

OSIA

CHINESE LITERATURE



In this issue:
The Pioneers (part I) -- a film scenario

1977 **1**

CONTENTS

A Brilliant Historic Document — <i>Jen Ping</i>	3
The Pioneers (a film scenario)	9
POEMS	
Smash the "Gang of Four" — <i>Kuo Mo-jo</i>	64
A Grand Festival for All Revolutionaries — <i>Kuang Wei-jan</i>	66
Chairman Hua in His Green Army Uniform — <i>Yu Kuang-lieh</i>	71
Chairman Hua Leads Us Forward Triumphantly — <i>Shih Hsiang</i>	75
LU HSUN'S WRITINGS	
The International Settlement in March — <i>Lu Hsun</i>	83
An Out-and-Out Old-Time Capitulationist — <i>Jen Ping</i>	89
LITERARY CRITICISM	
A Grave Struggle Around the Film "The Pioneers" — <i>Tu Shu-ying</i> , <i>Chu Ping</i> and <i>Yang Chih-chieh</i>	94
CHRONICLE	105
PLATES	
From "The Pioneers"	24-25
Front Cover: Spring Comes Early to the Commune — <i>Han Cheng-lin</i>	



The Great Leader and Teacher Chairman Mao Tsetung



Chairman Hua Kuo-feng

Chairman Mao's Directive Concerning the Film "The Pioneers"

There is no big error in this film. Suggest that it be approved for distribution. Don't nitpick. And to list as many as ten accusations against it is going too far. It hampers the adjustment of the Party's current policy on literature and art.

A Brilliant Historic Document

The brilliant directive written by the great leader and teacher Chairman Mao on July 25, 1975 concerning the film *The Pioneers* is still another brilliant historic Marxist document following the two directives on literature and art* which he wrote on December 12, 1963 and on June 27, 1964. A component of the series of important directives issued by Chairman Mao exposing the betrayal of the proletarian revolutionary line by the anti-Party “gang of four”, this directive is of epoch-making historical significance and immediate importance.

Chairman Mao wrote this brilliant directive at a time when the anti-Party “gang of four” was launching frenzied attacks on his proletarian

*In these two directives Chairman Mao sharply criticized the literary and art circles, which were dominated by Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line at that time, for spreading feudal, capitalist and revisionist poison. He pointed out that problems abounded in all forms of art such as the drama, ballads, music, the fine arts, the dance, the cinema, poetry and literature, and the people involved were numerous; in many departments very little had been achieved so far in socialist transformation, and that the social and economic base had changed, but the arts as part of the superstructure, which serve this base, still remained a serious problem.

revolutionary line. With great vision and penetrating insight, Chairman Mao wrote this extremely important directive concerning *The Pioneers* which said: **“There is no big error in this film. Suggest that it be approved for distribution. Don’t nitpick. And to list as many as ten accusations against it is going too far. It hampers the adjustment of the Party’s current policy on literature and art.”** Chairman Mao’s directive profoundly summed up the acute struggle between the two lines on the literary and art front, sharply exposed the criminal activities of the anti-Party “gang of four” in distorting and negating Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line on literature and art, sabotaging the proletarian revolution in literature and art and pushing the counter-revolutionary revisionist line on literature and art, and it once again pointed out the way forward for socialist literature and art to develop and flourish.

The Pioneers is a good colour feature film produced under the guidance of Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line on literature and art. It warmly praises invincible Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought and the great victories of Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line. Firmly taking class struggle as the key link and employing the method of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism in literary and art creations, it depicts the heroic images of China’s oil workers armed with Mao Tsetung Thought in the course of struggle and sings the praises of the Taching Oilfield, a red banner put up by Chairman Mao himself. Although it has some shortcomings, the film has revolutionary political content and stirring artistic impact, and it has been warmly received by workers, peasants and soldiers across the country since it was released. But a good film like this, which the worker-peasant-soldier masses appreciate, was regarded by the anti-Party “gang of four” as a thorn in their side.

A bourgeois careerist who shamelessly styled herself a “standard-bearer of the revolution in literature and art”, Chiang Ching was the first to step forward crying that the film had “serious errors, both politically and artistically”. At her instigation and under her direction, her cohorts concocted what they described as “ten major accusations” and launched a frantic counter-revolutionary “encirclement and suppression” campaign against the film and its producers in an

attempt to finish it off for good. The other members of the “gang of four” promptly went into action, withholding or attacking Chairman Mao’s directive. The struggle which unfolded around *The Pioneers* was by no means limited to an evaluation of a film, but was an acute struggle between Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line on literature and art and the counter-revolutionary revisionist line on literature and art pushed by the “gang of four”; and it was a life-and-death struggle between the two classes and the two lines on the political and ideological front.

Chairman Mao clearly pointed out in his directive that **“there is no big error in this film”** and criticized the “gang of four” for **“nitpicking”** and **“listing as many as ten accusations against it”**, which **“is going too far”**. This was the warm support and encouragement Chairman Mao gave to proletarian revolutionary literature and art and was a heavy blow to the “gang of four” who frenziedly tried to suppress proletarian revolutionary literature and art. To realize their criminal aim of usurping Party and state power, subverting the dictatorship of the proletariat and restoring capitalism, the “gang of four” for years used literature and art as a hotbed of preparations for capitalist restoration. Trying to seize for themselves the tremendous achievements of the revolution in literature and art gained under the direct leadership of Chairman Mao, they made the model revolutionary theatrical works their personal capital and used them as monuments to themselves to create counter-revolutionary public opinion for usurping Party and state power. They energetically engaged in sectarianism in literary and art circles, forming a coterie to pursue their own selfish interests and fostering their cohorts in a vain attempt to turn literary and art circles into their “gang-ruled domain”. They split the ranks of literary and art workers, removed those who disagreed with them, letting those who complied with them thrive and those who resisted them perish. They strangled at will the revolutionary literary and art works which the worker-peasant-soldier masses like. What they enforced in literary and art circles was an out-and-out bourgeois dictatorship, a fascist dictatorship. These bourgeois conspirators and careerists who styled themselves “standard-bearers of the literary and art revolution” and “Marxist

theorists on literature and art" actually were like those people whom Lu Hsun bitterly denounced long ago as "tyrants who hoist a banner as the tiger's skin to wrap themselves in it and intimidate others, who, at the slightest provocation, abuse their power (!) to pass verdicts on others, and very terrifying verdicts at that". They fabricated rumours and trumped up charges against a large number of revolutionary literary and art workers and suppressed *The Pioneers* and a great number of other good or fairly good literary and art works which were created through painstaking efforts in carrying out Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art. In so doing, they directed their spearhead at Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line in this field. If their plot had succeeded, the achievements of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and the revolution in literature and art would have been completely lost and the whole of China would have changed its political colour.

Chairman Mao also sharply pointed out in his directive that what the "gang of four" had done "**hampers the adjustment of the Party's current policy on literature and art**". This penetratingly exposed their ugly features in opposing Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and policies on literature and art.

For a long time, the "gang of four" had all along refused to carry out the line, principles and policies on proletarian literature and art — a whole series of them — which Chairman Mao formulated for our Party, wantonly tampered with them and unscrupulously trampled on them. They opposed the correct orientation indicated by Chairman Mao that literature and art must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, prevented literary and art workers from taking the road of integration with the workers, peasants and soldiers and nursed great hatred against Chairman Mao's principle "**Let a hundred flowers blossom, let a hundred schools of thought contend**". They brazenly negated the six political criteria* which Chairman Mao had

*Referring to the political criteria for distinguishing fragrant flowers from poisonous weeds as set forth by Chairman Mao in his brilliant work *On the Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People*. The criteria are as follows:

(1) Words and actions should help to unite, and not divide, the people of our various nationalities. (2) They should be beneficial, and not harmful, to socialist transformation and socialist construction. (3) They should help to consolidate

set forth for distinguishing fragrant flowers from poisonous weeds and went their own way in setting other criteria, waving "red flags" to oppose the red flag and putting themselves above Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee. Even after Chairman Mao wrote this important directive, they continued to use the tactics of complying in public while opposing in private, put up a stubborn resistance, did everything possible to prevent Chairman Mao's directive from being known, wantonly distorted it and even quoted it out of context, claiming that if there were no big errors, there were medium and small ones. All this was a wild counterattack against Chairman Mao's directive. Going from bad to worse, they resorted to persecution, retaliation and vengeful counterattacks against revolutionary literature and art and the revolutionary literary and art workers, and they did not in the least heed what Chairman Mao had said. Such despicable actions thoroughly revealed their true colours as counter-revolutionaries who betrayed Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought, practised revisionism and splittism and engaged in conspiracies.

Chairman Mao's brilliant directive has stripped Wang, Chang, Chiang, Yao and company of their disguises and revealed them as sham Marxists. It has enabled us to see clearly that the "gang of four" are typical representatives of the bourgeoisie inside the Party who oppose Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art, the chief culprits in undermining Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art, the Party's policy on literature and art and the proletarian revolution in literature and art, and are out-and-out unrepentant capitalist-roaders still taking the capitalist road.

But the wings of a crow cannot blot out the radiance of the sun. The truth can never be withheld from the masses. In carrying out

and not undermine or weaken, the people's democratic dictatorship. (4) They should help to consolidate, and not undermine or weaken, democratic centralism. (5) They should help to strengthen, and not discard or weaken, the leadership of the Communist Party. (6) They should be beneficial, and not harmful, to international socialist unity and the unity of the peace-loving people of the world.

Of these six criteria, the most important are the socialist path and the leadership of the Party.

Chairman Mao's behests, the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Hua adopted firm and decisive measures to dig out the "gang of four" that had harmed the country and the people, and smashed their criminal plot to usurp Party and state power. This is really to the great joy of the people.

Chairman Mao's important directive on the film *The Pioneers* is our most powerful ideological weapon in the current criticism of the counter-revolutionary revisionist line on literature and art pushed by the anti-Party "gang of four". We must study this brilliant document conscientiously and deeply recognize its great immediate importance and far-reaching historical significance. We must use this brilliant directive of Chairman Mao's as our sharp weapon to thoroughly criticize the counter-revolutionary revisionist line of the "gang of four" and settle accounts with them for their towering crimes of opposing the great leader Chairman Mao and his revolutionary line. We must rally round the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Hua, persist in taking class struggle as the key link, adhere to the Party's basic line, persevere in continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat and strive to create more and better works of proletarian literature and art that serve the workers, peasants and soldiers and are welcomed by them. We must fight to usher in a bright spring in which a hundred flowers of socialist literature and art blossom, so that revolutionary literature and art will play a still bigger role in the great struggle to combat and prevent revisionism, consolidate and strengthen the dictatorship of the proletariat and promote the socialist revolution and construction.

The radiance of Chairman Mao's directive will shine for ever!

The film *The Pioneers* presented below has been warmly acclaimed by the revolutionary people of our country since its release in the spring of 1975. And our great leader Chairman Mao wrote an extremely important directive concerning it. But the anti-Party clique, the "gang of four", openly opposed Chairman Mao's directive and brought many accusations against the film in an attempt to strangle it. This was one of their many criminal attempts to oppose Mao Tsetung Thought. To make Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art more widely known and to expose the crimes of the "gang of four", in this and our next issue we are presenting the scenario of *The Pioneers* and some articles describing the struggles over it.

— The Editors

The Pioneers

Produced collectively by "The Pioneers" Team of Taching Oilfield and Changchun Film Studio

Scenarist: Chang Tien-min

1

The Camel-Driver

Early autumn, 1949.

The snowy peaks of the Chilian Mountains stretch to the horizon. Clouds gather, driven by the wind. Camel bells tinkle.

A caravan of camels approaches slowly over the desert. It is one of the transport teams of Yuming Oilfield.

The caravan crosses an immense stretch of sand-dunes, leaving a long trail of imprints in the sand.



The oil worker leading the caravan is twenty-three. Wearing a tattered sheepskin coat and an old towel round his shaggy hair, he gazes thoughtfully with flashing eyes at the smoke-shrouded oilfield below the distant mountains. This youngster is called Ten-pounder.

Ten-pounder trudges along, his patched boots crunching heavily over the pebbles of the desert studded with greyish green weeds.

A guard in a black uniform and peaked cap is escorting the caravan. The rifle slung over his shoulder is upside-down and he is pouring with sweat. He uncorks his canteen and greedily gulps some water.

Ten-pounder and his caravan advance over the arid desert.

A siren sounds suddenly, like the howl of a wolf. Ten-pounder halts to stare in that direction.

A black armoured prison-van is leaving the oilfield, raising clouds of dust. The faces of some arrested workers can be seen through the barred window. The first to catch his eye is that of Feng Chao, a clerk of about thirty in the supply station. In his old student's uniform, his hair tousled, his hands handcuffed, he darts a look of fear and helplessness at Ten-pounder.

The prison-van speeds past. Ten-pounder's heart sinks.

Crack! Ten-pounder starts, slashed from behind by the guard's whip. His tattered sheepskin is split open and blood wells from his shoulder. Pressing one hand to his wound the youngster whirls round.

Eyes blazing with anger.

The fury flaming in his eyes makes the shifty guard shrink back, as the two of them are alone there.

Ten-pounder fumbles in his inner pocket and suddenly remembers that there, next to his heart, he has the *Proclamation of the Chinese People's Liberation Army* which he secretly took down from a wall in a small town, meaning to bring it back to the oilfield to show his down-trodden mates. He suppresses his rage to avoid a clash with the guard. Tugging at the rein he leads the caravan on.

The pitch-dark valley is hemmed in by black towering precipices which cast giant shadows on the gate with its sign "Yuming Oilfield". Inside and outside the gate stand two guards in black uniforms with loaded guns.

The camel caravan approaches.

The guard escorting the caravan shows the sentries his pass and offers them cigarettes.

Ten-pounder's caravan is let through the gate.

By the caves in the cliffs sit women who have come to visit their husbands and sons and are sheltering as best they can from the wind. Some have already waited here for several days. Aunt Chou, Ten-pounder's mother, catches sight of him and scrambles up, waving to him. Crying "Ten-pounder!" she runs towards the gate.

At the sound of her voice Ten-pounder looks around and shouts delightedly, "Mum!" He tosses away the rein, meaning to rush out to greet her.

The guards bar his way. "Are you crazy? Get back. You're not allowed out."

Ten-pounder turns and runs to the wire fence. Grasping the barbed-wire he gazes at his mother.

Guards shove Aunt Chou away. She staggers back, her eyes on her son, forced to turn back again into the vast desert.

With a sudden honking of horns, trucks crammed with luggage and baskets drive out from the oilfield—the Kuomintang are beginning to pull out. They yell at the cart in front to get out of the way. On the cart lie seven or eight corpses covered with matting from which protrude black naked feet. Ten-pounder sees that more of his mates have been killed. As this cartload of corpses emerges from the gate, the women waiting in the desert rush forward. Some, finding their husbands there, wail: “Let me take one last look!” “What’ll I do?” “My child’s dad! . . .” They run after the cart. The whips of the guards driving it lash down on their heads and shoulders.

In anguish Ten-pounder grips the barbed-wire so hard that blood drips from his cut palms. . . .

A Well Erupts

Dusk. The dull wail of the end-of-shift siren reverberates through the valley.

Child labourers and old workers file down the winding path at the foot of a cliff carrying the last load of crude oil. They are exhausted after a day’s hard work. The foremen are whipping them forward.

Foreman A: “Hurry up. Go and take off your clothes.”

Foreman B: “Get a move on. Don’t dawdle!”

Old Fan in a tattered felt hat helps fourteen-year-old Yu-wa up the hill.

Dark precipices tower over rows of small smoke-blackened caves.

Inside one of these caves, a torn matting over its entrance, it is pitch dark.

Deep within the cliff someone is speaking: “. . . Today they dragged off Feng Chao of the supply station and some others. I hear they’re going to blow up the oilfield. When things look really black. . . .” A match is struck to light the oil lamp hollowed out of

a piece of rock. The red light in the cave is wreathed with black smoke. The speaker continues, “The dawn is coming!”

The speaker, Old Chou, is Ten-pounder’s father, a powerfully built man in his prime. Ten-pounder and fourteen-year-old Yu-wa listen intently.

Ten-pounder suddenly remembers the proclamation which he risked his neck to bring back. He takes it from his inner pocket and hands it to his father.

Old Chou takes the paper and reads it.

The *Proclamation of the Chinese People’s Liberation Army* signed by Chairman Mao is spread out under the red glow of the lamp.

Old Chou sees the paste on the back and the signs of tearing. He asks his son fondly, “Did you tear this down from a wall?”

Ten-pounder nods.

Old Chou: “Good lad!”

Yu-wa, puzzled: “Uncle Chou, what is it?”

Old Chou’s eyes gleam. “An order, sonny, from our People’s Liberation Army and Chairman Mao.”



Thus reminded, Yu-wa says, "Uncle Chou, I heard today that a PLA man had come here."

Ten-pounder gives a start.

Yu-wa turns to him. "It's true. He came while you were away. . . ."

Old Chou glances at Yu-wa and warns him, "Mind you don't go telling everyone, Yu-wa. We must protect him with our lives!" He folds up the proclamation and tells Ten-pounder, "This will come in useful, son. I'll pass it straight on to *him*." He stresses the word "him", although so far no one else knows who he means.

As Old Chou pockets the proclamation, at the mouth of the cave someone shouts, "Hand in your clothes!" The matting is thrust aside by a whip and in stride two foremen, one tall and one short.

The foreman holding the whip: "Strip, and look sharp about it!"

The other foreman leaning on a brass rod: "What are you stalling for?"

Normally, the bosses confiscate the workers' clothes after every shift for fear they may run away. The last few days, however, they have been too busy worrying about escaping themselves to see to this. Hence Yu-wa asks, "You haven't taken them for days. What's up now?"

Old Chou: "Who'd want to run away at a time like this?"

The foreman with the rod blurts out, "Be a damned good thing if you did all run away. But you're not allowed to leave."

The foreman with the whip: "Don't waste time on them. Hurry, strip!"

Ten-pounder senses something fishy and glances at his father, who is thinking over this new development. "Ah," he says to the foreman, "so something's cooking tonight, eh?"

At this moment fearful shouts can be heard outside.

Old Chou, taken aback, listens carefully then cries, "A blow-out!"

The foreman with the whip swears at his companion, "Hell, we haven't got all their clothes yet."

Old Chou understands their plot now. "You swine! So you want to destroy the oilfield!" He seizes one foreman by the throat and Ten-pounder grabs hold of the other.

Foremen: "Hey, Old Chou! Trying to start a riot?"

Keeping hold of his man Old Chou calls, "Ten-pounder, take these clothes back to our mates. Call them out to stop the blow-out and protect the oilfield!"

Ten-pounder hurls the other foreman to the ground, then dashes out. Old Chou shoves the first foreman away and runs out too. Yu-wa follows them.

The foreman with the whip scrambles to his feet yelling, "Quick, don't let them get away!"

An oil well. Gas, oil and water are gushing out together to form a black geyser dozens of metres high, around it a sea of oil.

Kuomintang troops, foremen and guards have surrounded the place, their guns drawn to prevent anyone from getting near it.

The workers battle with the enemy. Old Chou appears on the scene. He leads his mates to charge through the cordon.

The workers use shovels and crow-bars to battle with the guards and Kuomintang troops.

Old Chou and others fight their way to the well. Seeing Ten-pounder and Yu-wa, Old Chou tells them, "Dig an oil pond, quick. Not a drop of oil must be wasted!" Ten-pounder and Yu-wa turn and run down the slope to do this.

"Follow me!" Old Chou beckons and rushes towards the well.

Workers who have only just arrived are still struggling with the guards, forcing them to retreat in disorder. The loutish captain shrieks, "Halt or I'll fire!" The workers pay no attention and charge on.

Old Chou directs the workers to seal the well. Old Fan hurrying up sees that the electric lights on the derrick are still on, swaying violently to and fro in the blast. He shouts, "Old Chou! All this gas — if a bulb breaks there will be one hell of a fire!"

Old Chou thinks for a second, then races to the power-house.

The power-house. Old Chou runs in and switches off the current.

The lights on the derrick go out, plunging the place in darkness. Men's shouts are drowned by the deafening roar of the geyser. The workers try desperately to seal the well.

The Kuomintang Party secretary hurries to the oilfield. Seeing what the workers are doing, he flares up and slaps the captain of the guards in the face. "Damn you! Why didn't you shoot?"

Holding his cheek the captain replies, "We're afraid of starting a fire."

The secretary's eyes gleam viciously. "Idiots! You've mucked up our American adviser's whole plan. Go and turn on the main switch. Set the whole place on fire. We mustn't leave anything for the Reds."

The manager of the oilfield accompanying him says, "Mr. Secretary, the workers are out to make trouble. You must think of some way to cope."

The other gives a sinister smile.

The captain of the guards draws his revolver and runs towards the well.

Before the power-house.

Old Chou stands staunchly, a spanner in his hand, and roars at the guards who have come to switch on the light, "Don't you dare touch the switch!"

The captain raises his revolver and yells back, "Get away from here or I'll shoot!"

Old Chou with his spanner fearlessly bars the way.

Some distance from the well, a plain-clothes agent in western clothes runs up to the Kuomintang secretary and hands him a folder containing a renegade's confession. In a confidential whisper he reports, "Mr. Secretary, important information! Old Chou has something to do with that Communist."

The secretary rolls his eyes. "Old Chou?"

The manager: "Right! Arrest him at once!"

Agent: "Nab Old Chou and we'll be able to nab that Red."

The Kuomintang secretary thinks this over, then orders, "Come on!"

The Kuomintang secretary runs ahead of the others towards the power-house just as the captain aims his revolver at Old Chou. Still running the secretary shouts, "Don't shoot! We want him alive!"

That same instant the captain fires. With a roar the natural gas drifting over the well turns into blazing fire. The derrick flames like a torch.

The Kuomintang secretary curses the captain, "Hell! Why did you shoot?"

The captain mumbles some excuse.

Old Chou although shot stands intrepidly holding his spanner.

The infuriated workers surge towards the guards, sweeping them aside like an irresistible tide.

Old Chou, his resolute face lit up by the flames, stands his ground like a bronze statue.

Beside the stream of oil, Ten-pounder and Yu-wa are digging a pond when they hear the shot and see the conflagration. They ditch their shovels and race towards the well.

Old Fan and others carry Old Chou towards them away from the sea of fire.

Ten-pounder rushes to his father's side.

Yu-wa and others call: "Uncle Chou!" "Old Chou!" "Master Chou!"

Old Chou leaning back against a worker's chest opens his eyes and sees Ten-pounder. He takes from his pocket a red arm-band with the words "Oilfield Protection Corps". It has a bullet-hole in it and is soaked with blood. He stuffs it inside his son's jacket.

Ten-pounder feels something sticky against his skin but does not know what it is. When he pulls out one corner of the blood-stained arm-band, his father's big hand clamps down on it. Old Chou looks alertly round.

By the well all is clamour and confusion. The roar of the escaping oil is deafening. People's shadows flicker in the flames. A few workers whose clothes are burning dash off. The Kuomintang secretary and his men retreat helter-skelter.

Old Chou's big hand slips down limply from Ten-pounder's chest. . . .

This rebellious slave in the desert, one of China's first generation of oil workers and a new Party member, dies a heroic death.

The red-hot steel derrick crashes down. The spouting well roars, the fire blazes, the siren hoots — a solemn requiem for him.

The eyes of the young slave Ten-pounder dilate with rage and grief. Tears the size of peas course silently down his cheeks.

The Dawn Is Coming

The same small cave at the foot of the mountain.

The ground is strewn with straw. There are three pillows made of bundles of weeds but now only Ten-pounder and Yu-wa are left to sleep here.

Young Yu-wa is sobbing. This orphan without even a surname has lived with Old Chou ever since he came to the oilfield. To him, Old Chou was a father, Ten-pounder an elder brother. Now only the two of them are left.

In desperation Yu-wa angrily wipes his streaming eyes with clenched fists then snatches up a crow-bar and without a word rushes out.

Ten-pounder, startled, watches him leave. Where is he going? Surely to take revenge! What should *he* do? He remembers his father's last gift to him and pulls out the red arm-band.

The blood-stained arm-band tells him, "Protect the oilfield!" He tucks it away and rushes out.

Before dawn. The hills around the oilfield are inky black.

On the cliff, Yuming Villa where the American adviser lives and which houses the office of Yuming Oilfield is brightly lit.

Dark figures surge along the winding path up the hill. Workers carrying torches, spanners, crow-bars, clubs and axes are hastening to avenge Old Chou.

Yu-wa and Old Fan lead the way.

This angry torrent rushes forward.

A fiery, bloody battle is imminent.

Who can stem this torrent?

"Stop!" A thunderous cry reverberates through the valley.

The marchers stop and look up in amazement.

Ten-pounder who has taken a short-cut steps down towards them, both arms flung out to bar the narrow path.

The workers exchange surprised comments and remonstrate angrily.

Yu-wa: "We're going to avenge Uncle Chou!"

Others shout: "Revenge!" "Out of our way!" "Let us pass!"

Ten-pounder wonders how to persuade them to turn back. He whips out the red arm-band and with both hands holds it high over his head.

Torches light up the arm-band "Oilfield Protection Corps" and the bullet-hole in it.

They must organize themselves to protect the oilfield, not strike out blindly. The workers quiet down. Old Fan puts down his big spanner, thinking hard.

Yu-wa: "What shall we do, Uncle Fan?"

Old Fan, his head lowered, is at a loss for an answer.

Blazing torches form a line like a fiery dragon sprawled across the hillside. More people surge up from below, crowding closer together, all talking at the same time. What is the best course to take?

Suddenly behind Ten-pounder a booming voice rings out: "Fellow-workers! We'll do what Old Chou told us to!"

All are stunned by this cry. Ten-pounder turns round to look.

A man of about thirty is standing there in homespun trousers and jacket and an old worker's cap. He has a square face, thick black eyebrows and brilliant eyes shining with intelligence. This is Hua Cheng, political commissar of a PLA regiment. He has now been sent by the Party to come ahead of the troops to the oilfield and organize the workers to protect it until the arrival of the People's Liberation Army.

Ten-pounder, Old Fan and Yu-wa stare at him, dumbfounded.

Hua Cheng sees the arm-band in Ten-pounder's hand. He knew the owner of this arm-band, now killed. He reaches out to take and examine it but Ten-pounder, on his guard, thrusts the arm-band behind his back and stares suspiciously at the newcomer.

Instead of growing angry Hua Cheng smiles fondly.

Ten-pounder is used to coldness and contempt. This is the first time in his life that a stranger has looked at him with a friendly smile.

Hua sizes him up shrewdly. "If I'm not mistaken you must be Ten-pounder." He adds approvingly, "You did right."

What does this mean? Ten-pounder grows more puzzled.

Old Fan demands loudly, "Who are you?"

Hua Cheng: "I've come to work here under someone else's name."

This answer helps bridge the gap between him and the workers. For every day in the oilfield some workers lose their lives, but instead of reporting it the foremen embezzle their pay; and when they take on new workers they do so under the names of those already dead.

By way of identification Hua Cheng takes a folded notice from his pocket. He unfolds it and they see that it is the *Proclamation of the Chinese People's Liberation Army*. Ten-pounder and Yu-wa remember Old Chou saying, "I must take this straight to *him*." So now they understand who this stranger is. Ten-pounder's eyes blaze with excitement.

Young Yu-wa exclaims, "The PLA man sent by Chairman Mao!"

"PLA man?"

"PLA man!"

Those near by surge forward to crowd around Hua Cheng.

Hua Cheng throws out his arms and cries with feeling, "Chairman Mao is concerned about you oil workers in the desert! The future of China's oil industry depends on you!"

Ten-pounder looks at the crowd, then at Hua Cheng. His eyes gleam. All of a sudden he seems younger and more handsome. The red glow from the torches irradiates his body and face.

Hua Cheng pauses for a moment, staring at brightly lit Yuming Villa on the top of the cliff. Then he continues, "It's we slaves who created this oilfield, but those beasts and vipers have sucked our blood dry. To get our own back we must organize and wipe them out. Then the whole country will belong to us working people. We shall be the masters of the new world!"

Ten-pounder smiles elatedly. He can follow such talk easily for the same ideas have occurred to him before, only not as clearly and well expressed as now by Hua Cheng. That brave new world seems to appear before his eyes. He smiles at the prospect.

Hua Cheng continues gravely, "But before they're finished off the enemy want to blow up the oil wells and set the whole field ablaze..."

The workers bellow furiously, "We won't let them!"

Old Fan looks at the burning well and volunteers, "I'll take a crew to put out the fire." He beckons some workers who go off with him.

A youngster: "I'll take some fellows to move the explosives." Other workers start back for the oilfield with him.

An old worker: "We'll go and find the manager."

Hua Cheng turns to him and says, "Good. In the name of the Oilfield Protection Corps, tell the bosses to wait for the takeover. Those who protect the field will be rewarded. Those who damage it or go slow will be punished."

In this way Hua Cheng organizes the workers in accordance with the proclamation signed by Chairman Mao to protect the people's property. Many workers take out the red arm-bands hidden under their jackets and put them on their brawny arms or on the sleeves of their tattered sheepskin coats. Ten-pounder puts on the arm-band stained with his father's blood. As he turns to join some other workers, Hua Cheng stops him.

"Ten-pounder." Hua Cheng hands him the proclamation which he has torn off a wall. "Go to Yuming Villa to see off that foreign 'friend'. Don't let him get away with the geological data or take Engineer Chang with him."

Ten-pounder nods, then goes off with the proclamation.

Angry Eyes

Dawn. Yuming Villa on the top of the cliff.

Ten-pounder pastes the *Proclamation of the Chinese People's Liberation Army* square in the middle of the marble wall of the villa, then turns and looks round.

A spacious sitting-room furnished with a sofa, modern arm-chairs and a magnificent Sinkiang carpet. Against the wall is a cabinet

in which are displayed curios: terracotta figurines, carved Buddhas and bronze tripods.

The American adviser feels it unsafe to remain any longer on this volcano which is about to erupt. He has spent the whole night packing, ready to leave first thing in the morning.

Chang Yi-chih, the oilfield's chief engineer, is a slender intellectual in his thirties. His well-worn clothes are clean and spruce. The adviser has routed him out of bed to urge him to "evacuate" with him. This he refuses to do, but the adviser insists; so he is sitting fiddling disconsolately with a big console radio.

Suddenly we hear the fresh, clear voice of the radio announcer: ". . . Farewell Leighton Stuart!"

Chang's attention is caught and he listens intently.

"It is understandable that the date chosen for the publication of the U.S. White Paper was August 5, a time when Leighton Stuart had departed from Nanking for Washington but had not yet arrived there, since Leighton Stuart is a symbol of the complete defeat of the U.S. policy of aggression. . . ."

The American adviser is taken aback. He looks at Chang Yi-chih, pours out a glass of whisky and comes over slowly to switch off the radio. "Well," he says, "have you made up your mind, Mr. Chang? You'd better come with me."

Chang glances up at the adviser. "No. After graduation from college I came here riding a camel. . . . I want to use my knowledge to help make my country rich and strong."

Ten-pounder has entered the corridor. He stands in the doorway listening.

American adviser: "Do you really think, Mr. Chang, your country can get anywhere? And find new oilfields?" He goes over to his case and pulls out an old American journal dealing with oil. "Listen to this, Chang. 'The chance of discovering oil in southeast China is very remote, and much more so in the southwest; as for northwest China, it has no sizable oilfields, and the northeast and north cannot possibly have rich deposits either. . . .'"

Ten-pounder stands at the door listening.

His eyes blaze with anger.

The American adviser passes this old journal to Chang and continues, "See what a bright future this expert of ours has painted for you!" He laughs scornfully.

Chang looks at him with mixed feelings. The adviser's contempt for China wounds his pride as a patriot, yet he feels unable to refute this "expert" appraisal. He stands there silent, holding the magazine.

The adviser packs some Tang terracotta polychrome horses and small Buddhist carvings, picks up his suitcase and hurries to the door. "Let's go!"

Chang, not moving from his place, switches on the radio again.

The American comes to the front hall. Ten-pounder confronts him there with blazing eyes.

"You! . . ." The adviser recoils. Everything seems haywire today what with Chang refusing to comply with his wishes and now this common coolie bursting into his house to glare at him like this. His civilized veneer cracking, he blusters hysterically, "We'll blockade the Chinese coast and starve you out!" Angrily rapping a can of American Standard Oil with his cane he threatens, "See! Standard Oil! Without Standard Oil your days will be dark!"

Ten-pounder stands his ground, fury in his eyes.

Avoiding his eyes the adviser turns to call Chang, then storms out of the hall.

The broadcast is heard from the sitting-room: **"... We Chinese have backbone. Many who were once liberals or democratic individualists have stood up to the U.S. imperialists and their running dogs, the Kuomintang reactionaries. . . ."**

Chang draws himself up, the old journal in his hand, and walks out.

The adviser is waiting for him in the porch. "Hurry! There's no time to lose!"

Chang, decidedly: "No, I can't go with you!"

The American eyes him helplessly. "All right then, bring me all the geological data."

Chang glances at Ten-pounder and takes courage from the youngster's determined look. He answers, "I can't do that."

The American flares up and threatens them with his cane, but they both stand firm. Then the adviser catches sight of the proclamation on the wall and cranes his neck to read it. "... All foreign nationals must abide by the orders and decrees of the People's Liberation Army and the People's Government..." He reaches out to tear it down. Ten-pounder grabs his hand and shoves him aside, then snatches up a can of Standard Oil and sloshes it over the American.

Dripping from head to foot like a drenched chicken, the adviser drops his case and cane and yelps, "Help! Help!" He dashes towards a black Ford car, then remembers his case and cane and runs back to snatch them up, after which he bolts into the car and drives off at top speed.

Ten-pounder angrily hurls the empty can after the car. It rolls away, clattering.

Still fuming, Ten-pounder turns to seize the old journal from Chang. He tears it to shreds and scatters these on the ground.

Chang protests feebly, "That's a scientific journal..." He stoops to pick up the scraps.

Ten-pounder plants a patched boot on the torn journal.

The sound of the broadcast: "... What matter if we have to face some difficulties? Let them blockade us! ..."

Chang straightens up slowly to listen.

The broadcast continues: "Let them blockade us for eight or ten years! By that time all of China's problems will have been solved. Will the Chinese cower before difficulties when they are not afraid even of death?"

Ten-pounder's handsome young face shines with pride. He stands erect, his big boot clamped on the journal which alleges that China has very little oil.

In the distance gunfire is heard.

Liberated!

The rumble of guns comes closer.

Ten-pounder is on the mountain, running towards the east where dawn is breaking.



Team-leader Chou Ting-shan

The Pioneers



Army representative Hua Cheng encourages Ten-pounder: "Carry on the revolution and follow the Party!"

Chou says: "Let's battle together to capture a big oilfield here."

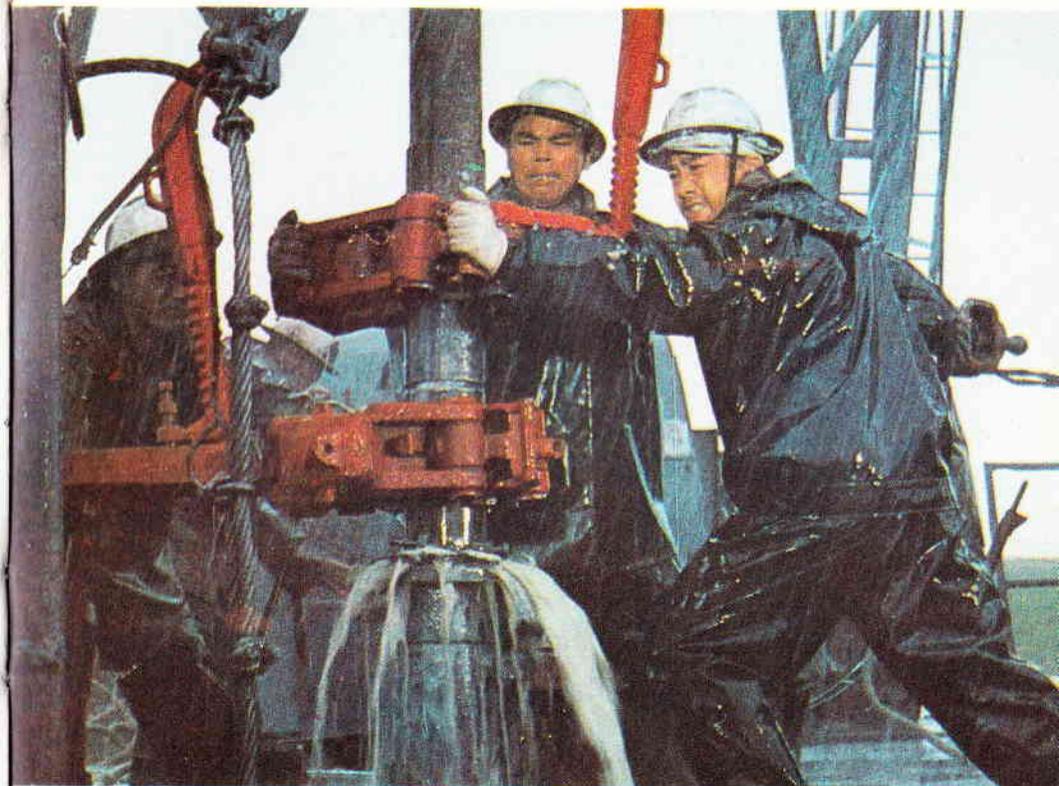


Studying Chairman Mao's works at night

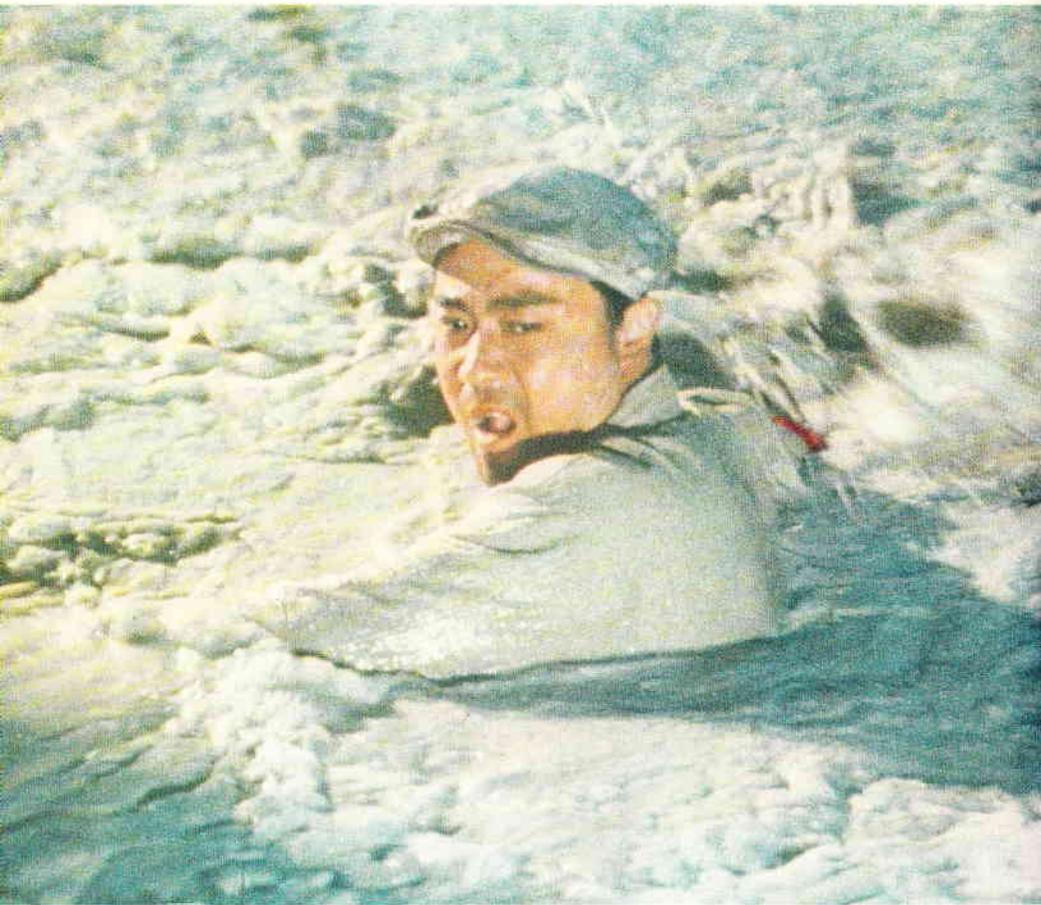


Chou denounces the modern revisionists

Chou exposes Feng Chao's plot at the mass meeting



Chou battles on the drilling platform



Chou jumps into the mud tank to mix the cement

His short sheepskin jacket, flaming red arm-band and expectant face. . . . He is watching from the summit and listening.

In the distance heavy gunfire shakes the earth.

In a pass between the snowy peaks of the Chilian Mountains appears a red dot like a leaping ball of fire. It draws nearer and nearer and proves to be a red flag. With the red flag leading the way, a large contingent of the Chinese People's Liberation Army approaches rapidly.

The hooves of the cavalry raise clouds of dust.

Army trucks trail billowing smoke.

Machine-guns sway on the shoulders of soldiers racing forward.

People with bare feet or patched shoes burst out cheering and surge forward to meet the troops.

Ten-pounder darts forward through the crowd.

Flaming red flag, flaming red arm-bands, flaming red hearts!

The oil workers, long crushed under the three great mountains of imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism, at last see and grip the hands of the worker-peasant forces led by Chairman Mao!

Let our own soldiers taste our desert dates! An old woman holds out a coarse porcelain bowl. Do try one!

Let our own soldiers kiss our little girl's cheek. If you hadn't come, her fate would have been no better than that of her parents.

Ten-pounder catches hold of the first cavalryman he meets, too excited to speak. This soldier, Hsu Kuang-fa, is about his own age and is smiling at him with concern. Having greeted Ten-pounder, he hurries on to rejoin his unit and pursue the Kuomintang troops.

Hua Cheng appears in army uniform, passing unhurriedly through the crowd followed by a young messenger.

A truck stops. The commander of a mechanized regiment alights, top-booted with a pistol at his belt. He hails Hua Cheng and shakes hands cordially with him.

Regimental commander: "Quick work, Old Hua! When did you leave Yenchang Oilfield to come here and take over?"

Hua Cheng: "I've been here for only two months."

The officer says goodbye and goes back to his truck.

A man comes to report to Hua Cheng, "The workers who were arrested have come back."

A path is opened for them through the crowd. Four men just released from the enemy's prison come forward, Feng Chao in the lead. Feng's clothes are torn, his face is cut and bruised. Hua looks at them compassionately and shakes hands with each in turn.

Feng Chao, not recognizing him: "This is. . . ?"

The messenger: "Comrade Hua Cheng, our oilfield's army representative."

Feng introduces himself, "My name's Feng Chao."

Hua Cheng: "You've had a tough time."

Feng looks around and asks anxiously, "Where's Old Chou?"

Hua Cheng: "He was killed. . . ." He is silent for a minute, then raises his penetrating eyes. "But someone has taken over his arm-band."

Ten-pounder standing not far away has his back to them. The bullet-pierced red arm-band gleams on his arm.

Feng glances at Ten-pounder and shivers.

Hua Cheng tells another cadre, "See them to the oilfield." The other man leads these released prisoners away.

Hua Cheng steps over to Ten-pounder and pats his shoulder. "Ten-pounder," he asks fondly, "haven't you got a proper name?"

Yu-wa: "His name is Chou Ting-shan."

Hua Cheng repeats, "Chou Ting-shan?"

Old Fan, with feeling: "Yes, he was given that name twenty-three years ago, but no one's ever used it."

Another one of the poor who was never known by his real name in the old society, thinks Hua Cheng. Tears start to his eyes. Controlling his distress, he looks at the stream of advancing armymen and the jubilant people and says to Ten-pounder, "Comrade Chou Ting-shan, always keep the poor people of the world in mind. Carry on the revolution and follow the Party! We're liberated!"

"Lib . . . er . . . ated," Chou Ting-shan repeats the word slowly. Big tears well up in his eyes. He looks up at the snowy peaks and the surging crowd around him, then at the top of his voice he roars, "Liberated!"

"Liberated!" cry the workers.

"Liberated!" echo the hills and valleys around.

The dark cliff crashes down.

The grim fortress, once so imposing, collapses in ruins.

Who Says China Has No Oil?

A sea of white clouds.

Magnificent mountains and streams.

The drill is roaring, the swivel whirling.

Chou Ting-shan, twenty-four now, takes a vow before the Party flag to be a good Communist.

The swivel whirls.

Chou Ting-shan, now in his early thirties, has become the head of a drilling crew. In an aluminium helmet, drenched in sweat, he is hauling on a cable.

The swivel whirls. Time fleets past.

A new section of Yuming Oilfield. A derrick is erected on a mound.

The drill is roaring. By the mound stands a large placard bearing the slogan: "Fight for a continuous leap forward in 1960!" Under the placard, oil pumps line the stream in the gully.

Chou Ting-shan has his hand on the lever. He is now thirty-four, powerful and vigorous. His resolute eyes are fixed on the meter before him.

In front of rows of drills on the oilfield, Old Fan and Yu-wa are studying a draft plan for technical innovations. Old Fan has changed very little with his long lean face and stern eyes under bushy eyebrows. He is shaking his head disapprovingly over the plan. Yu-wa, a man now, is a driller. Fourteen years of exploitation before Liberation failed to crush him. He is high-spirited and cheerful, impervious to hardship and fatigue.

Yao Yun-lang, one of the technicians, comes along. She is a young woman of twenty-six or seven, radiant with health, dressed in faded overalls and short raw-hide boots. Since graduating from a petrological institute she has worked with this drilling team for six or seven

years and looks more like a worker now than an intellectual. Coming up to Yu-wa and Old Fan, she slaps Yu-wa on the shoulder. "Yu-wa, it'll soon be five thousand metres!"

Yu-wa: "Really? I'll go at once, technician."

Yao Yun-lang mounts the drilling platform where Chief Engineer Chang Yi-chih is standing. They watch the drill intently. This is a crucial moment. Chou Ting-shan's team is out to drill five thousand metres a month.

A red line on the drill is the five-thousand-metre mark. The drill revolves, roaring, boring deeper and deeper. Soon the red mark disappears into the bore-hole.

Chang, elatedly: "Fine!"

Yao Yun-lang exclaims, "Engineer Chang, Team-leader Chou! We've made it — five thousand metres a month!" She turns and cries to the workers, "We've fulfilled our target of five thousand metres!"

The workers cheer.

Chou hands over to the next shift and comes down from the platform, deep in thought.

The stream. Stepping-stones are laid across it and a layer of crude oil floats on the surface.

Between the steep banks is a chain-bridge from which hangs the slogan: "Coming off shift salvage oil to aid socialist construction."

The banks are thronged with workers who have knocked off, as well as their family members. They are skimming oil from the stream and pouring it into small buckets. Since China is short of oil, this is their way of saving every drop to help socialist construction.

Chou's mother Aunt Chou, now in her sixties, is still in good health although her hair is white. She too is salvaging oil. Her daughter-in-law Chen Shu-fen carries a bucket for her.

Aunt Chou calls to her son and asks with concern, "Will your new well gush oil?"

Chou does not reply. The outlook so far is not good and the geologists have decided to stop lowering pipes to test the oil. Finding it hard to answer, he sighs and joins the others skimming oil from the stream.

Aunt Chou understands: another dud well! She sighs.

Chou remains silent, skimming off ladles of oil. China's shortage of oil weighs heavily on his mind.

From the other side of the stream Feng Chao runs over shouting gleefully, "Team-leader Chou, you've set a new national record! We're holding a meeting this evening to give awards. Bring your team along at six. . ."

But Chou cuts him short, "Section Chief Feng, we've talked it over and have decided not to accept any awards." He goes on skimming oil.

Feng is puzzled. Scrambling over the stepping-stones he says solemnly, "Why? It's the experts' suggestion."

Chou: "You're the head of the experts' office so you should know that not all their suggestions are right. Even on one tree, some of the fruit's sweet, some sour."

This appraisal of the experts shocks Feng. He glances round, then whispers warningly, "Don't go talking like that to other people, Old Chou. . ."

"Section Chief Feng, telephone!" shouts someone on the opposite bank.

"Tell him to hold on a minute," snaps Feng. To Chou he adds, "We haven't the know-how to run industry; so we have to rely on the experts, don't we?"

"We should rely on ourselves," is Chou's succinct answer.

"Ourselves? On you or on me?" Feng finds a clean rock and sits down. "All I did before Comrade Hua Cheng came was lead a strike. When it comes to running industry I have to learn from others. As for you, you were a camel-driver in the old days. How many years of schooling did you have?"

Chou: "Chairman Mao tells us to do away with superstitions and emancipate our minds. That's given us oil workers untold courage. In the past ten years we've drilled a lot of dud wells. Even though we've gone all out we've only found two or three small oilfields measuring no more than a few dozen square kilometres. It's time we thought over the way we're going about it."

Feng, gravely: "You're in a dangerous frame of mind!"

"Section Chief Feng!" The messenger is back. "The expert's on the phone — he's in a temper!"

Feng takes this seriously and answers, "All right. Coming!" He turns to Chou. "So you're going to refuse an award, eh?"

Chou says nothing.

Feng: "All right, I'll tell the director. If anyone's reprimanded, I..." He goes off, his sentence unfinished.

Chou snorts, having no intention to change his mind.

Feng bounds over the stepping-stones and comes face to face with Chang Yi-chih, then hurries off to take his phone call. Watching his receding figure Chang remarks, "He's the busiest man in the whole place, a real live-wire." He turns to Chou and advises him, "Old Chou, accept the award."

Chou says nothing.

Chang: "What's wrong?"

Chou glances at the engineer, then wipes his greasy hands on his overalls and takes from his pocket a well-thumbed newspaper which he passes to Chang.

Chang unfolds the paper, a copy of the *People's Daily*. The red banner headline on the front page reads: The Second Five-Year Plan Accomplished in Three Years.

Chang sighs. "Yes, I've seen this. Many of our industries have fulfilled their plan in three years, but not our oil industry."

Chou, his mind in a turmoil, gazes at the oilfield in the hills.

The whole oilfield measures only a few square kilometres. The oil pumps scattered over the hills and valleys are pumping away.

Chou, earnestly: "In the past I was like a frog at the bottom of a well, able only to see the little patch of sky above, with no idea how big an oilfield could be. When I went to that conference of labour heroes, I saw what big leaps other industries had made. They all need oil..."

On a street in Peking the buses have huge gas-containers on their roofs.

Chou continues, "I asked what country had produced these buses, and what those contraptions were. People told me: Those are our buses. As we've no petrol they have to carry gas-bags! Old Chang,

I'm an oil worker. When we let our country down like this, how can I accept an award?"

These words from his heart show how strongly Chou feels on the subject.

Not sharing his feelings Chang says soothingly, "It's because of our geological structure that we can't find big oilfields. No use your getting so worked up about it."

Chou, vehemently: "Our country has no oil, it's under pressure. As masters of our country, we must help shoulder the burden!"

Chang, still soothingly: "But... Old Chou, you don't understand. We may really have no more oil."

Chou is shocked by such defeatist talk. He demands grimly, "Who says so?"

Trying to explain to him the elements of geology, Chang picks up a piece of rock and says, "You don't get big oil deposits in continental structures like this."

Chou takes the rock. His eyes blazing he retorts defiantly, "I can't believe that there's oil only under the soil of other countries, and not in a land as big as ours!" He hurls the rock into the stream, setting up a big splash...

Deafening explosions on the vast grassland of the north send columns of black smoke swirling to the sky.

Surveyors are carrying out seismic prospecting for oil. In the van, green and red lights flicker on the seismometer recording data. The technicians are intent on their work.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Explosions blast off.

March. Dusk by the stream running through Yuming Oilfield. As usual, workers are skimming oil from the stream.

A man in an old army uniform wades, panting, across the stream, not stopping to use the bridge or stepping-stones, so that his trousers are wet up to the knee. This is the political instructor of the drilling team, Hsu Kuang-fa, the cavalryman who met Ten-pounder at the time of Liberation. After leaving the army he has come to work at the oilfield in close co-operation with Chou. By temperament

they are totally unlike, one is strong and straightforward, the other painstaking and gentle, but they get along splendidly.

Hsu calls as he runs, "Comrades! Old Chou!" Still out of breath he gasps to the crowd gathering round, "A big oilfield has been found at Tienchia Village on the northern grassland!" Chou listens breathlessly. "The Central Committee's decided to concentrate a crack force from every oil front and transfer the best workers from all parts of the country to launch a concerted campaign for oil up there!"

Chang hearing this also runs over.

Hsu: "Engineer Chang, you're to go to the director's office at once. Your plane ticket's already been bought."

Chang's face lights up. He starts off with his ladle, then remembers it and returns it to a worker before hurrying away.

The crowd is jubilant.

Old Fan: "Team-leader, how about us?"

Yu-wa: "We must volunteer right away!"

Chou thinks then says, "Instructor, go ahead and write a request for us all to take part in this campaign for oil."

Workers crowd round Hsu calling out, "Send in a request!" "Do it right now!"

Chou goes over to where the women are skimming oil. Stepping up to his mother he cries with emotion, "Mum! . . ."

Aunt Chou looks at her son with fond understanding and answers gravely, "Go, son. I understand."

Chou looks up, his face radiant.

White clouds in a sunny sky. An eagle soars high above.

2

A Huge Force Gathers on the Grassland

The whistle of a locomotive. An express speeds forward.

The vast Shensi plain. Willow saplings, wheat fields and peach blossom flash past the windows of the train.

The willows, wheat and peach blossom change into flying snow. . . .

32

On the northern grassland, just after a snowfall.

Tienchia Village Station. A small station-house by a junction. The platform is crowded and jubilant with the sound of drums and gongs.

A train rolls into the station. Chou in a white sheepskin jacket is standing on one of the steps. Although the wind is freezing, his heart is warmed as he looks round with excitement. Thousands of people are marching past the railway; trucks are shuttling to and fro. Material and equipment from all parts of the country are piled up inside and outside the station, as well as on the snowy ground on both sides. The steam whistle, neighing of horses, revving of motors and cheerful shouts together make up a stirring symphony.

Deputy Commander Wang of front-line headquarters, the local army representative, and Uncle Tien an old poor peasant of Tienchia Village are waiting at the exit to welcome the new arrivals.

Chou strides along the platform through the crowds. Dialects from all over the country can be heard as greetings are exchanged, people ask the way, inquire where their units are or search for their equipment.



33

Chou knocks into an old worker in the crowd holding a banner inscribed: The Tough Fellows' Team. Grasping his arm, Chou points at the red banner. "Hey, Old Sheng! It's three years since you left Yuming. What are you doing here with these 'tough fellows'?"

Old Sheng: "I'm nothing, but our Szechuan lads are young tigers!" He points at some short, sturdy youngsters behind him.

Another worker comes over to grasp Chou's arm.

"Hey, Old Chou! Your five thousand metres a month really stirred up our Lenghu Oilfield in Chinghai!"

"That's nothing. Look at this great grassland. Nothing less than ten thousand metres a month will do here!" Chou shouts back cheerfully.

A demobbed soldier, Chin Fa-fen, crosses the railway carrying his rucksack. He looks around, accosting everyone he meets as "mate". Tapping someone in a big fur hat on the shoulder he asks, "Where's the oil-extraction plant, mate? . . ." A girl of about eighteen, a welder, turns to confront him.

"My mistake!" he exclaims, grinning sheepishly as he moves on.

The girl welder fastens together her wash-basin, welding-gun and mask.

As Chin walks on he meets Yu-wa.

Chin: "Can you tell me, mate, where the oil-extraction headquarters is?"

"Oil-extraction? . . ." Yu-wa looks more carefully at this strapping fellow towering over him with his ingenuous, sun-tanned squarish face. He is wearing a new army uniform without any insignia, and his bedding-roll is neatly bundled. Favourably impressed, Yu-wa says thoughtfully, "What a waste for a big chap like you to extract oil. You only do four things: measure oil, dewax it, test the gas and sweep the floor. Any *girl* can do that."

"Oh?" Chin is taken aback.

It so happens that a crisp order rings out just then on the platform: "Sinkiang Girls' Oil-extraction Team, fall in! Attention! Eyes

right, eyes front, number off. . . ." The girls' red banner flutters in the wind and the team of several dozen girls looks impressive.

Chin is in a quandary.

Yu-wa urges him, "A strong fellow like you should join a drilling team." He speaks with pride.

Chin makes up his mind. "Heavy work, is it? Fine, I'll be a driller." He goes off with Yu-wa who carries his fur-lined army coat for him. As they walk along, Chin says, "Before joining the army I helped dig some wells in our village. I know that job all right."

Yu-wa, suppressing a smile: "Wells for water, were they?"

Chin, earnestly: "Sure."

Yu-wa cannot help laughing outright.

A matting shed stands at one side of the platform. This is the reception station rigged up by Tienchia Village Brigade. Uncle Tien the old poor peasant is pouring steaming water out of a copper kettle for the oil workers. In the shed quite a few workers are washing down their dry rations with hot water.

Before the makeshift stove a village girl, Lung Yen, is blowing at the fire. Rubbing her smarting eyes she tells Old Tien, "Grand-uncle, see how mean my dad is! This firewood he's given us is all wet."

"What's all this about your dad?" Lung Fu-kuei, a well-to-do middle peasant of Dragon Tiger Flats, is annoyed by his daughter's exposure of him. He shuffles over in his big ox-hide shoes to present a stack of large bowls to Old Tien. "Uncle, for the oil campaign I contribute my fine gold-edged porcelain bowls — all eight of them!"

A village lad carrying two buckets of water quips, "So even a porcelain cock is willing to be plucked!"

There is a roar of laughter.

Newly arrived Chao Chun-sheng who is drinking water in the shed is laughing heartily when he spots Chou talking to someone. He runs towards him excitedly. "Brother Chou!"

Chou: "So it's Chao Chun-sheng! How come you're here?"

Chao: "Our oilfield was taking on new hands so my dad sent

me there; but when I asked at the old field, you'd gone. I tried to overtake you. . . ."

Chou: "And now you have! Fine, you must do a good job here."

"Ah, how grand it will be to become an oil worker, travelling the whole country in an aluminium helmet!" Chou, just out of junior-middle school, reels this off as if reciting a poem.

Between two railway tracks and piled up on both sides are stacks of heavy equipment not yet unloaded.

Chou has ascertained the location of headquarters and is on his way there when he meets Yu-wa, followed by a burly demobbed soldier.

Yu-wa: "Team-leader, our rig isn't here yet." He comes closer to whisper, "Look what I've picked up, a demobbed soldier."

"You picked him up?" asks Chou blankly.

Yu-wa winks to signify that for this big project they should enlist anyone they can get, regardless of his training.

Chin steps forward. "Hello!"

"What's your name?" Chou asks him.

"Chin Fa-fen."

"Fa-fen meaning 'battler'? Fine. Suppose we swap names?" Chou asks jokingly.

Chin answers seriously, "I got it during the Korean War."

"So your name's a war souvenir." Chou pats his shoulder.

"Good. Well, let's battle together to capture a big oilfield here."

Chin nods earnestly.

Chou tells Yu-wa, "Come on, let's go to headquarters."

Yu-wa to Chin: "Good. That's settled then." He returns Chin his coat and goes off with Chou.

Settling on a Plan

The vast snow-covered plain stretches to the horizon. In the distance steam is rising from a few derricks.

Chou and Yu-wa trudge through the snow.

A round wooden fence encloses some large cow-sheds and a few newly built wooden huts. Some milch cows not yet moved away

are mooing in the distance. Tractors ply to and fro. On a wooden stake hangs a white signboard: No. 5 Cow-shed of Grassland Farm.

Chou and Yu-wa reaching the entrance halt in surprise.

A woman cadre emerges from the cow-shed. She replaces the signboard with a new one: Pioneer Oilfield Headquarters.

Chou laughs as he and Yu-wa walk inside.

A big cow-shed divided into different sections by curtains, rugs and crates. On either side of the central passageway are tables or camp-beds, each representing an office as shown by their signs: Supply Department, Maintenance Department, Accountancy, Production Department. . . . People pass in and out carrying luggage, string-bags or rucksacks. Telephones keep ringing. The busiest section of all is the quartermaster's office.

People have crowded round the quartermaster, a capable-looking man in his thirties who seems able to handle several requests at once.

A team-leader: "Our drilling team has arrived. Where do we put up?"

Quartermaster: "In Tienchia Village. You can go there now."

Head of a transport team: "Chief, our special truck team arrives tomorrow, but we've still no billets."

Quartermaster: "The sky is your room, the earth is your bed. Find a place at No. 4 and put up tents."

"Our team's luggage has come. Can we have some trucks?"

"Will two be enough?" He starts signing a chit.

"I want two cranes," says the leader of the Youth Drilling Team.

"We've only got one and that's borrowed from the station."

"But how can we unload our rig without cranes?"

"Quartermaster, can you let me have two tractors?"

". . . ."

Chou, unable to get a word in, beckons to Yu-wa and goes off with him.

In the passageway they meet a young man in a blue padded jacket, felt cap and spectacles. He is Wei Kuo-hua, a student from the Peking Petroleum Institute. He is carrying a roll of blueprints.

Chou: "Hey, comrade, where's our well site?"

Wei stops. "Well site? It hasn't been settled yet."

Chou, impatiently: "When will it be settled?"

Wei unhurriedly adjusts his spectacles. "Hard to say." He starts to move on.

Chou stops him. "You must be a scholar from the geology department, eh? Not in any hurry to get cracking, are you?" He thinks, then grins. "All right. I'll go to your office with you and stay there till it's settled." He winks at Yu-wa.

Yu-wa, catching on: "That's it. We'll sleep on the desks in your office until you decide on the site." Wei has slipped away while he is speaking. They both give chase.

Wei is heading for the geology department.

Chou and Yu-wa tag after him.

Chou: "Hey, wait a minute."

Wei, annoyed at being unable to shake them off: "Really, comrade, what's the rush? Just wait a bit. It's only a question of one or two wells less."

Chou is so keen to lose no time in sinking more wells, he cannot stand such talk. "One or two wells less?" he fumes. "Why don't you think of ways to let us drill one or two wells more? There must be a snail in your brain. Let me pull it out for you." He reaches out a hand as if to do this. Young Wei dodges in a huff.

Yu-wa laughs hilariously.

Wei turns and marches to the door of a prefabricated wooden cabin.

Chou yells after him, "Such a flippant way to talk . . . you . . ."

"Shh! . . . Chief Engineer Chang is speaking." Wei opens the door quietly and slips in.

Chou and Yu-wa follow him.

This prefabricated cabin made of iron girders and plywood walls is the geological headquarters. The walls are covered with charts showing the general outline of the oilfield, the sites for wells in Tienchia Village, the disposition of derricks and the structure of individual wells. In the front row sits Hua Cheng, now political commissar and commander of front-line headquarters, young Deputy

Commander Wang and Feng Chao, formerly in charge of the experts' work but now also a deputy commander. The girl Yao Yun-lang is with a group of other technicians, while some representatives of the workers are sitting on unvarnished benches or wooden boxes. They are holding a meeting called by headquarters to discuss the plan for surveying the oilfield.

Chief Engineer Chang Yi-chih, holding a pointer, calls attention to one of the charts and says eagerly, "Our seismic tests have disclosed three oil-bearing structures in this area: Tienchia Village, Dragon Tiger Flats and Nameless Field. . ."

Wei slips in and puts his blueprints on the table.

Chou and Yu-wa come in quietly too and sit on crates by the door, listening intently. Chou is enthralled by the prospect opened up by the chart showing three big oilfields. For years he has longed to help open up a really big field instead of remaining cooped up in the Yuming Mountains.

Chang: ". . . We've done some test drilling at Tienchia Village and those wells produce about twelve tons of oil a day. So it looks quite promising! We must work hard and make full use of this find. Let's take No. 1 Well in Tienchia Village as the centre, then gradually fan out with closely spaced wells. We'll try to be quick, say two years at most to find out the reserves then we'll start to go ahead." He puts down his pointer and returns complacently to his seat.

Chou feels very disappointed. Tienchia Village is the smallest of these three oil-bearing formations; if it takes two years to prospect it and they can't start building the oilfield till the third year, how much longer will it take them to produce oil? Dragon Tiger Flats is bigger, Nameless Field bigger still. When will surveying start there? When will the country overcome its shortage of oil?

Other people are thinking this over too. There is an oppressive silence.

Hua Cheng's sharp glance sweeps the room. He says jokingly, "Chief Engineer Chang has spent sleepless nights — helped by Deputy Commander Feng — to work out this plan. Now the rest of us can go ahead and pull it to pieces."

Chang quips: "This ugly bride isn't afraid to meet her in-laws!"

At once the atmosphere becomes more lively.

Yao Yun-lang stands up boldly. "I'll fire the first shot at my teacher's plan."

Chang, benevolently: "Go right ahead!"

Yao collects her thoughts then says frankly, "Don't forget the lesson of the past. Before 1958, sticking to books and worshipping everything foreign landed us in plenty of trouble. In all our prospecting, we restricted ourselves to surveying just one formation and crawled along at a snail's pace with close-spaced wells. This method of prospecting is inefficient, slow and wasteful, yet our chief engineer is still using it today."

Hua glances significantly at Chang.

Chang flushes with surprise and embarrassment.

People exchange comments.

One technician: "Some foreign oilfields were built just that way. It took them more than ten years, crawling like snails, to find the main deposits of oil."

Feng looks round uneasily.

Hua brightens up as he listens.

Chang protests, "Then . . . what's your idea?"

Feng raises his hand confidently to interrupt him. Standing up he says with gusto, "I've been feeling very excited these last few days. Our oil industry won't have to take a back seat any more. We're going places! I support our chief engineer's plan. At the same time I've a proposal to supplement it. That is relying entirely on our own efforts we must turn this prairie into a modern oil city with a central park, research centres and a workers' cultural palace. . . ."

Chou listens hard, weighing everything that is said.

Deputy Commander Wang next to Feng bursts out, "What! Rely on our own efforts to take the old foreign road? Put up big buildings before we start looking for oil, the way some foreigners do? That's not in accord with the spirit of the General Line. Today, we must follow the General Line to build a big Chinese-style oilfield;

make do with what we've got, first start production then see about living conditions."

Chou beams with satisfaction.

Feng: "Deputy commander, you used to be a worker. You should understand my whole plan is for the sake of the workers." He speaks with feeling so as to sound irrefutable. Then he asks with a smile, "What would the workers think if we put living conditions last?"

This is a hard question for the cadres to answer, and it raises doubts in the minds of some intellectuals. Hua Cheng is not shaken, however, confident that someone will supply the correct answer.

"What we workers think is how to sink a well at one go! And how to build a big oilfield so that the oil comes gushing out to drown our enemies!" This reply booms out from the door where Chou is standing in his grimy sheepskin.

All eyes turn to the door. Chou is standing there firm as a rock with Yu-wa.

Hua looks up quickly. "Ah! Chou Ting-shan!" Throwing off the old army coat draped round his shoulders, he springs up and strides over jubilantly. Deputy Commander Wang, Feng Chao, Engineer Chang and Yao come over too.

They shake hands with Chou and Yu-wa.

Chou: "Commissar Hua, settle on a site for us to drill a well now!"

Hua smiles at his impatience and glances at Chang.

Chang, rather apologetically: "All right, right away."

Hua points at Yao. "You must pester her too, our deputy engineer."

This appointment is news to the girl. She exclaims, "What? Me?"

Hua: "The Party committee decided on it last night."

Chou: "Then who will be our team's geologist?"

Chang: "The Party committee has asked the geological department to send you Wei Kuo-hua." He turns to look round the crowd. "Come on. Young Wei."



So once again the paths of Young Wei and Chou cross. Chou reaches out as if to grab a "snail", laughing heartily. Wei who has been feeling discomfited laughs too.

Hua cordially takes Chou's arm and steers him through the crowd to the big chart showing the geological structure. Chang explains the position to Chou.

Chou, enthusiastically: "These three formations, if we join them up, are like a big tiger. Nameless Field is the head, Dragon Tiger Flats is the body, Tienchia Village is the tail."

Hua: "Old Chou, here's our chance to blaze a trail of our own!" He watches Chou expectantly.

Chou, from his heart: "Look here, Commissar Hua, Chief Engineer Chang! We shouldn't just grab the tiger by the tail, we should get on the tiger's back!" He walks to the table to pick up a handful of red drawing-pins, then returns to the chart. "We'll drill wells here. (He sticks a drawing-pin on Tienchia Village.) And here. (He puts another pin on Dragon Tiger Flats.) We'll sink holes in Nameless Field too! (He sticks in two more pins, pounding them

with his fist.) We'll space out the wells, explore the whole area, and hunt for even bigger oilfields — we'll get us a golden baby!"

Feng frowns disapprovingly. Chang shakes his head sceptically. The others listen attentively, then exchange excited comments.

Hua's eyes shine. He follows up exuberantly, "Fine! I've something to add to what Old Chou has just said." He goes up to the chart. "We must adopt the principle of attacking key sectors and defeating the enemy one by one. We'll tackle Tienchia Village with one hand, and with the other fan out to Dragon Tiger Flats and Nameless Field. Tackle the three structures in one year. If we get us a golden baby — find one big field — fine! We'll throw in all our late-coming teams there. Then we can set our whole oil industry on its feet!"

This statement acts as a bombshell. Heated arguments start. Some people applaud, some are thinking hard, others raise questions. Some look sceptical; others confident. Hua puts down the pointer and makes Chou sit down beside him. He pours out some hot water and blows on it to cool it, keeping his eye on the meeting.

The place is in a ferment. A lanky youngster in glasses stands up and yells, "Now I feel really 'liberated'!"

Chang, very disquieted: "But, commissar. . ."

Hua, loudly: "Listen, everyone. The chief engineer has something to say."

Chang: "That plan's too ambitious. Once you get on the tiger's back, it's hard to get off again." He asks challengingly, "Can anyone here guarantee that after this extensive prospecting we'll strike oil in all these wells?"

Hua smiles at Chang's anxious expression. "Marxists aren't fortune-tellers, chief engineer."

Chang opens his mouth but does not know what to say.

Seeing the way things are going, Feng stands up again and says with a show of concern, "We're starting our campaign at a difficult time, in a difficult place, under difficult conditions. The plan for building an oil town at Tienchia Village can help us to overcome our difficulties, get over the hump and stabilize our ranks. . ."

Hua cuts in, "We have difficulties all right. But what should we rely on to overcome them?"

Chou: "Not on sitting snug in any oil town! We must rely on the leadership of the Party and on mass movements. We must march forward along the revolutionary line charted by Chairman Mao, along the road of keeping the initiative in our own hands and relying on our own efforts!"

Enthusiastic applause. Feng sits down looking disgruntled.

Hua: "That's exactly the opinion of the campaign headquarters Party committee. We can certainly carry out this strategic plan!"

The general enthusiasm mounts. Everyone claps.

Feng immediately changes his stand. Standing up again he says gravely, "I misunderstood. Since it's the Party committee's opinion, as a Party member I withdraw my plan and resolutely support this plan for extensive prospecting."

Chang stares at Feng in amazement and springs to his feet, his face flushed. "As a Party member, I accept the Party committee's decision . . . but I reserve my own views."

Hua raps his pencil on the palm of his hand, deep in thought.

Chou knits his brows, thinking over the struggle ahead.

The Provocateur

Late at night. The cabin where Chang and Feng live. It is heated by a stove burning crude oil and lit by a paraffin lamp. One plain wooden table in it is piled with charts and other material including a few rock core samples containing fossils. Chang is by the table checking on the design for the No. 1 Well in Dragon Tiger Flats. He carefully leafs through data from Tienchia Village as well.

Feng Chao's corner of the cabin is neater. There he has a foreign pipe and tobacco pouch and some Russian textbooks. Using a clean aluminium helmet as his pot, Feng is boiling some coffee on the stove. When it is ready he pours out two cups, puts in sugar cubes and hands one cup to Chang.

Chang, sniffing: "Coffee?"

Feng, smugly: "Yes, genuine African coffee, a present from our expert." He eyes the charts on Chang's table and asks, "So you've finished the designs for No. 1 Well in Dragon Tiger Flats? Right above the structure, eh? That's the most likely place to strike oil. . . ."

"If there is any oil." Having checked the design Chang signs his name as the one responsible for it. He leans back and stretches his arms. Yawns.

Feng, sipping his coffee, casually: "So you still stick to your old views?"

Nettled by this, Chang says bluntly, "I'm no good at adapting myself to circumstances. I haven't learned the art!"

Feng grasps this innuendo and explains, "You are a geologist. You can stick to your own opinions. But I'm just an administrator and only a deputy commander with no position within the Party. So it's hard for me. . . ."

To console him Chang says, "I hear a front-line headquarters Party committee will be officially set up and more people will be elected."

Feng pretends not to have heard this news. With a show of interest he asks, "Do you know who are being considered as candidates?"

Chang shakes his head.

Feng: "If you or I get elected, we can still put our plan to the Party committee."

Chang: "Me? I've never thought about that."

Feng, sceptically: "Really?"

Chang, seriously: "As a Party member, how could you chop and change about at the meeting?"

Feng, smiling: "You really are a bookworm. In politics. . . ." He shakes his head cryptically.

Chang: "What do you mean?"

"Skip it." Feng pulls over a chair and sits down opposite him. "Have you ever thought about this: This oilfield may be the most important discovery since Liberation! Of course everyone has his

own ideas about it. If it turns out well, it will have great consequences!"

Chang: "Do you mean for the state or for ourselves?"

Feng, enigmatically: "How can the two be separated?"

Chang thinking this too vague says explicitly: "We must keep on struggling for the Party's cause."

Feng, smiling: "That's what I think too."

Reassured, Chang gets back to work.

On the chart is a magnifying glass. Feng picks it up and pores over the chart.

The magnifying glass moves, then halts over a spot marked: No. 1 Well of Dragon Tiger Flats.

The sound of hammering. A surveyor is driving a wooden marker into the snow-covered ground. On the marker is written: No. 1 Well of Dragon Tiger Flats.

The surveyor slings his charts, a surveyor's level and kit-box over his shoulder and mounts a truck.

Dusk, several days later. On a hillside outside Dragon Tiger Flats are some scattered cottages.

Not far from the wooden marker stands a small placard inscribed: Lung Fu-kuei's Building Site. The well-to-do middle peasant Lung in a big fur-lined sleeveless jacket and ox-hide overshoes tramps from his placard to the marker of No. 1 Well. He watches the surveyor loading his things on to the truck, and kicks viciously at the marker.

The chug of a motorcycle sounds in the distance. It is Feng Chao approaching.

The surveyor in glasses: "Deputy Commander Feng, to have the site so far out — do you think it's all right?"

Feng senses the man's scepticism. He says repressively, "It's the decision of the Party committee."

The surveyor dares say no more. He gets into the truck and drives away.

Feng examines the wooden marker.

Lung comes forward with an ingratiating smile. "Are you the deputy commander of the oilfield? I'm Lung Fu-kuei."

"Yes? What's the trouble?" Feng asks casually.

Lung: "This is my housing site. I told that comrade with glasses, but he said he couldn't do anything about it. Can this well be moved somewhere else?"

Feng feels interested. "Moved somewhere else? Where?"

Lung: "Why not to the wasteland over there? Don't take my land, anyway."

Feng thinks for a minute. "Mm . . . the interests of the peasants should be considered. . . ." He casts a glance at Lung.

Feeling Feng is sympathetic, Lung hastens to add, "If you agree, I won't trouble the surveying team. I'll just move the wooden marker. So you agree then?"

Feng immediately changes his tune to reply sternly, "Agree to what? I haven't agreed to anything. People like you think only of your own interests. I tell you: If we strike oil here, not only your housing site but your whole brigade, people, land and all will have to be moved!" He gets on his motorcycle, starts the engine and roars off.

Lung, nonplussed, starts running after the motorcycle. "But you just said. . . ." By now Feng is out of earshot. Lung stops, angered by Feng's criticism and threat. He yells after him, "So we'll have to be moved, eh? I'll move you first!" He rushes to the wooden marker, kicks and tugs at it, and finally pulls it out and carries it off.

The Words the Party Committee Wants Shouted Out

Night. Hua's sleeping quarters. At one end of the former cowshed. A small camp bed, two wooden crates and two chairs. Books and periodicals litter one corner of the room. Gusts of wind let in fluttering snow from a big crack in the ceiling.

A huge geological map is spread on the ground with pieces of rock core samples and a roll of charts near by. Chou has the candle in his hand while Hua holds a red and blue pencil. Crouched over the map, the two of them study it carefully.

Chou gazes at Hua with affection. "Commissar, you've got a mighty heavy load on your shoulders. You're just forty-one but your hair is already going white."

Hua looks up from his abstraction and flicks the pencil through his hair. "Really? That's nothing." He stands up. "No more talk about work tonight. Let's have a chat."

He pulls a chair up for Chou. "How many years is it since we met?"

Chou: "You were my sponsor when I joined the Party. You left after that. It's ten years almost."

"What have you been doing, these ten years?" Hua asks with genuine interest.

"Drilling the earth inch by inch. We must have drilled through dozens of mountains . . . but that's nothing. In a word, it's not enough just to be grateful to the Party. We must fight for the Party's cause," says Chou simply.

"You're right, fight. . . ." Hua relapses into thought again.

Chou glances at him. "Are you up against it?"

Hua snaps out of his reverie. "Up against it? That's nothing. Look here, we agreed not to talk about work. . . ." He wags a finger at Chou and bursts into laughter. Picking up his mug he goes to the stove for hot water.

"Don't hide things from me," says Chou, his face serious.

"What's there to hide?" asks Hua pretending not to know.

"Aren't you really up against it?" Chou is not taken in. "What are the prospects for this oilfield? Will it meet the country's needs?"

"That's just what keeps me awake at night," Hua admits. "For the present, we can't be too sure." He pushes the mug towards Chou.

"What shall we do?"

Hua grips his hand with emotion. "We must understand the overall situation and the trend of the times, Chou. There's a cold wave coming. We must meet it head on. You know, all of us, and the enemy too, have our eyes on the lever in your hands."

"Commissar, no matter how cold the wave, we'll win through and get our first well going!"

Hua stands up and steps to the window, his mind in a turmoil. "They're selling us oil at twice the price on the capitalist market. There is horse dung in the aeroplane fuel they sell us and sulphur in the diesel oil."

Chou's heart burns. He gulps two mouthfuls from the mug, his eyes pinned on Hua.

Hua turns to the world atlas on the wall. "We want no condescending saviours. We must rely on ourselves, on the former slaves." He glances at Chou and warns him, "We must be prepared for the day when they won't sell us any oil at all, not even oil mixed with horse dung."

Chou's face is stern, his heart is in a tumult.

Hua: "Even the Americans see what they're up to. An American magazine says, 'Red China does not even have sufficient fuel for a purely defensive war. . . .' Now, don't get excited. They say we 'couldn't keep going for even a few weeks.'"

Bang! Chou smashes his mug down so furiously that it breaks.

Chou Ting-shan's face — his eyes blazing with fury.

The kettle bubbles on the stove emitting clouds of white steam. "Old Chou!" cries Hua.

Chou strides to the door and slings his sheepskin coat over his shoulders. "Our rig will be at the station tomorrow." He looks as if he is going back to start work at once.

After a moment's thought Hua says, "Wait. I'll give you a hoist. Get your rig to Dragon Tiger Flats and drill our first well as fast as you can. Go and get that hoist now." He picks up the telephone.

"No," says Chou firmly.

"But Old Chou!" Hua sounds anxious.

Chou hesitates then produces from his pocket the same copy of the *People's Daily* which he showed Chang Yi-chih, even more crumpled now. "Never mind us, commissar. This communique is like fire next to my heart. What you've just said is adding fuel to the fire. It burns the hearts of us oil workers. We've been itching to get to this field. Now that we're here, we can't hold back. I know it'll be hard to drive ahead, but it'll be harder still if we don't."

The telephone still in his hand, Hua says, "But a rig weighs more than sixty tons. You must have a hoist to move it."

"We have dozens of workers in our team, and that means we have dozens of hoists and tractors. When the conditions exist, we'll drive ahead. When they don't, we'll sweat our guts out and drive ahead anyway!"

Hua replaces the telephone and rushes over to grasp Chou's arms, deeply moved. "Old Chou, those are the very words the Party committee wants shouted out. When the conditions exist, we'll drive ahead. When they don't, we'll create them and drive ahead."

Sweating It Out

The latest edition of the *Battlefront* is spread out to show the headlines: When the Conditions Exist, We'll Drive Ahead. When They Don't, We'll Create Them and Drive Ahead!

Tienchia Village railway station, one snowy morning. Chou and his team are unloading equipment with nothing but their own arms and shoulders. Now they are hoisting a swivel on to a truck.

Swinging both arms Chou sings out a shanty. They all tug at a thick coir rope.

Hsu Kuang-fa and the oil workers tug. . . .

Hua Cheng, Chang Yi-chih and Yao Yun-lang tug away. . . .

Uncle Tien, Lung Yen and PLA men tug away. . . .

The heavy swivel inches its way up the gangway.

Suddenly one strand of the rope breaks.

The swivel slides downwards.

Chou throws off his overcoat, jumps down and rushes over. Using a thick pole he tries to keep the swivel from slipping.

The pole breaks with a snap.

A steel bar bends under the weight.

Chou shoulders one end of the bar with all his might.

Yu-wa and Chin Fa-fen shoulder the bar with all their strength.

Chou's boots burst at the seam under the strain.

The swivel continues to inch its way up to the truck.

The snow falls in soft flakes, mantling the working men and women in white. They perspire profusely as they tug. All is bustle and activity in the small Tienchia Village station.

The truck loaded with machine parts and people carrying drills, pipes and other equipment push forward through the whirling snow.

The grassland is covered in white. Snow falls thick and fast. The wind howls. A long column of carriers, hundreds and thousands strong, stretches to the horizon.

Chou Ting-shan and Hsu Kuang-fa carrying pipes.

Yu-wa, Chin Fa-fen, Chao Chun-sheng and Old Fan carrying pipes.

Feet sink into knee-deep snow. . . .

They pass groves of withered trees and bushes half covered by snow. . . .

Chou's perspiring face under his fur hat covered with frost and hung with icicles. His breath steams as he trudges doggedly on, step by step.

The truck bogs down in a snowdrift. The wheels whirr in the air. The driver starts digging away the snow.

The procession goes on. Some fall but they scramble to their feet and press on. With dogged resolution, they press on.

A long column of trucks, horse carts and people.

A derrick is being moved by a truck, the small red banner on it flapping in the wind and snow.

A bitter north wind howls across the grassland.

In the blinding blizzard, the derrick on which hangs the slogan: Independence and self-reliance; regeneration through one's own efforts, is slowly erected.

The derrick towers up towards the blue sky.

The geology department.

Chou Ting-shan comes in and Chang Yi-chih greets him, "Got your rig up, Old Chou?"

Chou: "Yes."

"Really, Chou, no difficulties or dangers can stop Chou Ting-shan!" Chang bursts into laughter.

"Brother," says Chou, "I've come to find fault."

Chang is surprised. "Oh? All right, shoot. Take a seat."

Chou sits down. "The marker for the well site isn't set up right. It's not up to the standard."

Chang is relieved to hear it is nothing worse. "Nothing strange about that in all this ice and snow," he says casually. "Wherever the marker is that's where you drill. That's the old rule. Start drilling right away."

"This is the first well," Chou reminds him. "And there were different opinions about it. If anything goes wrong now. . . ."

To Chang this seems a slur upon him. He jumps as if stung by a scorpion. "What do you mean? Do you question the ability of our department? To be honest, I never approved of this. But when it comes to designing, we never do anything against our conscience."

Chou smiles at this outburst, but sticks to his guns. "All the same, you'd better measure it again."

Chang, decisively: "The survey team is busy in Tienchia Village. So long as you're ready, start drilling. It's not my business whether there's oil or not. But I'll answer for it if there's anything wrong with our survey." His face flushed and angry he stalks out of the room.

"Still the same Old Chang," Chou mutters, looking worried.

The Fountain-Head

A dug-out looms dark against the horizon. Inside, three connected rooms with a faint reddish light shining from two little windows half hidden by the snow. The wind howls.

Hsu Kuang-fa, a basket of dried ox-dung slung over his shoulder, opens the cracked wooden door to enter the dug-out. Chou is sleeping in the corridor which slopes downward. Hsu goes over to tuck in his quilt, then lifts the mat curtain to enter his room. He puts down his basket and adds lumps of ox-dung to the stove. Picking up a copy of *Battlefront*, he sits down by the stove to read. The wind continues to howl, shaking the mat curtain.

Oil workers are sleeping on straw. They are fully clothed in their padded suits, some have even kept their hats on. Over their individual cotton padded quilts is a huge piece of old tent canvas.

Chin Fa-fen, his face covered with a helmet, tosses and turns, unable to go to sleep.

Wei Kuo-hua is wide awake too. He pokes Chin and whispers, "Say, why are you tossing about?"

"Can't sleep. Nerves," is Chin's reply from under the helmet.

Yu-wa pokes his head out from under his padded coat. "Why, you're as strong as an ox. You're just anxious to start drilling."

Chin pulls off his helmet and sits up to look with appreciation at Yu-wa. He's got me there, he thinks.

"He's too excited, that's why," chips in Wei, fumbling for his glasses in his fur boots under the straw and putting them on.

"He's just cold," mutters Chao Chun-sheng lying beside Chin with his big fur hat on. Both Yu-wa and Chin are taken by surprise.

Unaware of the bitterness in Chao's voice, Wei says, "Yes, cold is a big problem. The ground is frozen nine feet down, we can't dig our mud tank, and so we can't start drilling." He nudges Yu-wa and jokes, "I've counted up five cold's here: it's cold inside; it's cold outside. The water's cold, the clothes are cold and the bedding's cold. Right?"

Yu-wa clamps a hand on his head. "You're a real scholar."

"He's missed out one cold," sneers Chao.

"What is it?" asks Wei.

"My heart's cold as ice," says Chao.

Yu-wa touches Chao on the forehead. "Oh my, he's delirious; talking nonsense."

Chao pushes his hand away with annoyance and sits up, his quilt round his shoulders. "I never expected an oil worker would have the sky for a room, the earth for a bed and not even have a proper building. It would be better to be a commune member."

"Why, Chun-sheng!" cries Yu-wa.

"It's true!" insists Chao. "Look at Uncle Lung Fu-kuei. His family open up wasteland, plough private plots, raise pigs. They have warm *kang*, warm rooms, they're snug. . . ."

The political instructor Hsu Kuang-fa listens carefully.

"That's enough," snaps Yu-wa. "A couple of visits there and your mind's poisoned! Capitalist ideas are undermining our ranks. It's a big contradiction."

Chao: "Go to hell!"

"There's something in that..." Old Fan, leaning against his pillow, lights his pipe.

Wei takes up his argument. "Only in one particular case. The main thing is it is too cold to dig..."

Chin retorts seriously, "Even if we could dig, there is still another contradiction. We newly demobbed PLA men, and there are thousands of us, don't know the technique."

"If you don't know, you can learn..."

"All contradictions must be solved!"

"..."

All start talking at once and the argument grows heated. Hsu Kuang-fa coughs and everyone pipes down, snuggling back into their quilts.

Hsu glances at them and chuckles. "If you can't get to sleep, why not sit by the fire?" He has barely finished his sentence before Yu-wa, Chin Fa-fen, Wei Kuo-hua and some others come to the stove and sit down round it.

Hsu: "Sh... Quiet. The team-leader's tired out..." He glances towards the corridor then turns back to ask, "Chun-sheng, why do we stick here and suffer the five cold's?"

Chao says nothing.

"If you ask me," says Hsu with feeling, "it's so that the people of the whole country can be warmer... Doesn't our team-leader feel cold when he goes out picking up dry ox-dung for us? He feels cold all right, but he does it to keep us a bit warmer."

Chin sees the light. He slaps his leg exclaiming, "Right!"

Old Fan glares at his apprentice. "Shh... not so loud!"

All glance towards the corridor and Chin looks sheepish.

Hsu continues, "We'll start drilling the first well soon. Many people are losing sleep these days. There are lots of difficulties, hundreds of contradictions. But which is the decisive one? I'm sure

the Party committee and the front-line headquarters must all be considering this question. We must grasp it too through practice."

The argument starts again.

Wei, sounding like a know-all: "In my opinion, it's the mud tank..."

Yu-wa, stubbornly: "No, it's capitalist ideas..."

"Stop pinning big labels on people. We just haven't the right conditions." Chao sounds resentful.

Chin who has a loud voice and takes everything seriously bellows, "There're thousands and thousands of us ex-PLA men..."

"Seems to me the main thing is thinking..." Old Fan mutters to himself calmly.

As the campaign has just started and is complicated by so many contradictions, people from different places with different backgrounds naturally take different views. The argument becomes fiercer and no one is convinced. Soon, all that can be heard is, "No, that's wrong" and "I think..."

Hsu Kuang-fa calls for silence again. Then, realizing that the team-leader cannot have slept through all this, he goes to the corridor followed by the others.

In the corridor there is a quilt on the straw pallet but no sign of Chou Ting-shan. The instructor feels the quilt and finds it cold. He announces, "He's been gone for a long time."

On the grassland covered with snow towers the derrick with its string of red and blue lights. Near by a bonfire blazes.

Swinging a pickaxe, Chou Ting-shan is digging the mud tank. The pickaxe strikes the frozen ground with loud thuds.

"Old Chou!" cries someone.

Chou looks up. In the glare of the fire, he cannot see who is there. "Who is it?"

Hua Cheng and Deputy Commander Wang appear before Chou with two parcels of books.

"Oh, it's the commissar and Deputy Commander Wang."

"What are you doing here, Old Chou?" asks Hua.

Chou points to the bonfire. "Heating the earth, so that we can start digging tomorrow."

Wang: "But you've started digging already."

"Just to while away the time," Chou answers simply. This sets the others laughing.

Hsu Kuang-fa, Yu-wa and the others steal over. "Hands up! Don't move!" yells Yu-wa suddenly. Coming closer he says, "So you've sneaked out again." He spots Hua and Wang. "And Commissar Hua is here too. We came to capture a deserter from bed. Didn't know we'd take two extra prisoners."

All laugh boisterously.

"Comrades," announces Wang, "Comrade Hua Cheng has come out this late to give you these books."

The workers crowd round to see what books these are that the commissar has come in person in the middle of the night to deliver to them.

Wang unties the parcels and hands the books to Hua who holds up two volumes.

The red light of the bonfire shines on the titles of Chairman Mao's *On Contradiction* and *On Practice*.

His voice ringing with feeling, Hua Cheng says, "Comrades, the Central Committee sent these from Peking by special plane."

Chou's face, tremendously moved.

The oil workers stretch out strong powerful arms one by one to take the books.

A glad light shines in Chou Ting-shan's eyes as he holds *On Contradiction* and *On Practice*. The workers sit down with the books round the bonfire, back to back or shoulder to shoulder. They read and leaf through the books, discussing them eagerly.

The night sky is a deep blue. Stars twinkle above the tall derrick.

The fire blazes, casting a ruddy light on the faces of the workers.

The workers sit round the fire reading the two treatises.

Chou Ting-shan, tears in his eyes, says slowly with feeling, "The blue sky is above our heads, the wasteland under our feet. We pioneers rely on these two works to build our country. Every time we study them it's like crossing over a mountain. We'll cross over the highest mountain peaks to see Chairman Mao." The firelight dances, reflected in his deep meditative eyes. . . .

Resonant singing:

Stars are sparkling in the blue sky,
Fires are burning on the wasteland.
We oil workers' hearts turn towards the Party,
We look towards Peking with deep feeling.
We'll make the prairies gush oil like a fountain.
We will be brave and practical,
Not afraid to sweat and shed blood.
Thinking of Chairman Mao,
The harder we work, the happier we feel.

The fire turns the night sky red.

Chou and Hua bent over their books.

As the oil workers' hearts fly to Peking they seem to see the magnificent Tien An Men Square.

Chou's face glows.

The singing continues:

The weather is freezing but we do not feel it,
Our hot blood melts the snow and ice.
Oil workers are real heroes
Fighting an evil wind in the wilderness.
We turn the globe around with giant tongs,
With a wave of our hands raise a storm,
Drilling through the hardest rock.
Chairman Mao leads us forward,
Our revolutionary future is bright.

Before dawn, shadowy figures are at work on the drilling platform. They have battled all night.

The north wind whistles over the ice and snow. The derrick stands erect on the snowy Dragon Tiger Flats. The workers of Chou Ting-shan's team as well as poor and lower-middle peasants and PLA fighters break through layers of ice to fetch water which they carry to the well site in basins and buckets. Chou, covered with icicles, rushes towards the well site, a huge chunk of ice on his shoulder.

The mud tank is half-full of water. The chunk of ice spatters water in all directions as it lands in the tank.

On the drilling platform, Yu-wa pushes the overhead vice and grips the drilling rod.

With a blowlamp Hsu Kuang-fa clears the drilling platform of ice.

Chou keeps his hand on the lever. The aluminium helmet over his fur hat is hung with icicles.

The swivel starts whirring. The first well on Dragon Tiger Flats is being drilled.

A pink glow flushes the eastern tip of the horizon and reddens the determined face of Chou Ting-shan.

Investigation

Night. The second-hand of the clock on the wall is ticking away.

In the front-line geological headquarters, people are still at work. Some technicians are making an analytical chart of the earth strata, some are doing calculations. In one corner, Deputy Commanders Wang and Feng and Chief Engineer Chang Yi-chih are discussing something round a map of test well sites at Tienchia Village. They hear a motorcycle approaching fast. Wang looks up expectantly. "Young Yao's back."

All look up, eager to hear her news.

Yao hurries in. When she takes off her fur hat, her head is steaming. "Deputy Commander Wang, chief engineer, we've tested No. 1 Well at Dragon Tiger Flats. There wasn't much oil."

"Oh." Chang is not particularly surprised.

Wang: "We must go and report this to Comrade Hua Cheng right away! Come, Young Yao." The two leave the room.

Feng comes over to stand behind Chang's back. "Damn!" he says gloomily. "This is a bad beginning. If this sort of thing goes on, chief engineer, our whole campaign will collapse!"

Chang thinks for a bit. "I'll go and speak to Team-leader Chou."

Out in the wasteland. The moonlight is clear as water. The well site is deserted. The drilling has been finished and rows of drilling rods stand by the derrick. The workers have left. A single light burns from the window of the office.



Inside, Chou is on duty. He is studying *On Contradiction* under the lamp. On the table are an old-fashioned fountain-pen and a notebook. He blows on his frozen fingers then writes laboriously.

A motorbike can be heard. Chang Yi-chih comes in.

Chou: "You've come at the right moment, chief engineer. I was thinking of going to find you."

"Well, here I am!" Chang produces a bottle of wine from his coat pocket and puts it on the desk made of steel plates welded together. "Got it from an old colleague. You have it. It'll warm you up a bit." He leafs through the books and notebook on the table asking casually, "Studying?"

"I want to do some investigation and find out the laws for striking oil."

Chang takes off his overcoat. He picks up a bag of core samples and weighs it in his hands. "The objective law is right here — it shows that the oil deposit is thin." He puts down the bag of samples and walks up to Chou. "I'm afraid the well will have to be abandoned." Seeing Chou's agitation he quickly adds, "But we'll do our best to extract as much oil as possible. We might change the flow of the oil, what do you think?"

Chou: "Design another well for us!"

Chang, startled: "What? You still won't give up?"

Chou: "Give up? Will a big oilfield drop from the sky? To give up is not Marxist."

"But these Dragon Tiger Flats seem pretty hopeless." Chang sounds worried.

Chou, confidently: "No! We have ample data to prove that there must be oil here. And we've struck oil at Tienchia Village. How can Dragon Tiger Flats be the only exception? Why should we pull out our drill and run away just because we don't find oil at the first try?"

"But I tell you it's hopeless, you should pull out. It's only reasonable in cases like this," Chang explains patiently.

"So you pronounce the death sentence after only one drilling, eh?" Chou asks quizzically. "Won't you even make it a suspended sentence?"

Chang stands up in annoyance. "I've no time for joking." Then, persuasively, he adds, "I tell you, Old Chou, Tienchia Village alone will keep us busy for a lifetime. What more do you want?"

Chou springs to his feet. "We want to leave the enemy way behind in oil output." He says this with conviction.

"I admire your spirit!" Chang smiles wryly, then brushes this aside. "Easier said than done."

Chou: "Man relies on his will and the tiger on his strength. Old Chang, don't forget what the American adviser said before he ran away. We must show the world!"

Chang warns, "These Dragon Tiger Flats may be a bottomless pit."

Chou retorts, "Unless you enter the tiger's lair, you can't catch the tiger's cub!"

"You!" Red with exasperation, Chang snaps petulantly, "I won't let you waste this wine on the Dragon Tiger Flats." He picks up the bottle.

Chou snatches it from him, laughing: "I was thinking of drinking it at Nameless Field."

"*Ai!*" Chang leans back with a sigh against the desk.

Chou steps nearer to say in earnest, "Old Chang, Chairman Mao tells us, **'In this world, things are complicated and are decided by many factors.'** Has it ever occurred to you that there might be other reasons for the failure of this well? I suggest we two organize a team of workers to make an all-round investigation of the designing, surveying, class struggle and geological structure. After we've found out the cause of the failure, we can start drilling again."

Chang will not listen. "I'm the chief engineer, not a work-team. The failure of the well means money squandered. I'll write a self-criticism for headquarters. You just withdraw to Tienchia Village."

Chou, patiently: "Instead of going deep into the internal causes and studying the special features of contradictions, you want to solve them right away. That's asking for trouble."

As Chang struggles into his overcoat, he explodes: "We're in trouble already, thanks to that fantastic plan you people drew up. You should thank me for not blaming you. Do you expect me to go along with you and wreck the whole campaign?"

The door slams behind Chang. The motorbike starts and roars away into the distance.

Still deep in thought, Chou slings his pack over his back. He has decided to go out and make investigations.

The night is still stormy.

Chou Ting-shan and Yu-wa return after checking the survey of the well site. Some surveyors walk behind them in the teeth of a raging blizzard.

Chou Ting-shan talks to Uncle Tien on the site for Lung Fu-kuei's unbuilt house.

The geology department.

Hua Cheng paces the room, deep in thought.

Chang Yi-chih, just back from the well site, stands close by saying, "I insist on withdrawing the drilling team and reconsidering the whole plan. Commissar, let's call a meeting." He picks up the telephone and says, "Hello." Hua Cheng takes the receiver from him and replaces it.

Hua glances at Feng Chao, busily writing something. "Old Feng, what do you think?"

Feng closes his notebook. "Not all the forces for this campaign are here yet," he says diplomatically. "We have only a few drilling teams here. And the country needs oil urgently. Tienchia Village is already hard pressed, and the Dragon Tiger Flats have turned out like this. . . . I really have no idea what should be done."

Hua Cheng smiles. "It seems that in this room at least there's a majority for withdrawing."

Chou Ting-shan comes in followed by Yao Yun-lang, Hsu Kuang-fa, Yu-wa, Chin Fa-fen, Old Fan and others.

Chou: "Commissar, everything is clear now after investigation. The well marker was moved!"

Hua Cheng is stunned.

Feng Chao looks slightly flustered.

"Who moved it?" asks Chang Yi-chih furiously.

Chou: "The well-to-do middle peasant Lung Fu-kuei."

Yao Yun-lang: "He moved it to the edge of the structure."

Chang, angrily: "This is sabotage."

Feng Chao looks around inquiringly. "Damn him! Why did he do it?"

Yao: "He said we were encroaching on his housing site." She takes the men to the geological map and points.

Chang: "This is a serious political incident."

Feng, thoughtfully: "Perhaps it's just a case of peasant narrow-mindedness and selfishness. It just shows how essential it is to educate the peasants." He shakes his head regretfully.

"Chief engineer, our drilling team want permission to drill a second well," Hsu Kuang-fa demands boldly.

Yao Yun-lang, incisively, "That should be considered. Surely the conditions at the crest will be better than at the edge."

Chang: "Right. Old Chou did suggest another survey. But I refused because of my pride. . . ." He continues remorsefully, "Let this be a lesson to me! If headquarters agree, drilling can be started on the second well according to our original plan."

Feng, hypocritically: "Don't let's make any rash decisions. We need to study the matter and get permission." He glances around in search of Hua Cheng, then cries, "Commissar Hua. . . ."

Hua is at the other end of the room in whispered conversation with Chou Ting-shan.

Feng glances at them with trepidation, then looks appealingly towards Chang.

Chang: "What's your opinion, commissar?"

Hua comes over. Cheerfully, he says, "Good, even the chief engineer no longer insists on withdrawing. The tide has turned. There's no reason why we shouldn't ask the Party committee for permission to drill a second well."

"We'll go back and get ready then," says Hsu Kuang-fa.

Hua and Chou nod agreement. After the oil workers have gone, Chang Yi-chih, Yao Yun-lang and Feng Chao also leave the room.

Hua and Chou left by themselves continue their conversation.

Hua, still pondering over the subject: "How did Lung Fu-kuei dare to move the marker?"

Chou: "What Deputy Commander Feng said to him was very misleading and could be interpreted the wrong way. How could a leading cadre have dealt with the matter like that?"

Hua, thoughtfully: "Yes, we should ask the whys and wherefores."

Chou: "It's clear that the main contradiction is class struggle and the struggle between two lines. . . ."

Chou Ting-shan's resolute face — his pensive eyes.

(To be continued)

POEMS

Kuo Mo-jo

Smash the "Gang of Four"

—to the tune of *shui tiao keh tou*

An event bringing joy to all hearts,
The "gang of four" has been ferreted out!
Political gangster, lettered crook,
Chang their dog-head counsellor,
Together with the White Bone Demon
Who likened herself to the Empress Wu. . . .^{*}
All gone in one sweep of the iron broom.
The dreams of those who would have usurped
Party and state power have ended so soon!

What unbridled ambition,
Malicious conspiracy

^{*}Empress Wu (A.D. 624-705) of the Tang Dynasty was named Chao. In 690 she established herself as the reigning monarch.

And fantastic schemes!
They persecuted our red sun,
For this they deserve a thousand deaths!
His successor, a heroic man,
Carried out his behests with resolution.
A deed of lasting glory!
All hail Chairman Hua!
All hail the Party Central Committee!

Kuang Wei-jan

A Grand Festival for All Revolutionaries

—at Tien An Men Square

Gongs are struck in triumph, drums beaten,
Our hearts too maintain the rhythm as we march.
Fire-crackers burst merrily;
Our hearts expand like blossoms
As we march amid their flying sparks.

We hail Chairman Hua Kuo-feng, beloved leader of our Party,
We hail him, trusted successor to our Party's cause.
We hail the Party Central Committee, led by him,
That has uncovered the hidden poison of capitalist restoration.

Kuang Wei-jan, who wrote the words for the *Yellow River Cantata*, is a veteran poet.

Forests of red flags, clouds of coloured bunting,
Slogans follow slogans, songs follow songs.
Happy people converge into a mighty stream,
As hundreds of thousands meet in Tien An Men.

We hail the Party Central Committee's resolution of October 7*
That saved the country from a raging storm.
Recalling the Tsunyi Conference,** the Lushan Session***
We see this is but another hazardous peak
Levelled and passed on our long march.

With clenched fists we shout "Down with Wang Hung-wen!"
"Down with Chang Chun-chiao!" "Down with Chiang Ching!"
"Down with Yao Wen-yuan!" — One slogan ends, another begins,
Voicing our heart's desire, so long suppressed.

It's all clear now, these four were lackeys of the bourgeoisie,
Draped in tiger's skins to scare, their faces painted gold.
Four vipers hidden deep within the Party,
Blocking the road, they struck with bloody fangs.

Our workers, peasants and soldiers will crush all demons,
Together with revolutionary cadres and Red Guards.

*A resolution passed by the Political Bureau appointing Comrade Hua Kuo-feng Chairman of the Party Central Committee and its Military Commission.

**Tsunyi is in Kweichow Province. In January 1935 the Party Central Committee convened an enlarged meeting of the Political Bureau here, corrected Wang Ming's "Left" opportunist line and established Chairman Mao's leading position in the Party.

***The Second Plenary Session of the Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China was held at Lushan in Kiangsi in August 1970. During the session, Lin Biao attempted a counter-revolutionary coup but his scheme was shattered by the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Mao.

Closely following the Party Central Committee, red flag flying,
They form a Great Wall to oppose and prevent revisionism.

Today is a grand festival for all our revolutionary people,
Their joy is shared by those in the five continents.
This victorious song of the Cultural Revolution
Is welcomed by all around this terrestrial globe.

Looking down on us millions are Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin,
Their portraits seem to smile, giving the thumbs-up sign,
As though to say: "Well done! You are indeed
The Party and people nurtured by Mao Tsetung!"

Oh Chairman Mao, great leader, teacher,
Our eyes were red with weeping when you left us.
In those days of utmost anguish
A dark cloud pressed down upon our hearts.

As one full month passed, it seemed an age,
For in our hearts intense sorrow and concern were mixed.
But now the Party Central Committee has carried out your will,
In a clear sky the red sun shines again.

Dear Premier Chou En-lai, you who gave your last ounce of strength,
Boundlessly loyal to the proletarian revolutionary cause,
You still live deep in the hearts of our whole Party, army and people;
Among the crowds your illustrious name is raised.

Yet these same class enemies, in fear and hatred,
Persecuted you too, but only succeeded in arousing
Greater love and respect for you among the masses.

Lifting our heads, we seem to hear your call,
As you led us in singing together *The East Is Red*.

I gaze around at the huge crowd in front of Tien An Men,
Hear the roar of the many thousand gongs and drums.
Ignoring the sparks from fire-crackers
That float down upon my greying hair,
I quicken my steps to catch up with my unit.

Long ago, while we were waiting for the downfall
Of the "gang of four", we said privately to each other:
"Keep fit, take some exercise, do some walking,"
For we planned to participate in this triumphant parade.

Thanks to Chairman Mao, thanks to the Cultural Revolution,
I renewed my physical strength on the May 7 road*;
I'll never forget my comrades' warm-hearted help
When I fell behind or went astray in my thinking.

I must catch up, catch up with our workers,
Peasants and soldiers who are determined to vanquish all demons.
Right now my infirmities are all forgotten,
My spirits rise with each step I take, each slogan I shout.

How great and glorious our Party is!
Our motherland thrives and flourishes!
New people, new things, new vistas and landscapes
Like opening blossoms, stir my heart.

*Referring to Chairman Mao's directive written on May 7, 1966 pointing out the necessity for cadres to integrate themselves with workers, peasants and soldiers, to take part in collective productive labour, to remould their world outlook and always continue the revolution.

I'll re-ink my pen to write more poems
To laud our great Party and people.
Let me clear my throat, for it's a bit hoarse now,
And shout a few more slogans lustily.

Slogans follow slogans, songs follow songs,
Cities and countryside, rivers and seas are ebullient.
As millions sing and dance in the streets,
My small voice joins in the chorus of victory.

Today is a grand festival for all our revolutionary people,
A demonstration against imperialism, revisionism and capitalist restoration.
Battle drums rolling across the land shake heaven and earth,
Each a bell, tolling the knell of capitalism.

Yu Kuang-lieh

Chairman Hua in His Green Army Uniform

My palpitating heart
Nearly leapt up to my throat;
Tears of happiness
Near blinded me.
But through the rolling sea of red flags,
Through the undulating waves of flowers,
I saw, I saw,
Chairman Hua standing on the gate-tower of Tien An Men
In his green army uniform.
Emotion tumultuous
Like the rushing waters of the Yellow River,

This poem was written at the rally to celebrate Comrade Hua Kuo-feng's appointment as Chairman of the Party Central Committee and its Military Commission and the victorious smashing of the "gang of four".

Thoughts as turbulent
As the ever rolling Yangtse. . . .

How can we ever forget
That momentous time ten years ago
When the red sun mounted Tien An Men
And Chairman Mao stood there in his green army uniform.
Gazing at it, my thoughts
Turned to the green bamboo of Shaoshan,*
The lush pines on the Chingkang Mountains.**
Gazing at the red star
My mind pictured the bonfires lit on the Long March,
And lamplight shining in the Date Orchard*** at Yen-an.
Chairman Mao, Oh Chairman Mao,
On our great revolutionary trek
It was you who guided us
As we broke through forests of rifles,
Crossed flaming seas,
Dispelled the blinding mist
And overcame the tumultuous billows.
Dangerous mountains and evil swamps
Gave way before our swift advance.
There were thousands of reports of victories
As the revolution gained impetus, rising step by step,
Each one a clap of spring thunder.

*Where Chairman Mao's native village was, situated in Hsiangtan County, Hunan Province.

**In 1927 Chairman Mao established the first rural revolutionary base here in Kiangsi Province.

***Chairman Mao lived here during the War of Resistance Against Japan and from here directed the war of resistance and China's revolutionary struggles.

Today Chairman Hua also in his green army uniform
Is a towering figure on the ramparts of Tien An Men.
Endlessly our thoughts become
Deafening peals that rend the sky;
Our feelings overflowing
Like giant waves on mighty rivers.
Tears of happiness now flow as they did ten years ago,
Songs of praise, as then, continue to ring out.
Chairman Hua, Oh Chairman Hua,
It's the Party Central Committee, led by you,
That has faithfully carried out Chairman Mao's behests,
Swept away the dark storm clouds,
Restrained the wild currents,
Thoroughly shattering the "gang of four".
It's the Party Central Committee, led by you,
That has courageously defended Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.
Bravely facing storms and tempests,
Breasting fearful waves,
It has saved the revolution, saved the Party!
Chairman Hua, Oh Chairman Hua,
You're the brilliant new leader of our Party.
With you at the head of our whole Party, army and nation,
We'll inscribe a new chapter in continuing the revolution.

As our eyes turn towards Tien An Men,
Resting them on that green army uniform,
We can no longer hold back soaring thoughts,
Nor the warmth that courses through our veins.
Chairman Mao's cause is now led by his successor,
Nothing can check the mighty course of revolution.

Our great Party :
Now has another brilliant leader;
The ship of revolution
Has another helmsman.
Beloved and venerated Chairman Hua,
We'll follow your guidance.
No matter how hazardous the way ahead,
No matter how stormy the rivers and seas,
We'll continue on Chairman Mao's revolutionary line,
Singing along the way into the future.

Shih Hsiang

Chairman Hua Leads Us Forward Triumphantly

Hands that hold rifles
Are now sounding gongs;
Hands that brandish swords
Now beat drums;
Hands that fire cannon
Are lighting fire-crackers;
Hands that plant mines
Now hold bouquets.

On the blue oceans
Battleships plough their way;
In the azure sky
Silver swallows circle;
On the busy drill ground

Battle cries are raised to a new high pitch;
Along the snowy frontier,
Sentries quicken their pace.

Soldiers on Chenpao Island,*
The militia on the Hsisha Archipelago,**
Gaze at each other from the north and south,
Sending good wishes across the seas.
The sentry posts high on the Pamirs
And sentinel towers on the Pohai Sea
Wave to each other from the east and west,
Exchanging greetings from afar.

Good! Comrade Hua Kuo-feng
Is now Chairman of the Party Central Committee
And its Military Commission.
We're all for him!
We're all for him!
These cries straight from the hearts of our soldiers
Reverberate over the mountains and valleys.
Splendid! The anti-Party "gang of four"
Has been smashed.

*In Hulin County, Heilungkiang Province, this island has always been China's territory. In 1969 the Soviet revisionists blatantly attacked this island but were repulsed by our forces and people there.

**The Hsisha Archipelago in the South China Sea. Like the Nansha, Chungsha and Tungsha archipelagos, since ancient times it has always been Chinese territory. In January 1974 the Saigon regime in south Vietnam sent vessels to invade our territory. Our fishermen and militiamen fought back in self-defence and meted out to the invaders the punishment they deserved.

We rejoice!
We rejoice!

The evil accumulating clouds
Have been dispelled by the mighty hands of the people;
These few pests
Have been drowned in angry revolutionary waves.

How similar it seems
To the rolling billows of the Wukiang River,
And what happened along the Long March.
When Wang Ming's line was discredited,
And the red sun rose over the city of Tsunyi!
It was Chairman Mao then who took the helm,
Turning the snowy peaks and grasslands into thoroughfares.
He saved the Red Army and the Party,
The Long March is now known throughout the world.

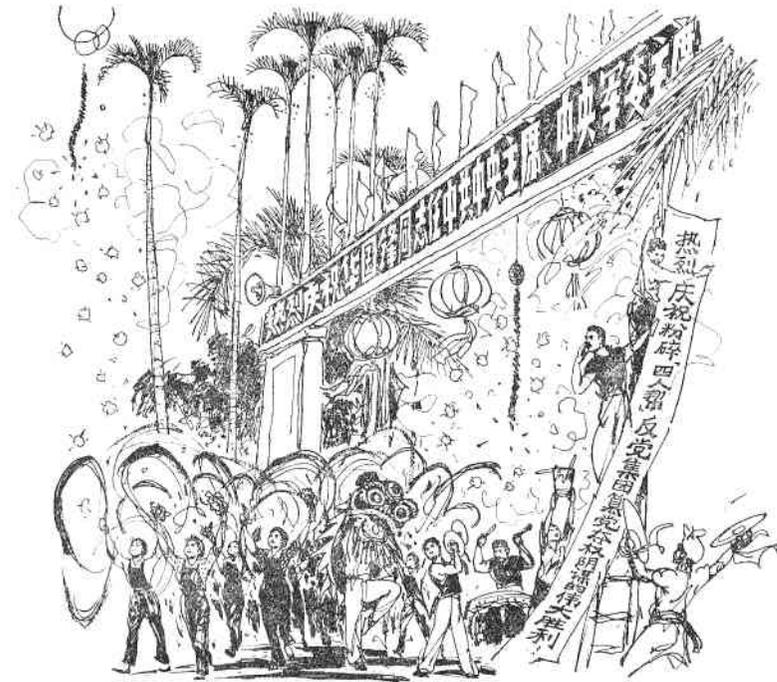
Today,
The mists are dispersed, rainbows span the skies,
Thanks to Chairman Mao's careful planning
Chairman Hua enjoys the warm support of the whole nation.
With one stroke the "gang of four" has been smashed.
The traitors in our Party, the nation's vermin, have been demolished.
So there shall be no going backwards, no retrogression,
Nor return to the suffering of the people.

The whole Party loves and supports Chairman Hua,
Is united and ready to fight on, full of confidence;

The whole army places boundless faith in Chairman Hua,
Prepared to forge on and penetrate all enemy lines;
The whole nation is marching forward,
Watched by all five continents and seas.
Triumphantly Chairman Hua now heads our advance,
As we embark again on another long march.

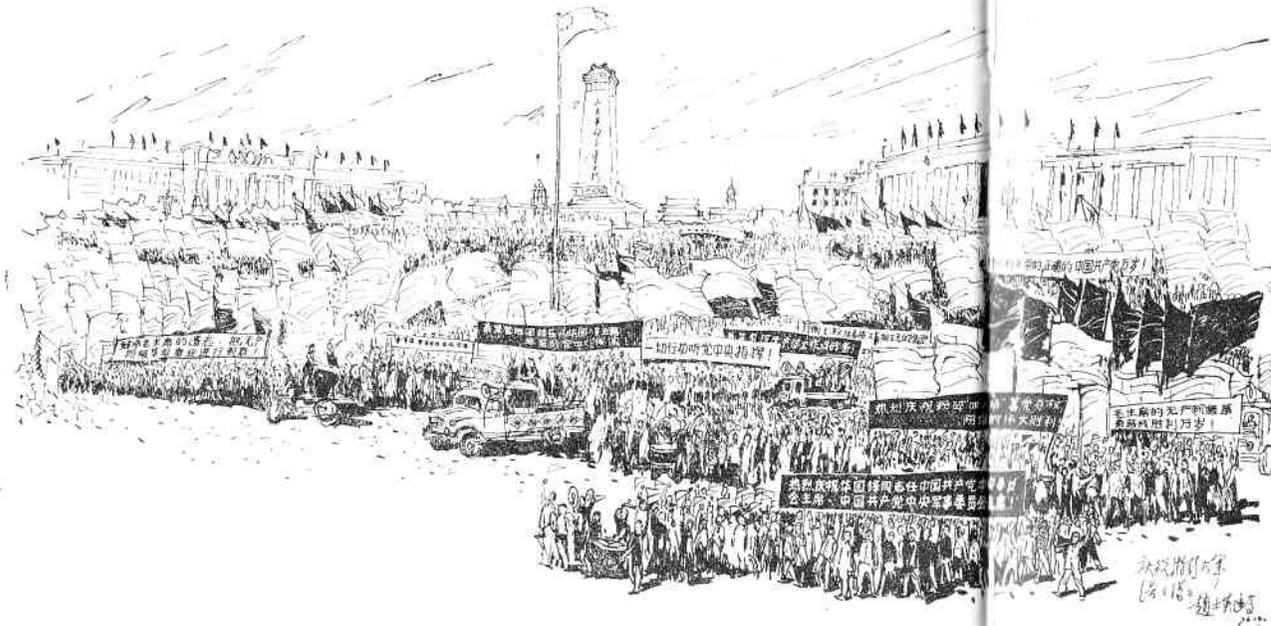
Warmly hail Comrade Hua Kuo-feng's appointment as Chairman of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party and Chairman of its Military Commission!

Warmly hail the great victory in smashing the plot of the Wang-Chang-Chiang-Yao anti-Party clique to usurp Party leadership and state power!



Dance acclaiming the great victory

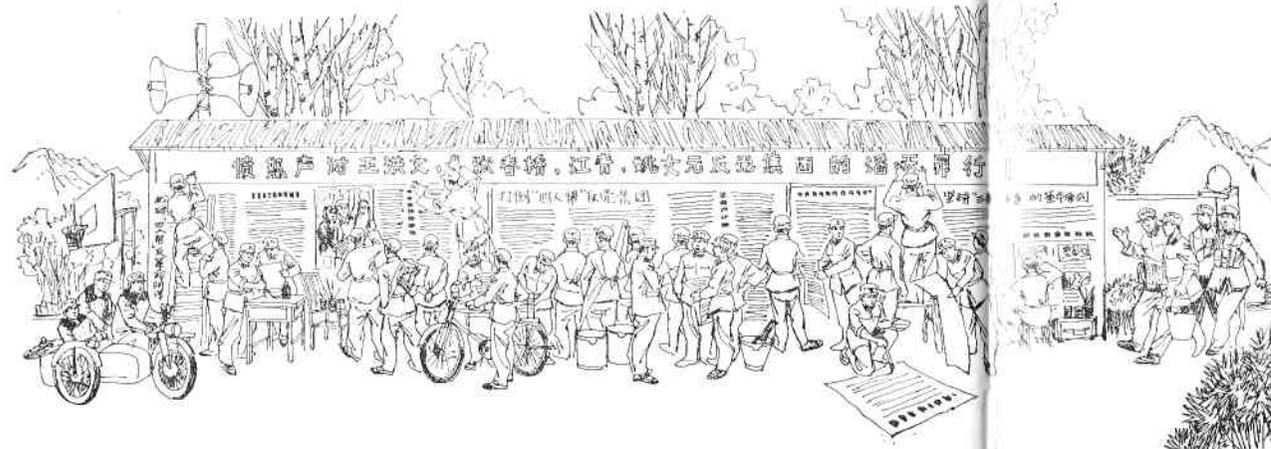
by Liu Jen-chih



Left: Grand demonstration at Tien An Men Square
by Chao Shib-ying

Lower left: Write posters to denounce the "gang of four" by Wang Cheng-shan

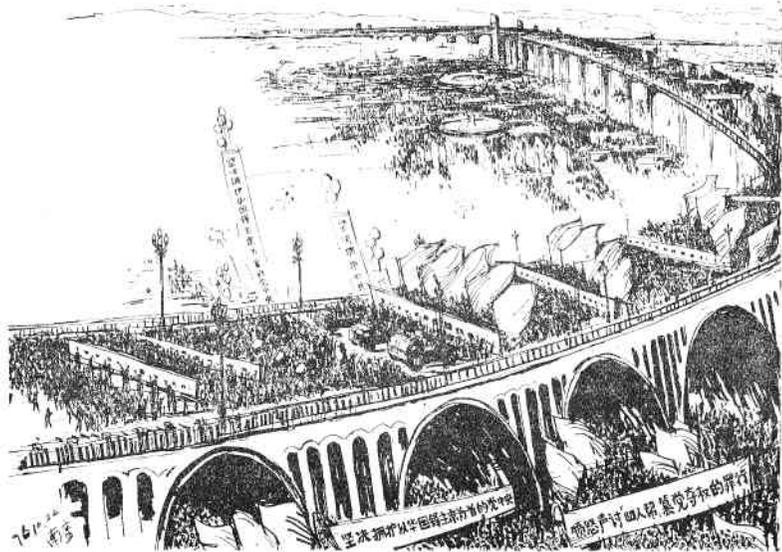
Below: Rejoicing over the victory
by Lan Yun-tien





The seething grassland
by Miao Ti

The whole country is celebrating
by Li Shu-chin



LU HSUN'S WRITINGS

At present, millions of soldiers and civilians in our country are fighting shoulder to shoulder to expose and denounce the heinous crimes of the anti-Party clique of Wang Hung-wen, Chang Chun-chiao, Chiang Ching and Yao Wen-yuan, the "gang of four" who tried to usurp Party leadership and state power and restore capitalism in China. Some of this gang of bourgeois conspirators, careerists and counter-revolutionary double-dealers have a dirty past. Chang Chun-chiao, for example, was an old-time capitulationist who worked in the interest of the Kuomintang reactionaries in the thirties. In 1936 Lu Hsun, the banner-bearer of China's cultural revolution, wrote the essay *The International Settlement in March* to denounce this mountebank who used the pseudonym "Dick". To help our readers gain a better understanding of the reactionary nature of the "gang of four", we are publishing this essay by Lu Hsun and an article introducing its background and times.

— The Editors

The International Settlement in March

In January this year Tien Chun published an essay entitled *On S.S. Dairen* describing how, more than a year ago, he and his wife were lucky enough to leave Talien,* a place fraught with perils for them.

The next day when we caught our first glimpse of the green peaks of Tsingtao, our hearts so long frozen felt fresh stirrings of life.

This article was first published in May 1936 in the monthly *The Nightingale*. After Lu Hsun's death his widow Hsu Kuang-ping included it in the selection *More Works from Demi-Concession Studio*.

*Talien, a Japanese concession known as Dairen, was under Japanese occupation at that time.

“Ah, motherland!”

We exclaimed this as if in a dream!

Of course, had they returned to their “motherland” in some official’s entourage no one would have made any comment, still less so had they returned to “wipe out Reds”; but in fact they came only to publish *A Village in August*,* and this involved them with the world of letters. So it would have been better not to have felt those “fresh stirrings of life” so soon. In March “someone”** in the International Settlement in Shanghai commented coldly:

“Tien Chun shouldn’t have returned from the northeast so soon.”

Who said that? “Someone.” Why? Because “*A Village in August* is not altogether true to life”. But these comments I am passing on are “true”. I have as evidence an article by Mr. Dick in “Sunday Literature”, one of the weird glimmers of light from the *Great Evening News**** supplement “The Torch”.

A Village in August considered as a whole is an epic but it is not altogether true to life, as for example in its description of what happens after a village is attacked by the people’s revolutionary forces. Someone remarked to me, “Tien Chun shouldn’t have returned from the northeast so soon,” because he felt Tien Chun still needed a longer period for study and if he had further enriched his experience this novel would have been better. As it is, there is much that is questionable both in the technique and the contents. Why has nobody pointed this out?

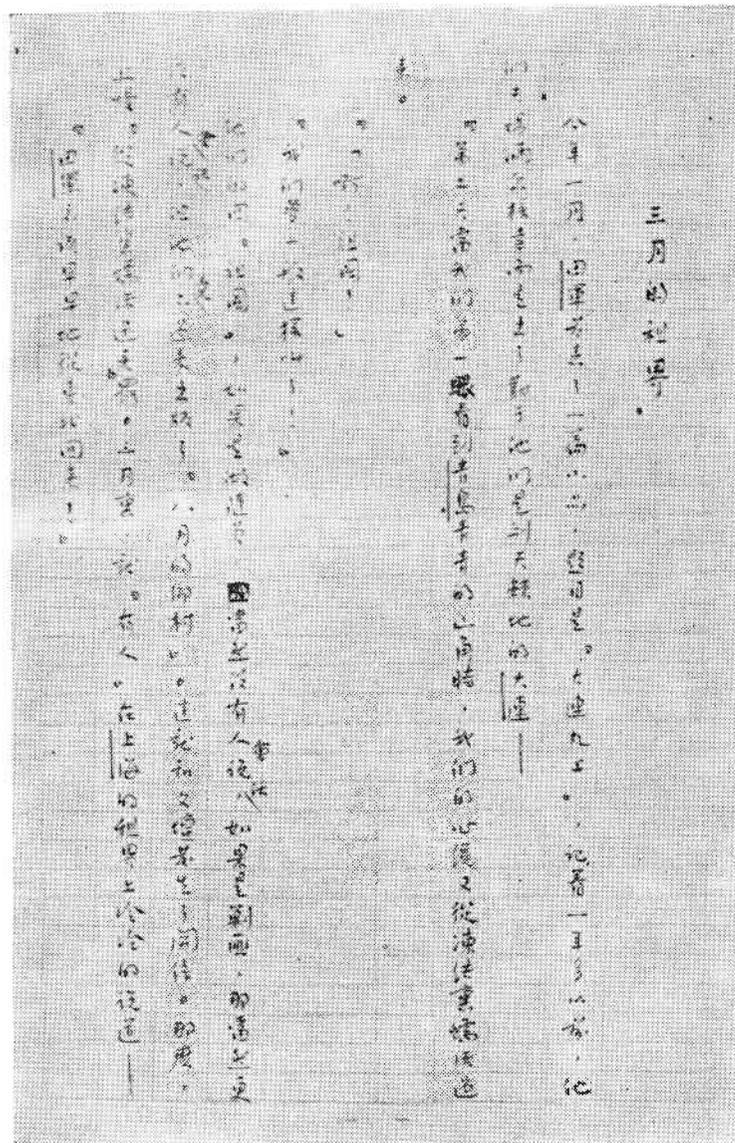
Of course we cannot refute this. It is as if “someone” were to say that Gorky should not have stopped working as a docker so soon, for then his writings would have been even better; and Kisch****

*This novel published in August 1935 dealt with the resistance to Japan in the northeast led by the Chinese Communist Party and exposed the non-resistance policy of the Kuomintang. Lu Hsun had edited the manuscript and written a preface for it.

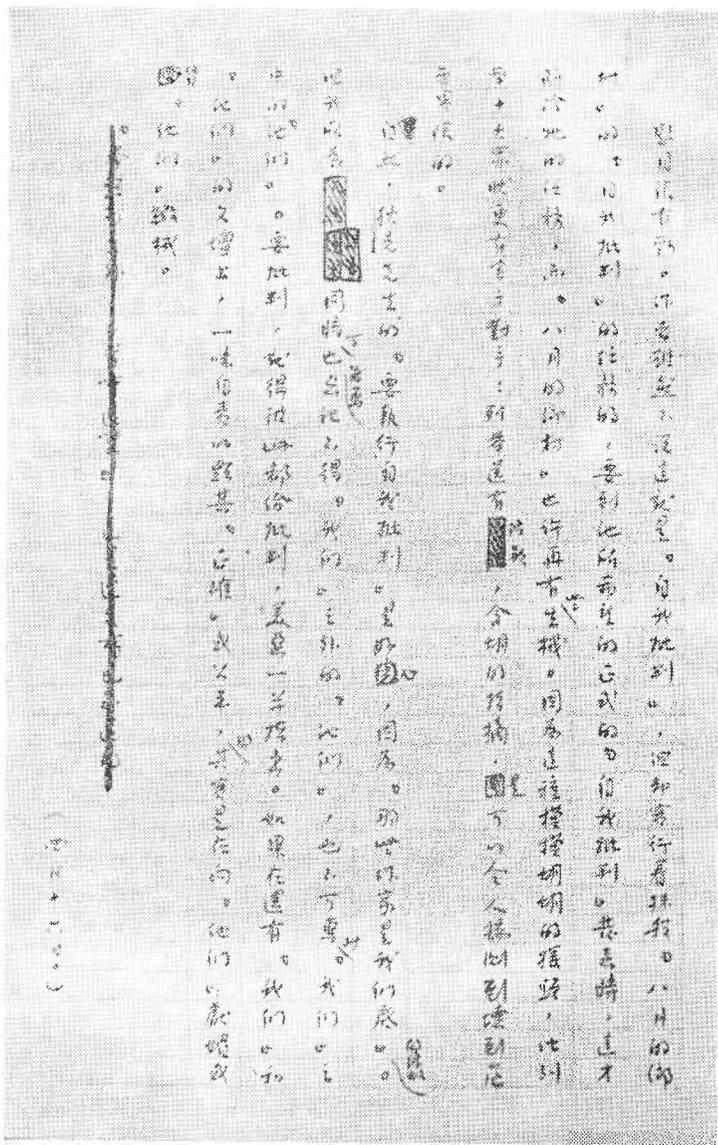
**Referring to Chou Yang and his clique.

***A reactionary newspaper started in Shanghai in 1932. “The Torch” was used by Chou Yang’s clique to trumpet their capitulationist slogan a “literature of national defence”.

****A Czech writer who wrote in German, visited China after the Japanese invasion of the northeast and published the book *China Geheim* (*Secret China*).



Manuscript of Lu Hsun's *The International Settlement in March*



Manuscript of Lu Hsun's *The International Settlement in March*

should not have fled abroad so soon but sat it out longer in Hitler's concentration camp, for then his subsequent reportage would have been more worthwhile. Anyone who disputes such statements must be an imbecile. However, as regards the International Settlement in March a few remarks are still called for, because we have not yet reached the happy period when we can "enrich our experience" thoroughly and avoid being imbeciles.

In a time like this, people are prone to impatience. For instance, Tien Chun wrote his novel too early and it is "not altogether true to life"; and as soon as Mr. Dick heard "someone's" strictures he responded by blaming others for not pointing out all that was "questionable", nor could he wait to "enrich his experience" before trotting out this "correct criticism" of his. However, I see nothing wrong in this. If javelins are all we have, then we should use javelins instead of waiting for the tanks and incendiary bombs now being manufactured or about to be manufactured. In that case, unfortunately, Tien Chun is not to blame for having "returned from the northeast so soon". It certainly is hard to pass fair judgement.

Besides, judging by Mr. Dick's article, there is apparently no need for a long stay in the northeast to know the "truth" about it. This Mr. "Someone" and Mr. Dick have probably stayed in the International Settlement, not studying in the northeast or returning from it later than Tien Chun, yet they know whether or not his novel is true to life. Moreover, they do not have to rely on "correct" criticism to help the writer make progress, because even before other people have pointed out all "that is questionable" in the technique and contents of *A Village in August* Mr. Dick has reached the conclusion, "I believe that people are already writing or about to write better works than *A Village in August*, because readers need them!"

In other words, tanks are coming or about to come, so we may as well break our javelins.

At this point I should also add that the title of Mr. Dick's article is "We Must Practise Self-Criticism".

A trenchant title, that. Though its author does not state that this is "self-criticism", he has in fact made a "self-criticism" by writing off *A Village in August*. Nor will his task end or this novel have

a chance of surviving until the publication of the formal "self-criticism" for which he is hoping. For cryptic headshakes of this kind are more damaging to their target than listing ten major crimes. Listing crimes brings specific charges, whereas ambiguous aspersions can lead others to guess at endless iniquities.

Naturally, Mr. Dick means well by his call to "practise self-criticism" because "those writers are our own". At the same time, however, I think we must never forget "those others" who are not "our own writers", nor should we only attack "those" within our own ranks. A critic should criticize both sides, pointing out both good points and bad. If in the world of letters where two sides exist we simply disparage ourselves to show our "correctness" or fair-mindedness, this is actually currying favour with "those others" or disarming our own forces for them.

April 16, 1936

An Out-and-Out Old-Time Capitulationist

During the commemoration of the 40th anniversary of the death of Lu Hsun, great man of letters, great thinker and revolutionary, this paper is republishing his essay *The International Settlement in March* written six months before he died. This essay has topical significance as a study of it helps us to understand the class struggle and two-line struggle today by exposing the pseudo-revolutionaries and capitulationists who long ago infiltrated our revolutionary ranks.

This essay by Lu Hsun was a forceful criticism of Wang Ming's Right capitulationist line. Towards the end of 1935, after the Chinese Workers' and Peasants' Red Army had reached north Shensi, our great leader Chairman Mao at the Wayaopao meeting of the Political Bureau of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party put forward the policy of establishing an anti-Japanese national united front — a policy which met with a warm response from people of all walks of life in the country. Lu Hsun openly supported the correct line of the Chinese Communist Party, explicitly declaring that

This article was published in the *People's Daily* on October 21, 1976.

he would “unconditionally join this front”. Behind his back, however, at the instigation of Wang Ming, the “four roughs”^{*} headed by Chou Yang dissolved the League of Left-Wing Writers,^{**} called for a “literature of national defence”,^{***} rigged up an “Association of Chinese Writers and Artists” and energetically pursued a Right capitulationist line. While resolutely boycotting and criticizing this, Lu Hsun made his stand clear by putting forward the proletarian slogan of “a literature of the masses for the national revolutionary war”.

Lu Hsun’s revolutionary stand and correct proposition infuriated the “four roughs”, who resorted to many dirty tricks in an intensified attack on him, ill as he was at the time. In a letter to a friend, Lu Hsun wrote indignantly, “Although I am better now I still feel weak and haven’t the energy to attend to this, that and the other; besides, my memory is failing. But these heroes keep attacking without let-up. Recently their writers’ association here has met to bawl for a literature of national defence. On the basis of past experience I stayed away, which these heroes considered an act of sabotage against the vital interests of the state. They even indicted me for this at their meeting. . . . The fact is, however, that they do not own China and I intend to live here too. So I have recently written two articles to hit back.” In one of these articles Lu Hsun castigated a mountebank using the pseudonym “Dick”.

This “Dick” had published an infamous article in the supplement of the *Great Evening News*, a reactionary Shanghai paper. In this, purportedly a review of the novel *A Village in August*, he made a virulent attack on Lu Hsun by innuendo. For Lu Hsun had written a preface praising this book for its depiction of the anti-Japanese struggle of the people in northeast China led by the Communist Party and its exposure of the Kuomintang policy of non-resistance. Lu Hsun said the novel “has presented China in part and in its entirety, pointed out its present and future, the road leading to ruin and the road to

*Chou Yang, Hsia Yen, Tien Han and Yang Han-sheng.

**Founded in Shanghai on March 2, 1930.

***A capitulationist slogan raised in the spring of 1936 by Chou Yang and others who took their cue from Wang Ming’s Right opportunist line. They advocated “literature for the whole nation” and held that the proletariat must not “claim leadership”, negating Party leadership over literature and art.

survival. Anyone with an open mind should read it from cover to cover and learn from it.”

Chou Yang was the first to denounce the novel. He was followed by “Dick” with his vicious article written from a Right capitulationist stand, in which he, like a slave-driver, lashed out wildly at the book. “Dick” himself was comfortably ensconced in the International Settlement in March, thousands of miles away from the suffering people in northeast China and completely ignorant of their struggle, yet he did not scruple to condemn the novel for not being “true to life” and the author for “coming back from the northeast so soon” instead of staying there for “a longer period of study” and writing only after he had “further enriched his experience”. This “Dick” stigmatized Lu Hsun’s warm support for progressive literary works as “tantamount to sending a good writer to the grave”. Furthermore, he went out of his way to furnish this poisonous article with an intimidating title of the sort used by his gang: *We Must Practise Self-Criticism*. The target of this “criticism” was only too clear — these sectarians who favoured those who agreed with them and tried to ruin those who opposed them wanted Lu Hsun to come to terms with them and submit to their Right capitulationist line.

Lu Hsun at once saw through “Dick” — a “creature with a human face”. He caustically pointed out, “A trenchant title, that. Though its author does not state that this is a ‘self-criticism’, he has in fact made a ‘self-criticism’ by writing off *A Village in August*.” For as a

The reactionary article by Chang Chun-chiao (Dick) published in the supplement of the *Great Evening News*



rule all "counter-revolutionaries posing as revolutionaries" take cover under the wings of the enemy, don the cloak of Marxism and make use of their special status and conditions to carry out special counter-revolutionary activities. In the presence of the enemy, cynical abuse of those in the revolutionary ranks in the name of "fair-mindedness" is in fact the dastardly act of accomplices and capitulationists. Lu Hsun, drawing blood with his sharp pen, showed up this "well-meaning" mountebank "Dick" as a black-hearted counter-revolutionary.

Who and what was this fellow "Dick"? An inquiry into past records shows that he was precisely "a counter-revolutionary posing as a revolutionary", a "maggot" that had crawled into the revolutionary camp. He was one of the "heroes" at that time who bawled for the "establishment of the line of national defence literature" and zeroed in their attacks on Lu Hsun, a hatchet man who "only took up a whip to flog others". The said sinister article is a major evidence of his counter-revolutionary career.

Lu Hsun pointed out that "Dick" ranted and raged like this to curry favour with the Kuomintang or disarm our own forces for them. His words, cutting as a dagger, slashed open the masks of "Dick" and company. It turns out that he never was a "revolutionary", but an out-and-out old-time capitulationist. In his preface to *A Village in August* Lu Hsun noted that this novel "stood in the way" of the imperialist aggressors' "conquest of the hearts" of the Chinese people and was therefore "naturally not to be tolerated in the Republic of China". Lu Hsun predicted with certainty at that time, "This will soon be confirmed." And sure enough, soon after the publication of *A Village in August* this "Dick" came out into the open and played the ignominious role of a hatchet man for the Kuomintang reactionaries. Behind his "revolutionary", "correct" and "fair-minded" mask were in fact the ugly features of a counter-revolutionary. This capitulationist who curried favour with the enemy and disarmed our forces for them in the thirties became, forty years later, an unrepentant capitalist-roader still on the capitalist road. This erstwhile accomplice of the reactionary rulers has turned into a revisionist and splittist who plotted and colluded with his gang to usurp Party leadership and seize

state power. Look! Has he not been consistently for decades a "counter-revolutionary posing as a revolutionary"? Such a man, although crafty as a chameleon and savage as a wolf, although he succeeded in camouflaging himself from the 1930's until very recently, even passing himself off as a "Left-winger", climbing to a high position and waxing eloquent to build himself up a fraudulent reputation, could not finally escape the punishment of history.

"A thunderstorm burst over the earth, so a devil rose from a heap of white bones." It is not surprising that a few conspirators and splittists have emerged in the ranks of the proletariat and its vanguard in the course of the acute, complex and intense class struggle and struggle between the two lines. As long as we carry out Chairman Mao's behests, rally closely round the Party Central Committee headed by Comrade Hua Kuo-feng, study hard to grasp the invincible weapon of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought and fight on to the end as Lu Hsun did, then all mountebanks like "Dick" are bound in the end to be pilloried by history.

*Tu Shu-ying, Chu Ping
and Yang Chih-chieh*

A Grave Struggle Around the Film "The Pioneers"

Since 1975 a sharp complicated struggle has been unfolding around the coloured film *The Pioneers*, all the ups and downs of this struggle producing strong reactions from the hundreds of millions of workers, peasants and soldiers in our country. Instead of being limited to the appraisal of the film itself, it was a fierce struggle between Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and the counter-revolutionary revisionist line of the "gang of four" in literature and art. It was a life-and-death struggle between two classes and two lines on the political and ideological front. Now that the plot of Wang Hung-wen, Chang Chun-chiao, Chiang Ching and Yao Wen-yuan to usurp Party leadership and state power has been completely foiled, the nature of this struggle is much clearer to us. Looking back at this stirring struggle and studying Chairman Mao's brilliant directive on *The Pioneers* have great immediate and long-term significance in helping us to expose the crimes of the "gang of four" and to develop a flourishing socialist literature and art.

In February 1975, when the people of China were celebrating the Spring Festival, the colour film *The Pioneers* made by the Changchun Film Studio was released. Like red plum blossom defying frost and snow it heralded a new spring in literature and art.

This flower of socialist literature and art was the result of the victory of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art. The film fervently lauds invincible Marxism-Leninism, Mao Tsetung Thought and the great victory of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. Taking class struggle as the key link, and integrating revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism in its portrayal of China's heroic oil workers armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, it sings the praises of Taching, the standard-bearer in industry acclaimed by Chairman Mao. This film, watered with the sweat of the Taching workers, shows the comradeship between the revolutionary film workers and the workers, peasants and soldiers with whom they integrated in the course of making this film. A fine example of the dialectical-materialist approach to reality, it also shows the progress made by film workers taking the road pointed out by Chairman Mao in his *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*. Both in ideology and in art, it is one of the best films produced in recent years.

Through the proletarian heroic images of Chou Ting-shan and Hua Cheng the film reflects how rapidly our oil workers have developed our oil industry. It shows that they did this by taking class struggle as the key link, persisting in the Party's basic line and guided by Chairman Mao's brilliant writings *On Contradiction* and *On Practice* and his great policy of **"Maintaining independence and keeping the initiative in our own hands and relying on our own efforts"**, and the general line of going all out, aiming high and achieving greater, faster, better and more economical results in building socialism. It manifests the revolutionary spirit of our working class who dare to fight heaven and earth and take on class enemies at home and abroad. This film sings the victory of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and his directive **"In industry, learn from Taching"**, as well as the determination of China's workers to overcome all hardships and blaze new trails in building up our country.

The revolutionary political content and artistic appeal of *The Pioneers* made the workers, peasants and soldiers welcome it as a good film reflecting class struggle and the struggle between the two lines besides promulgating the policy of relying on our own efforts and working hard, a good production which serves the workers, peasants and soldiers, was created for them and is of use to them. Vividly reflecting the revolutionary will and fighting spirit of the broad masses while encouraging them to plunge into new battles to win fresh victories, it has played the role of **“uniting and educating the people and attacking and destroying the enemy”**.

But while workers, peasants and soldiers were flocking to see *The Pioneers*, the bourgeois careerist Chiang Ching who shamelessly posed as the “standard-bearer of the revolution in literature and art” took the lead to axe the film. In 1975 after seeing *The Pioneers* she demanded furiously why such a film had been made and whose “monument” it was? The making of more films like this would lead to revisionism, she claimed. She ranted that *The Pioneers* was “seriously wrong politically and artistically”, demanded fiercely to know whose life it was supposed to glorify, and called for an investigation into its “background”. She ordered some articles written to criticize it. The day after *The Pioneers* was publicly shown, the “gang of four” issued four regulations: 1. No more copies were to be made. 2. It was not to be broadcast or shown on television. 3. It was not to be distributed abroad. 4. It was not to be reviewed in the press.

Yao Wen-yuan, an important member of the gang, personally commissioned an article criticizing *The Pioneers* to be published in a certain magazine.

The Pioneers disappeared from cinema advertisements. On April 8, 1975 Chiang Ching directed her minions to draw up a charge sheet of “ten accusations” which, to put it in a nutshell, were nothing but labels and blows.

The “gang of four” wanted to strangle *The Pioneers*. To this end they cruelly hounded the scenarist. They sent men to rake through his past in the hope of seizing hold of some handle against him, so that he could be downed for good and *The Pioneers* could be banned. Then they summoned leading members of the Kirin Revolutionary

Committee and Changchun Film Studio as well as all those involved in producing the film to Peking for a fortnight’s “forum” at which the “gang of four” presented the “ten accusations” and insisted that those summoned should study and acknowledge their errors.

People could not help wondering: Why? Why did that gang hate the film so much? Why look upon a film as such a dangerous enemy that they had to combine their counter-revolutionary forces to “encircle and annihilate” it and those who had made it?

The suppression of the film involved a big counter-revolutionary plot.

First, the “gang of four” had an aversion to Taching, a red banner set up personally by Chairman Mao. They denied that Taching had developed under the Party’s leadership, drawing its strength from the study of Chairman Mao’s brilliant works *On Practice* and *On Contradiction*. They claimed that the oilfield there was “something spontaneous”. Since *The Pioneers* chose Taching as its background to depict the militant life and heroic feats of oil workers guided by Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line who opened up a big oilfield through self-reliance, it did not meet the needs of the “gang of four” in their anti-Party activity. They regarded *The Pioneers* as a thorn in their flesh. In addition, they hated the film’s hero Chou Ting-shan, who mercilessly exposed such renegades as Feng Chao who crawled out of the enemy’s prison after shamelessly yielding to the enemy. Chou Ting-shan says: “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.” “We must especially be on guard against those wearing red caps but hiding black hearts.” This frightened the “gang of four” and made them uneasy because they were so like the men Chou denounced. What was more they insisted on investigating how *On Practice* and *On Contradiction* came to play such an important part in the film and why it showed the scene of the workers studying these two articles, directing the spearhead of their attack at our esteemed and beloved Premier Chou En-lai. As we all know it was precisely Premier Chou who called on the people throughout the country to study Chairman Mao’s *On Practice* and *On Contradiction*.

The Taching workers drew great inspiration from these two articles which they studied in warm response to Premier Chou's call. The policy of integration of city and countryside and integration of workers and peasants in the oilfield mentioned in the film was also put forward by Premier Chou. The hundreds of millions of armymen and civilians in the country who love Premier Chou from the bottom of their hearts will always remember these facts. The "gang of four", being careerists plotting to usurp Party leadership and state power, had all along hated Premier Chou. Before the convening of the Fourth National People's Congress they made false accusations against him and attempted to "form a cabinet". Seeing through this scheme of theirs Chairman Mao sharply rebuked them. When Premier Chou continued to lead the State Council in accordance with the decisions of Chairman Mao and the Central Committee after the Second Plenary Session of the Tenth Party Central Committee and the Fourth National People's Congress, they again seized on the film *The Pioneers* on the pretext of wanting to investigate "which Central Committee had sent the two articles". They attempted to set the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Mao against our esteemed and beloved Premier Chou, a great proletarian revolutionary.

The target of attack of the "gang of four", in the final analysis, was not limited to the person of Premier Chou who was always loyal to the Party and the people and resolutely carried out and defended Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. Abiding by Chairman Mao's instruction, Premier Chou warmly encouraged and defended Taching as the standard-bearer in industry. He resolutely followed Chairman Mao's principle of "three do's and three don'ts",* dedicated himself completely and always to the revolution and was open and aboveboard. How could the "gang of four" who practised revisionism and splittism and engaged in conspiracies find such a person to their liking? They saw Premier Chou as the great obstacle to the carrying out of their plot to usurp Party and state power and opposed him with all the means at their disposal. By opposing Premier Chou, they were trying to split the proletarian headquarters

*Practise Marxism-Leninism and not revisionism; unite and don't split; be open and aboveboard and don't intrigue and conspire.

headed by Chairman Mao, oppose Chairman Mao's great call "**In industry, learn from Taching**" and Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line.

This was the counter-revolutionary purpose of their unflagging struggle against *The Pioneers*. Strangling *The Pioneers* was a component part of their counter-revolutionary conspiracy and attempt to prepare public opinion for their usurpation of Party and state power.

2

As the struggle around *The Pioneers* continued, growing numbers of workers, peasants and soldiers and revolutionary artists came to see the true nature of the fascist dictatorship which the "gang of four" was trying to impose. They fought more consciously and courageously to safeguard Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. The revolutionary people armed with Mao Tsetung Thought did not succumb to high pressure or to despots. They were not to be deceived, oppressed and intimidated. The broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers ignored the gang's clamouring, saying: "We like such films no matter who opposes them. They boost our morale and drive." Didn't the "gang of four" try to ban the film? The peasants in the communes loaded it with praise. The gang's perverted actions met with widespread opposition. In July 1975, a projectionist in the Heilungkiang Production and Construction Corps openly queried the "ten accusations" levelled against the film. The "gang of four" sent investigators to hound him. Yet, no matter what underhand and savage means they resorted to, they never succeeded in severing the close ties between *The Pioneers* and the broad masses, especially the Taching workers. When asked, "Several top people say this film is no good, so why do you praise it?" the workers, peasants and soldiers would retort, "We don't listen to them, we listen to Chairman Mao."

And indeed, the hearts of Chairman Mao and the revolutionary people were as one. That is why the worker-peasant-soldier masses listened to him. When the "gang of four" brandished big sticks to

attack *The Pioneers* and the workers, peasants and soldiers, Chairman Mao wrote this brilliant comment on a letter from the scenarist of *The Pioneers*: **“There is no big error in this film. Suggest that it be approved for distribution. Don’t nitpick. And to list as many as ten accusations against it is going too far. It hampers the adjustment of the Party’s current policy on literature and art.”**

This summed up profoundly the vigorous struggle between the two lines on the literary and art front and sharply exposed how the anti-Party “gang of four” was tampering with and negating Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line on literature and art, undermining the proletarian revolution in literature and art and pushing forward a counter-revolutionary revisionist line. Chairman Mao’s wise, timely and heart-warming directive once again gave the correct orientation for the fruitful development of socialist literature and art. The film workers and the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers who were persecuted by the “gang of four” had been longing for the time when our great leader Chairman Mao would lead us personally to smash the spiritual fetters imposed on us by the “gang of four” and direct us to challenge them.

Like a radiant beacon Chairman Mao’s directive scattered the miasma of the “gang of four” and corrected the orientation of literary and art circles. Like the warm rays of the sun it gave fresh strength to the people struggling against the “gang of four”. In pointing out that **“There is no big error in this film”** Chairman Mao was affirming its essentially positive quality. At the same time, from the angle of political line he was criticizing the “gang of four” for nitpicking and levelling false accusations. He not only liberated the film from the iron heels of the “gang of four”, more important still was his making clear that the struggle unfolding around *The Pioneers* was a vigorous class struggle and a two-line struggle. Chairman Mao proposed that the film banned by the gang be approved for distribution to help adjust the Party’s current policy on literature and art. That coincided with the strong desire of hundreds of millions of workers, peasants and soldiers and was a censure of the fascist dictatorship imposed by the “gang of four” in literary and art circles. Our great leader Chairman Mao had long been aware of the gang’s criminal activities. He

sternly criticized them on many occasions for lording it over the workers in literature and art and doing whatever they pleased, boosting up those who bowed to them and suppressing those who opposed them, unscrupulously trampling upon Party principles and policies on literature and art and shamelessly betraying the basic principles of Marxism. They never truly repented but persisted stubbornly in their mistakes. Chairman Mao’s directive on *The Pioneers* was warm support and encouragement for proletarian revolutionary literature and art and a heavy blow to the “gang of four”, destroying their arrogance and raising the spirit of the masses of the people. It was a clarion call for a nation-wide attack on the “gang of four”, a call to arms to liquidate the heinous crimes of this anti-Party clique in literary and art circles and in the realm of ideology. Like a monster-reflecting mirror it showed the counter-revolutionary evil features of the “gang of four” who pretended to be revolutionary. Like a monster-killing sword, it sentenced to death the fascist rule of the “gang of four” in literary and art circles.

The people rejoiced while the “gang of four” panicked as they realized that the implementation of Chairman Mao’s directive would mean the defeat of their counter-revolutionary stronghold, the exposure of their plots in literary and art circles and the end of their dream of restoring capitalism. Because they feared and hated Chairman Mao’s directive, they tried first to keep it as a top secret and when this proved impossible opposed and twisted both its content and spirit. They even went so far as to say there were “political rumours” which had to be “investigated”.

They tried by hook and by crook to oppose Chairman Mao’s directive. First they deferred making it known. Chairman Mao issued this important directive on July 25 but not until August 2 did they read it out to a very limited circle and try to pass it off as a “routine” matter. They tried to minimize the significance of Chairman Mao’s directive by professing to have “drawn inspiration” and had their “vision broadened” by it. Then they urged their followers to oppose it, vociferating, “Now is the time to test whether we can stand firm!” The result was the disintegration of their fascist rule. Even Yao Wen-yuan had hastily to order a magazine in his control to destroy

the plates of an article in the printshop criticizing *The Pioneers*. Then they tried a third method: Tampering. Although Chairman Mao's statement "**There is no big error in this film**" showed that its orientation and line were correct, they stubbornly insisted "but there are minor errors".

Chairman Mao said: "**Don't nitpick. And to list as many as ten accusations against it is going too far. It hampers the adjustment of the Party's current policy on literature and art.**" Here he was obviously criticizing the mistakes of the "gang of four" in orientation and line and pointing out that they were flouting dialectical materialism and the objective laws of the development of literature and art and were exercising a fascist dictatorship by demanding obedience to their commands. But they brazenly tried to bluff their way out, claiming, "Our intention in nitpicking is good," and "It is only a question of setting demands that are too strict, not a matter of line." They openly opposed our great leader Chairman Mao. By distorting, tampering with and revising the directive in this way they made out that their sinister intentions were good, their mistakes "truths", and their erroneous line correct. There was no limit to the shamelessness of these out-and-out reactionaries.

While delaying to relay Chairman Mao's directive and then opposing and tampering with it, the "gang of four" went on putting heavy pressure on the makers of the film. Once Chiang Ching hysterically accused the scenarist of *The Pioneers* of sending in "outrageous charges" against her and "presenting a false picture of the situation" and said he should be "given a talking to". She even yelled, "Not listening to me means not listening to the Party." This clearly showed her opposition to our great leader Chairman Mao and her ambition to usurp Party leadership and state power. Chiang Ching also ordered that the scenarist write a self-criticism to Chairman Mao, withdraw the charges made in his first letter and suggest that the film should not be distributed abroad but be radically revised and a new version made. This was another attempt by Chiang Ching to negate Chairman Mao's directive. It, too, was rightly resisted.

All banning, distortion and opposition by the "gang of four"

could not stop Chairman Mao's important directive from spreading to the hearts of our people.

Grass cannot be wiped out by a prairie fire;

As soon as the spring breeze blows it will spread again.

No matter how rampant the "gang of four" were, the final victory belongs to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, to the revolutionary people armed with Mao Tsetung Thought.

3

Now the "gang of four" has been smashed and Chairman Mao's revolutionary line has triumphed. At a time when we are celebrating this great victory Chairman Mao's directive on the film *The Pioneers* has been made known to the people. This is a joyful event in the political life of our people.

Conscientiously studying Chairman Mao's important directive and reviewing the fierce class struggle and two-line struggle that developed around the film, we see all the more clearly that literature and art is an instrument of class struggle. The bourgeoisie attempts to use reactionary literature and art to subvert the dictatorship of the proletariat; so we must counter-attack the bourgeois onslaught with the sharp weapon of proletarian revolutionary literature and art.

The "gang of four" dominated literary and art circles for some years and pushed the revisionist line in literature and art in line with their political ambition to usurp Party and state power. They clamoured that they wanted to use literature and art as "iron fists" in their reactionary attempt to overthrow large numbers of leading Party, government and army comrades in central organs and different localities and split and oppose the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Mao. They got their hacks to produce poems, dramas and films in praise of them to build up their reputation. In literary and art circles and the realm of ideology as a whole, they advocated reactionary metaphysics and the idealist view that history is made by heroes and opposed the Marxist dialectical and materialist view of history; they concocted an anti-Marxist theory of artistic creation and forbade revolutionary literary and art workers to violate their

rules and regulations. They trampled on Chairman Mao's principle **"Let a hundred flowers blossom, let a hundred schools of thought contend"** and plotted to monopolize literature and art. In every possible way they obstructed and suppressed the revolutionary literature and art loved by workers, peasants and soldiers. They practised the dictum "What I say goes" in literary and art criticism and turned proletarian literature and art into Chiang Ching's royal preserve. How could this be tolerated? If the "gang of four" had been allowed to continue their reign of terror, then only the bourgeoisie would have had freedom to act in the fields of literature and art while the proletariat would have had no right to make revolution. Their object was by no means limited to banning one film, *The Pioneers*, but the whole of socialist literature and art. They would have blocked the road for revolutionary literature and art pioneered by Chairman Mao and ruined our great cause of socialism. What a fearful prospect!

The Party Central Committee headed by Comrade Hua Kuo-feng adopted resolute and decisive measures and smashed the counter-revolutionary plot of the "gang of four" to usurp Party and state power, saving the Party and the revolution at an important stage of history. This has removed the obstacles to the victorious development of the great proletarian revolutionary cause and cleared the way for a flourishing socialist literature and art.

By the sunken barge a thousand sails go past,
Before the withered tree all is green in spring.

We must thoroughly criticize the counter-revolutionary revisionist line and the heinous crimes of the "gang of four" to enable literature and art to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, in line with Chairman Mao's teachings. We must carry out Chairman Mao's policy of **"Letting a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend"** and enable our revolutionary literary and art workers and the broad masses to advance along the revolutionary road opened by Chairman Mao. Like a never setting red sun, Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art illuminates the road of victorious advance of socialist literature and art, and a spring-time in which a hundred flowers of socialist literature and art will blossom is in sight.

CHRONICLE

Poem Recital in Peking

To acclaim Comrade Hua Kuo-feng's appointment as Chairman of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party and Chairman of its Military Commission and to hail the great victory in smashing the plot of the Wang-Chang-Chiang-Yao anti-Party clique to usurp Party leadership and state power, the editorial board of the magazine *Poetry* and the literary department of the People's Central Broadcasting Station jointly sponsored a poem recital in November 1976. More than ten literary and art units took part in the recital, and over twenty items were presented.

Among the poems recited were: *Hailing the Great Victories of Mao Tsetung Thought* and *Denouncing the "Gang of Four"* by the Taching oil workers; *Chairman Hua's Heart Is Linked with Us Poor and Lower-middle Peasants* and *Chiang Ching Is a Big Bad Egg* (a children's song) by the Tachai peasants; *Chairman Hua, We Fighters Salute You* and *The October Spring Wind Blows Away the Dark Clouds* by PLA soldiers; *We Miao People Turn Our Hearts Towards the Red Sun*, *The Taiwan People Turn Their Hearts to Chairman Hua*, and *Rejoicing over the Destruction of the "Four Pests"* by some of our minority nationalities. *Smash the "Gang of Four"* — to the tune of *shui tiao keh tou* by Kuo Mo-jo and *A Grand Festival for All Revolutionaries* by Kuang Wei-jan were also presented during the recital. These items paid heartfelt tribute to our great leader and teacher Chairman Mao as well as Chairman Hua — the successor chosen by Chairman Mao himself, and denounced the criminal attempts of the anti-Party "gang of four" to usurp Party

leadership and state power. They showed the determination of the people of all nationalities in our country to unite and carry through to the end the struggle against the "gang of four" under the leadership of the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Hua.

Lu Hsun's Letters and Diaries Published

Recently some new collections of Lu Hsun's important writings, manuscripts and pictures have been published in Peking. Among these was a two-volume collection of 1,381 letters — the most complete selection yet made public — compiled and published by the People's Literature Publishing House. Lu Hsun's letters, recording his brilliant thought and militant life, are an important part of his writings.

Lu Hsun's Diaries, published in two volumes by the People's Literature Publishing House, cover the period from March 5, 1912 to October 18, 1936. *Poems in Lu Hsun's Calligraphy*, edited by the Shanghai Lu Hsun Museum and published by the Cultural Relics Publishing House, includes 47 poems in classical metre and six in free verse which Lu Hsun wrote from 1903 to 1935, as well as 22 classical poems which he copied out. The facsimiles of all the six poems in free verse, 14 of those in classical metre and two of the classical poems in Lu Hsun's calligraphy were published for the first time. *The Album of Lu Hsun's Photos*, edited by the Peking Lu Hsun Museum and published by the Cultural Relics Publishing House, contains 114 photos from 1902 to 1936.

New Paintings in Huhsien County

During the gala days in which the whole country celebrated Comrade Hua Kuo-feng's appointment as Chairman of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party and Chairman of its Military Commission as well as the victorious smashing of the plot of the "gang of four" to usurp Party and state power, the peasant artists in Huhsien County, Shensi Province, known as "the home of peasant paint-

ings", took up their brushes and created many new revolutionary paintings. These included such large murals and posters as *Warmly Celebrate the New Victories, Down with the Wang-Chang-Chiang-Yao Anti-Party Clique!* and *Rejoicing over Ferreting out the "Gang of Four"*. In this county, the blackboards, walls, bulletin boards and art galleries everywhere are filled with paintings, cartoons and drawings to celebrate the new victories. They evince the deep proletarian feeling of the sons and daughters of this "home of peasant paintings" who from the bottom of their hearts love and support the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Hua Kuo-feng, and abominate the crimes of the Wang-Chang-Chiang-Yao anti-Party clique who were out to wreck the country and ruin the people.



Published by Foreign Languages Press
Peking (37), China
Printed in the People's Republic of China

Drawing Heroes (woodcut)

by **Teng Hung-kuang, Tan Shih-hsiung and Chen Fen-teng**



IMPORTED BY
CHINA BOOKS & PERIODICALS, INC.

2929 24th ST.

SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94110



415 - 282-2994

S.F.

N.Y.

CHI.