oh, Chairman Mao, it was you who pointed out for us this broad road along which we were advancing. With your guidance we were fearless and lacked for nothing. No difficulty, no enemy, however fierce, could daunt us.

Next morning we got up at dawn, our hearts beating fast. Beaming, we kept scanning the road leading to Yen-an sixty *li* away. If Chairman Mao set out immediately after breakfast it would take him three hours to get here on horseback, one hour by jeep.

We waited and waited until it was nearly lunch time.

"The Chairman is so busy, he may have been detained by important business. Perhaps he's not coming after all," some surmised.

"Don't make such wild guesses. He'll certainly keep his promise," said someone else, although secretly worried too.

Just then a jeep drove up and Chairman Mao stood smilingly before us. We burst out cheering. Chairman Mao shook our hands one by one. "The crops are growing very well," he said to Brigade Commander Wang.

His guard told us that the Chairman had spent the morning looking at the crops and talking with the comrades working in the fields on his way.

The brigade commander asked the Chairman to rest for a while before lunch in one of our new houses and told me to go to help in the kitchen. The Chairman commented with a laugh, "You're serving lunch as soon as I'm here! That shows you have plenty of grain." Instead of resting he went with some cadres to see the new houses and cave dwellings.

I hastened to the kitchen where in high spirits the cooks were preparing dishes, all from our own Nanniwan produce.

When the food was ready I took it to the house where the Chairman was and asked if there was anything else he fancied, as we had plenty of other vegetables. He chuckled, "You've already prepared much more than I can eat."

"All these vegetables and meat are from our own farm," I said quite unnecessarily for the brigade commander was briefing him on our production.

"How much oil and vegetables does everyone have each day?" the Chairman inquired.

"Half an ounce of oil on the average and as many vegetables as he wants."

"Do you eat better on Sundays?"

"For lunch we usually have rice and wheat flour," Deputy Political Commissar Wang En-mao replied. "Sometimes we slaughter a pig or a sheep to be shared among different units."

"Do you have any cases of osteo-arthritis?"

"No. Not a single one."

"The Kuomintang want to strangle us and starve us yet instead you're all putting on weight. Even osteo-arthritis has been done away with." This remark made everybody laugh.

During the meal the brigade officers reported on our production: We were now tilling an average of 30 *mu* of land per head as compared with 3 *mu* when we first arrived. While our slogan last year was "Take not a single grain, an inch of cloth or cent from the state", this year it was "Hand in half the yield of our land to the state". Our production quota per capita had risen to 1,000 catties of grain and 6 catties of ginned cotton.

The Chairman nodded, smiling. "No difficulties are insuperable," he said. "If we all pull together we can surmount them. Relying on your own efforts you have produced food, clothes and daily necessities. At present we do not have any foreign aid. Even if we have it in the future we'll still rely on our own efforts. We mustn't be like the Kuomintang who import even cotton cloth."

All through the meal he discussed our work. After talking with Brigade Commander Wang Chen, Deputy Political Commissar Wang En-mao, Deputy Brigade Commander Su Chin and Department Head Li Hsin for a while after lunch, he set off to inspect Chinpwan. On the way, he told us that he had looked at the maize, beans and vegetables on his way here. They were growing well but he had seen insects on the beans and these should be wiped out.

Coming to the messengers' company he found the walls of their newly-built caves white-washed and inquired where the lime came from. Brigade Commander Wang told him we had calcined it from limestone quarried from the mountains. Then he asked about the tables and was told they had been made by the fighters too. The Chairman picked up a notebook from one table, and leafed through it, feeling the thickness of the "paper".

"Is this made of birch bark?" he asked. "It looks just like paper."

"Yes. The comrades call it free glossy paper," said Brigade Commander Wang.

"You don't spend money on anything here. It's all the work of your own hands," the Chairman approved.

Brigade Commander Wang told him that we also used birch bark to make lunch-boxes and rain-hats. He took a hat down from the wall and showed it to the Chairman who examined it carefully and remarked that it was well made.

Our old cook Li Chin-shan was cutting up vegetables in the kitchen when Chairman Mao went in. He grasped the Chairman's hand with his two wet ones, his beard quivering with excitement.

"What are you preparing?" the Chairman asked.

"Fried gourd and turnip soup."

"How many people do you cook for?"

"Not many. A little over forty."

“That’s quite a job!”

Li said that the men in the fields worked much harder. Their hands were blistered. The Chairman encouraged him by saying that a cook’s job was very important. His comrades could only work well when they were well fed.

Then the Chairman went to the pigsty. Old Tu, busy cleaning the sty, just smiled at the visitor brought by the brigade commander. He had no idea who it was and had never dreamed that the Chairman would find time to visit him. Looking at the lazy sows and the litters of playful piglets, the Chairman said, “You’re raising fine fat pigs, comrade.”

Tu, still hard at work with his muck-rake, didn’t hear him. Brigade Commander Wang told him, “Old Tu, Chairman Mao says you’re raising fine fat pigs.”

Only then did Tu realize that the Chairman was there. Still holding his muck-rake in one hand he saluted. “I’d never raised pigs before coming here,” he said. “My pigs aren’t as fat as they should be.”

Chairman Mao shook his hand, asked his age, where he came from and when he had begun looking after pigs.

Old Tu told him that he had started two years ago and had had to learn from scratch.

“Old comrade, it’s a glorious task you have,” said the Chairman. “You’re fattening these pigs so as to feed up our comrades. Isn’t that right?”

“That’s right,” responded Old Tu happily.

The Chairman waved to him and left for the fields in the west. Cattle and sheep were grazing on the slopes while a gentle breeze rustled the millet, maize and beans growing in the valley. Green paddy and vegetable plots flanked the gurgling brook. Everything was thriving.

The Chairman showed no sign of fatigue although he had walked so far. He strode on along the paths beside the fields and chatted with our brigade cadres as he inspected our militant and beautiful Nanniwan. . . .

## Chairman Mao Shines Like a Red Sun over the Earth

More than three months have passed since our great leader and teacher Chairman Mao left us. In these unforgettable days, our Party’s Central Committee headed by our wise leader Chairman Hua has carried out Chairman Mao’s behest by smashing the plot of the Wang-Chang-Chiang-Yao “gang of four” to usurp Party and state leadership. The glorious deeds of Yang Kai-hui, Chairman Mao’s close comrade-in-arms and wife and my former schoolmate, have been publicized while the TV station has broadcast the *pingtan*, *Reply to Li Shu-yi* — to the tune of *Tieb Lien Hua* which Chairman Mao liked. When I saw Yang Kai-hui’s picture in the papers and watched the TV programme, my thoughts flew with the rippling waves of the Huangpu River in Shanghai to Orange Island in Changsha. I recalled things my close friend Kai-hui had said and done, Chairman Mao’s voice and smile as a young man concerned with affairs of state, as well as his kindly concern for me and the support he gave me. My mind was in such a whirl that I could not sleep that night. Chairman Mao who shines like a red sun over the earth has always given me great encouragement and strength.

Kai-hui and I became close friends a long time ago. After Yang Huai-chung, her father and Chairman Mao's teacher, died in Peking in 1920, Kai-hui returned with her mother to study in Changsha. Because she had bobbed her hair she was looked upon as a radical and no school would admit her until my father, Li Hsiao-tan, got her into the private Fuhsiang Girls' Middle School. It was there that we became inseparables. Kai-hui was progressive and public-spirited, frank and open in all her dealings with other people. She believed in plain living too. Influenced by Chairman Mao's revolutionary ideas, she took part in the anti-imperialist and anti-feudal movement and often explained revolutionary principles to me. Thanks to her help, I freed myself from the feudal shackles of my family and in 1924 married Comrade Liu Chih-hsun.

Both Chairman Mao and Kai-hui were very hard up at that time. To help Chairman Mao found the Party, Kai-hui persuaded her mother to give him some of the money donated by her father's colleagues in Peking University at the time of his death. And she herself joined the Chinese Communist Party soon after its founding in 1921. She was one of the fine Party members trained in those early days by Chairman Mao.

Shortly afterwards she left school, worked with Chairman Mao in the Hunan Party committee and married him. They lived in a tumbledown house by Clear Water Pool near Scallion Plot in Changsha and carried out Party work there. My husband and I visited them there. In 1923, Kai-hui went with Chairman Mao to Shanghai, Kwangchow and Wuhan to take part in the workers', peasants' and women's movements. She returned to Changsha in 1925 to help Chairman Mao build up the Party and organize the peasant movement. She helped him found the Party branch in Shaoshan. They were both extremely busy but Kai-hui, setting strict demands upon herself, never allowed the burden of housework and raising children to affect her revolutionary work. Chairman Mao had the greatest respect for her.

In the autumn of 1927 Chairman Mao headed the Autumn Harvest Uprising and led troops to the Chingkang Mountains. On his instructions, Kai-hui stayed on in Changsha to carry on underground

work until, betrayed by a renegade, she and her eldest son, eight-year-old An-ying, were arrested and imprisoned in October 1930. The enemy pressed her many times to repudiate her marriage, but she scornfully refused. Failing to make her submit, the devils shot her. Facing the firing squad Kai-hui shouted: "Down with the Kuomintang reactionaries! Down with Chiang Kai-shek! Long live the Communist Party of China!" She showed the iron resolve and revolutionary integrity of a true Communist who preferred death to surrender.

Kai-hui was boundlessly loyal to the Party and to the people and utterly devoted to our great leader Chairman Mao. She helped him with a host of tasks and took loving care of him in daily life. She was a great communist fighter and Chairman Mao's close comrade-in-arms and student.

My husband Chih-hsun was also a Party member recruited in Hunan by Chairman Mao. Under Chairman Mao's leadership, he was for a time a committee member of the Hunan Provincial Government and secretary general of the Hunan Provincial Peasant Association. We were separated in 1927 when the revolution suffered a setback and the Kuomintang diehards Ho Chien and Hsu Ke-hsiang attacked the provincial peasant association. Later Chih-hsun took part in the "August 1" Nanchang Uprising. He died a hero's death in Hungku, Hupeh Province in 1932. We had lived together for only twenty months. He had sent me a photograph of himself in disguise inscribed on the back with a line from the famous Tang Dynasty poet Li Po, "I'll come back from my expedition only when the Huns are wiped out." After he left I was kept under house arrest, then imprisoned and tortured by the Kuomintang.

On January 17, 1950 I wrote to Chairman Mao to congratulate him on the victory of the Chinese people's world-shaking revolution that he had led. I also described the circumstances of Kai-hui's heroic death, and the miserable life I had led in enemy-occupied territory for more than twenty years. Chairman Mao sent me a reply on April 18, saying that Chih-hsun had died a heroic death and that he respected me for overcoming hardships to bring up my son. He encouraged me to study the works of Marx, Engels, Lenin and



Comrade  
Yang Kai-hui

Stalin and asked me to convey his greetings to Chih-hsun's father and mine. Chairman Mao had always shown deep concern for me. Even when in Yenan, he asked comrades who had gone there from Changsha for news of me and my son. After Liberation, he asked his secretary to telephone my son to find out whether I had any financial difficulties. In 1955, when Chairman Mao heard that I had not taught for half a year because I was ill, he sent Comrade Yang Kai-chih, Kai-hui's brother, to visit me. When I went to stay with my son in Peking, Chairman Mao sent Comrade Wang Hai-jung to visit me. Although Chairman Mao was busy with state affairs, he showed such concern for me. My gratitude begs description.

When eighteen of Chairman Mao's poems were published in January 1957, I read them carefully, unable to put the book down, and in a

few days had memorized them all. Then I wrote another letter to Chairman Mao enclosing a poem in the classical style which I had written with anguish in 1933 when I heard of Chih-hsun's heroic death. Chairman Mao sent me a reply on May 11, 1957, saying that he had been deeply affected by my poem. Then, in his letter, he wrote the brilliant poem *Reply to Li Shu-yi*—to the tune of *Tieb Lien Hua*:

**I lost my proud poplar and you your willow,  
Poplar and willow soar to the Ninth Heaven.  
Wu Kang,\* asked what he can give,  
Serves them a laurel brew.**

**The lonely moon goddess spreads her ample sleeves  
To dance for these loyal souls in infinite space.  
Earth suddenly reports the tiger subdued,  
Tears of joy pour forth falling as mighty rain.**

On June 27, 1959 when Chairman Mao went to Changsha, he received Kai-hui's elder brother Yang Kai-chih, his wife Li Chung-teh and me. Chairman Mao told Ke Ching-shih, Hua Kuo-feng and the other leading comrades who were present: This is Li Shu-yi, a good friend of Kai-hui's. The year before last she sent me her poem in memory of Chih-hsun and I wrote a reply to it in the same style to the tune of *Tieb Lien Hua*. Each time I recite this poem of Chairman Mao's my eyes fill with tears and my heart is filled with gratitude. The poem is not only in praise of the martyrs Yang Kai-hui and Liu Chih-hsun but a tribute to the countless revolutionary predecessors who gave their precious lives for the revolution.

Chairman Mao had profound feeling for Kai-hui as well as other revolutionary martyrs and their families and relatives. In his May 11 letter to me, Chairman Mao also asked me, if possible, during the summer or winter vacation, to go to Pantsang to visit Kai-hui's tomb for him, and to pay his respects at Chih-hsun's tomb as well when next I went there.

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\*A mythological figure who was condemned to cutting down the laurel tree in the moon.

So I went to visit Kai-hui's tomb as Chairman Mao had requested and wrote to tell him about it afterwards. He replied to my letter on December 17 that same year. Chairman Mao was much concerned about Kai-hui's mother too, sending money to her every year and on several occasions asking me to visit her on his behalf.

After Chairman Mao received me in June 1959 in Changsha, I wrote expressing my wish to see him again. He replied on September 27, 1959, saying that if he had time the next week he would ask me over. If not, there would be other opportunities in the future. I kept waiting for these "other opportunities" to listen once more to Chairman Mao's instructions and to tell him my feelings. But, alas, last September 9 in my sister's home in Shanghai I was shocked to hear of the Chairman's death which prostrated me with grief. Later, I received an invitation to take part in the mourning ceremony in Peking. When with my son and grand-daughters I saw Chairman Mao's firm, serene face in the Great Hall of the People tears streamed down my cheeks. I could not help crying: "Chairman Mao, I had hoped to see you in Chungnanhai and never dreamed you would leave us so soon. No matter how I call you, I shall never hear you reply!" Chairman Mao's death distressed me so much that I could not eat. I spent sleepless nights thinking of him and worrying that the Party and state power might be usurped by careerists and conspirators. When the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Hua Kuo-feng led the people to smash the "gang of four", I felt immense relief and joy. Chairman Mao had the foresight to choose as his successor a leader who is far-sighted and has outstanding ability, thus averting calamity for the Chinese people and ensuring that our motherland will remain a socialist country. Comrade Hua Kuo-feng is really a worthy and wise leader. We people of Hunan Province know him well. Kai-hui's tomb and memorial hall were built under his leadership while he was in Hunan.

It was outrageous the way the "gang of four", especially the careerist Chiang Ching, flagrantly opposed and harassed our revered great leader Chairman Mao, and opposed and tried to discredit the glorious martyr Yang Kai-hui. Chiang Ching ordered the footnote on Yang Kai-hui in the poem *Reply to Li Shu-yi* to be cut, forbade

the media to report her brilliant deeds and had her portrait removed from the *Annotation of Chairman Mao's Poems*, shamelessly demanding: "If Yang Kai-hui is a proud poplar, what am I?" This was a vicious, contemptible attack on our great leader Chairman Mao and Comrade Yang Kai-hui! Shouldn't the revolutionary people love and respect a great communist fighter like Yang Kai-hui who was the close comrade-in-arms and wife of Chairman Mao? Wasn't she worthy of Chairman Mao's love and his pride? The word "proud" in "I lost my proud poplar and you your willow" is well chosen. As an old friend of Chairman Mao's once said, "A woman who loses her head for the revolution is certainly proud!" There was no end to Chiang Ching's ambition, no limit to her viciousness. Now her name stinks, and her criminal attacks on Yang Kai-hui and Chairman Mao can never be pardoned. The elimination of the foul "gang of four" by the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Hua was a second liberation for the people throughout the country. It was fine! I believe that after hearing the happy report that these monsters have been subdued, the loyal souls of Yang Kai-hui and Liu Chih-hsun in infinite space will again sip the laurel brew served by Wu Kang and drink to their hearts' content.

## AFTERWORD

In his richly imaginative poem *Reply to Li Shu-yi* — to the tune of *Tieb Lien Hua* Chairman Mao gives heartfelt praise to the communist spirit and noble qualities of those who gave their lives for the revolution by recalling the martyrs Yang Kai-hui and Liu Chih-hsun, encouraging us to learn from them and carry out their unfinished tasks. Widely read since its publication, the poem educates and spurs its readers on. But anti-Party Chiang Ching hated it and did all she could to nullify it and its influence. In 1976, when a new English edition of Chairman Mao's poems was published Chiang Ching, without the knowledge of Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee, ordered the footnote about the "proud poplar" and "willow" to be cut for it explained that the "proud poplar" referred to Yang Kai-hui, the character *yang* meaning "poplar" and "willow" referred to Liu Chih-hsun, *liu* meaning "willow". This note had appeared in all the former editions of Chairman Mao's poems and had been approved by Chairman Mao himself. This base act proved that Chiang Ching and her followers would go to any lengths to carry out their plot of usurping Party and state leadership.

## The Pioneers

3

### The Party and the Workers

Dawn is breaking over the snowy plain.

Hua Cheng returns to his room from a meeting at headquarters.

On the desk are a new edition of *Selected Works of Lenin* and the *Red Flag* journal. A paraffin lamp is lit. Chou is sound asleep, his head on the desk, worn out. In his hand is an apple left by Hua on the desk which Chou was toying with when he dropped off.

Hua smiles at the sight, takes off his fur-lined coat and slips it over Chou's shoulders, then gently removes the apple from his hand. He turns up the lamp and picks up *Red Flag*, not wanting to disturb Chou.

The telephone rings loudly. Hua reaches out for the receiver too late — Chou has woken up.

After answering the phone Hua asks Chou, "So you've actually moved in here to wait for the second well?"

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This is a film scenario produced collectively by *The Pioneers* Team of Taching Oilfield and Changchun Film Studio. The scenarist is Chang Tien-min. Sections 1 and 2 were published in our No. 1 issue.



Chou, eagerly: "Has the headquarters given the O.K.?"

Hua smiles but does not give him a direct answer. "Say what you need. Go on!" He pulls over a sheet of paper to write down the items.

Chou understands and says jubilantly, "Extra hoses for emergency use."

"Extra hoses." Hua jots this down. He notices Chou fingering his porcelain mug and hastily puts it aside, joking, "This one's not extra. What else?"

"Nothing."

Hua: "What? Is that all? The tap leaks. We'll give you a new one. Old Fan has stomach trouble. Get him a hot-water bottle and some medicine." He remembers something else. "Oh yes, you can have two tents. That's a real fortune." He leans closer, fixing his eyes on Chou, and says significantly, "Those tents were ordered from Shanghai by the Central Committee."

Chou looks gratefully at Hua, thinking: Our Party thinks of our needs more than we do ourselves.

After Hua has made these notes he puts down the pencil and gives the list to Chou, then gets up to pace the room. Chou folds up the list, puts it in his pocket and prepares to leave.

Hua standing near the stove points at the desk. "Take that apple with you."

Chou, nonplussed, picks up the apple and looks at it. Just a red apple, nothing special about it.

Hua comes over and takes the apple. "What a lovely apple!" He pauses for a moment then continues angrily, "You know, our creditors are demanding payment now. They say big apples like this are not up to standard. In their country, the satellites have gone up but the red flags have come down. Lenin's books have been thrown away!" He returns the apple to Chou.

Chou puts it in his pocket indignantly. Anger stirs in his heart. He is conscious of turbulent clouds of revolution round the world. Hua has helped him to see more clearly the historical mission of the working class. He says, "They've turned everything upside-down. That doesn't matter. The world's revolutionaries will raise the red flag even higher. We Chinese workers can take on anything. We're made of iron, not of beancurd."

Hua mutters elatedly to himself, "This former slave who minded camels has now become a conscious fighter." He tells Chou, "Old Chou, the oilfield Party committee has approved of you as a member of the front-line headquarters Party committee."

Chou, modestly, "Commissar, I..." He breaks off, tongue-tied. His heart in a turmoil, he seems to hear again the tinkling bells of the camel caravan...

Hua Cheng draws back the curtains and blows out the lamp. The light of dawn shines on Chou's face.

Hua takes a seat opposite Chou to explain the situation to this new member of the Party committee. "Our country has been hit by natural disasters. We're facing temporary difficulties."

Chou, shrewdly: "Our enemies within and without will seize this opportunity to make trouble for us."

Hua: "Some will do this under the disguise of revolutionaries..." He picks up the *Selected Works of Lenin* with various

bookmarks in it. Having found the place he wants he reads, "**The dialectics of history were such that the victory of Marxism in the field of theory obliged its enemies to disguise themselves as Marxists.**"

Chou takes the book from Hua to read this sentence once more, then closes the book and clasps it to his chest. Standing up he says, "Commissar, let me have this book!" Without waiting for a reply he hurries off.

"Hey, I haven't said yes yet." Seeing that Chou has gone, Hua smiles and says to himself, "This new committee member of ours..."

Clouds flame crimson at the horizon lit up by the setting sun.

On the drilling platform Instructor Hsu Kuang-fa is standing in the setting sunlight, an apple in his hand, and explaining indignantly to the drill crew, "The imperialists and modern revisionists are putting political and economic pressure on us. We Chinese workers are determined to smash the blockade as Chairman Mao told us to!"



Twelve tractors carrying a whole derrick advance with a deafening roar.

White clouds drift past behind them.

The snow is melting.

The drilling of the second well at Dragon Tiger Flats has started.

The drill crew is fixing the rods. The early spring weather is chilly. Chou and Yu-wa are covered from head to foot with mud but they work on doggedly, regardless.

The drill bores underground, revolving vigorously. The sound of drilling and the clang of steel make a mighty symphony. . . .

Chin Fa-fen and Old Fan.

The diesel engine is roaring.

An inscribed enamel mug, a memento of the Korean war, is set under the high-pressure oil pump to catch the drips of oil. Chin Fa-fen, kneeling on the cold steel plate with a wad of waste, is hard at work cleaning the machine and the floor. In his pocket is a copy of *On Practice*.

Old Fan, crouching by the diesel engine to tighten screws, turns and shouts at Chin, "Hey! The spanner!"

As Chin jumps up a sharp pain shoots through his knee. He rubs his knee, then limps over to get the spanner.

Old Fan impatiently fetches the spanner himself, throwing his apprentice a glance of disapproval. He returns to the engine and gets deftly on with his job.

Chin squats down behind him and urges, "Let me do it."

Fan, repressively: "Not now when they're drilling."

Chin asks worriedly, "But . . . when shall I start learning something?"

Old Fan pats his shoulder and says gruffly, "Learn to be quicker, my lad!"

Fan enters the office, goes to the electric stove and switches it on.

Chou is phoning: "Hello! How many metres has Old Sun drilled?"

Fan is going to heat up his corn buns. When he opens his lunch-box he exclaims, "Team-leader, there's an extra bun in my box."

Chou: "So much the better then. You just eat it." Into the phone: "No, not you. Tell Old Sun, our team will have a race with him." He rings off and turns to leave.

Fan: "Did you put it there?"

Chou: "No, it wasn't me."

Fan: "Who did then? Chin Fa-fen?" Still puzzled, he starts heating the buns.

Chou comes over and sits down beside the stove. "Look, Old Fan, why don't you let Chin do anything?"

Fan, calmly: "Drilling is no joke. If he can't keep up, he'll spoil things."

Chou, with interest: "What things?"

Fan: "Well, our struggle against revisionism, for one thing."

Chou laughs. "That's just it. That's why he wants to master technique and handle the machine himself."

Fan mutters, "But he's only been here a few days. I'd feel a bit worried. . . ."

Chou glances with concern at Fan, then says emphatically, "As long as a man has revolutionary will, he can do wonders." Deep in thought he seems to be talking to himself: "When Chin heard they'd cut off our oil in the hope of strangling us, he said, 'We'll get our own.' He looks on the diesel engine as his weapon. He squats there and cleans it all day long. Have you noticed how torn his padded pants are?"

Fan is unimpressed. Toasting a bun he answers, "That's how a worker should look."

Chou bursts out, "How can you say that? He's got arthritis, and he's still got a bit of American shrapnel under his knee cap!" He turns and hurries out.

Jolted by this, Fan stops toasting the bun and glances up in surprise, his thick eyebrows twitching. He had no idea his apprentice was such a fighter.

Plucky Chin Fa-fen is exercising his legs. Because Old Fan told him to learn to be quicker, he spends his spare time running up and down the derrick ladder. His wounded leg keeps giving him great

pain, but he simply rubs his knee and goes on climbing. Sometimes he gives a few hard kicks then drops to the steel-plate floor and goes on cleaning it.

Stern Old Fan sees this. He runs to the engine room and calls, "Chin Fa-fen!"

"Here I am," answers Chin on his knees.

Fan pulls him up and looks him up and down.

Chin, puzzled: "What is it? . . ."

Fan looks at his honest face, then at his legs.

Chin's padded trousers have two big holes rubbed through the knees. The tattered edges and some wisps of cotton are flapping in the chilly wind.

Clasping this new young recruit on the oil front, Fan feels too moved to speak. He fondly punches Chin on the chest, tears in his eyes. . . .

Chou standing by the ladder sees this clearly. He grins, looking up at the derrick and the sky above.

Wild geese fly in formation across the blue sky.

The grassland turns green again. Wild flowers blossom everywhere. A lark is singing in the clouds.

Spring is here again.

## We Mustn't Bend Our Backs

Feng Chao's office. Feng Chao seated by his desk is peeling one of the apples sent as part payment of China's debts but rejected. He mutters to himself, "If you offend a rich friend, you're asking for trouble!"

Someone knocks at the door.

Feng puts down his apple and calls gravely, "Come in!"

Young Ma from the grain supply station comes in with some reports. "Deputy commander, six trainloads of grain have arrived. How shall we distribute it?"

Feng answers without thinking, "Give it to the different units at

Tienchia Village according to their numbers." He signs the order form.

Ma reminds him, "How about Dragon Tiger Flats and Nameless Field? Can't we spare two trucks to transport it for them?"

Feng, sternly: "That won't do. They are all being used for production. No. They are needed to haul equipment for the new teams. Young Ma, the Party committee's principle is 'production first, welfare second'. Team-leader Chou is a member of the committee, he'll understand." Looking at the young man he adds less stiffly, "Don't worry. They've still got enough grain."

Ma can do nothing. He mutters, "All right then," and leaves.

A few tents in the green grassland. This is where Chou's team is stationed. Chou is making a bench out of scrap-wood, hammering in the nails with an axe. He means to put it outside for the workers to use when they knock off for meals.

Hsu Kuang-fa, drenched with sweat, comes across the grassland carrying two sacks of grain on his shoulder-pole.

Chou goes to meet him and helps him put down the load. "Grain?" He lifts one sack with both hands. It weighs more than seventy catties. Hsu unbuttons his blue tunic and wipes his sweat.

Chou steps forward and pulls up his shirt. At sight of his swollen shoulder he scolds, "I only told you to ask him why. Who told you to carry it yourself?"

Hsu, grinning: "It's nothing. I didn't want to come back empty-handed."

Chou: "Well . . . what did he say anyway?"

Hsu: "He said, 'The Party committee's principle is production first, welfare second.' The trucks can't be spared."

Chou, thoughtfully: "So now he's using that slogan. What's he up to, Old Hsu? Is he trying to make us give up?"

Hsu: "Yes. Team Twelve-One-O-One has already pulled out of Nameless Field."

Chou: "What?" He thinks then says firmly, "O.K. then. He won't give us trucks, so we'll carry it ourselves."

Hsu: "Right!"

Shots are heard from behind the tents.

Two peasants with guns are out hunting. Chao Chun-sheng, a rucksack on his back, follows them to watch the fun.

Chou calls out: "Chun-sheng!" He goes over and says mildly, "Don't rush around like that or you'll lose those core samples."

Chao stops reluctantly. "Don't worry. I won't lose them." He is still watching the hunters in the distance.

Chou takes the rucksack and makes Chao sit down on the grass. He takes out a small bag containing samples. "Especially this key stratum. It's very important stuff. It'll help us to find out the structure of our oilfield." He puts it back carefully into the rucksack and ties this up. "Why do you look so downcast these days?" Chao stares back sullenly. "Not to have a correct political point of view is like having no soul. Are you scared by this bit of difficulty? Lung Fu-kuei is a well-to-do middle peasant. But you squeeze into the same pair of pants and still don't feel close enough to him. Do you want to go along with him?"

Chao, sulkily: "No."

Chou looks thoughtfully at the vast grassland and says with feeling, "We're fighting the elements on these prairies. We're fighting the enemy. We're fighting wrong thinking. Isn't that wonderful! But you..."

Chao retorts resentfully, "Why always pick on me? I work, rain or shine. I understand the need for hard struggle; but when will it come to an end? How long must we put up with hardships?"

Chou leaps up, his eyes blazing. Controlling his anger he turns to call, "Instructor, come over here."

Hsu Kuang-fa comes over.

Chou opens Hsu's jacket, laying bare his shoulder, and says vehemently, "Chun-sheng, have a look at this!"

Hsu protests, "Old Chou!"

Chou: "This shoulder of his has carried guns and shells. And it's carried drilling rods for the revolution. How often has it got raw and swollen. Today, right after working the night shift, he carried over a hundred catties of grain for miles."

Hsu: "Chun-sheng, we must carry heavy loads and follow the Party. Even if Mount Tai falls on us, we mustn't bend our backs."

Chou: "We're pioneers. We must be prepared to struggle hard all our lives. It's an honour."

Chao stands up, unconvinced. "I must take in the samples." He leaves them.

Chou bellows after him, "Chun-sheng!" But the lad has gone off without looking back.

A lark is singing high above. The sun, huge as a millstone, sinks below the horizon. Two towering figures are standing on the vast green grassland.

### The Core Sample Is Lost

In the dusk Lung Fu-kuei is driving his cart on the road through the grassland. He notices Chao Chun-sheng and calls out warmly, "Chun-sheng, hop on!"

Chao throws his rucksack on the cart and jumps on to the shaft.

Lung: "Going to Tienchia Village?"

Chao: "Yes, I'm taking a sample there."

"..."

The cart disappears in the dusk.

In the office Chou is taking a phone call. "What? The sample's lost?..." He changes colour. "Young Yao, we'll look for it right away!"

Late at night electric torches flicker here and there on the grassland as people search for the lost sample.

Yao Yun-lang points at wheel marks on the road and asks, "Was it on this road, Chun-sheng?"

Chao, frantically: "Yes, this is the road I took."

Hsu Kuang-fa and Wei Kuo-hua are searching near by. Hsu calls, "Young Wei, you go that way, I'll go this way." They divide up.

Chou is also searching with an electric torch. Making a careful search he moves further into the grassland.

## I Won't Be Knocked Out

In the storeroom where all sorts of equipment are kept a big meeting is being held. On the walls are the slogans: "Build our oilfield with Chairman Mao's 'two treatises' and dialectics!" "Quality comes first in our mighty construction plan!" "Construct a big first-rate oilfield at top speed!" People sitting on crates, equipment or benches are listening to Hua Cheng. The place is packed.

Hua: "... When it comes to the quality of our work, I never stop nagging. We've got a team that drilled a well with an error of 1.5 degrees in the slant. That would have been all right in the old days. But not now. We must scrap it and start all over again. After the meeting, everyone is to carry cement to fill up that well. One thing I especially want to bring to your attention is that our famous advanced drilling team has lost the core sample of the key stratum. . . ."

Workers start whispering, "Isn't that Old Chou's team?" "Surely not."

Hsu Kuang-fa and his team mates are sitting near the platform. When Hua mentions their team, some lower their heads, some dig their nails into the bench; Old Fan starts filling his pipe, Young Chao wishes he could sink into the ground. . . . All the eyes turned to them make them very uncomfortable.

People without seats by the doorway crane their necks to watch.

Feng Chao is pacing outside the door. Young Ma comes along and Feng Chao quickly accosts him, "Young Ma."

Ma: "Deputy commander."

Feng: "Well?"

Ma takes out a notebook. "I've checked it and it's true."

Feng, firmly: "Bring it up at the meeting!"

Ma, reluctantly: "But. . . ."

Feng: "The commissar told us not to hide contradictions, didn't he? Go ahead!"

Ma looks up. "Here comes Team-leader Chou."

Chou comes to the door carrying a white bag containing core samples. As he squeezes through the crowd by the door, Wei Kuo-

hua who is on the look-out comes over and grips his arm. "Don't show yourself. Duck your head!"

Chou looks blank.

Wei: "He's just talking about you. He's in a temper." His eye falling on the sample bag he seizes it, overjoyed. "So you've found it! Wonderful! Give it to me quick, and I'll take the blame."

Chou bypasses him. "I see you've got another bug in your brain now. When the red flag's flying you want me to be the hero. Now when there's trouble, you want me to be a coward, eh? No, I won't duck my head." He ties the bag to his belt and squeezes his way in. Wei calls after him, "Hey, make way there. . . ."

Chou walks into the room. People stare in surprise as he strides down the passageway.

Hua Cheng, still speaking on the platform: "... We should have both revolutionary drive and a scientific attitude. The core sample is small, but it shows the conditions underground. We can't be the slightest bit slipshod. Our attitude towards the sample bag shows our attitude towards our work. . . ."

Chou joins his team. Hsu Kuang-fa, Chin Fa-fen and Yu-wa are sitting with lowered heads. They do not know what to do when they see their team-leader. Hsu makes room for him to sit down. One worker sees the sample bag and nudges his mate in relief, pointing it out.

Chou looks at his mates.

Hua: "Old Chou, sit down."

Chou reflects for a second then walks gravely, unflinchingly, towards the platform. His eyes are clear, there is no thought of self in his mind. He feels that he has let the Party down and should be criticized for his team's mistake.

The people at the meeting look at him with surprise, sympathy or bewilderment.

The place is utterly quiet.

Hua Cheng, momentarily surprised, now understands Chou's behaviour.

Chou stands erect on the platform and says frankly, "It was our team that lost the core sample. The commissar's criticism is right. Let this be a lesson to us all!"

Others look at him with approval or admiration.

Hua continues sternly yet with deep concern, "Chou Ting-shan, a drilling team's job isn't just boring holes in the earth. We've suffered enough from not paying proper attention to first-hand data. If we want to stand our ground, we must not only overcome hardships. We must set a high standard for our work. Sloppy work will finish us off."

Chou listens intently and looks up at the slogan on the opposite wall: "Be strict with yourself!" He stands erect, his eyes clear, honest and unflinching.

Yu-wa bursts into tears.

Chin Fa-fen's eyes are moist.

Old Fan is wiping his eyes too.

Young Chao wants to sink into the ground.

Wei Kuo-hua stands up and says with emotion, "Criticize me, commissar. I'm the geologist. I'm the one that made the mistake."

Hsu stands up too. "No, Young Wei." He turns to Hua Cheng. "Commissar, it's my fault for not doing my ideological work well. I've let the Party down."

Yu-wa stands up. "Commissar, I'm responsible too."

Old Fan stands up. "We're all to blame for this."

All: "We must share the responsibility!"

The whole drilling team is standing up, accepting criticism. . . .

Hua, firmly: "No! Chou Ting-shan is the man I blame!"

Yu-wa steps forward. "Let me go up and stand by his side then."

Hsu: "No, let me. . . ."

All shout: "Let me, let me go. . . ."

Chou looks sternly down from the platform. "Yu-wa!"

Yu-wa: "I can't sit still any longer!" Tears start to his eyes.

Hua Cheng, touched by this scene, says, "I can't have the whole team on the platform. Old Chou, you'd better go down and listen carefully."

Chou returns to his seat among his mates and sits erect. The others follow suit, all sitting with their heads high, their eyes fixed on Hua Cheng.

Hua: "A cadre needs to do a lot of nagging so that you'll hear a voice all the time telling you to attach importance to first-hand data. We must be responsible for the oilfield all our lives."

At this moment a slip of paper is passed from Ma at the back of the room to the platform. Feng Chao immediately goes to the platform and picks it up. He approaches Hua Cheng saying, "Here's a charge in writing." Hua glances at Feng, picks up his mug and walks back to his seat. Feng reads in a gloating tone, "Comrade Chou Ting-shan didn't stand firm in face of our country's temporary difficulties. He bought a large quantity of potatoes." Having read this he comments, "This potato-buying is bound to encourage the capitalist tendency in the countryside, and that tendency is bound to contaminate you."

Chou listens, on his guard as he watches Feng.

Others exchange dubious glances.

Yu-wa, Chin Fa-fen, Wei Kuo-hua and their mates spring up shouting indignantly, "Who made that charge? It's sheer rubbish!" "A pack of lies!"

By the long table at the back of the platform, Deputy Commander Wang and Hua Cheng exchange views.

Feng, frowning gravely: "The fact that this should happen to the leader of the pace-setting team, to a Communist, makes it especially regrettable. But regretting it is not enough. We must bring the whole thing into the open as an example for us all. Comrade Hua Cheng encouraged us to expose contradictions. But of course we don't want Comrade Chou Ting-shan to be knocked out by this blow."

Chou stands up quickly. "You're right. I won't be knocked out by it!" He mounts the platform. "As far as the potatoes are concerned, I'd like to ask Deputy Commander Feng to tell everybody why we had to buy them."

Feng mumbles an evasive answer.

Chou turns towards the crowd. "I'll expose a contradiction too. At a meeting, the deputy commander said he firmly supported the idea of extensive prospecting. But it was he who cut off the grain supply to the teams at Dragon Tiger Flats and Nameless Field. His reason was 'production first, welfare second'. Does he really support that principle? Or is he using it with ulterior motives?" He challenges Feng, "Come on, answer!" Then he strides down from the platform.

Feng looks confused. Calming himself he hedges, "Transport is a real difficulty." He appeals to Hua who has come forward, "Look, commissar. This is simply..."

Hua, slowly: "In the face of difficulties, there are two different attitudes."

Feng feels snubbed and slinks back to his seat by the table.

Hua, facing the crowd: "It's true that Chou Ting-shan bought potatoes."

This causes another stir. People start murmuring and look doubtfully at Chou's team.

Hua continues, "Transport really is a problem. But there are certain persons who enlarged the contradiction and created difficulties so that Chou's team went short of food. One day, Uncle Tien and other former poor peasants sent them a gift of half a cartload of potatoes to see them through. Chou Ting-shan used his own money to pay for them. That's how the potatoes were bought." Hua pauses and there is a general sense of relief.

Hua, raising his voice: "I ask you, can this be called a capitalist tendency? No, this is fighting against odds with the aid of the former poor and lower-middle peasants so as to build our oilfield." He continues with feeling, "The drillers need strength. They have to carry heavy equipment. Comrades, when they recognized that sticking it out is a political struggle, the team's Party branch decided to carry the grain on their own backs. They stood firm in the teeth of the storm. The drill never stopped turning; the team never pulled out."

The whole place is utterly quiet. Suddenly wild applause bursts

out. Some people have tears in their eyes. The Party and the masses feel as one.

Hua: "As Chairman Mao says: **'This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield.'**"

Thunderous applause. The place seethes with enthusiasm. Chou turns to look at his mates: impetuous young Yu-wa, Hsu Kuang-fa, their conscientious political instructor, ex-soldier Chin Fa-fen with his strong revolutionary ideals, Old Fan, the "thermos-flask", boiling hot within his cold exterior... They have come together to overcome all manner of difficulties. Looking at them, Chou starts clapping too.

On the platform Deputy Commander Wang and Yao Yun-lang are clapping too.

Hua Cheng raises his hand for silence.

Hua: "This reminds me of something. We have one worker here who, ever since the campaign started, has been down on his knees all day cleaning the engine and wiping the floor. That comrade has enemy shrapnel in his knee. And that comrade every meal saves one of his two corn buns for his master worker." Hua's eyes brim with tears. "Old Chou, take my chair after the meeting and put it beside the engine for Comrade Chin Fa-fen to sit on when he's got a moment to spare."

Chin stands up, deeply moved. "Commissar, I don't want it. What you said wasn't quite right. I pass on a corn bun to my master worker because someone else puts an extra one in my lunch-box."

Wei Kuo-hua stands up. "I often find an extra one in my lunch-box too."

Yu-wa steps forward. "He eats potatoes himself and gives his corn buns to others."

A worker: "He often buys tinned meat for those of us working high up on the rig."

Another worker: "And he won't leave until he has seen us eat it."

They all start talking together, making it difficult to hear what is said.

Hua: "Who are you talking about?"

Chorus: "Chou — Ting — shan!"

The whole place is in a ferment. Ten, twenty and then all the workers stand up. Clapping and cheering rock the room.

"Learn from Chou Ting-shan!"

"Learn from Chou's heroic team!"

Slogans are shouted.

Ma realizes his mistake and runs over to apologize to Chou and his team.

Chao Chun-sheng's eyes are brimming with tears. He grasps the instructor's hands, unable to speak.

Feng Chao's attack on Chou has boomeranged back upon him. He sighs and slips out.

To the sound of stirring music, slogans and clapping, Chou lowers his head to examine his shortcomings. He has not shown the meeting the sample bag which is still hanging from his belt.

In the vast sky above the far-flung grassland the clouds glow crimson. And in this red glow towers the steel derrick. . . .

## Conversations at Night

In the evening Hua Cheng sends for Feng Chao to reprimand him. Feng prevaricates, saying he was taken in by Young Ma's report.

Hua: "Is it merely a question of listening to only one side? However you look at it, stopping the grain supply was an obstacle to extensive prospecting."

Feng: "Yes, I should look at it from that point of view."

Hua: "Then there is the question of the No. 1 Well Site."

Feng, hastily: "I didn't say anything wrong about that, did I?"

Hua: "But the way you dealt with the matter was rather strange. You said things no leading cadre should have said."

Feng: "I did lose my head a bit, commissar. I won't shoot my mouth off any more."

Hua: "No, you should say what's on your mind. You can stick to your opinion. But everything must be open and above-board.

Double-faced people are sure to have ulterior motives. Think it over, Comrade Feng Chao."

Feng: "Yes, I will." He stands up and slouches away.

Moonlit night.

A tent of the Dragon Tiger Flats drilling team is buffeted by the wind.

Inside the tent, workers are sleeping in two rows. Old Fan wearing spectacles is mending a young worker's clothes by the lamp. His rough, callused hands grasp the small needle awkwardly but he sews with painstaking care.

Chou, just back, tucks the quilt round a worker sleeping by the door, then comes over and offers to do the mending for Fan. Old Fan refuses and hands him another jacket. Chou looks at it and asks: "Is this Chun-sheng's?" Fan nods. They sit by the lamp sewing.

Fan, with concern: "Well, how do you feel? What a day!"

Chou: "How about you?"

Fan: "What's there for me to say?"

Chou: "Mm. Being publicly criticized helps me to see things more clearly."

Old Fan stops sewing to listen.

Chou, thoughtfully: "I'm beginning to see that the commissar is trying to build up a tough and unbeatable army of oil workers. . . . Do you know how many square kilometres of oil structure there are in our country? How many drilling teams will be needed and how long it will take to make a general survey?"

Old Fan shakes his head and looks blankly at his team-leader.

Chou takes a notebook out of his pocket and shows it to him. In it he has jotted down these figures.

Old Fan reads them, then returns the notebook to Chou. "You're thinking about the whole country. You think big."

Chou smiles. "We oil workers should think of important matters." After a pause he adds gravely, "Our contribution to the world is still small."

Fan peers over his spectacles at Chou. "Good! Now I can see Chou Ting-shan hasn't been knocked out by criticism. He's holding

his head higher than ever." In his joy he jabs his finger with the needle. "Ouch!"

Chou laughs.

Fan: "Shh. . ."

Outside, moonlight shines like water on the green grass.

Chao Chun-sheng is sitting alone on the bench made by Chou. The meeting earlier that day has shaken him and made him do a serious self-examination.

Hsu Kuang-fa returning from checking up on the other tents sees Chao.

Hsu: "Not turning in yet, Chun-sheng?"

Chao: "I can't sleep, instructor. . . . At the meeting, Old Chou took the blame for me. I. . ."

Hsu sits down by him with a smile. "Don't take it so hard. He's strict with himself. But he wasn't just sheltering you — he sees further than that."

Someone calls: "Old Hsu!"

Hsu sees Old Tien approaching with a lantern, accompanied by Lung Fu-kuei's daughter Lung Yen. He gets up to greet them.

"Ah, Chun-sheng!" Old Tien greets Chao Chun-sheng warmly, then turns to Hsu. "Our Dragon Tiger Flats Brigade has just held a mass meeting."

Lung Yen: "We've started a big debate on what line we should take, and my dad has been criticized."

Old Tien: "He's admitted he was wrong. Old Hsu, our brigade members sent me with a message for Chun-sheng."

Hsu: "Sit down, Uncle Tien, and tell us what it is."

Old Tien sets his lantern down on the crate in front of Chao and looks at him warmly yet gravely. "There's a whole lot we'd like to say, but it boils down to this. See this lantern, Chun-sheng? We want never to use foreign oil again for this lantern, so we all hope you'll learn from Team-leader Chou and work hard for socialism."

Chao, deeply moved: "Uncle Tien, I. . ."

Hsu, with feeling: "Uncle Tien, we won't forget what the peasants expect of us."

In the tent, Chou and Fan are still mending clothes. Chou finds something in the pocket of Chao Chun-sheng's jacket and takes it out. It is a request to quit work written at the instigation of Lung Fu-kuei, which Chao has kept in his pocket and not shown anyone.

Chou reads it by the lamp.

#### My Application to Leave

Since coming to the grassland  
I've sweated day and night;  
Life's hard, a constant struggle,  
And there's no end in sight.  
I want to join a commune  
And live as peasants do;  
If my request's not granted,  
Then I'll just muddle through.

Chao Chun-sheng

Chou's lips quiver with anger. He thinks, picks up the jacket and this application and stands up.

Outside, the instructor is chatting with Chao. Chou strides over, greets Uncle Tien and thrusts the application at Chao. "Did you write that?"

Chao glances at it then says contritely, "Team-leader, I. . . I've changed my mind." He tears up the application and throws it away.

Chou, sternly: "Is it as simple as all that?" After a moment's silence he hands Chao the jacket. Hsu steps closer to help drape it round the lad's shoulders. Chao sees the big patch on the shoulder and fingers it, looking at his team-leader. He knows how hard it must have been for Chou to hold a small needle, used as he is to handling a steel drill. He is very touched.

Chou still looks grim but refrains from lashing out. From his pocket he takes two sheets of paper. "I've two other applications here. Have a look."

He puts them down firmly by the lantern.

The lantern shines on Chin Fa-fen's application to join the Party and Wei Kuo-hua's application to join the Youth League.

Chou: "Chin Fa-fen repaired the engine without stopping it, so the hot oil blistered his hands. He wrote this application with his blistered hand. When Wei Kuo-hua took his out of his pocket, it was soaked through by sweat — that's why it's blurred."

Hsu, with feeling: "The day we heard that the modern revisionists were demanding payment of our debt, our Party branch and Youth League branch received over a dozen applications like these."

Chao's eyes swim with tears. What a difference between his application and those of the other youngsters!

Chou picks up the torn paper from the ground. "Just tearing it up is not enough. Chun-sheng, we hope you'll be like Chin Fa-fen and the others — a young fellow with guts."

Chao sobs: "Team-leader. . ."

Old Tien pats him on the shoulder. "You fell down, lad. Now get up and brace yourself to work hard!"

Chao looks at Old Tien and wipes his eyes. "Don't worry, Uncle Tien. I . . . won't let this knock me out either."

Chou and Hsu smile in approval.

## Drain Off the Water and Get Out the Oil

Well No. 2 on Dragon Tiger Flats. The workers are busily strengthening the well.

Chou, Yu-wa and others are carrying sacks of cement. Chin Fa-fen has one sack under each arm. They are all covered with dust.

They make a test. Yu-wa hopefully turns on the tap. Water gushes out from the pipe, then the flow stops. All watch silently and tensely.

The workers are having lunch on the drilling platform and around it.

Wei Kuo-hua is eating in silence. Yu-wa snatches his spoon from him and asks, "Professor, what do you say? Why is there nothing but water coming?"

Wei ignores him, retrieves his spoon and eats in silence.

Chin: "Yes, why is it all water?" He takes the spoon from Wei again. "Tell us."

Wei: "Don't bother me. Go and ask the earth."

Yu-wa: "That's a good idea. Now tell us. . ."

Instructor Hsu comes over and nudges Yu-wa. "Look at that, Yu-wa." He points.

They see Chou sitting on the mud-pump munching a corn bun as he reads *On Contradiction* with great concentration.

They quiet down, then get out their own copies of *On Contradiction* and start reading too.

Hua Cheng's room. Hua at his desk is reading *On Contradiction*. Someone knocks.

Hua looks up. "Come in!"

Chief Engineer Chang Yi-chih opens the door and comes in. "I've just had a phone call from headquarters asking about the well. They didn't have a wink of sleep all night waiting for the news. Peking is waiting, too."

Hua: "What did you say?"

Chang: "Me? I felt ashamed. . . ." He sits down. "Commis-sar, an oil structure doesn't always mean oil. Even if we do strike oil it might not have any industrial value. Now's the time to re-consider the plan worked out by me and Deputy Commander Feng."

Hua: "Old Chang, there is oil deep underground in our country. It was the foreigners who said we had none and some of us believe every word they say. It's a funny business. Show the revolutionary spirit of the Chinese people! The workers are challenging metaphysics. We should support them."

Chang shakes his head with a wry smile. "You always hitch up technical questions with political ones. It must be a result of your profession."

Hua smiles and retorts, "And you always try to divorce technical questions from your world outlook. Is that a result of your profession?"

Another knock at the door.

Hua: "Come in!"

Yao Yun-lang runs in and bursts out eagerly, "Commissar, chief engineer, Team-leader Chou has been leading us in studying *On Contradiction*. Now we're on the right track. We've plucked up courage and gained confidence..."

Chang, condescendingly: "Just like a machine-gun..."

Hua, encouragingly: "Aim your machine-gun at our slavish philosophy and reluctance to use our own brains and fire away!"

"All right." She continues, "Team-leader Chou said we should see the general and specific nature of oil according to the laws of contradictions. He made us compare the Tienchia Village data with that of Dragon Tiger Flats. The results of the comparison show that both structures have oil. That's the general nature of our contradiction..."

Hua and Chang listen intently.

Yao: "Well No. 2 at Dragon Tiger Flats has both oil and water. That's the specific nature of our contradiction. Team-leader Chou said that to resolve the contradiction we must drain off the water. So we're going all out to drain off the water and get out the oil!"

Hua, elated: "Good! The materialist theory of knowledge is taking root among our workers. Eh, Old Chang?"

Chang, dubiously: "It sounds all right, but..."

Hua cuts in enthusiastically: "It's more than all right. When Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee hear of this, they will be more pleased than if we'd dug a well yielding a thousand tons of oil." He picks up the phone. "Put me through to headquarters."

## Confrontation

People are tamping earth to build houses. The site is seething. On a half-built wall Chou and Old Tien, facing each other, are tamping the earth with mallets. Beyond stretches the blue sky flecked by white clouds.

Chang and Feng come up on motorbikes.

Chang: "Old Chou."

Chou jumps down from the wall.

Feng: "You're hard at it, team-leader."

Chang to Chou: "Let's find a place for a chat."

Chou: "Come over here."

An unfinished adobe house, the sky showing above it. Two doors lead outside. On the ground are wood shavings, some unvarnished window frames and wicker crates. Chou and Chang come in.

Chang: "I hear you're writing a big-character poster."

Chou: "You're well-informed. The title is 'Deputy Commander Feng, where are you directing us?' How's that?"

Chang: "Old Feng is getting nervous. Drop it."

Chou, gravely: "Old Chang, the struggle is complicated. We can't be caught napping. We mustn't be too trusting."

Chang: "You! He's told me again and again how he regrets that potato business. As for our differences over the plans, we both admit that we've been a bit conservative. Let's make a great leap..." He sits on a crate to make an honest self-criticism.

Chou is pleased to hear the chief engineer's admission.

Chang: "...and build Tienchia Village in a year and a half. The oil town doesn't need to be so fancy. We can cut out the central park." Then he offers Chou some advice, "We mustn't waste our energy. Pull out of this place! We must run our industry properly. No more of your guerrilla tactics."

Chou sees what Chang is driving at and says with disappointment, "So, you're still peddling the same old stuff! No. We'll take in the whole situation, we'll survey and drill extensively, and build a new field combining town and country, workers and peasants. That's the road we'll take. Wild horses won't pull us back. What's more, we'll pull you along with us."

Springing to his feet, Chang flares up. "You just try. Nameless Field had to be given up. And now look at Dragon Tiger Flats. Draining water! You've been draining water for seven days, and what's the result?"

Chou, confidently: "The oil level is getting higher and higher."

Chang, caustically: "Eighty to a hundred kilos a day is the highest yield. We'll be laughing-stocks! Eighty to a hundred. If it

were cooking oil, it wouldn't be so bad." He smiles at his own joke.

Chou, concerned yet exasperated, keeps a grip on his temper and fires back, "**Gloating over the difficulties and setbacks of the revolution, sowing panic, preaching a return to the past — these are all weapons and methods of class struggle of the bourgeois intellectuals.**" Do you remember that?"

Chang: "Who said it?"

Chou: "Lenin."

Chang: "Ah!" Dumbfounded, he sits down again on a crate to think over these words.

Chou takes a notebook from his pocket, tears a leaf out of it and hands this to Chang. "I've copied it out for you." Chang takes it with a grateful glance at Chou. Sitting down beside him Chou continues earnestly and warmly, "Whenever I read it I think how nice it would be if Old Chang had been there to hear Lenin's warning. Old Chang..." He is about to expand on this when Feng comes in.

Feng: "Oh, here you are. What are you two talking about?"

Chou glances up at Feng, then gets up and starts out. Feng takes the torn off leaf from Chang and reads it. He says, "Times have changed, Old Chou. Certain of Lenin's remarks are..."

Chou whirls round to fix Feng with his eyes. "Out of date?"

Feng, hastily: "No. What I mean is, is it appropriate to copy it word for word and apply it to our own comrades?... What 'bourgeois intellectuals'? What 'weapons of class struggle'?" He smiles at Chang.

Chang understands. He glares at Chou and abruptly goes out.

Feng, anxiously running to the door, calls, "Hey, chief engineer!" But Chang has already left. Feng turns round smiling and shaking his head. "That fellow, that's just like him. It doesn't matter." Sitting on the half finished wall he says, "I've been thinking. Now, in our field we three — you, Old Chang and I — all come from Yuming. Why shouldn't we pull together? We could do great things."

Chou, on his guard: "What great things?"

Feng: "Why, build socialism, build a big oilfield."

Chou, his eyes gleaming with vigilance: "What else?"

Feng, heartily: "And after we've sweated our guts out and overcome the backwardness of our oil industry, how wonderful that will be."

Chou: "How?"

Feng, insinuatingly: "You can imagine for yourself."

Chou, still unclear as to Feng's meaning, tentatively: "Me? I can't imagine."

Feng: "You're too innocent. As a member of the leadership, I've thought it out for you. I'm always thinking of others. All I'm doing is for the good of others. For your contribution to the Party's cause, you'll get your due position, honour and happiness. Right?"

Chou understands now and mutters angrily, "Position... honour..." He flares up and roars, "What I want is position for the working class, honour for the Chinese people, happiness for all the oppressed peoples of the world. For this, under the Party's leadership, we must wipe out the bourgeoisie and its lackeys!"

Feng's face falls. He hastily responds, "Quite right! Quite right! We have the same goal."

Chou, incisively: "No, we don't!"

Feng: "You can't say that. After all, we're both Communists."

Chou, vehemently: "No. Some Communists are waving the flag of socialism but not going along the socialist road. We had such people in 1957. We had them in 1959. And today we still have them. Deputy Commander Feng, now I see your plans and motives more clearly than ever."

Feng's forehead is glistening with sweat. Mopping it he says threateningly, "Old Chou, we must be clear-headed about the present situation. If we underestimate the difficulties caused by international pressure, we'll suffer for it. Very soon, we won't even have soya beans to eat."

"Is that Deputy Commander Feng saying that? You seem to have a very low opinion of us."

Aunt Chou is standing at the door leaning on a spade. She is dusty after her journey but in high spirits.

Beside her stands Chou's wife Shu-fen, a small millstone on her back.

Aunt Chou: "Ting-shan, here we are."

Chou: "Mother! Shu-fen!"

Aunt Chou, kindly and firmly: "My boy, don't you worry. We know what difficulties are."

Shu-fen glances at Feng Chao who is standing there blankly. "We'll see to it that the oil workers have more than beans to eat." She starts lowering the millstone.

Chou takes it and slams it down on the ground then looks up at his wife's shoulder.

Gentle yet resolute Shu-fen has worn through the shoulder of her jacket by carrying the heavy millstone.

Feng Chao slips out through the back door.

Aunt Chou watches him go. "With the sky over our heads and the earth under our feet, we'll make revolution with our spades. We've come to reclaim this wasteland for our oil workers!" She thrusts the spade into the ground and pulls herself up.

Chou cries, "Mum!" Tears come to his eyes. . . .

Outside Hua Cheng is waiting, smiling serenely. Beside him is a truck loaded with grain which he has fetched himself for the drilling team. The driver takes down Aunt Chou and Shu-fen's bedding-rolls. Hua carries them in.

## The Red Arm-band

Inside the tent there is yellowish grass on the ground. Aunt Chou and Shu-fen are mending clothes for some of the drilling team.

Chou brings in a dish. "Mum, try this shredded pork with wild celery. I cooked it myself." He places the dish on a table made out of a crate.

Hua Cheng brings in another dish. "Aunt, taste my dish — scrambled eggs with dried day lily." He puts it carefully down.

"And here I come!" Hsu brings in a salad as well as a bowl of soya-bean paste and a big bowl of steamed dumplings. He sets them down one by one. "Here's a salad with soya-bean paste. Lunch is served, auntie."

Aunt Chou, smiling: "Come and join us, Old Hsu."

Hsu: "No, thanks. I have to take the drilling team their lunch."

Hua urges the Chous to start and Chou asks his mother to taste his dish first.

His mother tries the shredded pork and exclaims, "Why, Ting-shan, is salt free here?"

Chou, in dismay: "Too salty?"

Hua chuckles at his discomfiture, then points at his own dish. "Aunt?" He expects some praise.

Aunt Chou tastes it and smacks her lips. "Old Hua, you're certainly a thrifty fellow."

Hua claps a hand to his forehead. "Oh, I forgot the salt!" He bursts out laughing.

Shu-fen finishes her sewing and comes over. Nudging her mother-in-law she says with exasperated concern, "Mother, just see what a life they lead!"

Aunt Chou, cheerfully: "Their heart isn't in cooking, child. Come on, let's eat. This is quite good enough for me." She eats with appetite.

Chou between mouthfuls asks, "Mother, did you bring the thing I asked for in my letter. . .?"

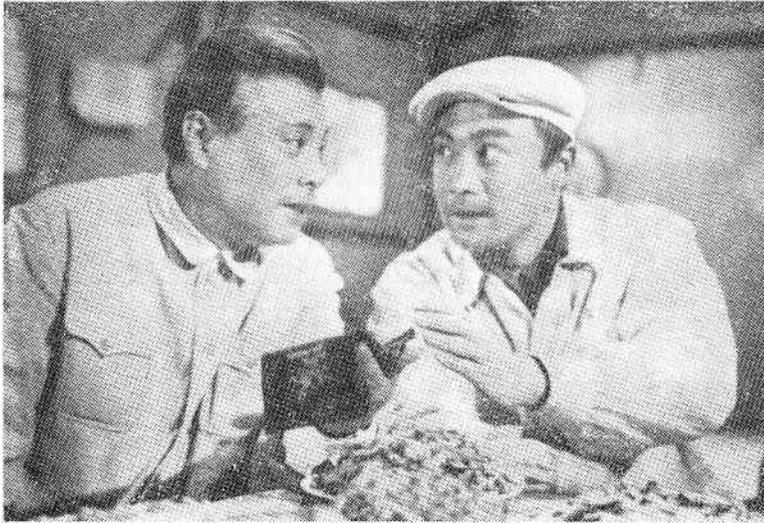
"Yes, here it is." Aunt Chou takes out a cloth bundle and opens it. In it is the red arm-band. She strokes it, tears in her eyes, then hands it to her son.

Chou takes the arm-band with both hands, holding it as if it were a great treasure.

Looking at the arm-band Hua says gravely, "Your father died protecting the oilfield. We'll always remember him. We'll redouble our efforts as if he were still here with us. . . ."

Aunt Chou looks at Hua Cheng with a trusting smile.

Hua: "Old Chou, you were thinking of using it to carry out class education in your team?"



Chou nods. The commissar understands him completely.

Hua: "Good. We'll go a step further. Let me have it first." He takes the red arm-band.

Chou, understanding him too: "Are you thinking of making it a movement over the whole field? With red arm-bands in hand, recall the past struggles?"

Hua: "Yes, to deepen our understanding of the present struggle."

Chou: "Good. Commissar, we must especially be on guard against those wearing red caps but hiding black hearts."

Hua hits the nail on the head. "Disguised as a leader of workers, but always acting against the basic interests of the working class."

Chou: "He's just been making me a lot of promises. If I throw you over and follow him... then I'll have position and honour. Otherwise I won't even have beans to eat."

Aunt Chou: "I know who you're talking about. He was a petty clerk in the old society and tried desperately to climb up."

Shu-fen: "He was in prison once. And since Liberation he's never stopped boasting about it."

Chou: "Commissar, let's see how he boasts when he sees this red arm-band."

The grassland at sunset. The setting sun edges the big clouds with gold and its rays filter through the clouds to fall on the ground.

The derrick towers towards the sky. Workers are climbing up to the second platform more than twenty metres high.

Hua Cheng and Chou are walking on the grassland.

Hua: "In view of Feng Chao's recent behaviour, I'm thinking of asking headquarters to remove him from the command post and have him transferred to the grass roots."

Chou: "That's a good idea. If the Party committee approves, let him come to our team."

Hua: "Fine. That's the working class spirit."

Yao Yun-lang runs over excitedly to report, "Commissar, after applying pressure, oil has come out of the first well. In the second well, the water's been drained off and it's gushing oil."

Hua waves his hand jubilantly. "Inform the chief engineer!"

## A Shove in the Back

"I admit I was wrong." Chang, in the middle of writing a self-criticism, says honestly and sheepishly to Yao Yun-lang, "Young Yao, the continental structure may well have rich oil deposits, or at least low-yield deposits, so I'm writing a..."

This is the geology department in Tienchia Village. Yao has just brought Chang a roll of charts.

She reads through his self-criticism and laughs cheerfully. "Team-leader Chou guessed right. He said if I found you writing a self-criticism, I was to tear it up for you." She tries to snatch the paper but Chang pulls it away, looking puzzled.

Yao: "The commissar told me to tell you that the road is tortuous, and the struggle is continuing. I myself think we should try Nameless Field again."

Chang, taken aback: "What? The prospects for Dragon Tiger Flats are good. There's a lot of work to do here, and you start having wild ideas again."

Yao: "Why not work them both at once, chief engineer?" She continues earnestly, "Chairman Mao criticized those people who

are always passive, who always fail to move forward at the critical moment, and always have to be given a shove in the back before they move a step."

Chang: "Meaning me, of course..." He points at himself.

Yao smiles and says firmly, "Yes."

Chang makes up his mind. "All right, let's hear your plan."

Yao goes to the desk and spreads out a draft plan.

The door opens to admit Hua Cheng and Chou. Chang greets them.

Hua: "Chief engineer, working out a plan?"

Chang: "Young Yao wants to have a second try at Nameless Field."

Yao: "Commissar!" Hua Cheng goes over to look at the plan.

Chou asks Chang, "Who will be the advance party?"

Chang: "We haven't discussed that yet."

Chou: "What? You haven't even got that in your plan? That won't do. That's no good."

Yao catches on. "Suppose your team go?"

Chou, naively: "Good! I approve of your plan then."

Hua looks up and says to Chou, "The wells at Nameless Field are important because they show our determination and affect the overall situation. The leaders of the Central Committee and the people of our whole country have their eyes on us. Old Chou, go ahead and tame the dragons and tigers!"

Chou's resolute eyes give the answer: "Don't worry, commissar. I'm ready to plunge into a raging fire."

4

## A Second Try at Nameless Field

A long convoy of lorries is hauling derricks, drilling equipment and tents towards Nameless Field, raising great clouds of dust.

The family dependents' farm at Dragon Tiger Flats. Many adobe huts have been built and new fields opened up. Some women are pulling ploughs.

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A ploughshare turns up the dark soil.

Aunt Chou and Shu-fen are pulling the plough.

A lorry comes down the road. Chou, Yu-wa, Chao Chun-sheng and others are standing by the machinery in the lorry.

Aunt Chou and Shu-fen, smiling, wave their handkerchiefs.

Chou waves to his mother.

Women sing exultantly:

With drilling machines, we go everywhere;

The heroic oil teams are fighting for oil.

Women hold up half the world,

They are determined to transform mountains and rivers.

Beneath the earth, oil is rich and plentiful,

Above the earth, granaries are full.

Nameless Field. The green grassland devoid of people or cattle stretches to the horizon.

The swivel turns rapidly.

Dark lowering clouds. Lightning flashes, followed by thunder.

Rain pours down.

On the drilling platform Chou and Yu-wa are fixing a drilling-rod. Rain pours down on their helmets, on the steel plates.

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Chou tightens a screw.

Chou hauls up another drilling-rod from the bore-hole.

Women sing:

We set up tents on the wasteland,  
Making happy homes everywhere.  
Our drilling rigs are buffeted by wind;  
Our clothes are soaked with rain but our spirits soar.  
When the good news of our victory comes through,  
The whole country will smell the fragrance of our oil.

## No Trace of Oil Yet

In front of the mud-pump in pouring rain. Chao Chun-sheng is fetching a sample.

Wei Kuo-hua comes over and says, "We ought to have drilled through the standard layer by now."

Chao: "No trace of it yet."

Wei: "Could you have missed it?"

Chao: "How? I didn't even dare bat an eye."

Wei takes off his spectacles which are blurred by the rain and mutters anxiously, "Where is the standard layer then?"

A shed near the well. A man in a dark raincoat brings in a bedding-roll and throws it down on the bed. Lightning and thunder. He takes off his rain-cap. It is Feng Chao.

Chang, looking at a chart by the desk, turns and greets Feng warmly, "Ah, deputy commander, so you've come to the site in person?" He approaches Feng and sits down.

Feng takes off his raincoat and says dejectedly, "Deputy commander — that's only an empty title now." He opens his cigarette case and offers Chang a cigarette.

Chang waves it aside, asking, "What's wrong with you?"

Feng: "There's a big-character poster on my door. I'm simply an opportunist now. So here I am to be remoulded."

Chang, trying to pass it off, "That's only the workers' opinion. You shouldn't take it to heart."

Feng, sarcastically: "Are the workers really able to produce something like that?"

Chang, still trying to mollify him: "Don't imagine things. We're all building socialism."

Feng: "This is only a warning of what's to come. . . . Hmm. Now they've suddenly cooked up a 'red arm-band' education movement."

Chang: "You're too touchy."

Feng: "I hope you're right." He puffs at his cigarette and adds glumly, "From now on I'll never cross other people."

Chang: "I don't agree. We are Communists and leading cadres. We should speak up when we see things that are not in the interests of national construction."

Feng stands up and sneers, "Speak up? When we know there is no oil, we should pull out. But what can we do about it?"

Chang: "Young Yao has hopes of oil structures at Section 4 of Dragon Tiger Flats."

Feng, pacing the room: "But is there anything to it? Dragon Tiger Flats hasn't a hope. If you drill deeper, have you ever thought of what might happen to the rig? Have you ever thought of the short supply of diesel oil? If the oil suddenly runs out and the bit gets stuck, how will you get it out? By hand?"

Chang: "What!"

Feng lies down on the bed, his eyes on the ceiling, and insinuates, "To toe the line for the sake of one's own position. . . ."

Chang, angrily: "I regard that as an insult!"

Feng: "It's true, isn't it?"

Lightning and thunder. The lightning shows Feng's dark, sinister face and Chang's face which has turned pale.

Feng, fixing his eyes on Chang: "Didn't you discard your own scientifically based plan and blindly follow the workers? I ask you, chief engineer, who runs this oilfield?"

Chang of course knows that the foreign experts always preached that "oilfields depend on the geologists", and he himself formerly

shared this view. Now, however, he feels reluctant to make such a claim. So he hedges, "In the past..."

Feng continues relentlessly, "Don't the workers still do the drilling, and you the okaying?"

Chang, confused and unable to refute him, puts out his hand. "Give me a cigarette."

Feng clicks open his gold-plated cigarette case.

### **I'm Not Made of Clay**

Next morning the rain has stopped. It is sultry, black clouds hang low. A storm is brewing.

A welding rod throws off dazzling blue sparks. A girl on the drilling platform, having finished welding a steel pipe, takes off her visor, puts down her tool and smooths her hair. She steps to a bench and picks up a can, then pours diesel oil on her hands to remove the grease. The oil drips from her palm on to the steel plate.

"Don't do that!" roars Chou. Dashing over he snatches away the can.

The girl welder is startled. "Team-leader Chou!"

Chou grabs a wad of waste yarn to mop up the oil on the steel plate, then wrings it out over the can. While doing this he says, "This diesel oil is imported. It's been paid for with the sweat of the people. We must save every drop of it for drilling."

The girl's eyes turn red. Hastily wiping away her tears with one fist, she smears grease on her nose. Chou laughs. "Now look at you." He wipes her face with clean waste yarn. "Let's go and wash our hands."

Chou leads the girl down the steps and squats down by the mud-pump to wash. He says, "There's caustic soda in the mud. It takes away the dirt and grease."

Girl welder: "Caustic soda? Does it burn?"

Chou: "Don't be afraid. It won't hurt you."

Hsu Kuang-fa's voice from the drilling platform: "Old Chou, something's wrong with the well."

Chou hastily strides back to the derrick.

He mounts the platform.

Hsu, holding the lever: "The pressure is too high."

Chou: "Give it to me." He takes over the lever.

The gravimeter's pointer is flickering.

The lever jerks in Chou's hand. The pointer sinks to zero.

Chou pulls hard on the lever and calls, "The pressure's rising. The well's caving in!"

The swivel whirls rapidly.

Hsu tries to take the lever from Chou. "Give it to me!"

Chou: "It's dangerous. All hands leave the derrick!"

Hsu: "Let me do it!"

Chou: "Get away!"

Chou shoves Hsu away with his shoulder, then disengages the clutch and pulls the lever, hoping to stop the swivel. But the underground pressure forces up the drill making it jump and a machine part leaps out and strikes the still whirling swivel. It smashes against Chou's leg to fall with a clatter on the steel plate, denting it. Chou, his leg numb, collapses.

Hsu Kuang-fa, Yu-wa and others rush over yelling, "Old Chou!" "Team-leader!"

Before they can find out where he has been hurt, the drill starts sliding down and the lever shoots up.

Chou, lying on the platform, knows this may lead to a serious accident. If the drill crashes down the bore-hole, it will buckle and the well will be ruined. His one thought at this moment is how to save the well. He shouts, "Stop the drill!" Clenching his teeth he pushes the others aside, struggles to his feet and throws his whole weight on the lever.

The drill stops sliding.

Blood from Chou's trouser-leg drips on his boot and the steel plate of the platform.

The others rush to carry Chou to one side. Hsu tears a strip of cloth from his shirt and Wei Kuo-hua fetches a first-aid kit to bandage Chou's leg.

Chou shouts, "Pull up the drill, Yu-wa, quick!"

Yu-wa sees to this.

Chou faints. The others call, "Team-leader!" "Old Chou!" "Master Chou!"

Chou, still faint, opens his eyes and sees his comrades.

In the distance they can hear the horn of a jeep.

Yu-wa glances in that direction. "The commissar's coming."

All grow tense.

Chao: "If the commissar finds out, he'll send him to hospital."

Other workers: "But his leg. . . ." "What shall we do?"

Chou hiding his pain says with a grin, "I'm not made of clay. A little knock can't smash me. The well's the thing to worry about. How can I leave at a time like this?"

Chao: "All right then, mum's the word."

Wei: "All right, not a word."

Chao looks anxiously at the girl welder behind him. "How about you?"

She understands and answers quickly, "I saw nothing at all."

Chao: "Good."

Chou: "Quick, give me a hand." They help him to his feet. With tremendous will power, Chou stands there firmly. The others go to attend to their different tasks.

A jeep approaches the well. Hua Cheng, Chang and Yao get out of it and come over.

Wei Kuo-hua is wiping the blood off the platform with a brush.

Chang comes up and rebukes him, "Hey, what do you think you are doing? That's not a mop."

Hua Cheng mounts the drilling platform and asks Chou, "How goes it? Can we go on drilling?"

Chou grits his teeth and stands firm. Beads of sweat appear on his forehead.

Hua: "What's wrong with you?"

Chou: ". . . It's so hot."

Hua Cheng looks at him doubtfully. Yu-wa who is extracting the drill calls, "Commissar!" Hua Cheng goes over.

Yu-wa, trying to distract his attention: "The well's caved in. But Team-leader Chou's already seen to it. . . ." He steals a glance at Chou from time to time.

Chang goes up to Chou. "Old Chou, I want to have a look at your records. Let's go." He starts off.

Chou assents. With immense determination he takes a step forward. . . .

The workers on the rig look down tensely.

Workers holding spanners turn to watch.

All their faces express concern.

Hua Cheng senses the tension in the air. He turns and looks inquiringly at Chou.

The secret is almost out. Yu-wa calls in desperation, "Commissar!"

Hua Cheng turns to Yu-wa.

Yu-wa: "You haven't finished telling me the story of Nanniwan."

Hua: "Some other time. . . ."

Chou has reached the stairs. Putting both hands on the railing, he rests for a moment, then walks down step by step.

Beads of sweat glisten on his forehead.

His eyes gleam with resolution.

Chou trudges on and on. . . .

Dark clouds gather above. In the distance thunder rumbles.

## Enduring Pain

The office. Chou limps in, leans on the water container, pours out a cup of water and gulps it down. Then he wipes his sweaty face.

Chang, sitting at his desk reading the drilling records, says without looking up, "We must stop drilling at once!"

Chou: "Even if Section 2 of Tienchia has gone dry, we can still go deeper and drill through Section 4 of Dragon Tiger." He limps over.

Chang, still poring over the record: "The equipment is not up to it."

Chou: "Our drill can still do the job."

Chang: "We're running short of diesel oil too."

Chou: "I have some in reserve, saved up drop by drop..."

Chang: "All efforts must now be concentrated in Tienchia Village. Your oil should be used there too."

Chou: "Old Chang, it's like taking away my firewood while I'm still cooking. How can you expect..."

Chang snaps the file shut. "Enough is enough." A clap of thunder outside. Chang gets up and starts pacing the room. "Don't waste any more time. Stop drilling at once and move out. All five teams are to move out!"

Chou says nothing. His clothes are drenched in sweat.

Chang turns to ask, "Did you hear me?"

Chou's face is bathed in sweat, his eyes resolute.

Chang walks over. "I don't understand what you're thinking of. Trying to be a hero? The country can't afford to waste money and manpower like this. Or are you afraid to be proved wrong? You needn't worry, I'm not going to rake things up against you."

Chou, calmly and resolutely: "The record is clear. There's the opening up of Dragon Tiger Flats for one thing."

Chang: "What about Nameless Field then?"

Chou rolls a cigarette in silence. The outcome at Nameless Field still remains to be seen. This problem is not so easy to explain.

Chang, pressing his attack: "Don't you think you've bitten off more than you can chew?"

Hua Cheng comes to the door, having found out about Chou's injury. He tells Chao Chun-sheng, "Call the jeep back, quick!"

Chao runs off. Hua, about to enter, hears what Chang is saying. He listens outside the door.

Chang: "You wouldn't be satisfied with Tienchia Village. Then Dragon Tiger Flats failed to satisfy your appetite. So now you come to Nameless Field. And what have you got to show for it? Nothing, absolutely nothing! And yet you still want to go on, and insist on looking for your 'golden baby'..." He adds resentfully, "Our geological data mean nothing to you now. No wonder I was asked 'who runs this oilfield?'"

Another reverberating clap of thunder...

Chou flares up. Stubbing out his cigarette he retorts, "I've heard that before — at the foreigner's villa in Yuming, and in the foreign experts' office... Old Chang!" A spasm of pain makes him stagger.

Hua Cheng rushes in to support him.

Only then does Chang realize that something is wrong. He stares in consternation.

Hua, earnestly: "You should have said all that to me, Old Chang. Chou Ting-shan and his team have made lasting contributions to our prospecting. If there are any questions, I am politically responsible. Do you realize that he has just been injured?"

Blood seeping through Chou's trouser-leg drips on to the floor.

Chang darts forward. Touching Chou's leg he exclaims, "Let me see you to the hospital, Old Chou!"

Chou: "It's nothing."

Chang, contritely: "I... honestly didn't know."

Hua to Chou: "Go to the hospital immediately."

Chou pleads, "But commissar..."

Hua: "None of your buts."

Chou: "First let me say what's pent up in my heart."

Hua Cheng looks at him.

Sweat beads Chou's face. He gazes at Hua Cheng with earnest, expectant eyes.

Hua Cheng nods understandingly and tears start to his eyes. He turns his head to wipe them away.

Chou turns towards Chang and says earnestly, "Old Chang, I'm just a crude, rough fellow, so forgive me if I say anything wrong."

Chang listens with emotion.

Chou: "I've always thought that a country's oil deposits are not decided by continental or marine structures, but by other conditions for oil formation and by the will to look for them." He continues vehemently, "Mao Tsetung Thought has opened up the path for us to discover the truth. Why should we stick our heads in that noose 'China has no oil'? Workers and peasants feed experts like you, Old Chang. You should work alongside the workers, and do as

Chairman Mao teaches us in *On Practice*. Take our own road and look for oil in both continental and marine structures. Show the spirit of the Chinese people!”

As Hua Cheng listens, his face glows with elation and pride.

Chang is so impressed by Chou's earnestness, broad vision and heroism that tears come to his eyes. Looking at him he stammers, “I . . .”

Hua: “Old Chang, never forget what Chou Ting-shan has said to you while suffering great pain. The truth lies with crude, rough fellows like him. He is our teacher. . . .”

Chou, embarrassed: “Commissar. . . .”

Hua Cheng steps up to Chang and says with pride, “Never look down on the workers. They are the makers of history. They are the masters of our country and of the oilfield.”

Chou, earnestly: “We respect you, chief engineer, and hope you'll follow the Party's line and give all your strength for socialism. Old Chang!”

Chang steps forward to grip Chou's arm. “Old Chou, commissar, I've let down the. . . .” He bursts into tears.

Hua: “The struggle between the two lines is going on in the oilfield. But no matter what the twists and turns and ups and downs, our future is bright. All right, off with you to the hospital immediately.”

The telephone rings.

Hua, taking the call: “Yes? Speaking. . . .” Imperturbable as he is, he now looks very stern. “What? . . . Hmm. . . .” He rings off.

Chou, anxiously: “What's up, commissar?”

Hua Cheng paces the room in silence.

Chou fixes his eyes on him. “You're keeping something back.”

Controlling his anger and anxiety, Hua answers, “It's nothing really, Old Chou. Now off you go.” The jeep honks outside. “See, the jeep is here. Go to the hospital. Go on!” He and Chang help Chou out of the office.

## We Must Fight for the Cause

Workers at the well site see Chou off to hospital.

The jeep drives away.

Chang, anxiously: “Commissar!”

Hua Cheng turns and gravely tells the workers, “Comrades, the modern revisionists have torn up their contracts with us and withdrawn their experts. They've stabbed us in the back and completely cut off their supply of oil to us.”

Chang fumes, “This is sheer betrayal!”

Yao Yun-lang and the workers listen indignantly.

Hua: “At this moment in our field, there are dozens of drilling machines and tens of thousands of people, but we have very little diesel oil left. The air force has offered us some oil, but we are oil workers, how can we ask the air force for oil?”

Feng Chao sighs and shakes his head.

Hua Cheng quickly mounts the steps. “Comrades, the leadership wants all the workers to know the situation. We must unite, hold high the red banner and fight for the cause.”

The glorious strains of *The Internationale* are heard:

For justice thunders condemnation,

A better world's in birth. . . .

A sudden storm breaks over the grassland. The jeep is driving fast through the wind and rain.

The windscreen wiper swings to and fro scattering raindrops. Chou stares out of the window.

Dragon Tiger Flats. By the roadside a crude refinery plant has been built. The rain is pouring down on its boiler and on the white wooden sign over the door: Refinery No. 8 of Pioneers Oilfield Housewives.

Shu-fen and several other women are pushing a cartload of barrels of crude oil along the muddy road. In the distance other women are running, a steel pipe over their shoulders.

Young men with bare arms are carrying barrels of oil. Rain pours off their bronze shoulders.

Tienchia Village. The construction of the oilfield is going ahead fast. In the distance rise huge new oil tanks.

PLA soldiers are digging a pipe-line. Standing by a muddy ditch they bail out the water in it with basins and ladles. Thick pipes lie by the ditch. Hundreds of welding torches are sputtering. Under the tarpaulin covering the pipes flash welding sparks.

Through the window of the jeep appears a big poster with the slogan: "The oilfield is our battlefield, the lever is our weapon!" Rain is pouring down on the poster.

The whole oilfield is seething with enthusiasm as China's indomitable oil workers battle hard, braving the storm.

After the storm, in the local hospital.

From a bed in one ward hangs a card bearing Chou Ting-shan's name. A young nurse brings in a tray. The patient's pyjamas are lying on the bed, but to her dismay the patient has disappeared.

The grassland, green and luxuriant after rain, stretches like a green carpet to the distant horizon.

Chou leaning on a crutch is crossing the grassland.

His resolute gaze fixed ahead, he plods on. . . .

He has seen for himself the seething enthusiasm throughout the oilfield. He remembers Hua Cheng's expression when he took the phone and, knowing about the general situation of the international communist movement, he guesses that something serious has happened. The commissar warned him earlier on to be prepared for all eventualities. This is one of the reasons why he has been working so hard day and night to open up this big oilfield as fast as possible. At this crucial moment he feels it impossible to leave his drilling team and his good comrades, to leave the front line in the struggle against imperialism, revisionism and other reactionaries. He quickens his pace in his hurry to get back.

Despite his pain he strides on. . . .

The white clouds keep shifting and changing shape.

Chou Ting-shan strides on, tall and resolute. . . . White clouds float across the sky.

Strains of martial music.

The housewives' refinery.

Chou, leaning on his crutch, pauses under the shade of a poplar.

Shu-fen and another young woman are filling a barrel with oil. The young woman sees Chou and nudges Shu-fen. "Look who's here, sister!"

Shu-fen brushes back her hair and looks up, then runs forward excitedly.

Shu-fen runs to Chou and takes his arm, then kneels down to examine his bandaged leg.

Chou: "Get me some transport, quick!"

Shu-fen gets up and asks with concern, "Tell the truth. Are you seriously hurt?"

"No, it's just a scratch." To prove this, Chou tosses her the crutch and stands without it.

Shu-fen, sceptically: "Don't hide anything from me!"

Chou, leaning against the tree: "Have I ever hidden anything from you?"

Shu-fen thinks this over, then bursts out, "If you're not seriously hurt, why are you loitering about at a time like this? I don't believe you. That's not like you. The revisionists are trying to strangle us, withdrawing their experts and tearing up contracts. We haven't got much diesel oil left now. . . ." She suddenly breaks off.

Chou's angry eyes.

He grips a branch so hard that it snaps off.

Shu-fen: "You. . . ."

Chou reaches for the crutch. "Give it me, quick!" He prepares to walk on to the drilling team.

Shu-fen keeps hold of the crutch. "No! You've just slipped out of the hospital."

Chou: "Shu-fen!"

Shu-fen, stubbornly: "Ting-shan!" She casts him a glance and turns away. "I'll ring up the commissar and ask him."

Chou, frantically: "Shu-fen. . . ."

Shu-fen pauses, then seeing Aunt Chou runs towards her.

Young crops are growing in the fields where Aunt Chou and some other women are hoeing.



Shu-fen goes over to her and explains. Aunt Chou hurries anxiously to her son.

Supporting him, Aunt Chou stoops to examine his leg, then exclaims with concern, "Ting-shan..."

Chou, with emotion: "Mother, you must understand. These traitors to the working class are putting pressure on us so as to make us change our line and give up our red banner. Mother!"

Aunt Chou's kindly, honest face. She says resolutely, "Go, son. Mother understands."

Chou looks with gratitude at his mother, this old revolutionary whose white hair is blowing in the wind.

## Drilling Is Stopped

The well site. The swivel whirls rapidly, as if with indignation.

The instructor Hsu Kuang-fa, his eyes blood-shot, his face set, is grasping the lever. Watching the gravimeter he increases the pressure.

Workers wait near by with spanners. . . .

Feng Chao comes to the oil tank and asks a worker, "How much diesel oil have you left?"

Worker: "Just a little over a ton."

Feng: "Then why haven't you stopped drilling?"

Worker: "We have a little extra, what the team-leader saved up."

Feng: "That won't do either. We should use it all in Tienchia Village." He mounts the platform and tells Hsu, "Old Hsu, there is only enough oil for two shifts. Stop drilling!"

Hsu, his eyes on the gravimeter, applies more pressure. The swivel whirls round.

Feng: "Third squad! Let one of your drillers take the instructor's place."

A driller goes up and takes over the lever.

Hsu warns him, "Be careful. The pressure is very high." He turns to Feng.

Feng: "The whole sector will be paralysed if we go on like this. If the drill gets stuck in the well, who'll be responsible?"

Hsu: "Since the team-leader isn't here, I'll be responsible."

Feng yells in exasperation, "101, 185, 134 have all stopped. You . . . why are you so pig-headed?"

Yu-wa comes over with a drill-bit and bangs it down. "We are racing against time with the imperialists, revisionists and other reactionaries."

Feng: "I'm still deputy commander. I repeat we can no longer import diesel oil." He goes off in a huff.

Hsu shouts after him, "The commissar told us that the whole country is behind us. Besides, we've a refinery run by the women."

Feng turns at the top of the stairs to sneer: "The women? Can they refine oil? I was there a week ago."

Yu-wa steps towards him. He looks at the sky and quips, "It seems to me a week has passed since then, deputy commander!" He makes a face.

Feng bellows: "Stop drilling immediately!" Then he scuttles down the stairs.

A hand presses the switch and stops the flow. The swivel comes to an abrupt stop.

On the platform Hsu and Yu-wa turn and look.

By the mud tank Chang and Yao also turn their heads.

The workers are silent, inwardly furious.

Silence. The drilling machine has stopped whirring, the diesel engine is no longer running, and no one speaks. All around is dead silence.

Suddenly a motorbike is heard approaching.

The motorbike roars up to the well site. Chou has come. Crutch in hand he rushes up to the platform.

There is no one there. The workers have gone to find Feng Chao. Chou shouts, "Instructor! Chin Fa-fen! Yu-wa!"

Chang, Hsu, Yu-wa and other workers run to join him. "Team-leader!" "You are back!"

Chou, anxiously: "Why have you stopped drilling?"

All start talking at once. Chang, still out of breath, pants, "It's like this, Old Chou. . ."

Chou shouts impatiently, "I ask you, why have you stopped drilling?"

Chang, hastily: "There's only one ton of diesel oil left, Old Chou."

Chou: "But I told you I still have some!"

Yu-wa and Chin: "It was Feng Chao who stopped the drill."

Chou's piercing eyes look ahead. "So? Enemies inside and outside are all ganging up against us!" He pauses, then dropping his crutch rushes to the lever.

Yu-wa, worried about Chou's leg, cries, "Team-leader!"

Chou, his pain forgotten, grasps the lever and shouts, "Start the drill!"

The well site comes to life again. The swivel whirls, as if in indignation.

The atmosphere is still tense. Some workers whisper uneasily, "But, the oil. . ."

A truck sounds its horn.

A truck loaded with barrels of oil arrives at the site. On it flutters a red flag bearing the name Refinery No. 8 of Pioneers Oilfield Housewives. Shu-fen is standing on the truck in high spirits, her hair ruffled by the wind.

Shu-fen: "Comrades, here comes oil from the women's refinery!"

All the workers not busy on a job run down from the platform.

Shu-fen brushes back her hair and announces proudly, "Lubricant, gasoline and diesel oil, all here. The quality's not too high, but we guarantee that there's no horse shit in it. It's not from the revisionists—it's all our own!" She jumps down from the truck.

The workers hurry to unload the truck and roll the barrels away.

Yu-wa grasps Shu-fen's hands, tears in his eyes. "Sister-in-law, you've certainly chosen the right moment to come."

Shu-fen who looked after Yu-wa when he was an orphan boy exclaims, "You've been working under tough conditions, Yu-wa."

Yu-wa: "It's nothing."

"Look at you!" Seeing that the shoulder of his jacket is torn, she produces thread and needle and starts mending it on the spot.

Yu-wa stands erect as she mends his clothes. This young worker who suffered so much in the old society feels in a poetic mood. He makes up a verse and declaims:

My home's this wilderness,  
My bed's this plain;  
For lamp I have bright moonlight,  
To wash my clothes the rain.  
If we can find new oilfields,  
Who cares if the going's rough?  
Pressure spurs revolution,  
Tempering makes us tough!

In Chang's room.

Chang and Yao Yun-lang are studying charts and comparing oil structures. Chang, still resenting Feng Chao's arbitrary behaviour, says indignantly, "Feng Chao's gone off his head." He taps the charts confidently.

Yao, pointing at the charts: "These are the findings of the three-in-one group."

Chang: "Exactly..." He examines the charts again.

Feng Chao bursts in and snaps, "Tell me, my two chief engineers, what's the idea of all these useless attempts to find oil in Section 4 when you know the oil layer is very thin?"

Yao, confidently, "According to our analysis of all the data, the layer gets thicker as it extends to Nameless Field. It may well be the main layer. That could mean high-yield wells."

Chang: "That's right."

Feng, startled: "High-yield wells?"

Outside, Wei Kuo-hua raps on the window and shouts, "Engineer Yao, we've struck oil in Section 4! The gas flow is O.K."

Chang, loudly: "Is the pressure high?"

Wei: "Very high."

Chang: "Young Yao, increase the mud slurry density. Be careful of a blow-out! Send for some barite!"

Yao: "I've already asked the supply section for some. It'll be here right away."

Chang: "Good."

Yao hurries out, followed by Chang.

Feng reflects and calls, "Chief engineer!"

Chang stops, eyeing Feng with suspicion.

Feng, menacingly: "The moment this well gushes, your old plan will be a scrap of paper. Won't people ask what your scheme was in opposing the opening of a big oilfield at a time when we were under great foreign pressure?"

Chang, firmly: "At a time when we are under great foreign pressure, I have to follow the Party and stand with the people. There's no place for personal considerations. And I won't be made use of again as a mouthpiece for others." He turns his back on Feng and strides out.

Feng Chao, his schemes frustrated, realizes that he is completely isolated. He mops his forehead with a handkerchief and collapses into a chair, one hand clutching the corner of a chart on the desk as he racks his brain to think of a way out.

Young Ma of the grain supply section comes in for a drink. He finds the thermos empty, but as he turns to leave Feng passes him a glass of cold boiled water, asking casually, "Have you come with the grain, Young Ma? I've been too busy to go to your place. How is the red arm-band education movement coming along?"

Ma, briskly: "Our team-leader told us of the bitter past and that's got all the workers stirred up. And some old workers said that Old Master Chou died because somebody had betrayed him."

Feng, startled: "Oh?"

Ma: "The day before yesterday we unmasked an old fellow who had been a prison warden."

Feng, on tenterhooks: "A prison warden?" He turns pale and his lips twitch. "What... what's his name?"

Ma: "I don't know."

Feng: "And how about the man who informed on Master Worker Chou?"

Ma: "Don't you worry. We'll get him." He puts down the glass and goes out.

Feng's forehead is glistening with sweat. He mutters to himself, "So... they're after my blood now..."

On the eve of Liberation, seeing that the Kuomintang regime was collapsing, Feng had decided to acquire some political capital by joining in a strike. After his arrest he was interrogated, and although he did not know Hua Cheng he had heard that a Communist had come to the Yuming Oilfield and he told the reactionaries that Old Chou had connections with the Communist Party. He had never thought this treachery of his would come out. Now, conscious of the danger he is in, he feels desperate.

The telephone suddenly rings, making Feng start.

With trembling hands he slowly picks up the receiver. Listlessly: "Yes? Who is it?"

Voice from the phone: "Hello! This is the supply section. Congratulations on your striking oil."

Feng forces a laugh.

Voice from the phone: "Hello! The barite you asked for will be delivered at once."

Feng: "Barite?" He puts one hand over the mouthpiece of the phone and glances round. Remembering that Wei said the pressure was very high, he thinks up another scheme. "We have enough here," he says into the phone. "You don't need to send any." He hangs up and looks furtively round.

Feng peers through the window. Beside the mud tank Chang, Yao and Chao are examining a core sample. Yao exclaims, "Look at this, chief. Solid crude oil."

Feng feels even more desperate. Screwing up his beady eyes he thinks: I'll cause a blow-out — make all this come to nothing!

Feng decides to stake everything on this attempt.

He notices a wad of waste yarn on the ground and picks it up.

## Showdown

The front-line headquarters has called an enlarged meeting of the Party committee at Nameless Field to discuss the situation and their tasks. Chief Engineer Chang is saying excitedly, "... It can now be safely predicted that our extensive surveying and drilling will soon bring results. According to the Party committee's instructions, our next step is to put fifty drilling teams on to Nameless Field all at the same time and get us our 'golden baby' — open up a big oilfield!"

Hua, jubilantly: "Based on the results of Chou Ting-shan's team, our chief engineer has worked out this new plan. We've called this enlarged meeting of the Party committee so as to have a full discussion. Same as before, pick any holes you like. No holds barred." Pencil in hand, he looks round at all those present.

People start cheering and expressing approval.

"In that case. . . ." Hua stands up again after a moment, preparing to sum up.

"I've got something to say. . . ." Feng Chao at one end of the table raises his hand and speaks with deliberation. "I don't think we should be in such a hurry to talk about the future. What we should consider seriously is our present crisis. . . ."

Hua Cheng picks up his mug, blows at the hot water and casts a vigilant glance at Feng.

Chou comes in, leaning on his crutch. Feng is startled but it is too late now to back down,

"Here's Team-leader Chou. Have this seat," a worker greets him.

Hua beckons Chou to come and sit by the table.

Chou takes a seat by the door.

Feng overcoming his confusion continues, "What we're faced with are imperialist blockade and revisionist pressure, but more serious difficulties lie ahead. So it's hardly the time for us to boast about getting a 'golden baby'." He raises his voice. "If we embark upon an over-ambitious and unrealistic course, it can only end in a sheer waste of manpower and material."

Deputy Commander Wang, indignantly: "What kind of talk is that, Feng Chao?"

Feng casts Hua Cheng a challenging glance as if to say: Do you dare let me continue?

Hua, unruffled: "He's springing on us what he's been wanting to say for a long time." He turns to Feng. "Go on. I'm very interested."

Chou's hands tremble with anger. Glancing at Hua Cheng who looks unperturbed, he tries to suppress his feelings.

Feng, confidently: "I'm only concerned about the work. Why have we made such a big blunder? The simple reason is that we've always turned a deaf ear to different opinions. Who do we have as policy makers? Lever-pullers! . . ."

Everyone is shocked. This is outrageous! Hua Cheng who has been calmly taking notes breaks the tip of his pencil. Throwing it down he springs angrily to his feet. "Feng Chao!"

Chang exclaims with fury. "He's trying to split us!"

Chou who was seething with rage has calmed down under Feng's direct attack. Looking at Hua Cheng and Chang he calls, "Commissar, Old Chang!"

Hua Cheng controls himself with an effort. "Er . . . all right. Go on then, Feng Chao." He sits down again.

Feng, slowly and calmly: "That's all for the moment."

Hua: "Who'll answer this challenge?"

Many workers stand up shouting, "I will!" "I will..."

Pushing aside his crutch Chou gets up and walks towards Feng Chao, his eyes boring into him. "A nation must have spirit, an army must have morale, and a man must have determination. When we have all these, what do we care about blockades or atom bombs? We can stand firm and erect before the whole world. We do not refuse foreign aid. But we must safeguard our political independence and rely on ourselves to build our country in our own way."

Hua: "This is our line. To follow this line, we must rely on the Party's leadership and the working class..."

Chang: "Rely on those former slaves, the makers of history!"

Hua: "We should unite with other labouring classes and intellectuals and together engage in arduous struggle." He continues more loudly, "Our people are unyielding. The workers, whom you call 'lever-pullers', have great ideals. No force in the world can ever crush us!"

Yao stands up. "Yes, we are ambitious. Our ambition is to open up big oilfields, to make greater contributions to our country."

Suddenly a tremendous blow-out rocks the earth, stunning them. Everyone jumps up.

Yu-wa, his face smeared with mud, comes running in crying, "Comrades! The drilling-bit got blocked with this wad of waste when it hit the high-pressure oil-bearing layer. When we pulled it up, there was a blow-out." He throws a wet wad of waste yarn on the table.

It is the wad picked up by Feng.

Hua orders, "The meeting is adjourned. All to the well site!"

Chou grabs Yu-wa's arm and says quietly, "Be careful of fire. Switch off the power supply."

Yu-wa runs off. Chou glances at Feng.

Feng Chao with his guilty conscience has turned ashen. With a show of concern he asks, "Is there really a blow-out?"

Chou, proudly: "Let it blow! A man without pressure has no guts, a well without pressure has no oil. A high-pressure oil well is just what we want." He turns and runs out.

## The Crucial Moment

At the well site, oil, gas, water and mud are gushing out with a deafening roar. The volume of sound increases. The lights on the derrick are off.

On the platform Hsu and Yu-wa are trying to carry on drilling.

In the office, Hua Cheng phones, "Quick! Quick! Emergency mobilization."

At the well site. Chao Chun-sheng runs over to report to Chou, "Team-leader, the mud slurry density is too low."

Chou: "Throw in the barite."

Chao: "We've sent for it, but it hasn't come yet."

Hua Cheng runs over. "Old Chou, help's on the way from Tien-chia Village and Dragon Tiger Flats. Let's go!" He runs off, followed by Chou.

Yao, racing along in a raincoat, meets Chang.

Chang: "Young Yao, let's get a sample of the gas."

Yao takes a flask from her pocket. "Look!" She dashes towards the well.

"Give it to me!" shouts Chang, running after her.

Wei chases after them shouting, "Young Yao, too much gas! It's dangerous!"

Under the platform the blow-out makes it difficult to get close to the well. The roar is deafening. Oil and water pour down from above, stones fly in all directions. Yao, her head lowered, dashes into the gush from the well to get a gas sample. Holding the flask upside-down she starts back but collapses, overcome by the fumes. Wei dashes over to hoist her on to his back while Chang rushes to take the flask from her limp hand.

On the road through the grassland, fire-engines, trucks loaded with sacks of cement, bulldozers, tractors and lorries speed towards the well site.

In the engine room a trembling hand reaches towards the switches to turn on the master switch.

"Don't you dare touch that switch!" someone roars, just as Master Worker Chou cried years ago.

The hand halts in mid-air. The man whirls round. It is Feng Chao, his bloodshot eyes bulging, his face pale as death.

Chou's tall figure in the doorway fills him with dread.

Chou's eyes flash with anger.

Feng shrieks, "Chou Ting-shan, go and fight the fire! You and your well are done for!" He turns swiftly to press the switch to turn on the power, in the hope of igniting the gas and starting a great fire. He looks out anxiously.

But the current has already been cut off.

Feng's last act of sabotage thwarted, he sinks helplessly to the ground. This traitor and revisionist careerist has played his last dirty trick.

Chou bears down on him.

At the well site. Feng Chao, tied to a cement block by the derrick, is cringing like a drenched rat. People surge forward denouncing him furiously.

Yu-wa leaps on to the block, brandishing a spanner. Half choking with hatred he cries, "You swine! I've been looking for you for years!" He swings his spanner to smash Feng's skull.

Deputy Commander Wang stops him.

Hua Cheng orders, "Take him away."

Two armed militiamen drag Feng Chao away.

Hua Cheng raises the red arm-band given him by Chou. "This arm-band is stained with the blood of the last generation of workers. The new struggle adds to its lustre." He puts the arm-band round Chou's arm. "Old Chou. You take charge here."

Truckloads of workers from Tienchia Village and Dragon Tiger Flats speed to the well site.

By the geyser of oil and water, Chang, Hua Cheng and others are discussing how to stop the blow-out.

Chang: "Send for the barite, quick."

Chao: "There's no time!"

The usual method of controlling a blow-out is pouring barite mixed with mud into the well. But now no barite is available and Chang is at his wits' end.

Chou has mixed some cement and earth in his aluminium helmet. He brings it over, limping on his crutch. "Commissar, the only thing to do is to add earth and cement to the mud slurry." This would normally not be allowed, as once the cement set the drill would be stuck in the well.

Chang thinks over this proposal. The water here is very alkaline and it will take time for the cement to set. Once the blow-out is stopped, the cement can be extracted and barite inserted. Chou with his years of practical experience has hit on the only feasible method. Chang cries, "Yes, commissar. That's the best way."

Hua: "All right. Let's do that."

Chou shouts to the workers, "Add the cement."

By the mud tank Chou, Hua Cheng, Chang, Chao and others pour cement and earth into the tank. Dust swirls in the air as oil and water pour down. Their helmets spattered with mud, they work with might and main.

The cement floats on top of the mud.

Chao, hoarsely: "Team-leader, it won't mix. What shall we do?"

One worker: "We have to mix it somehow, team-leader."

The man in charge of the mud-pump runs over shouting, "Old Chou, the spray is blocked. The mud's not coming up. What shall we do?"

So many warning signals! Chou looks up. The drilling rig and the well are in great danger.

As the ground is subsiding, the derrick is tilting slowly. The blow-out instead of spending itself is gaining force, gushing higher and higher with a deafening roar.

Chou thinks back in a flash to episodes in his life:

His father strikes the enemy with a spanner.

The American adviser sneers, "Without Standard Oil, you'll be in total darkness."

Hua Cheng raises his fist. "We must fight on for the cause!"  
Feng Chao shrieks: "You and your well are done for!"  
Aunt Chou's kindly face. "Go, son. Mother understands."  
Chou's resolute gaze.

The red arm-band gleams on his arm.

This is a crucial moment. Unless the blow-out is stopped, the drilling rig will be wrecked, the pressure of the oil will spend itself and this oilfield will be damaged. Activated by hatred for the imperialists, revisionists and other reactionaries, and by loyalty to the proletarian cause and Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, Chou bellows, "Let's jump in!" He throws away his crutch and jumps into the tank. The mud comes up to his chest. Thrashing his arms and legs he mixes the cement and mud. . . .

The cement and caustic soda in the tank make his wound burn. The thick mud makes it hard to move. Gritting his teeth, he puts all his strength into mixing the cement and mud.

A stirring song in praise of Chou Ting-shan, heroic representative of the Chinese working class and of all the oil workers who are bravely challenging all the forces of reaction:

A roar from us oil workers  
Shakes the earth.



A big oilfield opened on our own,  
We've shown what we are worth.  
Beasts of burden in the past,  
Today we hold up our heads;  
Looking down from the top of our rig,  
The whole world before us spreads.  
Let it be lighted up by the red sun!

Let's add oil to the flames of revolution!

Yu-wa, Hsu, Chin and Chao all leap into the tank.

They go all out mixing the cement and mud.

Hua Cheng and some other workers are fixing up equipment to deal with the blow-out.

The mud tank is seething.

Chou bends down, his chin touching the mud, to clear the blocked nozzle of the spray.

On the platform workers are fighting to control the blow-out. Hsu, Yu-wa and others are trying to ram down the drill.

Yu-wa pushes the drill-pipe into the well, then faints, overcome by the gas. Others carry him off.

Hsu Kuang-fa is applying the lever despite the enormous pressure of the blow-out and the danger of the whole rig collapsing.

Old Fan is tending the diesel engine despite the oil and water raining down.

The mud-pump is working again.

Chou mounts the platform and thrusts the drill-pipe into the bore-hole. The gushing oil rocks it from side to side. The gas makes him dizzy. He staggers but keeps a firm grip on the drill.

Deputy Commander Wang is directing traffic.

By an ambulance a nurse is bandaging Yu-wa's cuts. As soon as she finishes, he gets up and dashes back to the drilling platform.

Chou is drilling.

The drill bores deeper and deeper down.

Let the whole world be lighted by the red sun!

Let's add oil to the flames of revolution!

The intrepid oil workers finally succeed in getting the tremendous blow-out under control.

## We Are Doing Fine Now

Gurgling is heard from the big oil pipe, then black crude oil gushes out.

People cheer.

Well No. 1 in Nameless Field is gushing oil.

Well No. 2 in Nameless Field is gushing oil.

Wells 5, 6 and 7 are gushing oil.

A model of the oilfield. Tienchia Village is dotted with shining red lights, and so is Dragon Tiger Flats. In Nameless Field the first red light goes on, and then the second. . . . The red lights in these three regions link up with each other. The "golden baby" is born — we have got our big oilfield!

These workers from all parts of China who have sweated to make our country rich and strong are radiant with exhilaration. Let us always remember their faces: Chou Ting-shan, Hua Cheng, Chang Yi-chih, Yu-wa, Chin Fa-fen, Hsu Kuang-fa, Yao Yun-lang, Old Fan, Wei Kuo-hua, Chao Chun-sheng, Aunt Chou, Shu-fen, Deputy Commander Wang, Old Tien, the girl welder, Lung Yen. . . . They have sweated and shed blood to open up this big oilfield for our country.

Lorries loaded with oil drive off.

The gigantic refinery is working at full blast.

The Radio Station announces to the whole world: "We are now broadcasting a press communique. Guided by brilliant Mao Tse-tung Thought and through the arduous struggles and the spirit of self-reliance of the Chinese workers, our country is now basically self-sufficient in petroleum. Gone for ever are the days when the Chinese people had to use foreign oil."

"Gone for ever. . . ." Another morning. Chou and Hua Cheng are standing proudly on the huge oilfield looking at the forest of rigs, the rows of pump sheds, countless oil tanks and vast refinery. . . . His eyes gleaming, Chou says, "Commissar, do you remember the first time we saw each other on a mountain in Yuming?"

Hua: "I do. It was a dark night." Recalling the past he smiles.

"Do you remember what I said? 'Ten-pounder, go to the villa to see off our dear foreign friend.'"

Chou: "He was screaming, 'Standard Oil, Standard Oil. . . .' Bah! Without the U.S. Standard Oil and despite the pressure of the modern revisionists, we are doing fine now!"

The red sun rises and lights up the whole land.

*(The End)*



### *Teng Ta-chun*

## Old Bull-Head

Colleges were enrolling new students from factories, communes and army units, and our company unanimously recommended Chen Ya-tieh, the sixth squad leader. We all felt that during the last few years since coming from middle school in Peking to our construction corps in this Yunnan border region, he had made tremendous progress. So he was our obvious choice to send to college. But when the time came to send in his name we started wondering: Would Old Bull-Head approve?

Old Bull-Head was Ya-tieh's platoon leader. When lively youngsters fresh from middle school first came to our unit, Old Bull-Head was delighted. For all that he was over fifty, he made up a Honan clapper-ballad and sang it — somewhat off-key — at the meeting to welcome them. Later, following the custom of his home parts in the north, he gave all these newcomers pet names like "Lucky" or "Firebrand", his name for Ya-tieh being "Iron Ball". Now students like to give each other nicknames. If the name is agreeable, nobody minds, but if it has unpleasant connotations it causes embarrassment. For this reason, Old Bull-Head told us to stop using nicknames.

Ya-tieh among others protested, "Platoon leader, you've stopped other people from using nicknames, but you're still doing it yourself."

"Why shouldn't I? When I use them those are *pet* names, not nicknames." Old Bull-Head glared in mock anger and shook a fist massive as a sledge-hammer. "You're like sons and daughters to me, so I call you Iron Ball because I want you to become tough as iron. If you don't like it you can lump it, Iron Ball!"

The rest of us laughed, and Ya-tieh joined in acquiescently.

Though Old Bull-Head was always cracking jokes with those youngsters, if he spotted them doing anything wrong he would really bawl them out. Take Ya-tieh for instance. When he first joined our farm he was secretly hankering after going to college. The job of rolling tea leaves which he was given suited him down to the ground: all he had to do was start the roller and let it run for three quarters of an hour, then empty out the leaves and put in another lot. That gave him time to do some reading. One day, after starting the machine he picked up his textbook *Higher Mathematics* and got so engrossed in solving a difficult problem that he let the roller run non-stop for two hours.

"Iron Ball!"

Ya-tieh looked round, flustered, and leapt to his feet. Old Bull-Head silently yanked him over to the machine. That lot of leaves was spoilt.

"What way is this to work? Slacking on your job to swot up on foreign ciphers. Don't you realize how hard we sweat to grow this tea?"

That put Ya-tieh's back up. He muttered, "Studying maths is no crime."

"What's that you're saying?" bellowed Old Bull-Head.

"What's wrong with maths?" Ya-tieh hedged. "We need it for higher research."

"Higher research?" retorted Old Bull-Head gruffly. "You haven't got a solid foundation yet; how can you think of higher research? I know what's in your mind. You'd better move your feet over to the side of the labouring masses. Otherwise, even if your head's

chock-full of foreign ciphers you won't know how to use them." He took the textbook and went off with it.

That evening, the political instructor summoned Ya-tieh to company headquarters. "Well?" he asked. "Feeling peeved after being 'buted' by Old Bull-Head?"

Ya-tieh nodded sulkily.

"That's your platoon leader's way. Do you know how he got his nickname?" The instructor proceeded to tell him Old Bull-Head's story.

During the War of Liberation when our troops were attacking Hsiangfan in northwest Hupeh, after wiping out the enemy in the outskirts of the city we launched a general offensive. At that time Old Bull-Head was a squad leader. As soon as our guns breached the city wall, he dashed forward at the head of his squad through heavy enemy fire. Shrapnel ripped a hole in his belly and his gut started spilling out. He staggered and nearly blacked out. By the time his head was clear enough to look round he saw that practically all his men were killed. Clenching his teeth, he clamped his tin rice-bowl over his wound and tied it tightly in place. Then bellowing "Charge!" he dashed into the breach and killed several enemies with his bayonet. Not until the troops behind came up did he fall senseless to the ground.

While he was hospitalized, his thoughts were still with his unit. When he heard that it was moving south he insisted on going too. The hospital authorities had known many such cases. They just tried to calm him down and sent him back to his ward. The next day, though, when the troops marched off he stealthily joined their ranks. The company commander, discovering him, ordered him to go back to the hospital, but he stood there without budging, his rifle over his shoulder.

"Are you a soldier of our revolutionary army?" the company commander roared.

"Yes, I am."

"Do you obey orders or not?"

"Of course," was the hoarse answer. "But I don't see why. . . ."

"Why not?"

Old Bull-Head spluttered and growled but could not answer. However, he stuck to his guns. The company commander had to order some men to carry him back on a stretcher. At that he shouted, "How can you drive me away and make me lie down and rest? How can I do that?"

This story so stirred Ya-tieh that, filled with compunction, he jumped up meaning to go and find Old Bull-Head. With a smile the instructor pushed him back on to his chair.

"Don't be in such a hurry," he said. "Let me finish. For twenty years and more this Old Bull-Head of ours has worked doggedly for the Party. To him, the Party's interests always come first. So when you do something wrong he starts rampaging — out of concern for you. 'The Party's entrusted these youngsters to us,' he says. 'If I fail to bring them up properly I'm not worthy to be a Communist.' Here, take this."

He handed Ya-tieh his textbook as well as a sheet of paper. On this Old Bull-Head had written:

Iron Ball, why do you think Chairman Mao sent you here for re-education? It was to train you to be good successors to the revolutionary cause, to make you understand whom you should serve. I'm not against your studying, I'm all for it. But if you fail to carry out your duties and just think all the time of your own career, you'll grow more and more muddle-headed. Remember this: Study's only useful if you have the right motivation.

Ya-tieh folded this up and put it in his breast-pocket. "I understand, instructor," he said. Then, his lips firmly compressed, he dashed off with the textbook.

After that Ya-tieh began to change. Modelling himself on Old Bull-Head, no matter what work he was given to do he made a good job of it, while in his spare time he helped out in many ways in his company and made quite a few rationalization proposals. Old Bull-Head, however, remained very strict and often blasted him. Strange to say, the stricter the platoon leader was, the more devoted to him Ya-tieh became. The time came when he missed him if they were parted for just half a day.

Summer came round again, with another good crop of tea. Tender new green shoots covered the tea-shrubs all over the hills. We set to work plucking these as fast as we could but soon we struck a snag. The leaves after withering had to be rolled and fired. However, the firing process was too slow, as our company still had no firing machines. We sweated buckets but still could not keep the mechanical sifters supplied with all they could handle. The whole company was very worried. Ya-tieh racked his brains that night trying to think up a solution, till Lucky whose bed was next to him complained, "What's wrong that you're tossing and turning all the time?"

Ya-tieh tugged at his quilt and asked, "Lucky, how can we speed up the firing process?"

Lucky glanced at him, then snuggled down again in his quilt. "We can't! Not unless we grow four pairs of hands."

"Four pairs of hands?" Ya-tieh got a sudden idea. He thought, "If we make a machine with eight arms, won't that do the trick?" Trembling with excitement he jumped out of bed and scrambled into his clothes, then put on the light and started making a sketch of this new firing machine.

The door creaked open and Old Bull-Head tiptoed in. He whispered to Ya-tieh, "I knew you'd be up."

Ya-tieh smiled and said nothing.

Old Bull-Head added, "I know what you're up to too."

Ya-tieh just grinned. Old Bull-Head grabbed his hand and wrote a few words with one finger on his palm, then asked with a wink, "Right?"

Ya-tieh nodded. Old Bull-Head quietly tucked in Lucky's quilt and sat down on the edge of the bed. "Our Party committee's had the same idea," he said. "They want us to work out how to get 'mechanized'."

Ya-tieh cut in, gesticulating as he spoke, "My idea is to make a machine with several arms to speed up the firing and save manpower. . . ."

Old Bull-Head grasped Ya-tieh's shoulders and grinned his approval.

So an innovation team was set up with Ya-tieh as team leader and Old Bull-Head as adviser. With Old Bull-Head showing the way, they worked day and night for a week till the new machine was finished.

As they prepared to try it out the whole company crowded around, laughing and chatting. Ya-tieh was so excited his heart was thudding. He looked at Old Bull-Head waiting for the order to start; but Old Bull-Head did not even glance at him, just puffing calmly at his pipe while carefully checking each part of the machine.

Finally Old Bull-Head completed his inspection. He nodded at Ya-tieh who dashed to the switch and pressed it. The leaves on the conveyor-belt started moving smoothly into the machine.

We waited for a while. Whole batches of leaves had been fed into the machine, but not one of them came out at the other end. People began to look anxiously at Ya-tieh. He himself, feeling very tense, turned to look at Old Bull-Head. The latter's eyes were still fixed on the machine, but he had stopped smoking his pipe.

Quite a time had passed with still no leaves appearing when suddenly we smelt an acrid smell.

"Save the tea, quick!" bellowed Old Bull-Head. Jumping on to the concrete base of the machine he whipped off its cover which was scorching hot and thrust his hands into the smoking interior. Others of us rushed forward as well to salvage the leaves regardless of the great heat.

Ya-tieh, unable to squeeze his way through the crowd, stamped his foot frantically.

"Iron Ball, the switch!" Old Bull-Head's call sobered him and he ran to turn off the electricity. The first experiment had failed.

We dragged Old Bull-Head to the clinic to have his burnt hands dressed. The few members of the innovation team left behind looked at each other in silence. The smoke still rising from the firing machine made the whole workshop stifling. The political instructor looked round, then went up to Ya-tieh.

"Well, Iron Ball, are you disheartened?"

Ya-tieh looked at him without a word and in frustration pounded the concrete base.

The instructor turned to address them all.

"Setting up this workshop was much more difficult than this. We were all PLA men who thought nothing of charging through enemy fire but had never tinkered with machines. Equipment and blueprints arrived, but no technician to install the machines. We heard he refused to come and work with us yokels in the hills because bourgeois intellectuals of his type used their knowledge of foreign ciphers to hamstringing us. We wanted then to tackle the job ourselves, but the fellow in charge of our farm at that time refused. He said no one was to touch that equipment until an expert came. The tea-shrubs grew flush after flush, and we had to watch the tender shoots turning tough and old. We were frantic. Old Bull-Head could not sleep at night.

"Finally we couldn't stand it any longer. With Old Bull-Head taking the lead, we worked at night to fix up the equipment ourselves. When the farm head learned of this he rushed to the workshop and wagged his finger irately at Old Bull-Head.

"The expert hasn't come yet. Who gave you permission to muck about like this?"

"We can't wait,' Old Bull-Head replied. 'Don't you see those bourgeois types are trying to sabotage us?"

"Don't talk like that, Old Bull-Head,' said the farm head. 'We have to rely on them in construction work. We're just horny-handed yokels.'

"So what?' retorted Old Bull-Head. 'We yokels with our horny hands overthrew the old reactionary regime.'

"Old Bull-Head, this isn't war time: problems can't be solved just by yelling. How can farm hands master scientific techniques? We have to rely on experts for that.'

"Old Bull-Head stood there fairly trembling with rage and glared at the farm head without a word. Then he rushed at him and yanked up his jacket to point at the fellow's back. 'Look!' he called to us. 'His backbone's caved in. He needs bourgeois experts as crutches before he can move a step.'

"Then he leapt on a packing-case and shook his fist. 'Who says we can't manage without bourgeois experts? We workers must

rely on the working class. Our backbones are strong enough to prop up the sky. Come on, mates, let's get cracking!"

"In this way we overcame various difficulties and installed the machines. And in the process we learned how to run them.

"We wished very much at the time that we had our own working-class technicians. Now Chairman Mao has sent you educated youngsters to work with us. So what's a little difficulty like this? We mustn't let it get us down. Why, this is nothing at all compared with those days."

"Who's feeling down-hearted?" demanded Old Bull-Head loudly, having returned to the workshop, his hands bandaged, in time to hear the instructor's last remark.

We all crowded round to ask about his burns.

"Don't make such a fuss." He brushed our questions aside with his bandaged hands. "Tell me, who's feeling down-hearted? Let me ask you: Who can guarantee that his life will be all plain sailing? No one. Success comes only after trials and errors."

Ya-tieh stepped forward and said with conviction, "Platoon leader, with you leading us, I'm sure we can fix this up."

The other youngsters agreed.

With a smile Old Bull-Head told Ya-tieh, "Just being bull-headed isn't enough. Chairman Mao says, '**The correctness or incorrectness of the ideological and political line decides everything.**' In our revolutionary work, if we don't follow Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, however bull-headed we are, we won't succeed."

"Right," Ya-tieh agreed with a sheepish smile. "But we must be bull-headed in persevering in carrying out the Chairman's instructions."

Looking pleased with this answer Old Bull-Head waved to us all. "Come on. Let's start again."

"Right!" Those youngsters showed all the tenacity of the soldiers in Old Bull-Head's wartime squad. They looked for and discovered the cause of the failure and started overhauling the machine.

Then Old Bull-Head noticed that Ya-tieh was limping, but the youngster would not let him see his legs. After quite an argument



Old Bull-Head lost his temper. He shook his big fist and shouted, "You're just making me mad. Why won't you do as I say?"

Ya-tieh muttered, "It's nothing. Why make such a fuss about it?"

Old Bull-Head managed to pull up Ya-tieh's trousers and examined his legs. There were ugly cuts on them which were festering badly.

"Call that nothing?" he exclaimed. He turned and told Lucky and Firebrand to take Ya-tieh straight to the clinic.

Ya-tieh refused. "I'm not leaving here," he said, "till this machine's finished."

"You're not, eh? You'll go even if we have to carry you."

As Old Bull-Head started to drag him off Ya-tieh cried out frantically, "How can you drive me away and make me lie down and rest? How can I do that?"

This reminded Old Bull-Head of his own young days. He stopped, then threw one arm around Ya-tieh's shoulders. "Of course no one's going to drive away our Iron Ball!" he said.

He managed, however, to make Ya-tieh lie up for two days. On the third day the new machine was finished. When Ya-tieh heard



they were going to try it out, he could stay in bed no longer. He was just getting up when Old Bull-Head hurried in and, without a word, hoisted the lad on his back and carried him to the workshop. The whole company was there listening to the whirring sound made by the iron arms of the new firing machine.

When the first batch of dried leaves poured out of the machine, Old Bull-Head saw two bright tears roll down Ya-tieh's cheeks. He kidded him, "If you cry over a little success like this, when we're

fully mechanized I suppose you'll weep your eyes out."

The rest of us laughed and congratulated Ya-tieh.

Though Old Bull-Head mothered his platoon he never gave a thought to his own health. Unknown to us, he had long been having kidney trouble. One day when we were carrying some heavy equipment he collapsed from the strain, and only then did we realize he was ill. But still he refused to go for medical treatment until after the late tea harvest. Our company commander and political instructor could not persuade him, so in desperation they sent for a car from regimental headquarters.

When the car came to pick him up there was quite a scene. The company commander tugged him, the political instructor pushed him, but he dug in his heels like an ox and refused to budge. Finally they had to call a whole group of strapping youngsters to carry him off. Seeing Ya-tieh among them Old Bull-Head growled, "Iron Ball, pull your men out."

Ya-tieh simply grinned and called, "Come on!"

As they hoisted him up he kept shaking his fist and roaring, "Iron Ball, Firebrand... you'll pay through the nose for this..." But by then he had been stuffed into the car.

Now that we'd recommended Ya-tieh for college, we wanted to hear Old Bull-Head's views on the subject. As he was still in hospital the final decision had to be postponed.

That evening Ya-tieh, on the night shift, was carefully tending the rolling machine.

"Iron Ball!"

He quickly looked up and saw it was Old Bull-Head.

"Platoon leader, are you better now?" he asked.

"Sure. Iron Ball, come here." Old Bull-Head made him sit down beside him. "I've come back to see you off."

"To see me off?"

"Yes, see you off to college."

Stirred yet upset, Ya-tieh declared, "I'm not going. We've a lot more mechanization to be done yet and this is the busy season. I must stay and help."

"Iron Ball, we're sending you to college to learn more science and technology so that you can come back in a few years to use what you've learned. Then our mechanization will go ahead even faster."

Ya-tieh's heart was in a tumult. He clutched Old Bull-Head's hand and cried, "No. I can't bear to leave. . . ."

"Do you think studying means you'll be leaving us? Our hearts will be even closer. If you dare forget us, we'll make you pay through the nose. Go on. You must be at regimental headquarters first thing tomorrow. Hurry up and get your things packed. I'll take over your night shift."

Ya-tieh knew it was useless to raise further objections. He went off quickly, unwilling to let Old Bull-Head see his tears.

But Old Bull-Head was in no condition to notice. For the first time in his life, his own eyes were blurred with tears.

*Illustrated by Shen Yao-yi*

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**The Red Sun Shines Over Tiger-Head Hill** (woodcut) by *Wang Chun*





## To Peking from the Chuang Mountains

The dawn has dyed our hundred thousand peaks with crimson,  
Transforming them into a hundred thousand vivid peonies.  
Climbing the heights, as I gaze towards Peking,  
It seems our hundred thousand peaks converge at Tien An Men.  
Cheering; we celebrate to our hearts' content,  
Rejoicing that the anti-Party "gang of four" is smashed;  
Now that Chairman Hua is our new helmsman  
Elated, we leap, we dance!

Ten thousand cannon are raised at Peking's call;  
Torches blaze high on all our peaks.  
Our hundred thousand peaks become raised fists,  
To denounce the criminal "gang of four".  
Our hundred thousand peaks become trenchant pens  
To unmask the hideous features of the "gang of four".

With the waters of our flowing mountain streams for ink  
We'll record this great event, this heroic victory!

Ah, how close we in the border regions feel to Peking!  
Our soldiers' hearts are so tightly linked to Chairman Hua.  
Wholeheartedly we'll follow the Party Central Committee,  
As we wave our hundred thousand glittering swords,  
We'll strike resisting foes like lightning from the sky!  
We'll become bastions of strength defying all storms!

Ah, look at our hundred thousand mighty peaks;  
They are a hundred thousand iron fists, a hundred thousand swords,  
A hundred thousand trenchant pens, a hundred thousand guns;  
For they symbolize our million-strong forces in the border regions!



## When the Good News Comes to Our Hui Mountains

The camellia blossoms are a more fiery scarlet,  
The larks sing with a more exultant note,  
Our Hui River flows with a merrier gurgle,  
Our Hui Mountains\* appear even more youthful.  
Over Peking there is a bright auspicious aura,  
Stirring revolutionary news comes to us over the radio:  
The anti-Party "gang of four" has been thoroughly smashed;  
The Party Central Committee led by Chairman Hua  
Has saved the Party, saved the revolution!

This welcome news flies through a thousand villages,  
Gongs and drums sound on the highlands and in the forests.  
Countless old Hui poor peasants are cheering,  
Countless Hui girl-miners smile and talk together.

\*In Yunnan Province.

Greatly excited people pass on the information to each other;  
Such wonderful news brings happiness to all.  
The Party Central Committee has caught those monsters;  
Now our socialist motherland will blossom with greater splendour.

The peacocks on our Hui mountains spread their bright plumage,  
The carp in the Hui River flaunt their golden scales.  
Our gongs echo the happiness in all our hearts,  
Our fiddles play a joyful tune.  
The good news brings spring to our mountain hamlets,  
This happy news opens up new vistas.  
Wonderful! Chairman Mao's instructions Chairman Hua has carried  
out.  
Wonderful! Right at the critical moment he's banished the god of  
plague.

Now once again our Party has a worthy leader,  
From now on our revolution will again have a reliable helmsman.  
People of all nationalities under Chairman Hua's leadership  
Are determined to wipe out all pests from our socialist garden.  
All we Hui people denounce the heinous crimes of the "gang of four";  
The heat of our anger would melt even the ice on our peaks.  
United around the Party Central Committee led by Chairman Hua,  
We'll take the revolutionary path charted by Chairman Mao.

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Working Hard to Transform the Land  
(gouache) by Liu Teh-yun





## We of the Bamboo Forests Will Always Follow the Party

We have cut down thousands of our golden bamboos  
To erect new huts and begin a song contest.  
Our people praise Chairman Hua's wise leadership,  
And all our mountains and streams sing with them.

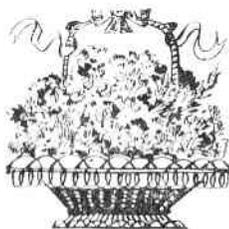
We have cut down thousands of our golden bamboos  
To weave bamboo baskets, to fill with flowers.  
We resolutely support our Chairman Hua;  
We shall send the flowers to him in Peking.

We have cut down thousands of our golden bamboos  
To make bamboo flutes to accompany our songs.  
The songs we sing are all in praise of the Party  
And its wise decision to wipe out all pests.

We have cut down thousands of our golden bamboos  
To make cudgels with which to thrash those wolves.  
For wolves, such as the "gang of four",  
A thousand thrashings are not enough.

We have cut down thousands of our golden bamboos  
To use as poles for our fine red flags.  
In our bamboo forests we're celebrating this victory,  
We shall carry on the revolution to the end.

Just as the golden bamboo roots are twined together,  
Chairman Hua's heart is closely linked with ours.  
We of the bamboo forests will always follow the Party;  
Our songs of victory usher in our happy future!



## When Chairman Hua Came to Our School

Walking on the still frozen snow,  
In spite of an icy cold wind,  
Without giving us notice and without a car,  
You came to visit our Middle School No. 166.

Your figure was tall and commanding,  
But your expression friendly and calm,  
While waiting for the meeting to start, you sat  
Right at the back row among the people.

A member of the Political Bureau, yet a common soldier,  
You were modest, frank and straightforward;

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Chang Kuei-lan is a middle school teacher. A newspaper item said that Comrade Hua Kuo-feng, on the evening of March 21, 1974 went on foot to Peking Middle School No. 166 to take part in a parents' meeting for the graduates of 1973. Hence this poem.

A common soldier yet a member of the Political Bureau,  
You never ceased doing propaganda work among the masses.

Your resonant voice filled the classroom,  
You were calm, sincere and firm;  
Yet with eloquence you told the people  
Why as parents they should take the revolutionary path.

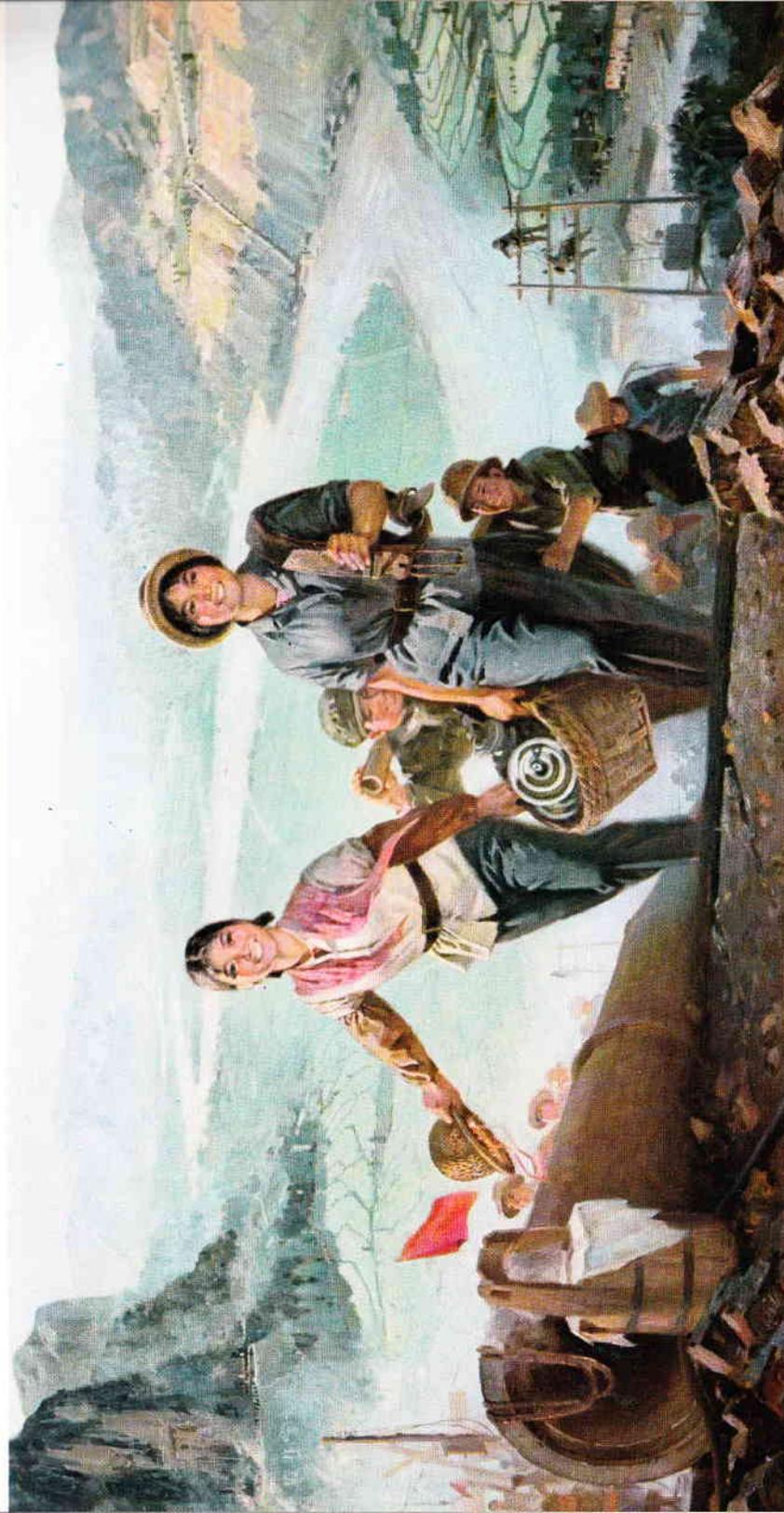
You sent your young daughter to the countryside;  
You yourself carried out Chairman Mao's instructions.  
You have proved by your own deeds  
That you are Chairman Mao's most loyal pupil.

Your admirable behaviour, your noble actions,  
Left an indelible impression on our people's hearts.  
Your unassuming manner, your revolutionary style,  
Inspired the teachers, pupils and their parents too.

Beloved and esteemed leader Chairman Hua,  
You have always been loyal to Mao Tsetung Thought  
When we have you as our revolutionary helmsman,  
In all struggles, victory will be ours.

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**Leading Water Uphill** (oil painting)  
by *Chang Shib-pei*



## NEW FILM

*Wen Chung*

### The Never-Setting Red Sun

In solemn commemoration of the 83rd anniversary of the birth of our beloved Chairman Mao, a full-length colour documentary *Eternal Glory to the Great Leader and Teacher Chairman Mao Tsetung* has been screened throughout China.

This historic film records the stirring scenes last September of the grief-stricken Chinese people and revolutionary people the world over honouring the memory of Chairman Mao Tsetung, the great leader of our Party, our army and the people of all nationalities of our country and the great teacher of the international proletariat and oppressed nations. It praises Chairman Mao's magnificent contributions and shows the determination of China's hundreds of millions of armymen and civilians to unite closely around the Party Central Committee led by Chairman Hua Kuo-feng, turn grief into strength, carry out Chairman Mao's behests and carry the proletarian revolutionary cause through to the end.

The film opens with mountain ranges wrapped in silence; clouds scud past and the sea roars, evoking memories of those days of

anguish. The portrait of Chairman Mao is draped in black crepe. The solemn strains of funeral music fill the air. The national flags fly at half-mast throughout China. In strained silence people everywhere listen to the "Message to the Whole Party, the Whole Army and the People of All Nationalities Throughout the Country" issued by the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China, the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress of the People's Republic of China, the State Council of the People's Republic of China and the Military Commission of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China, announcing the sad news of the passing away of Chairman Mao. All eyes overflow with tears; sobbing fills the land.

The film records the solemn mourning ceremony held in the magnificent Great Hall of the People from September 11 to 17 last year. Comrade Hua Kuo-feng and other leaders of the Party and state pay their respects to Chairman Mao before the catafalque and then stand vigil beside it. Group after group of workers, peasants, PLA commanders and soldiers, revolutionary cadres and intellectuals, Red Guards and Little Red Soldiers as well as residents of Peking and other parts of the country, tears welling from their eyes, file with heavy steps into the hall. Passing the catafalque they turn back again and again to pay their last heartfelt respects to our beloved great leader and teacher Chairman Mao.

There are scenes of bitter mourning throughout the country. The people of Shaoshan in Hunan Province, the Ching-kang Mountains and Juichin in Kiangsi, Tsunyi in Kweichow, and Yen-an in Shensi where Chairman Mao worked and fought, places honoured in the annals of our revolution, as well as Shanghai where the First Congress of the Communist Party of China was held, recall the revolutionary course taken by our people of all nationalities under the leadership of Chairman Mao and pay tribute to his immortal contribution to the Chinese revolution and world revolution.

The film also shows how revolutionaries and friends of China in various parts of the world mourn Chairman Mao. Ships on the Pacific sound their sirens. Flowers are laid at the foot of the Wall of the Communards. Holding Chairman Mao's portraits and red

flags, the people of five continents march forward. This reflects the close ties between Chairman Mao and hundreds of millions of people the whole world over who loved and respected him from the bottom of their hearts. The death of Chairman Mao is a great loss not only to our Party, army and the people of all our nationalities but also to the world proletariat, and oppressed nations and peoples.

The film also records the memorial speech made by Comrade Hua Kuo-feng on behalf of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China at the memorial meeting in Tien An Men Square. His powerful voice expresses confidence in the future of our Party, country and revolution as well as the aspirations shared by the whole Party, whole army and the people of all our nationalities.

This historic documentary presents many scenes too from Chairman Mao's life as, glowing with health, our great leader goes among the masses. He inspects cotton and wheat fields and a tea plantation, chats with commune members, visits factories and army units, cordially receives representatives of workers, peasants and soldiers, returns to his old home Shaoshan and has a heart-to-heart talk with the villagers there. Chairman Mao in army uniform accompanied by our beloved Premier Chou waves to crowds of tens of thousands from the Tien An Men rostrum during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Chairman Mao travels the length and breadth of the country, his heart linked with the hearts of China's millions.

Most stirring of all are the scenes of the grand inauguration of the People's Republic of China on October 1, 1949, when Chairman Mao in ringing tones proclaims the formation of the Central People's Government of the People's Republic of China and the First National People's Congress in 1954 when he declares, "**Ours is a just cause. A just cause is invulnerable to any enemy. We are fully confident that we can overcome all difficulties and hardships and build our country into a great socialist republic. We are marching forward.**" "**We are now engaged in a great and most glorious cause never undertaken by our forefathers. Our goal must be attained. Our goal can certainly be attained.**" These

sublime statements expressed the common aspirations of China's hundreds of millions of people and inspired us to struggle to achieve communism.

The film ends with a red sun rising over the sea and irradiating the earth with sunlight, symbolizing the brilliance of Mao Tsetung Thought and signifying that Chairman Mao is the red sun in the hearts of hundreds of millions of people.

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Old and Young Study Together (wood-cut)  
by *Wu Kuo-wei* and *Kuo Yen-tse*



## MASS CRITICISM

### Chiang Ching, the Political Pickpocket

For years the anti-Party “gang of four” tried by every means to establish their absolute “authority” and grab political capital in order to usurp the supreme leadership of the Party and state. They claimed that it was Chiang Ching who had “initiated” the revolution in Peking opera and painstakingly “fostered” the eight model revolutionary theatrical productions, and that she was the “heroic standard-bearer of the revolution in literature and art”. This was one of their dirty tricks to net fame and hoodwink the public.

Was Chiang Ching really a “standard-bearer”?

This question has been rightly answered by our revolutionary art and literary workers during the nationwide campaign against the anti-Party clique. In a storm of repudiation, they have proved with incontrovertible facts that she was a political pickpocket who took credit for the achievements of others and shamelessly stole the fruits of the revolution in literature and art.

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This article was written by the Mass Criticism Group of the People's Literature Publishing House.

How did Chiang Ching come to be acclaimed as a "standard-bearer"?

Just as two thousand years ago Confucius who clamoured for a return to the past was extolled by those in power, the careerist and swindler Chiang Ching was boosted up entirely by such revisionists in power as Lin Piao, Chen Po-ta and her three other accomplices. It was a dirty political deal to serve their common purpose of seizing the Party and state power.

A bargain is always a two-way traffic. While Chiang Ching lauded Lin Piao as a "brilliant example" and those revisionists, splittists and conspirators in positions of authority as "representatives of the correct line", they reciprocated by raising her to "stunning heights" with an outpour of fulsome praise. As early as 1966 Lin Piao trumpeted her appearance on the political stage, acclaiming her as "full of ideas" and "very sharp politically and knowledgeable about art". Then other counter-revolutionary revisionists in power followed suit. Chen Po-ta, another political charlatan, brazenly likened Chiang Ching to Dante of the Renaissance and Lu Hsun of the May 4th Movement, asserting that "the heroic standard-bearer is none other than Chiang Ching". Chang Chun-chiao went so far as to allege that "the model revolutionary theatrical works fostered by Chiang Ching herself have opened up a new era in proletarian literature and art". And Yao Wen-yuan raved that Chiang Ching's "leadership" in revolutionizing Peking opera had "set a shining example for the revolution in literature and art". This was how they glorified her and crowned her with the laurel wreath of "standard-bearer".

The claim that the revolution in Peking opera was initiated and led by Chiang Ching was a shameless lie.

The revolution was prepared, started and carried on under the direct guidance of our great leader Chairman Mao. In 1962, at the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee, a session of historic significance, he put forward a comprehensive formulation of the Party's basic line for the entire historical period of socialism and issued the great call "**Never forget class struggle**". In 1963 and 1964, he gave two important instructions concerning literature and art, incisively pointing out that at that time "**the 'dead' still**

**dominated in many**" departments of literature and art controlled by Liu Shao-chi and that "**unless they remould themselves in real earnest, at some future date they are bound to become groups like the Hungarian Petofi Club**". Chairman Mao's great call and wise instructions gave the signal for the start of a large-scale counter-offensive by the proletariat against the bourgeoisie and all exploiting classes and lent a tremendous impetus to the proletarian revolution in literature and art.

Guided by Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, the revolutionary writers and artists broke through the heavy shackles of Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line. They went among the workers, peasants and soldiers and stood in the forefront of the three great revolutionary movements of class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment. By going deep into life, they succeeded in turning out large numbers of creative works reflecting class struggle as well as singing the praises of the masses. The repertoire of the 1964 National Festival of Peking Opera on Modern Themes represented part of their achievements. So it was our great leader Chairman Mao who should be credited with all the victories of the revolution in Peking opera.

But history was shamelessly falsified and distorted by these political swindlers. Now the true facts must be brought out.

What sort of person is Chiang Ching anyway?

She used to be a trumpeter for reactionary art and literature. In the 1930's she followed the renegade Wang Ming's Right capitulationist line and competed with other actresses for roles in "national defence dramas",\* such as *Saichinhua*, a play glorifying a prostitute and traitress. At the same time she bragged of her studies of drama in an article called *From "The Doll's House" to "The Storm"*. Down to the 1960's she remained a fan and eulogist of old Peking operas. In 1964, this zealous advocate of feudal and bourgeois art contrived

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\*At the beginning of 1936 Chou Yang's clique, following Wang Ming's Right capitulationist line, put forward the reactionary slogan of "national defence literature" to counter Lu Hsun's revolutionary slogan of "the mass literature of the national revolutionary war". "National defence dramas" such as *Saichinhua* served the capitulationist line.

to take part in the National Festival of Peking Opera on Modern Themes. There in an effusive speech she demanded, "Where is the conscience of our artists?", having changed overnight into an "opponent" of old operas and a "champion" of the new, so as to seize credit for the operas on modern themes.

Chiang Ching's claim to oppose the old and support the new Peking operas was simply a confidence trick. Had she really hated the old, why should she oppose staging the modern revolutionary opera *Sparks Amid the Reeds*, later re-titled *Shachiapang*? Instead, she made no bones about recommending *Peach Blossom Fan*, an old opera that whitewashes a traitor, and insisted that it be put on. In March 1965, in a letter to a Peking opera actor, Chiang Ching said she had "all along felt very put out" by the exclusion from their repertoire of the feudal opera *Tzutu Haunted*, which deals with ghosts. What was she up to? Again, as late as in 1975 and 1976, when Chiang Ching visited Tachai and Tientsin, why did she listen with such relish to command performances of unhealthy, morbid old Peking operas? Far from being the "initiator" of the revolution in Peking opera, she was a counter-revolutionary double-dealer who knew how to veer with the wind.

The "gang of four" asserted that Chiang Ching's speech *A Talk on the Revolution in Peking Opera* marked the "start" of the revolution in China's proletarian art and literature. This was a blatant falsification of history.

China's proletarian revolution in art and literature was carried out under the guidance of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought. In his glorious *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art* of 1942, Chairman Mao made a comprehensive, scientific resume of the basic experience of the proletarian art and literary movement in China and the world. There he pointed out that the orientation of literature and art must be to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers. This, going to the root of the matter, drew a clear-cut line of demarcation between the literature and art of the proletariat and of all exploiting classes. The proletarian line laid down in the *Talks* is the beacon that has guided us forward in the revolution in literature and art.

The publication of the *Talks* was of epoch-making significance, marking the beginning of a great new era in China's proletarian literature and art guided by Mao Tsetung Thought.

The "gang of four" could not have managed for one day without faking history and spreading rumours and lies. To boost Chiang Ching and give her the title of "standard-bearer", they even trotted out her *A Talk on the Revolution in Peking Opera* to counter Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*. They spread all sorts of preposterous claims alleging that "the proletarian revolution in literature and art began with the revolution in Peking opera", that the decade of the latter was "the pioneering period of proletarian literature and art", that the model revolutionary theatrical works "nurtured" with such care by Chiang Ching had ushered in "a new epoch in socialist literature and art", and so on and so forth. Their intention was clear enough. They implied that up to 1964 there had been no proletarian revolution in literature and art, socialist literature and art had been a blank and that only after Chiang Ching descended like a goddess and delivered that talk of hers did a "pioneering period" and a "new epoch" begin. Chiang Ching thus became the "master-mind" of the proletarian revolution in literature and art and the "saviour" of socialist literature and art, and all achievements in this field should be placed to her credit. What a fantastic, bare-faced distortion of history!

In tampering with history, the "gang of four" wrote off the great significance of Chairman Mao's *Talks*, and drowned the clarion call for the revolution in old operas issued by Chairman Mao in a letter to the Yen-an Peking Opera Theatre in 1944. They negated his series of instructions and comments on questions of literature and art since the founding of the People's Republic of China, and discounted his brilliant poems as well as a number of outstanding works created under the guidance of the *Talks*. Their conspiracies to turn the truth upside-down, their blatant forgeries and tampering with history expose these gangsters' vicious scheme to lord it over the whole land, setting themselves above Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee.

Again, their assertion that the eight model revolutionary theatrical productions were “fostered” by Chiang Ching was intended to glorify her and hoodwink the public.

These model works were produced under Chairman Mao’s direct guidance. Chairman Mao had all along stressed the importance of the proletariat’s revolutionary literature and art. As soon as new operas on modern themes began to appear he welcomed them and affirmed their orientation.

In 1964, after seeing the revolutionary modern ballet *Red Detachment of Women*, Chairman Mao pointed out: **“The orientation is correct, the revolutionization successful and the artistic quality good.”** He encouraged the revolutionary literary and art workers to proceed along this line, keep to this orientation, overcome all difficulties and advance in triumph. He had a very warm place in his heart for the model revolutionary theatrical works, fruits of victory of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. When Chiang Ching tried to sabotage the Peking opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* by changing its title and the hero’s name, Chairman Mao promptly stopped her, thereby ensuring the development of the model revolutionary theatrical productions in the correct direction.

Chairman Mao paid great attention to the improvement of these works and for this purpose he received the literary and art workers concerned and gave many important instructions on a wide range of questions, from the themes to the portrayal of characters and the composition of arias. Take *Shachiapang* for instance. Chairman Mao pointed out: ‘The opera should emphasize its theme of armed struggle, show the elimination of armed counter-revolution by armed revolution, and end up with the entry into the enemy headquarters through a frontal attack; more work should be done to bring out the close relations between the armymen and civilians and improve the images of the heroes and the music for them. The radiance of Mao Tsetung Thought has illuminated the path of development of *Shachiapang* and other model theatrical works.

These achievements resulted also from the efforts of literary and art workers to go deep into and share the life and struggles of the

workers, peasants and soldiers in accordance with Chairman Mao’s teachings, as well as to write and rehearse under the guidance of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought.

As is generally known, the original works from which these model theatrical productions were adapted had all been created before 1964. The three Peking operas *Shachiapang*, *The Red Lantern* and *On the Docks* were adapted respectively from the Shanghai operas *Sparks Amid the Reeds* and *Story of the Red Lantern*, and the *huai* opera *Morning on the Docks*, all works of the early sixties. The revolutionary ballet *Red Detachment of Women* is based on the feature film of the same title produced towards the end of the fifties. The first scripts of the Peking operas *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* and *Raid on the White Tiger Regiment* appeared in 1958, the year of the big leap forward in our national economy, while the modern opera *The White-Linned Girl*, forerunner of the revolutionary ballet of the same name, was one of the first batch of fine works that emerged in the early forties under the guidance of Chairman Mao’s brilliant *Talks*.

All these works of the earlier years provided a foundation for re-writing and improvement. In the course of their adaptation and refinement into model theatrical works, the revolutionary literary and art workers seriously examined the original productions in the light of Mao Tsetung Thought, analysed their strong points and defects, brought out their merits and remedied their shortcomings. They repeatedly studied and improved on every aspect from the theme and the portrayal of the heroes to the music and stage decor, in an endeavour to integrate the revolutionary political content with the best possible artistic form. So these model productions owe much to the intensive study and hard work of the masses of revolutionary literary and art fighters.

To whom the fruits of victory of the revolution in literature and art should belong is crystal-clear. Chiang Ching shamelessly stamped the model works with her own chop and claimed them all as her own. To cover up her theft, she strictly forbade the use of the word “adapted” in referring to these works and damned the originals as “bad plays” or “poisonous weeds”, even subjecting their writers to all sorts of political persecution, like a “highwayman who finishes off

his victim". For a decade or more, a strict ban was imposed on these original works. They were consigned to limbo and any mention of them was forbidden. Those who broke this taboo in any way were branded or dealt blows. Chiang Ching's phobia in this respect exceeded that of Ah Q in Lu Hsun's famous story who so dreaded any mention of the sores which turned his head red that he banned the use of such words as "light" or "bright". Chiang Ching not only forbade any mention of the original works and their adaptation into model operas or ballets, she even forbade any talk about the actual life and struggles of the workers, peasants and soldiers depicted in them. A fighter who had helped to mop up remnant Kuomintang bandits in the Northeast during the War of Liberation happened to relate an actual episode dramatized in *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*. For this, in the press controlled by Yao Wen-yuan, he was charged with the "crime" of "sabotaging the model theatrical works" and labelled "a political swindler".

Our great leader Chairman Mao pointed out: **"Proletarian literature and art are part of the whole proletarian revolutionary cause; they are, as Lenin said, cogs and wheels in the whole revolutionary machine."** But the Wang-Chang-Chiang-Yao anti-Party clique completely disregarded this basic principle. Using the power in their hands and on the pretext of showing "concern" for the revolution in literature and art, they claimed the credit for it, arrogated the model theatrical works to themselves and left no stone unturned to grab political capital for usurping the Party and state power. They used literature and art as a stepping-stone to realize their personal ambitions. They were out-and-out political swindlers.

Our great leader Chairman Mao soon discovered the scheme of the "gang of four" to oppose the Party and seize power. He hit the nail on the head when he said: **"Chiang Ching has wild ambitions."** But instead of repenting and mending her ways, Chiang Ching only stepped up her criminal intrigues. Our beloved and respected new leader Chairman Hua, in conformity with the basic interests and common desire of the whole nation, smashed the anti-

Party clique at one stroke. This was a historic victory. Chiang Ching who masqueraded as a "standard-bearer" has been exposed as a political pickpocket. And the "gang of four" in their ignominious defeat have been shown up as the dregs of humanity.

Now that the "gang of four" is smashed, a hundred flowers will start bursting into blossom. Under the wise leadership of the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Hua Kuo-feng and the brilliant guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, our proletarian literature and art are sure of a still more splendid future.

## An Exposure of Chiang Ching

Chiang Ching, self-styled “standard-bearer of the proletarian revolution in literature and art”, used to rant that “workers, peasants and soldiers should occupy the stage”, and “we must strive to create images of proletarian heroes”. Now the time has come to reveal her attitude to culture during her two visits to Tachai, to show her real low tastes.

In September 1975, Chiang Ching came rampaging to Tachai and shocked the poor and lower-middle peasants by her outrageous behaviour. Assuming the airs of an “empress”, she threw her weight about, picked fault right and left, and treated even our propaganda team as a thorn in her side.

Our team, guided by Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line on literature and art, has stuck to the principle of putting on a variety of small, spare-time and low-cost performances. We have composed and performed a good many lively items with a revolutionary content which are closely geared to the political struggle and the three great revolutionary movements of class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment and which serve to consolidate

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This article was collectively written by the propaganda team of Tachai Brigade.

the proletarian dictatorship. These have won warm support and praise from the masses of the poor and lower-middle peasants. We put on a performance one evening for Chiang Ching, but in less than half an hour she shook her head, frowning and glaring, and threatened to walk out saying that she needed to rest. In this way she upset our programme, forcing us to cut out quite a few good items.

Two days later in Tachai, Chiang Ching asked those artists whom she had brought with her from Peking to sing her arias from old operas in praise of emperors, kings, generals, ministers, scholars and beauties. She also got musicians to play some old compositions, including decadent music. And she was so carried away by this that she kept clapping and calling for encores. What’s more, though she had come for a few days only, she had brought along decadent western films to see as that was the sort of filth she revelled in.

These merciless facts rip through Chiang Ching’s mask of “standard-bearer of the proletarian revolution in literature and art” and expose her ugly features contorted with hatred for proletarian literature and art. She cannot bear the literature and art we poor and lower-middle peasants love but treasures the feudal-bourgeois-revisionist rubbish which to us is anathema. Far from being a “standard-bearer” she is an out-and-out executioner of proletarian literature and art, a trumpeter of feudal, bourgeois and revisionist wares, a witch trying to resurrect zombies both Chinese and foreign.

More vicious still was Chiang Ching’s second visit to Tachai last September when our great leader Chairman Mao was dangerously ill. She stormed here then in a vain attempt to crush Tachai and hack down our red banner, so as to enable her “gang of four” to usurp Party and state power. One day when we sang *The East Is Red* up on Tiger-head Hill, Chiang Ching flew into a fury. “Why keep singing that song?” she fumed. “I’m sick of it!” *The East Is Red* is one of the songs the revolutionary people of China and the world love best. It’s among the most stirring music of our time. Whenever we hear it we seem to see our great leader Chairman Mao’s towering figure and kindly smile, and warmth and strength surge through our veins. But this Chiang Ching who proclaimed herself the “standard-bearer of the proletarian revolution in literature and

art" and a "student" of Chairman Mao is "sick of" *The East Is Red!* This not only makes it clear that she detests proletarian revolutionary literature and art and has no feeling for Chairman Mao, but also shows her up as a bourgeois conspirator and careerist.

Tachai Brigade is a red banner set up by our great leader Chairman Mao, which can never be hacked down by the criminal axe of the "gang of four". And our propaganda team, formed under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art and matured in stormy struggles, was not intimidated by the big club brandished by Chiang Ching! With Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art as our guide and the support of the poor and lower-middle peasants we have firmly occupied the stage of proletarian literature and art. The plot of the "gang of four" to corrupt us with feudal, bourgeois and revisionist literature and art was only an empty dream!

## CHRONICLE

### Two Photograph Exhibitions Opened in Peking

A photograph exhibition "Chairman Mao Will Live For Ever in Our Hearts" and another displaying art photographs from all over China opened in Peking in December 1976.

The first exhibition showed 229 photographs covering the life of our great leader and teacher Chairman Mao, the mourning of his death by the people of Peking and other parts of the country, the cornerstone-laying ceremony for the Chairman Mao Memorial Hall, and the activities organized by the people of all nationalities throughout the country to express their determination to carry out Chairman Mao's behests and turn their grief into strength.

The colour photographs of Chairman Mao, produced by the dye transfer process, showed vividly how he dedicated his life to the Chinese revolution and the world revolution, and recorded his activities in various historical periods.

On display were also pictures of Chairman Mao taken together with Premier Chou, with Chairman Chu Teh of the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress and with Comrade Hua Kuo-feng and other leading comrades in the Party Central Committee.

It was not until the plot of Wang Hung-wen, Chang Chun-chiao, Chiang Ching and Yao Wen-yuan to usurp the Party and state power had been smashed that under the care of the Party Central Committee

headed by Chairman Hua these invaluable photographs could be shown publicly.

The other exhibition consisted of over 390 black and white and colour pictures from all over China. Many of them graphically illustrated the Chinese people's jubilation at the news that Chairman Hua had become the leader of the Chinese Communist Party and triumphed over the "gang of four". Other photographs expressed our people's determination to fight for socialism or showed the newly-transformed mountains and rivers of our lovely motherland.

### An Exhibition of Hunan Ceramics

An exhibition of pottery and porcelain from Hunan Province opened in Peking in December 1976. The great number of charts and pictures and more than 2,500 ceramic exhibits in over 800 different designs reflected the new achievements of Hunan's ceramic industry.

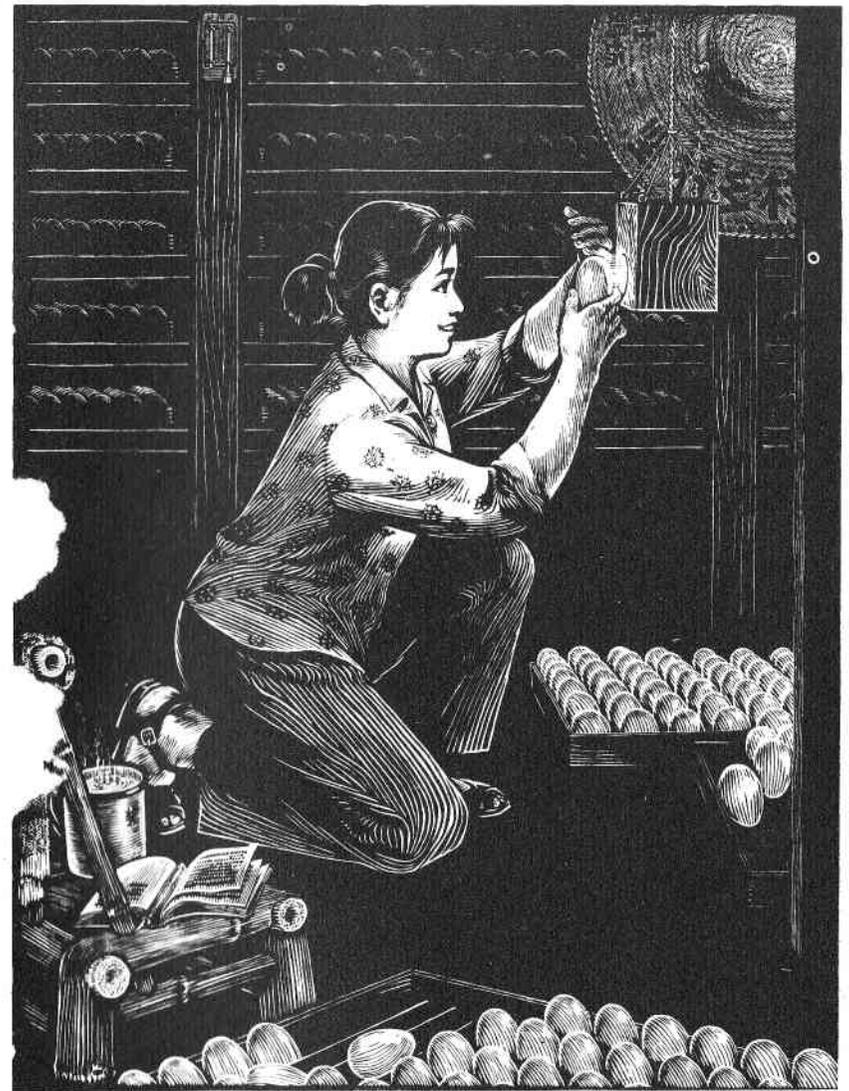
The ceramic industry in Hunan has a history of more than 1,000 years. Shortly before Liberation it had declined, owing to the reactionary rule of the Kuomintang; but after Liberation, guided by the revolutionary line of Chairman Mao and thanks to the concern of Comrade Hua Kuo-feng when he worked in Hunan, this old industry took on a new lease of life. The potters have introduced a number of new designs and also turned out many more traditional products with a strong local colour.

On display at the exhibition were a set of large porcelain slabs with coloured representations of the people's rejoicing over Comrade Hua Kuo-feng's appointment as Chairman of the Party Central Committee and of its Military Commission, their determination to carry out Chairman Mao's behests and carry the revolution through to the end and their resolve to destroy the Wang-Chang-Chiang-Yao anti-Party clique.

The exhibits also showed that after earnestly studying Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yen'an Forum on Literature and Art* and learning from the experiences of revolutionaries, the ceramic workers have

successfully created many heroic images of workers, peasants and soldiers such as the porcelain figures of Lei Feng, Ouyang Hai and Lo Sheng-chiao. They have also depicted memorable places in Hunan where Chairman Mao lived and worked on large porcelain plaques mounted for screens. The new phenomena and growing prosperity of our socialist revolution and construction were also presented from various angles in such exhibits as *Before Going to College*, *Our Good Doctor*, *A Hundred Flowers Blossom* and others.

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We'll Have More Chickens Tomorrow (woodcut)

by Liang Li-kuo



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