

CHINESE LITERATURE



9

1972

CONTENTS

LU HSUN'S ESSAYS

Literature and Sweat	4
Literature and Revolution	6
The Revolutionary Literature of the Chinese Proletariat and the Blood of the Pioneers	10
On the "Third Category"	13
Notes After Reading (2)	19

LITERARY CRITICISM

Writing for the Revolution — <i>Li Hsi-fan</i>	21
--	----

STORIES

Story of a Red Star — <i>Li Hsin-tien</i>	35
The "Green Whirlwind" — <i>Ku Hua</i>	74

POEMS

The Peach Orchard — <i>Yung Chuan</i>	88
Home — <i>Yang Teh-hsiang</i>	92
Forest Surveyors — <i>Chang Kuang-kai</i>	94
Spring in the Changpai Mountains — <i>Chang Kuang-kai</i>	96

ANECDOTES ABOUT LU HSUN

A Wooden Board	98
Lu Hsun and His Japanese Friend — <i>Kuang Yu</i>	103
The History of a Sketch Map	107
Lu Hsun and Fang Chih-min — <i>Hao Ko</i>	111
Thinking of Yenan — <i>Shih Yi-ko</i>	115

CULTURAL EVENTS

Fearless as a Mountain Eagle — <i>Liu Ching-tang</i>	118
Glorious Flower of the Highlands — <i>Chang Chao</i> and <i>Yu Lei-ti</i>	123

Huhsien Peasant Paintings	128
CHRONICLE	130
LETTERS — From Our Readers	135
PLATES	
Never Cease Fighting (oil-painting) — <i>Tang Hsiao-ming</i>	20-21
The Red Sun Warms Generation After Generation (painting in the traditional style) — <i>Kang Tso-tien</i>	34-35
Golden Autumn (Huhsien peasant painting) — <i>Chang Lin</i> and <i>Feng Hou-wa</i>	102-103
The Cotton Harvest (Huhsien peasant painting) — <i>Li Feng-lan</i>	106-107
Commune Members Love the New Operas (Huhsien peasant painting) — <i>Ting Chi-tang</i>	110-111
Fisherfolk (coloured woodcut) — <i>Ou Huan-chang</i>	122-123

Front Cover: New-style Sales-girl — Hsu Kuang



Lu Hsun at a national woodcut exhibition on October 8, 1936, eleven days before he died

Literature and Sweat

A Shanghai professor* lecturing on literature states that literature, in order to endure, must describe eternal human qualities. In England, for example, Shakespeare and one or two others wrote about eternal human nature, hence they are still read today; other writers failed to do this and so their works perished.

This is truly a case of "the more you explain the more bewildered I grow". I suppose many early English works must have been lost, but I never ascribed this before to their failure to describe eternal human nature. Now that I know this I am at a loss to understand

In the late twenties the wide dissemination of the Marxist theory of literature and art and the development of the Left-wing literary movement headed by Lu Hsun aroused the inimical opposition of the Kuomintang reactionaries and their hired hacks. They tried to obstruct and sabotage the deepening of the cultural revolution by preaching the landlord-bourgeois theory of human nature. Liang Shih-chiu, spokesman of the comprador-capitalist class, in his essay *On Literary Criticism* blethered: "Universal human nature is the foundation of all great works." Lu Hsun wrote this essay to expose the hypocrisy and reactionary character of such fallacies.

*Liang Shih-chiu.

how, if those works have perished, the professor was able to read them and be so sure that none of them described eternal human qualities.

Whatever lives is good literature, whatever is lost is bad. Whoever seizes "all under Heaven" is a king, whoever fails is a bandit. Don't tell me that the Chinese theory of history is going to be applied to the Chinese theory of literature as well!

And does human nature really never change?

Anthropoid ape, ape-man, primitive man, ancient man, modern man, the man of the future... If living creatures can indeed evolve, then human nature cannot remain unchanged. I doubt whether we can guess even primitive man's feelings, let alone those of ape-man; so the men of the future will probably not understand us either. To write about eternal human nature is certainly difficult.

Take sweating, for example. I imagine men sweated in the distant past, they sweat today and will sweat for some time to come. This should therefore count as a comparatively "eternal" human quality. But the sweat of "exquisite" young ladies is sweet, while the sweat of workers "dumb as oxen" is rank. If one wants to write works that will live and win an immortal name for oneself as a writer, is it better to describe sweet sweat or rank sweat? Until this problem is solved a writer's position in the annals of literature is "in fearful jeopardy".

I hear that in England, for instance, most of the earlier novels were written for ladies; thus, naturally, sweet sweat predominated. Towards the end of the nineteenth century, however, under the influence of Russian literature, there was quite a reek of rank sweat. Which type will outlive the other it is still too early to say.

In China, to hear Taoists hold forth on the Tao or critics expatiate on literature is enough to make your flesh creep—who dares to sweat? But perhaps this is the eternal human nature of the Chinese.

December 23, 1927

Literature and Revolution

April 4, 1928

Dear Mr. Tung-fen,

Not being a critic I am no artist either, for nowadays to be any sort of specialist you have to be a critic too, or have a friend who is one. Without backing you are helpless, on the Shanghai Bund today at any rate. And not being an artist I have no special veneration for art, just as none but a quack doctor will give a boxing exhibition to cry up his wares. I regard art as merely a social phenomenon, a record of the life of the times. And if mankind advances, then whether you write on externals or on the inner life your works are bound to

This essay was Lu Hsun's reply to a letter from Tung-fen, a Peking University student. Here Lu Hsun uses the dialectical-materialist viewpoint to deal with such problems as literature and revolution, literature and propaganda, and the content and form of literature and art. He strongly criticizes the current trend "Left" in form but Rightist in essence in the theory and practice of certain literary and art groups. He also attacks the theory of human nature of the landlord and bourgeois classes, which was propagated by reactionary men of letters.

grow out-of-date or to perish. But recently the critics seem terrified of this prospect—they are set on immortality in the world of letters.

The outcrop of different "isms" is an unavoidable phenomenon too. Since revolutions are constantly taking place, naturally there is revolutionary literature. Quite a number of the world's peoples are awakening and, though many of them are still suffering, some already hold power. Naturally this gives rise to popular literature or, to put it more bluntly, literature of the fourth class.*

I am not too clear, not too interested either, regarding current trends in China's literary criticism. But from all I hear and see, different authorities seem to use a great variety of criteria: Anglo-American, German, Russian, Japanese and of course Chinese, or a combination of these. Some demand truth, others struggle. Some say literature should transcend its age, others pass sarcastic remarks behind people's backs. Yet others, who set themselves up as authoritative literary critics, are disgusted when anyone else encourages writing. What are they up to? This is most incomprehensible to me, for without writing what is there to criticize?

Let us leave aside other questions for the moment. The so-called revolutionary writers today profess themselves militants or transcendentalists. Actually, transcending the present is a form of escapism. And this is the path they are bound to take, consciously or otherwise, if they lack the courage to look reality in the face yet insist on styling themselves revolutionaries. If you live in this world, how can you get away from it? This is as much of a fraud as claiming that you can hoist yourself off this earth by pulling on your ear. If society remains static, literature cannot fly ahead on its own. If it flourishes in such a static society, this means it is tolerated by that society and has turned its back on revolution, the only result being a slightly larger magazine circulation or the chance for publication in the journals put out by big commercial firms.

*Before the French bourgeois revolution of the 18th century, French society was divided according to the system of taxation, corvee and special feudal rights into three estates: the clergy; the nobility; and the third estate comprising the peasants, shop-keepers, artisans, urban poor and the bourgeoisie. Later, on the basis of this, using an unscientific formulation, some people called the proletariat the fourth class.

To struggle is right, I believe. If people are oppressed, why shouldn't they struggle? But since this is what respectable gentlemen* dread, they condemn it as "radical", alleging that men the world over are meant to love each other and would do so were they not now corrupted by a gang of bad characters. The well-fed may quite likely love the starving, but the starving never love the well-fed. In the days of Huang Chao** when men ate each other, the starving did not even love the starving; however, this was not due to trouble stirred up by the literature of struggle. I have never believed that literature has the power to move heaven and earth, but if people want to put it to other uses that is all right with me. It can be used for "propaganda" for example.

Upton Sinclair of America has said: All literature is propaganda. Our revolutionary writers treasure this saying and have printed it in large type, whereas the serious critics call Upton Sinclair a "shallow socialist". But I, being shallow myself, agree with him. All literature becomes propaganda once you show it to someone else. This applies to individualist works, too, as soon as you write them down. Indeed, the only way to avoid propaganda is by never writing, never opening your mouth. This being so, literature can naturally be used as a tool of revolution.

But I think we should first try to achieve rich content and skilful technique, and not be in a hurry to set ourselves up as writers. The old trade-marks Tao Hsiang Tsun and Lu Kao Chien*** have already lost their appeal, and I doubt whether a firm calling itself "The Dowager Empress Shoe Shop" could attract more customers than "The Empress Shoe Shop". Revolutionary writers bridle at the mere mention of "technique". To my mind, however, though all litera-

*This refers to members of the Crescent Moon Society, a cultural and political organization of the comprador-bourgeoisie founded in 1923 and having as its chief representatives Hu Shih, Hsu Chih-mo and Liang Shih-chiu, who advocated reactionary theories and attacked the Left-wing writers headed by Lu Hsun.

**Leader of a peasant revolt at the end of the Tang Dynasty (618-907). At that time the cruel exploitation of the feudal rulers had reduced the peasants to utter destitution resulting, it is said, in cases of cannibalism.

***Two well-known delicatessens.

ture is propaganda, not all propaganda is literature; just as all flowers have colour (I count white as a colour), but not all coloured things are flowers. In addition to slogans, posters, proclamations, telegrams, textbooks and so forth, the revolution needs literature—just because it is literature.

But China's so-called revolutionary literature seems to be an exception again. The signboard has been hung up and our writers are busy patting each other on the back, but they dare not look unflinchingly at today's tyranny and darkness. Some works have been published, true, but often more clumsily written than journalese. Or it is left to the actors in a play to supply the stage-directions, such writing being regarded as "out-of-date". Surely, then, the ideological content left must be most revolutionary? Let me quote you the two superb last lines of a play by Feng Nai-chao!*

Prostitute: I no longer dread the darkness.

Thief: Let us revolt!

Lu Hsun

*Member of the Creation Society, a progressive literary organization.

The Revolutionary Literature of the Chinese Proletariat and the Blood of the Pioneers

The revolutionary literature of the Chinese proletariat, coming into being as today passes over into tomorrow, is growing amid slander and persecution. Now at last in the utter darkness its first chapter has been written with our comrades' blood.

Throughout history our toiling masses have been so bitterly oppressed and exploited that even the boon of a schooling was denied them. They could only suffer slaughter and destruction in silence. And our ideographic script is so difficult that they have no chance to learn to read themselves. Once our young intellectuals realized their

Early in the thirties, in co-ordination with their counter-revolutionary "encirclement and suppression" campaigns against the soviet areas led by the Communist Party, the Kuomintang reactionaries savagely suppressed the revolutionary cultural movement in the territory under their control. On February 7, 1931, they secretly murdered Yin Fu, Jou Shih and three other young writers. Lu Hsun wrote this essay to commemorate these five martyrs, expose the fascist atrocities of the Kuomintang and encourage revolutionaries to carry on the struggle.

duty as pioneers they were the first to raise a battle-cry, a cry which terrified the rulers as much as the cries of revolt of the toiling masses themselves. Then flunkey-writers rallied to the attack, spread rumours or acted as informers. And the fact that they always operated in secret and under false names simply proves them creatures of darkness.

Since the rulers knew their flunkey-writers were no match for the revolutionary literature of the proletariat, they started banning books and periodicals, closing bookshops, issuing repressive publishing laws and black-listing authors. And now they have resorted to the lowest tactics of all, arresting and imprisoning Left-wing writers and putting them to death in secret—to this day they have not made these "executions" public. While this proves them creatures of darkness on the verge of extinction, it also testifies to the strength of the camp of revolutionary literature of the Chinese proletariat. For as their obituaries show, the age, courage and, above all, the literary achievements of our martyred comrades were enough to stop the frenzied yapping of the whole pack of curs.

But now these comrades of ours have been murdered. This naturally represents a certain loss to the revolutionary literature of the working class and a great grief to us. Yet our proletarian literature will continue to grow, because it belongs to the broad masses of revolutionary toilers; and as long as the people exist and gain in strength, so long will this revolutionary literature grow. Our comrades' blood testifies that the revolutionary literature of the working class is subjected to the same oppression and terror as the toiling masses, that it is fighting the same battles and shares the same destiny, that it is the literature of the revolutionary toilers.

Now according to the warlords, even old ladies of sixty have been poisoned by "noxious writing", and the police in the foreign concessions* are periodically searching even primary-school children. Apart from the guns given them by the imperialists and apart from a few flunkies, the diehards have nothing left, nothing but enemies.

*In 1842, the British imperialists compelled the Ching government to sign treaties ceding them concessions in the main ports of China. Other imperialist powers subsequently seized concessions too. After the founding of the People's Republic of China these concessions were abolished.

Old folk and children alike are all against them, not to mention the youth. And these enemies of theirs are all on our side.

As with bitter grief in our hearts we commemorate our fallen comrades today, we must impress on our memories that the first page in the history of the revolutionary literature of China's proletariat has been written with our comrades' blood. It is a lasting exposure of the enemy's contemptible savagery, an inspiration to us never to cease our struggle.

1931

On the "Third Category"

The last three years have seen very few polemics on art and literature. Apart from those "theorists"* protected by the commander's sword who call themselves "Left-wingers" and find arguments for the freedom of art in Marxism and for exterminating "Communist bandits" in Leninism, practically no one else can open his mouth. The "art-for-art's-sake" writers are still "free" of course, because no one suspects them of accepting roubles. But members of the "third category", that is, those who "cling for dear life to literature",** cannot escape

Hu Chiu-yuan and Su Wen, two comprador-bourgeois men of letters posing as "free" men and members of the "third category", published articles lauding the bourgeois theory of freedom in literature and art and so-called eternal art transcending classes. They viciously attacked the Left-wing literary movement in co-ordination with the Kuomintang "encirclement and suppression" campaign in the cultural field. This article lambastes the bogus, reactionary nature of the "third category". Su Wen and Hu Chiu-yuan later became agents of the Kuomintang.

*Hu Chiu-yuan and some Trotskyites. Hu posed as a Marxist and advocated freedom in literature and art, but he worked hand-in-glove with the Trotskyites and slandered the Chinese Workers' and Peasants' Red Army as "bandits".

**Su Wen opposed the work of popularization, such as the production of serial-picture stories, carried out by Left-wing writers for the workers and peasants. In one of his essays he wrote: "This will doubtless be opposed by all those who cling for dear life to literature."

the bitter premonition that Left-wingers will call them “flunkys of the bourgeoisie”.*

In Numbers 3 and 6 of the magazine *Modern Age*, Mr. Su Wen takes up the cudgels on behalf of this “third category”. (I should point out here that I say “on behalf of this third category” for convenience’s sake, though I know that just as Mr. Su Wen’s “group of writers” may well disapprove of such indefinite terms as “perhaps”, “more or less” or “influenced”, they do not approve of definite terms either, because once you have a definite label you stop being free.) He believes that Left-wing critics call authors “flunkys of the bourgeoisie” on the least provocation, that they even consider neutrals as partisans, that once a man stops being neutral he risks being dubbed a “flunkie of the bourgeoisie”, and that whereas so-called “Left-wing writers” may be “Left” but abstain from writing,** the “third category” want to write but dare not. And so the world of letters is a blank. Still, a part at least of literature is said to transcend the class struggle, and this is the literature of the future, the true, immortal literature to which the “third category” cling. Unfortunately, though, the Left-wing theorists have scared everyone off writing such literature, because the authors have a premonition of being branded before they start. People may well have such a premonition, especially those who call themselves the “third category”. There may also well be writers, as Mr. Su Wen says, who understand a good deal of theory but find it hard to change emotionally. But when the feelings are unchanged, the degree of theoretical understanding is bound to differ somewhat from cases in which the feelings have changed or changed a little, and this leads to a divergence in views. And from my point of view Mr. Su Wen’s view is wrong.

*This slander was fabricated by Su Wen, who in one article wrote: “Members of the ‘third category’ are afraid of having their fortunes told by some omniscient instructor, who will decide which class’s flunkys they are.”

**This was an attempt by Su Wen to smear Left-wing writers. In *The Future of the Third Category* he claimed that certain people wanted to be the “third category” but had to lay aside their pens, and that this was the fault of Left-wing writers. He alleged: “This laying aside of pens is not because they have run out of ideas but because they dare not write.” According to him, Left-wing writers posed as “Left” but abstained from writing.

論⁴第三種人^也

這三年來，關於文藝上的論爭是沈寂的，除了在指揮刀的威權之下，掛着左翼的招牌，在馬克斯主義裏覓見了文藝自由論，列寧主義裏找到了投毒共匪說的論者的理論之外，幾乎沒有人能夠開口。然而，倘是為文藝而文藝的文藝，却還是自由的，因為他決沒有收了虛名的嫌疑。但在第三種人，就是死抱住文學不放的人，又不免有一種苦痛的緣故：左翼文壇說他是資產階級的走狗。

代表了這一種第三種人也來鳴不平的，是現代雜誌第三和第六期上的蘇先生的文章（我在此想先應該聲明：我為便利起見，暫且用了代表，而第三種人，這四字眼，雖然知道蘇先生的作家之輩，是也拒絕或者，多，影響過一趨，十分決定的字眼一樣，不要同定的名稱的，因為名稱一詞

Manuscript of *On the “Third Category”*

Of course, since Left-wing literature came into being, the theorists have made mistakes and not only do some Left-wing writers simply pose as "Left" but abstain from writing, as Mr. Su Wen claims; others veer from Left to Right and even join the ranks of nationalist literature* or become owners of bookshops or spies for the enemy party. Still, the Left-wing literature handed down by those writers who have tired of it remains. Not only so, the movement goes on developing and overcoming its failings as it advances upon the hal-
lowed ground of literature.

Mr. Su Wen asks: Why haven't they succeeded in overcoming their failings after three years?

The answer is: True, we must go on overcoming them, perhaps for another thirty years. But while overcoming failings we can forge ahead. We shall not be such fools as to wait till all our failings are overcome before going forward. Mr. Su Wen says as a "joke" that Left-wing writers are accepting payment from capitalist publishers. Now I would like to say in all seriousness that Left-wing writers are still being oppressed, imprisoned and slaughtered by the laws of this feudal-capitalist society. That is why all Left-wing periodicals have been persecuted and only very few are left, while even those which appear occasionally contain very few critical reviews, and those there are do not dub writers "flunkeys of the bourgeoisie" on the least provocation or reject "fellow-travellers". Left-wing writers are not angels sent down from heaven, nor foreign foes who have fought their way in from abroad. They welcome not only those "fellow-travellers" who have gone a little way with them, but even call on all the bystanders at the roadside to advance with them.

Let us ask another question, though. At present the Left-wingers are too crushed to publish many critical articles, but if a day should come when they are in a position to do so, will they dub the "third category" "flunkeys of the bourgeoisie" on the least provocation?

*The movement for "nationalist literature" was launched in June 1930 by Kuomintang agents and reactionary men of letters. It tried to use the catchword "nationalism" to conceal the Kuomintang reactionaries' capitulation to Japanese imperialism, oppose the Left-wing literary movement headed by Lu Hsun and "mop up" revolutionary culture. Lu Hsun ruthlessly exposed the reactionary character of this literary movement which betrayed the national interests.

I think so long as Left-wing writers have not given their word not to do this and take a gloomy view of things, it is possible—in fact worse is possible. But I believe such predictions are as unnecessary as committing suicide on the off-chance that the earth may crack up some day.

But it is said that Mr. Su Wen's "third category" have "laid down their pens" for such fear of the future. But would they do such a thing because of some imagined evil which they have not yet experienced? Is the grasp of these writers who "cling for dear life to literature" so weak? Would two lovers be afraid to embrace for fear of social censure in the future?

The truth is that the "third category" have not "laid down their pens" because Left-wing criticism is too harsh. The real reason is that no "third category" can exist, and if no such men exist they cannot have "third category" pens, let alone lay them down.

To live in a class society yet to be a writer who transcends classes, to live in a time of wars yet to leave the battlefield and stand alone, to live in the present yet to write for the future—this is sheer fantasy. There are no such men in real life. To try to be such a man is like trying to raise yourself from the ground by tugging at your own hair—it can't be done. You may fume, but it is not because others shake their heads that you stop tugging.

So even this "third category" cannot overstep class. If Mr. Su Wen himself anticipates class criticism, how can any writing get away from class interests? It cannot get away from the fighting either. So, taking a step ahead, Mr. Su Wen protests in the name of the "third category", though he does not want to be accused of "protesting". Meantime, as it is impossible to overstep the present, before he writes a work for posterity transcending class he starts worrying about Left-wing criticism.

This is certainly an awkward predicament. And it arises because fantasy cannot come true. Even if there were no Left-wing literature to complicate matters there could be no "third category", let alone works written by them. But Mr. Su Wen has dreamed up this spectre of a despotic Left-wing literature and lays at its door the crime of

preventing the emergence of his illusory "third category" as well as the birth of the literature of the future.

Admittedly there is nothing wonderful about Left-wing writers, who produce serial-picture books and scripts for operas. But they are not as worthless as Mr. Su Wen thinks. They want Tolstoy and Flaubert too. However, they do not want Tolstoys and Flauberts who "strive to write for the future" (because there is no need for them *today*). Tolstoy and Flaubert wrote for their contemporaries. The future is determined by the present, and only something which has meaning today can have meaning for the future. Tolstoy in particular, who wrote tales for peasants, never styled himself one of the "third category" and no amount of attacks from the bourgeoisie could make him lay down his pen. Although as Mr. Su Wen says, Left-wingers are not so stupid as not to know that "serial-picture books cannot give birth to Tolstoy or a Flaubert", they do think these may give birth to artists as great as Michelangelo or Leonardo da Vinci. And I believe that opera scripts and popular tales may produce a Tolstoy or a Flaubert. No one has a word against Michelangelo's paintings today, but were they not actually religious propaganda and serial pictures of the Old Testament? They were done, too, for the "present" of the artist's time.

In brief, Mr. Su Wen is not wrong when he says that rather than deceive others or sail under false colours, the "third category" should do their best to write.

And with even more truth he asserts: "A man must have faith in himself before he has the courage to work."

Yet Mr. Su Wen alleges that the premonition that Left-wing theorists will criticize them has made many lesser and greater members of the "third category" lay down their pens!

"What is to be done?"

October 10, 1932

Notes After Reading (2)

Even men of the same epoch, of the same country, do not always speak the same language.

Barbusse has written an interesting short story called *Our Mother Tongue and Foreign Languages*. The story tells of a rich family in France which entertains three soldiers who have risked their lives in the Great War. The young lady of the house comes out to greet them but finds nothing to say, and when she makes a few very forced remarks they have nothing to reply. In fact they are on tenterhooks sitting in that luxurious salon. It is not until they slip back to their "pigsty" that they feel completely relaxed and can laugh and chat. Moreover, using sign language with some German prisoners, they find that these men "talk their language".

Because of this experience one soldier has an inkling that: "On this earth there are two worlds. One is the world of war. The

To oppose the revolutionary literary movement of the proletariat, Liang Shih-chiu of the Crescent Moon Society and, after him, Hu Chiu-yuan, Su Wen and other self-styled "free" men and members of the "third category" went all out to preach that literature had a "universal" and "eternal" quality transcending classes. In this essay Lu Hsun once again makes a penetrating exposure and criticism of the specious claim that "literature must be universal and immortal".

other is a world of beautiful houses with doors that shut like safes and kitchens as clean as churches. That is a totally different world, a different country. The people who live there are foreigners with strange ideas."

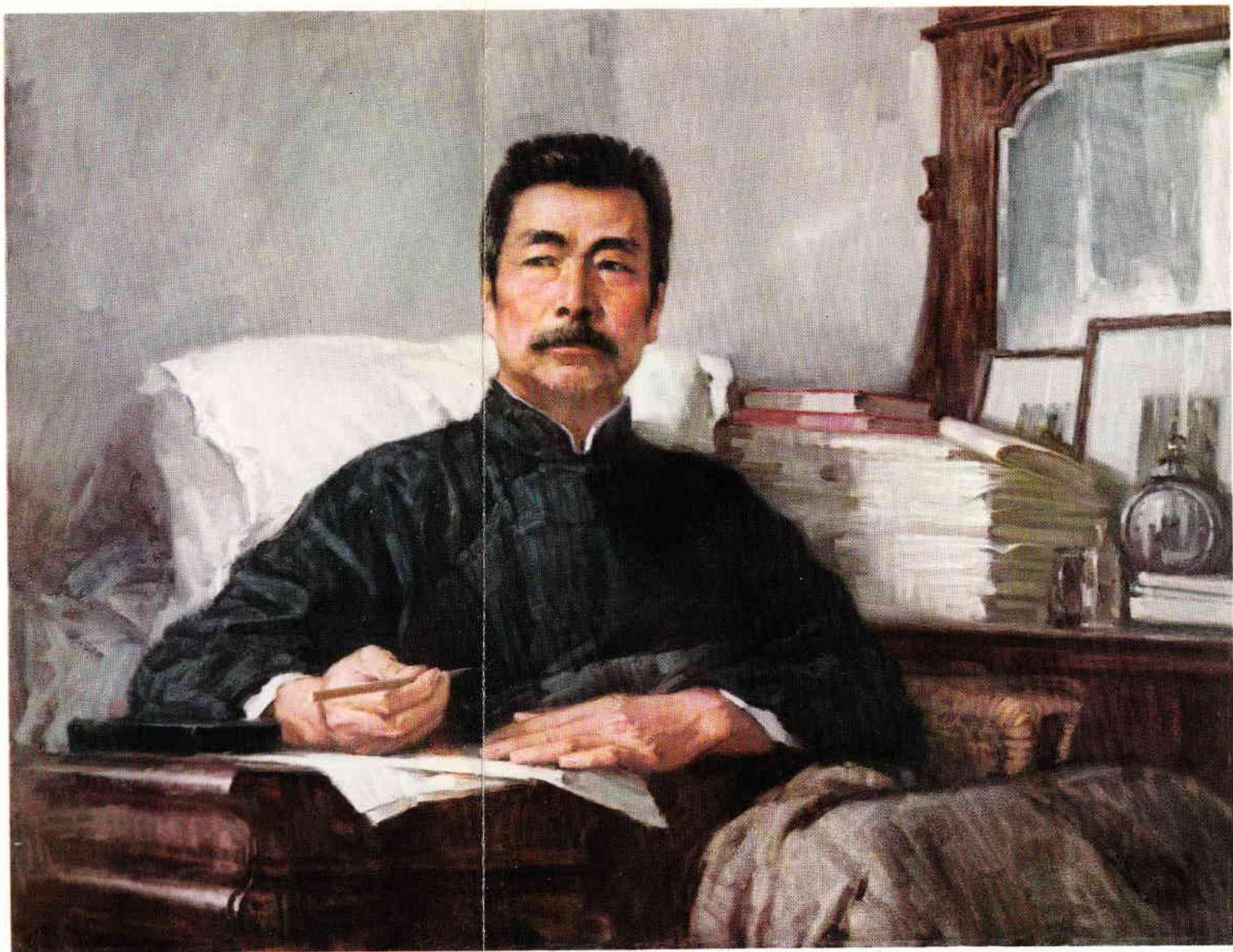
And the young lady later tells a gentleman: "One can't even talk to such people. It's as if there were an impassable gulf between us."

Actually this is not only true of young ladies and soldiers. Even we, who are considered "feudal remnants" or "compradors" or whatever you like to call us, often find nothing to say to people who are more or less our own counterparts if we fail to see eye to eye yet have to speak from the heart. We Chinese are a clever people however, and some of our forbears long ago discovered a panacea for this. Just say: "Today's weather . . . ha, ha, ha!" Again, during feasts we play finger-games to avoid expressing opinions.

It therefore certainly does seem difficult for literature to be both universal and immortal. Although "Today's weather . . . ha, ha, ha!" is quite universal, that by no means assures it of immortality, and in any case it is not much like literature. So a superior writer has made a rule that all those who do not understand his "literature" must be excluded from "humanity" to ensure his writing's universality. He is forced to resort to this means, since he is unwilling to disclose what other qualities literature should possess. In such a case however, though "literature" may live on, not much "humanity" is left.

So they say that the finer the literature, the less appreciated it is. When it reaches the peak of sublimity, its universality and immortality are embodied in its author alone. But then the writer becomes depressed again and is said to be spitting blood. Thus there is truly nothing to be done.

August 6, 1934



Never Cease Fighting
(oil-painting)
by Tang Hsiao-ming

Li Hsi-fan

Writing for the Revolution

— *An Appraisal of Lu Hsun's Essays*

Lu Hsun (1881-1936) was not only a great literary figure but also a great thinker and revolutionary. Chairman Mao in his glorious works has repeatedly made high appraisals of Lu Hsun's revolutionary activities and his revolutionary writing.

Chairman Mao has pointed out that Lu Hsun was **“the chief commander of China's cultural revolution. . . . Lu Hsun was a man of unyielding integrity, free from all sycophancy or obsequiousness; this quality is invaluable among colonial and semi-colonial peoples. Representing the great majority of the nation, Lu Hsun breached and stormed the enemy citadel; on the cultural front he was the bravest and most correct, the firmest, the most loyal and the most ardent national hero, a hero without parallel in our history. The road he took was the very road of China's new national culture”**.

Lu Hsun battled all his life in the old semi-feudal, semi-colonial China. Towards the end of his career especially, after he had become

a Marxist, his writing for the revolution was constantly slandered and attacked by the Kuomintang reactionaries; but for the liberation of the proletariat and the Chinese people he launched courageous assaults against all enemies of the revolution. His rich experience of class struggle and the struggle between the revolutionary line and the opportunist lines on literature and art found full expression in his essays which are remarkable for their militant style.

The five essays by Lu Hsun published in this issue of *Chinese Literature* belong to his later period, having been written between 1927 and 1934.

In 1927, owing to Chiang Kai-shek's betrayal and Chen Tu-hsiu's Rightist opportunist line in the Chinese Communist Party, the First Revolutionary Civil War¹ which had started so promisingly ended in failure. **But the Chinese Communist Party and the Chinese people were neither cowed nor conquered nor exterminated. They picked themselves up, wiped off the blood, buried their fallen comrades and went into battle again.** A single spark can start a prairie fire. In October 1927, tens of thousands of workers and peasants led by Chairman Mao raised high the red banner of armed struggle in the Chingkang Mountains in Kiangsi and built up the first revolutionary base in China's countryside.

During this period, Lu Hsun was convinced by harsh facts that "the future belongs only to the newly emerging proletariat". Undeterred by the White terror in Shanghai, then dominated by the Kuomintang diehards and foreign imperialists, he raised the battle-call, fearlessly took the field and created a militant Left-wing literary front, using "new armour and new weapons" — the communist world outlook and the theory of social revolution — to attack imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism represented by Chiang Kai-shek. The storm of revolution which swept the country terrified the Kuomintang reactionaries, who carried out frenzied "encirclement and suppression" campaigns² both on the military and cultural fronts. Just as they mobilized all available forces on the military front, on the cultural front they enlisted the services of all their bourgeois scholars and writers and other reactionary intellectuals. Protected by the warlords, these flunkys hung up trade-signs of every

kind and adopted different disguises to attack the revolutionary literature of the proletariat. Some of their main targets were the relationship between literature and revolution, the class nature of literature and art, the relationship between literature and politics.

As soon as the Kuomintang reactionaries headed by Chiang Kai-shek had betrayed the revolution and begun to arrest and slaughter Communists and other progressives, Professor Liang Shih-chiu,³ a member of the Crescent Moon Society, raised the black banner of "the literature of human nature". He vociferously peddled the theory of human nature of the landlord-bourgeois classes in order to attack the Marxist class theory. Liang Shih-chiu denied the class nature of men and the fundamental difference between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, arguing that literature had no class character. He bleated: "A capitalist and a labourer are alike as regards their human nature. Both feel the transient nature of human life, both grow old, fall ill and die; both are able to feel pity, both have a sense of morality; both seek carnal and mental pleasure. Literature is the art which expresses this basic human nature." Starting from this false assumption which transcends class differences and claims that "human nature is the only criterion for literature", Liang Shih-chiu alleged that literature transcends the age and that it has nothing to do with revolution. He blethered: "Great literature is based on unchangeable, universal human nature... Its relationship to the current trends of the age, the influence on it of the times, its influence over that period, its accord with revolutionary theory or its restriction by traditional ideas — these are quite irrelevant."

Does this "eternal", "unchangeable, universal human nature" touted by Liang Shih-chiu really exist? Is literature really an art to "express this basic human nature"?

Lu Hsun in *Literature and Sweat* uses the most general examples from the evolution of man to debunk this fallacy spread by the landlord-bourgeois classes. He points out: "Anthropoid ape, ape-man, primitive man, ancient man, modern man, the man of the future... If living creatures can indeed evolve, then human nature cannot remain unchanged." In another essay "*Hard Translation*" and the "*Class Character of Literature*", Lu Hsun used other everyday examples from

life to refute Liang Shih-chiu's fallacies. Thus he wrote with biting humour: "Literature without human characters cannot show man's 'nature' either. But once you use human characters, especially in a class society, you cannot get round their inherent class character. This is not a question of superimposing class 'fetters' — it is something inevitable. Of course, 'it is human nature to know joy and anger', but the poor are never worried because they lose money on the stock exchange, and an oil magnate cannot know the trials of an old woman collecting cinders in Peking. Victims of famine will hardly grow orchids like rich old gentlemen, nor will Chiao Ta in the Chia Mansion fall in love with Lin Tai-yu⁴ If we consider the literature which portrays the lowest common denominator of human nature as the highest, then descriptions of the most basic animal functions — eating, breathing, moving and procreation — must be even better. Better still would be those which dispense with 'movement' and just describe biological nature. If you say we must describe human nature because we are men, then workers must produce proletarian literature because they are workers."

Some well-meaning but naive people argue in favour of the bourgeois theory of human nature by contending that descriptions of natural scenery, flowers and birds, insects and fishes can be appreciated by everyone, and such literature at least is universal. Actually this argument was one of those used by Liang Shih-chiu to deny the class character of literature.

Thus Liang Shih-chiu demanded: "When one sings of the beauty of mountains and streams, flowers and herbs, are there differences of a class character?"

This sounds rather plausible. Many old Chinese poets sang of the beauty of nature, and some won fame for their fine depictions of natural scenery. But poor peasants groaning under the cruel yoke of the landlord class could never share the aesthetic pleasure of such idle poets as Meng Hao-jan of the Tang Dynasty, who wrote the lines:

In spring I sleep long, oblivious of the dawn;
Everywhere I hear the twittering of birds;
During the night there were sounds of wind and rain;
I wonder how many flowers have shed their petals?

Even the same phenomena, such as natural scenery, wind and snow, flowers or the moon, arouse quite different reactions in different classes. For as Chairman Mao has pointed out: **"In class society everyone lives as a member of a particular class, and every kind of thinking, without exception, is stamped with the brand of a class."**

Does literature really have nothing to do with its age, with the revolution?

The fact that Liang Shih-chiu raised such a ballyhoo to hawk his theory that literature transcends classes and transcends the age shows that he was serving the interests of the bourgeoisie, conforming to the fascist politics of the Kuomintang and trying to make people forget their class hatred against these reactionaries. This was one of the tactics used in the "encirclement and suppression" campaigns against revolutionary writers.

Liang Shih-chiu blatantly clamoured: "Private property is the foundation of civilization. . . . Men of real talent and ability. . . will ultimately acquire considerable property. . . . The theory of classes is used to unite the workers and incite them to struggle. . . then they will break the conventional rules, seize political and economic power and establish themselves as the ruling class."

What a fine self-exposure! This shameless flunkey of the bourgeoisie posed as a champion of the truth to sell his literature transcending classes and transcending the age. His claim that "literature belongs to the whole of humanity" is sheer hypocrisy, an out-and-out lie. As Lu Hsun shrewdly observed, "the concept of private property as the basis of civilization and the poor as the scum of society" was a weapon used by the bourgeoisie against the proletariat. "Proletarian literary critics consider that literature which claims to speak for all men and to transcend classes is of service to the capitalist class. Here we have a clear case in point."

Lu Hsun's essays are like bullets aimed dead on their target, annihilating such theorists of the landlord-bourgeois classes as the members of the Crescent Moon Society who preached "human nature", and exposing the true colours of lackeys like Liang Shih-chiu.

Under the guidance of Lu Hsun and in close conjunction with the armed struggle led by Chairman Mao, the Left-wing literary movement finally stirred up a tempest to sweep away the filth in the Kuomintang-dominated area. The reactionaries tried to counter this with bloody repressive measures. On January 17, 1931, Yin Fu and other Left-wing writers were arrested. They were executed secretly, at night, on February 7. Lu Hsun's grief and anger at the death of these young comrades found expression in his celebrated essay *The Revolutionary Literature of the Chinese Proletariat and the Blood of the Pioneers*. With revolutionary pride he wrote: "The revolutionary literature of the Chinese proletariat, coming into being as today passes over into tomorrow, is growing amid slander and persecution. Now at last in the utter darkness its first chapter has been written with our comrades' blood."

But while these butchers were engaged in slaughter, Hu Chiu-yuan⁵ who claimed to be a "Marxist" writer and a "free" man above politics, accused the revolutionary literature which served proletarian politics of "lowering art to the position of a political gramophone" and of "betraying art". He raved: "The highest aim of literature is to eliminate all class prejudices among humanity.... Literature and art are free even unto death." He opposed the "invasion of literature" by politics. At a time when the reactionaries were suppressing Left-wing literature, closing bookstores, banning books and secretly murdering writers; at a time, moreover, when these assassins were gloating over their crimes while revolutionaries were shedding their blood, this self-styled "Marxist" Hu Chiu-yuan slandered Left-wing literature and alleged that proletarian revolutionary writing deprived writers of their "freedom".

Lies written in ink cannot hide facts written in blood. With a few words Lu Hsun stripped off the renegade's mask. In his essay *On the "Third Category"* Lu Hsun pointed out that Hu was simply one of those theorists "protected by the commander's sword who call themselves 'Left-wingers' and find arguments for the freedom of art in Marxism and for exterminating 'communist bandits' in Leninism".

Others like Su Wen⁶ worked in co-ordination with Hu Chiu-yuan but adopted different disguises and called themselves the "third category"

or "neutrals". Su Wen attacked Left-wing writers for their criticism of bourgeois reactionary literature which intimidated "neutrals... who cling to literature for dear life" so that they had to give up writing for fear of being branded as "flunkies". Although they knew the truth "they dare not speak" and had to lay down their pens.

Lu Hsun in the same essay made short shrift of this play for sympathy by a full exposure of the true nature of these writers, who were very far from unbiased. "To live in a class society yet to be a writer who transcends classes, to live in a time of wars yet to leave the battlefield and stand alone, to live in the present yet to write for the future — this is sheer fantasy. There are no such men in real life. To try to be such a man is like trying to raise yourself from the ground by tugging at your own hair — it can't be done. You may fume, but it is not because others shake their heads that you stop tugging."

In another essay Lu Hsun wrote: "The so-called third category claim that they are the only writers 'loyal to their art'. This is another old trick to fool people; for no matter to what class they belong, all writers have their individual identity and are members of their class. To be loyal to one's own art is to be a writer loyal to his own class. This applies to the bourgeoisie and also to the proletariat."

The battles waged by Lu Hsun with the Crescent Moon writers, the advocates of "freedom of literature" and the third category even today afford us much food for thought. People who seem to stand outside the struggle, oppose the subordination of literature and art to politics and want them to stand aloof may hoist up all manner of banners and wear all manner of masks, but actually they are simply defenders and spokesmen of bourgeois politics. Chairman Mao has correctly pointed out: "**In the world today all culture, all literature and art belong to definite classes and are geared to definite political lines. There is in fact no such thing as art for art's sake, art that stands above classes or art that is detached from or independent of politics.**" History has also proved that men like Hu Chiu-yuan who advocated the "freedom of literature and art", or Su Wen who styled himself the "third category", hung up banners of every colour simply because they had sold themselves to the

Kuomintang reactionaries. Before long the true colours of these flunkeys were revealed.

Lu Hsun not only tore the masks off all bourgeois writers who advocated a literature transcending classes and transcending the age, showing them up as counter-revolutionaries, he devoted his whole life to polemics against the enemy, serving revolutionary politics and soldiering on till the very end of his life.

Lu Hsun earnestly taught the young writers of his time: "A revolutionary writer must at least share the life of the revolution or keep his finger on the pulse of the revolution."

All for the fight, all for the revolution — this is the glorious example Lu Hsun set future revolutionary writers in his literary career.

However, Lu Hsun the writer is inseparable from Lu Hsun the revolutionary. After the Opium War of 1840,⁷ foreign imperialism shamelessly invaded China. The Ching Dynasty clung to its feudal rule and exposed its rottenness completely by kowtowing to the imperialists, adding humiliation to humiliation. So progressive Chinese found the situation intolerable. As Chairman Mao has said, they **"went through untold hardships in their quest for truth from the Western countries"**. From the second half of the nineteenth century to the twenties of this, Chinese patriots eagerly sought a way out for the nation and a way to make revolution. Lu Hsun's whole life and all his literary work were a fervent search for revolution. His collection of short stories *Wandering* bears on the title page these lines from the ancient poet Chu Yuan:

Long the road stretching ahead;
I shall search above and below.

This reveals Lu Hsun's dedication to the quest for truth.

Lu Hsun's choice of literature as his life's work was the outcome of his search for weapons to save his country. He has described how in his young days he went to Japan to study medicine in the hope of curing "patients like my father who was killed by charlatans". He longed to help his fellow-countrymen to overcome their backward ways and modernize the country; but he soon discovered that medicine was not a weapon which could save China, and so he chose literature instead in the belief that it could change men's outlook. His

view of the task of literature at that time is explained in his early essay *On the Power of the Poetry of Revolt*. "The poet does all in his power to oppose society and propagate the idea that all men are born equal. Unintimidated by authority, uncorrupted by the lure of gold, he pours out his hot blood in his poetry."

Having taken the decision to write, Lu Hsun determined to fight and arouse "the labouring masses of China" of whom he had a clear mental picture, the masses "who underwent life-long oppression and suffered fearful pain". In Lu Hsun's eyes, the task of literature was to serve society and it was also necessary to change society. During the May Fourth period,⁸ long before he became a Marxist, Lu Hsun declared himself proud to "take orders" from the revolutionary vanguard in his writing.

Lu Hsun not only accepted the call to revolution himself but urged younger writers to take the revolutionary path. He proclaimed passionately: "Anyone who tries to obstruct the way forward... must be trampled underfoot."

A great writer must stand at the forefront of his age and act as a spokesman for the progressive classes of that historical period. Furthermore, a great writer will always choose the literary form most suited to the demands of the revolution to express his views of his age and evolve his own distinctive style. During the May Fourth period, Lu Hsun started his revolutionary literary career with his short stories which have profound social themes and incisive critical impact. As the struggles between revolution and counter-revolution sharpened, the short essay form became his main weapon. When certain scholars and writers advised him not to waste time on such short polemical articles, Lu Hsun answered firmly: "I am very grateful for their concern and I know that writing stories is important. But there comes a time when I have to write in a certain way. And it seems to me, if there are such troublesome taboos in the palace of art, I would do better not to enter it, but to stand in the desert and watch the sandstorms, laughing when I am happy, shouting when I am sad, and cursing openly when I am angry. The sand and stones may bruise me till my body is torn and bleeding, but from time to time I can finger the clotted blood and feel the pattern of my scars; and this is not less inter-

esting than following the example of the Chinese literati who eat foreign bread and butter in the name of keeping Shakespeare company.”

This is the battle-cry of a revolutionary and a lively explanation of Lu Hsun's choice of the short essay form as his main weapon, especially in his later years. The essay is for polemics. Compared with other literary forms, the short critical essay is a dagger or javelin, trenchant and quick to draw blood. In those dark days the essayist could “react immediately to anything harmful and do battle against it. Sensitive as a nerve and swift as a limb that responds by reflex action to attack”, the essay could be used to “fight a way out” for the author and his readers.

“Only those who can kill can preserve life, only those who know hatred can have love; only those who want to preserve life and have love can write literature.” This was Lu Hsun's principle for writing. During those critical years when China's revolution was rapidly gathering force, Lu Hsun did not concentrate on writing monumental works but, obeying the call to revolution, used his dagger and javelin, his critical essays, to attack all the reactionary forces and reactionary culture of old China which oppressed, deceived and poisoned the minds of the people. Thus he served the revolutionary struggles of his time. This reveals Lu Hsun's noble revolutionary character and spirit.

Lu Hsun declared modestly that his essays “are certainly no treasure-chest belonging to some hero which when opened reveals objects of unparalleled splendour. I am only a pedlar who displays his wares on the ground late at night at the corner of the street. All I have are a few nails and some earthenware dishes, but still I hope and believe that some people may find something useful among these things.” The result was that Lu Hsun left us with sixteen collections of essays — more than seven hundred essays in all — which with their distinctive style and form constitute a magnificent monument of proletarian revolutionary culture in China's modern history.

Regarding the characteristics of his essays, Lu Hsun said: “What I write about in these essays is often just a nose, a mouth or one hair; but when put together they make up a more or less complete charac-

ter.” Again, the characters which he depicted were not isolated individuals but typical examples of a specific class or groups with specific political affiliations.

Lu Hsun lived through more than half a century of struggles between revolution and counter-revolution during the period after the Opium War when China was a semi-feudal and semi-colonial country. Never a bystander, he always stood at the forefront of the fight, representing the majority of the nation and charging bravely against the enemy forces. So his essays, although short, embody rich experience of class struggle and the struggle between two lines in literature, as well as profound knowledge of men and society and many typical portrayals of the sickness of old Chinese society. They help us to understand the laws of class struggle, to see the class nature and special characteristics of enemies of various kinds. Keeping closely in step with the revolutionary struggles of his time, Lu Hsun used his mordant humour and cutting satire to scourge all manner of typical characters thrown up by imperialism and feudalism. Like a skilled portrait painter, Lu Hsun in his essays has given us a whole rogues' gallery. He presents reactionary warlords of the May Fourth period who made a cult of Confucius and were terrified of the “Reds”; the despot Chiang Kai-shek and his gang who bloodily suppressed the Chinese people but bowed before the Japanese aggressors; stooges of the foreign imperialists who preened themselves on being an intellectual elite; die-hards who clung to ancient feudal relics; fine gentlemen of the Modern Critic group who held forth on “justice” but attempted to use lies written in ink to disguise facts written in blood; hired hacks of the Kuomintang reactionaries who advocated “nationalist” literature while actually peddling fascism; Professor Lin Yu-tang who preached a comprador philosophy; Chou Yang who posed as a Marxist but was in fact a political swindler, and so forth. Lu Hsun's short essays mount fierce attacks against such enemies. Hard-hitting, vivid, profound and closely connected with real events, they carry all before them.

Lu Hsun's essays not only voice his deep hatred and fiery anger against the enemy, but also embody his fervent hopes, his encouragement of the people, his joy at the victories of the revolution. Some

of his short literary works express his feelings, others contain theoretical arguments; some are written in the form of a diary, others as correspondence with friends, as sketches or even as fables. Lu Hsun did not restrict himself to existing literary genres but chose forms according to the requirements of his content. He wrote easily and naturally, but all his work was geared to the revolutionary struggle and had its distinctive literary style.

The short essay has a long history both in Chinese and foreign literature. Lu Hsun's special contribution to this form was raising it to greater heights of artistic perfection and ideological profundity. Lu Hsun's essays combine polemics with poetry, drawing their vitality from and serving the needs of the struggle. His life-long participation in fierce class struggles steeled him and sharpened his perception. And towards the end of his career the communist world outlook and philosophy of social revolution illuminated his rich fighting experience and gave him additional strength, so that he became a veritable "tiger with wings". As Chairman Mao comments: **"Lu Hsun's later essays are so penetrating and powerful and yet so free from onesidedness precisely because he had grasped dialectics by then."**

As we have seen, Lu Hsun had nothing but contempt for the hypocritical advocates of "the art of human nature" and "art for art's sake". He openly proclaimed that the fight on the cultural front was only "one battleground of the proletariat's struggle for liberation", that he was glad to serve as a "pawn" or "a vanguard scout" of the revolutionary forces. He warned young writers: "If there is no change and we ourselves swim with the tide, it means making no contribution and giving no help to the age". "We may be unable to express the most far-reaching changes, but this need not discourage us. Even if we cannot show the whole of these changes, we can at least show one aspect. The most monumental buildings are constructed of planks of wood and bricks. Why should we not be a plank of wood or a brick?"

Lu Hsun made this impassioned call: "There should already be a brand-new tilt-yard for literature, there should already be some swift-charging vanguards." He affirmed: "Writers in the present

resistance are fighting for the present and the future; for if we lose the present, we shall have no future."

This is how Lu Hsun battled all his life, and this is how his essays were produced. As Chairman Mao points out: **"All Communists, all revolutionaries, all revolutionary literary and art workers should learn from the example of Lu Hsun and be 'oxen' for the proletariat and the masses, bending their backs to the task until their dying day."** Since essays were the chief weapons used by Lu Hsun against the class enemy, Chairman Mao has on several occasions urged all revolutionaries to make a serious study of Lu Hsun's essays.

Writing for the revolution, choosing the best weapons for the revolution — this is the most significant feature of Lu Hsun's writing.

NOTES

¹ The war against imperialism and feudalism waged by the Chinese people during the period of co-operation between the Communist Party of China and the Kuomintang, 1924-1927. In the earlier stage the revolutionary forces developed rapidly and the imperialist and feudal forces suffered severe setbacks. Towards the end of the period, Chen Tu-hsiu who was General Secretary of the Communist Party carried out a line of capitulation. He voluntarily gave up the Party's leadership of the peasant masses, urban petty-bourgeoisie and middle bourgeoisie and in particular relinquished the leadership of the armed forces. As a result, on April 12, 1927 Chiang Kai-shek in collusion with imperialist and feudal forces staged his counter-revolutionary coup d'état, massacring Communists as well as the revolutionary masses so that the First Revolutionary Civil War ended in defeat.

² The counter-revolutionary military attacks against the soviet areas led by the Communist Party and the brutal suppression of revolutionary culture in areas under Kuomintang rule launched by the Kuomintang reactionaries during the early thirties.

³ See the footnote on page 8.

⁴ Chiao Ta and Lin Tai-yu are characters in the 18th-century novel *Dream of the Red Chamber*. Chiao Ta was a servant while Lin Tai-yu was a young lady of the house.

⁵ See the footnotes in *On the "Third Category"*.

⁶ See the footnote on page 13.

⁷ In 1840 in order to dump opium on China, the British imperialists invaded China. The Chinese people and armed forces waged a stubborn resistance and dealt severe blows at the British invaders.

⁸ The anti-feudal and anti-imperialist revolutionary movement which started on May 4, 1919 later turned into a sweeping revolutionary cultural movement with the spreading of Marxism-Leninism as its main trend.

The Red Sun Warms Generation After Generation (painting
in the traditional style) by Kang Tso-tien ▶



Li Hsin-tien

Story of a Red Star

I was born in Willow Brook Village in the mountains of Kiangsi. In 1932, when I was five, I heard grown-ups say they were making revolution. My dad, Pan Hsing-yi, was one of those making revolution. One day Dad led a band of men armed with swords and red-tasselled spears to the house of Hu Han-san who lorded it over our village. They dragged the vicious landlord out, tied him up and paraded him in a tall paper hat.

It was Brother Wu who got my dad to make revolution.

One day at noon I was squatting under a tree at the end of a field watching Dad plough, when along came Brother Wu. He taught in the primary school in Bramble Mount, a neighbouring village, but lived next door to us. When Brother Wu saw Dad sweating away he called:

"Knock off for a bit, Uncle Hsing-yi!"

"I've no time," Dad answered. "I've borrowed this ox and must finish ploughing this field before we eat." He bent again to the plough.

This is an excerpt from a novel published earlier this year.

"Stop just a minute, Uncle," urged Brother Wu. "I've something to tell you."

Dad went up to him then and asked: "Well, what is it?"

"We've started a peasants' night school at Bramble Mount. You should go and study there."

"What! Study? Me?" Dad turned back towards his plough. "I can't feed my family. How can I go to school?"

Brother Wu took Dad by the arm. "This isn't just a school where you learn to read. We'll hear about affairs of state as well. Why not go? There's a lot we farmers can learn there."

Dad pricked up his ears at that. "Can we learn how to have a decent life?" he asked.

"That's what the school's for." Brother Wu flung out both hands. "To help peasants and workers stand up and change the world."

"I reckon a change is what we need." Dad straightened up and mopped the sweat on his brow. "We till the soil but we've no oxen to plough with, no money to repair our houses. Before the fifth month arrives, the green crops in the fields are mortgaged to the landlord. Things can't go on like this."

"You're right there," agreed Brother Wu. "Commissioner Mao has sent a man over here. We should follow the lead of the South Mountain folk, overthrow the local gentry and divide up the land. So mind you go this evening!"

At mention of Commissioner Mao, Dad's face had lit up. "All right, I'll be there," he promised as he went back to his plough.

That evening Dad and Brother Wu went to the night school together. Dad went every evening after that. Soon he was able to explain what revolution meant. He learned how to use a sword and fire a rifle. Before long he organized a squad of Red Guards in our village and was chosen as squad leader. He led the poor peasants to overthrow the local gentry and divide up the land.

Two years went by. One day when Mum was out getting some women to make shoes for the army, I went to play with Sprig, Brother Wu's young nephew. And the two of us sang this song:

The sun rises bright and red,
Commissioner Mao has come

To the Ching kang Mountains;
He leads the workers and peasants
To make revolution,
At last the poor have stood up.
Down with the local gentry,
Divide up the land!
'Today every face is smiling.

The song reminded me of how Landlord Hu Han-san had been paraded in a tall paper hat.

"You be a landlord," I told Sprig. "I'll tie you up and parade you through the village."

"Let me tie *you* up and parade you instead," said Sprig.

"No, you be the landlord. I'll fetch a rope," I insisted. I ran indoors for a rope and grabbed hold of my friend.

"I won't be a landlord, I won't!" protested Sprig. He tugged at one end of the rope and was trying to fasten it round me when I gave a shove which sent him sprawling. He burst out crying and started for home calling, "Ma!"

I was in the wrong, I knew. Dad had told me never to bully other children. And just then Dad himself appeared on the scene. He dried Sprig's tears and asked what was the matter.

"He wants me to be a landlord, but I won't!" sniffed Sprig.

Dad chuckled. "Why don't you want to be a landlord?"

"Landlords are no good," said Sprig.

"Quite right." Dad laughed. "Landlords are no good."

At that moment along came Brother Wu, looking grave. He told Dad: "Hu Han-san has given us the slip."

"Scrammed, has he?" Dad's eyes flashed. He put Sprig down and drew his Mauser. "Where's he gone? I'll fetch the swine back."

Brother Wu shook his head. "He must have sneaked off last night. He may have beaten it to the county town."

Dad stamped one foot in fury. "If he gets away, that's a black look-out for us."

I had some inkling of what Dad meant. Landlord Hu had several hundred *mu* of land. There was enough grain in his house, all

harvested by the poor, to last his whole household a lifetime. And his son was in the White army. Hu Han-san relied on his money and connections to grind the faces of the poor and work his hired hands to death. He was the worst despot in these parts. They should have shot him that day they paraded him. How could they let him run away?

"We were too damn careless," Brother Wu admitted. "Now we've let a wolf escape."

Dad clicked the safety catch of his gun. "Never mind where he's gone, I'll fetch him back," he swore and started off.

"There's no time now for that." Brother Wu caught him by the arm. "The Whites are attacking Peng Ridge. The high command wants our Red Guards squad to intercept the enemy at Cassia Brook." He handed Dad a chit.

"Very good," said Dad after reading it. "We'll set out right away." He made straight for the Red Guards' headquarters.

Mum was extra busy the next two days, helping other village women nurse the wounded Red Army men brought back from the front. She stayed out all night to feed and tend them.

On the third morning Mum and I were in the middle of breakfast when in came Third Aunt Wu. She whispered something into Mum's ear, at which Mum put down her rice bowl and hurried out. I followed suit. Mum went straight to the landlords' compound.

I followed Mum into the east wing of the big house. Dad was lying there on a propped up door board, but at sight of us he sat up. He had lost a good deal of weight.

"Are you badly hurt?" Mum asked him anxiously.

"It's nothing much. A bullet in my left leg." Dad turned over, crooking his left leg. At sight of the trouser-leg stained with blood, I burst out crying.

"What's there to cry about?" scolded Dad.

I tried to stop but couldn't. So I nestled close to Mum to muffle my sobs. As Mum gently rolled up Dad's trouser-leg, I saw that the bandage beneath it was soaked with blood too. A Red Army doctor who came in just then helped Mum take off the bandage to examine the wound.

"We must take this bullet out, Squad Leader Pan," he said.

"Go ahead." Dad grinned. "It's no use to me there."

The doctor swabbed out the wound. He was preparing to extract the bullet when another casualty was carried into the adjoining room. Hearing the newcomer groan, Dad asked what had happened. They told him one of his comrades had been wounded and needed surgery.

"Can't you give him an anaesthetic?" Dad asked.

The doctor shook his head. "We've only one ampoule left." He held it up as he spoke, meaning to give my father an injection.

Dad stopped him. "My wound's nothing but a scratch. I don't need any anaesthetic. Give it to him."

Another groan from the next room made the doctor hesitate. "Your operation will take longer than his, Squad Leader Pan," he explained. "You need an anaesthetic more than he does."

"I'm strong as an ox," replied Dad. "I don't mind how long you take. Give him a shot, quick."

The doctor glanced at Mum. She glanced at Dad, then nodded to the doctor. "Give it to the other comrade."

So the other wounded man was given a shot which soon put a stop to his groaning. When the doctor returned, Dad told Mum: "Take Winter Boy out."

Mum led me beneath a locust tree in the courtyard and told me to stay there while she went back inside.

Presently, however, I sidled back to the door which had been left ajar, enabling me to see Dad. Great beads of sweat were coursing down his face, but not a sound did he utter. As I tiptoed forward I heard the clink of something falling into a porcelain dish. As I crossed the threshold Dad asked with a laugh: "Got it out?"

"It's out!" The doctor gripped Dad's hand. "You're tough all right, Squad Leader Pan. You never once murmured nor winced."

"Let me have that bullet," said Dad.

The doctor picked up the bullet to wipe off the blood.

"Don't clean it," cried Dad. "I want it with blood on it."

So the doctor put the bloody bullet in Dad's hand, then dressed his wound and left.

I sat down by Dad, who put the bullet in the palm of my hand. "Know where this bullet comes from, son?" he asked.

"The White dogs fired it," I answered.

Dad nodded. "And how did that comrade in the next room get wounded?"

"The Whites shot him too."

Dad looked from the bullet to me. "The White dogs have shed so much of our blood, what should we do to them?"

"Take up guns and shed their blood too."

"That's the spirit." Dad patted my head. "Remember, when you grow up, if any of those dogs are left you must go on fighting them."

I held the bullet carefully. But before I could ask any questions in came Brother Wu. Dad tried to get up but Brother Wu stopped him, protesting: "What do you think you're doing?"

"The bullet's been taken out, I must go back."

"Back where?"

"Back to the front."

"We've carried out our mission. Now we're waiting for a new assignment."

"What is it?"

"The Red Army's going to leave the base."

"What on earth for?" Dad was puzzled.

"When people don't fight in Chairman Mao's way, the result is sure defeat."

"That's true. Fighting Chairman Mao's way, we smashed four 'encirclement campaigns'. This time,* though, we've been fighting for several months with things going from bad to worse."

Everyone, Brother Wu agreed, was against the new tactics.

*Under Chairman Mao's correct leadership four "encirclement campaigns" against the revolutionary bases launched by the Chiang Kai-shek reactionaries were smashed. In October 1933 the counter-revolutionaries launched their fifth attack. This time, because "Left" opportunists within the Party adopted an erroneous line after excluding Chairman Mao from the Party leadership, the Red Army was unable to break the enemy's "encirclement" and the revolution suffered serious losses. The Peasants' and Workers' Red Army had to withdraw from the revolutionary bases and set out on the Long March.

After a short convalescence Dad was able to get about again. A few days later his assignment came. He was to join the main force of the Red Army and go off with it to fight.

Those days Mum seemed busier than ever. She sat up every evening to make shoes. By now she had made three pairs. While getting our morning meal, she boiled a few eggs. If Dad didn't leave that day, she let me eat the eggs and boiled some more the next morning. This had happened already four times.

One night I was aroused from a sound sleep by my parents' voices. Dad hadn't been home for several nights. What had brought him back now? I heard Mum ask: "How long will you be away? When will you come back?"

"That's hard to say," replied Dad. "I hear we're going to join up with some other units and march north to resist Japan. I shan't come back until we've beaten the Japs."

"Let me and Winter Boy go with you."

"Can't be done. This will be a long expedition for the regular army. There'll be fighting every day."

"What can we do after you've gone?"

"Go on supporting the front. Keep up the struggle. You've talked to other soldiers' wives, haven't you? How are they taking this? Are they clear in their minds?"

"They understand why you're leaving."

"You must get the villagers to unite even more closely."

"I know. With the Red Army here, our minds were at rest. Once you've gone, people won't know which way to turn."

"The Red Army's leaving, but the Party isn't. Nor is our Workers' and Peasants' Democratic Government. You can go on making revolution." After a pause Dad added: "Now that the situation's changed, the revolution will be taking a different form."

"We're all ready for that," said Mum.

After another short silence Dad continued: "I've spoken to Brother Wu about your joining the Party. He's willing to sponsor you."

"Is he not leaving?"

"No. He's taking charge of Party work here."

“So long as the Party’s here, our minds are at rest.”

“Once the Red Army goes north, the struggle here will probably become much harder, much more cruel,” warned Dad. “You’ll need plenty of grit.”

“I can stick it out, don’t worry,” was Mum’s answer. “For over a year I’ve been longing to join the Party, but I know I’m not good enough. I’ve always been too soft, even as a child.”

“A Party member has to make special demands on herself,” Dad told her firmly. “Once you join the Party, you’re a fighter in the vanguard of the proletariat.”

“When I belong to the Party, I shall do whatever the Party says,” Mum promised in a voice vibrant with emotion.

“And then there’s Winter Boy. That child means a lot to me, but it may be years before I see him again. Mind you don’t spoil him.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll see to it that he turns out well.”

“If our democratic government stays in power, send him to a Lenin primary school.” Dad moved the oil lamp over to take a look at me, murmuring: “By the time Winter Boy’s my age, life should be really good.” I felt Dad’s hands — big, rough, powerful and warm — on my face. “When I was Winter Boy’s age,” he continued, “I’d never known times even as good as these. Today we have our Workers’ and Peasants’ Democratic Government, our Red Guards, the Communist Party and Red Army.”

“If only you didn’t have to leave!” exclaimed Mum. “If we could go on this way, how good that would be.”

“No, the really good times will come with socialism. And even better times with communism.”

“Better in what way?” asked Mum.

“All the despotic landlords will have been overthrown,” said Dad emphatically. “The poor the world over will be liberated. There’ll be no more exploitation or oppression. Peasants and workers alike will be working for the collective. All the toilers will have a good life. All the children will be able to go to school. . . .”

Mum gave a soft exclamation of delight.

“To win all that,” Dad went on, “we have to fight.”

As they talked, I fell asleep again and dreamed that I was going to school with a satchel over my shoulder. It was a grey brick



school with a black tiled roof. There were many other schoolchildren with me, all in new clothes. . . .

I was woken in the morning by gonging and drumming. Dad and Mum were already up. I scrambled into my clothes and hurried out. The threshing ground on the east was crowded with people filling the air with the din of gongs and drums and lustily shouting slogans. I squeezed my way to the front, aware that this was a send-off for the Red Army. But though I looked everywhere there was no sign of Dad. Then someone touched my shoulder. It was Mum. "Come home quick, Winter Boy," she urged. "Your dad's leaving."

I followed Mum home and found Dad smartly turned out in an army uniform. On his back were a ration bag, a bamboo hat and the shoes Mum had made him. He lifted me up in his arms and kissed my cheeks. "Dad's off to fight the Whites, Winter Boy," he said. "You must be a good boy and do as your mother tells you."

I put my arms round his neck. "You go and fight those White dogs, Dad," I cried. "The more you kill the better."

Dad laughed, hugged me again, and put me down. He took a book from the table and handed it to me. "This is a Lenin primary-school text for you to study, son."

On the cover of the textbook I saw a red star, a hammer and a sickle. "When can I start school, Dad?" I asked.

"When the school opens again, your mother will take you." Dad said something to Mum in a low voice, at which she nodded. She put the eggs she had boiled into his kit-bag and started out with him. I caught hold of Dad's jacket. "Come back as soon as you've won a victory!" I cried.

Dad turned to look at me and took my hand. "Have you lost that bullet I gave you, Winter Boy?"

"No, I keep it under my pillow."

After a moment's thought, Dad tore a red star off his kit-bag and handed it to me.

"What's this star for, Dad?" I asked.

"I shall be away a long time. If you miss me, look at this red star. Seeing it will be as good as seeing me."

I held the star tight, my eyes fixed on my father.

"And don't lose that bullet," he went on. "When you look at it, remember the blood shed by the Red Army and Red Guards fighting the Whites. When you grow up, you must fight the White dogs too."

Then, having patted my head a last time, Dad strode to the threshing ground to march off with the Red Army. Mum and I stood with all the villagers seeing them off, watching until our troops were out of sight.

When my father had been gone a month or more I asked: "Why doesn't Dad come back?"

"The war isn't over yet," said Mum. "He'll come when the fighting's finished."

Month after month passed. Still no sign of my father.

"Is Dad never coming home again?" I wanted to know.

Mum assured me he would come.

"When?" I insisted, bursting into tears.

Mum hugged me to her and told me not to cry, because my father would return when they had wiped out the Whites. She pointed to South Mountain. "Look! When the flowers bloom again up there, Dad will come home."

When the Red Army left we still had Red Guards and the township government in our village. Meetings were still held as usual. After some months, however, all the Red Guards took to the mountains and very few meetings were held. Instead, people gathered together in the evenings to talk.

Because Mum had told me that Dad would come back when the flowers on South Mountain bloomed, I often climbed up there to have a look. One day standing on the summit I strained my eyes towards the highway, longing to see men and horses heading our way, with Dad among them. But instead of troops, the only people in sight were a couple of woodcutters. That highway had once been a busy thoroughfare, thronged with people delivering grain to the army, Red Army soldiers marching by, and peasants on their way to the fields. Where had everybody gone?

As I stared into the distance some figures appeared, among them men with guns. I told myself: It's the Red Army come back!

Down I rushed as fast as my legs would carry me. But at the bottom I pulled up short. Those men in grey uniforms didn't look like our soldiers. Red Army men wore octagonal caps, these had round ones. And Red Army caps had red stars on them, while these had some sort of small white badge. My heart jumped into my mouth. *Aiya!* These were Whites! And scanning them more closely I saw among them that scoundrel Hu Han-san who had been paraded that day in a tall hat. So those swine, the White dogs, were back! I ran helter-skelter home.

I found Mum packing up. Two bundles lay on the bed.

"The Whites are back, Mum," I panted. "Hu Han-san too! What shall we do?"

Mum drew me to her and unpicked the hem of my jacket. Then she took from under the mat on our bed the red star Dad had left me and sewed this inside the hem.

"What about the bullet?" I asked.

Mum pointed to the pomegranate tree in our yard. "I've buried it under that tree."

"And how about my school book?"

Mum indicated one of the bundles. "It's in there."

"What shall we do when the Whites come?" I insisted.

"Whoever comes and whatever questions they ask, don't tell them anything."

I nodded.

When Mum had sewn up my jacket she sat down to think. She was on the point of going out when we heard shouts in the yard. It was Hu Han-san at the head of a band of White soldiers. Hu swaggered in and pointed his cane at Mum.

"Where's your husband?" he demanded.

"He's gone north to fight the Japs," Mum answered coolly without so much as looking at the landlord.

"Ha! Ran away out of fright!" Hu glowered.

"Only dirty scoundrels run away." This was the first time I'd heard Mum call anyone names.

The veins on Hu's temples stood out. He ground his teeth, glaring, and caught hold of Mum. "Out with it — where has your

man gone?" When Mum remained silent he slapped her face. "I've a big score to settle with your husband."

Mum threw off the landlord's hand and drew herself erect, ignoring him.

All of a sudden Hu's eyes lit on me. He lunged at me. "Speak up — where is your dad?"

I said nothing.

Finding me just as stubborn as my mother, the landlord gnashed his teeth, then knocked me down and kicked me in the stomach. A groan escaped me, but I didn't cry. And scrambling up I still refused to speak.

Hu Han-san clamped a hand on my head. "Tell me, where has your old man run off to?"

In a flash, raising both arms, I tugged down the landlord's hand and sank my teeth in it. Hu squealed like a pig being slaughtered, and struggled to break free. But I only bit the harder, trying to bite through his finger. With his other hand Hu fumbled for his gun, while his underlings mauled me too. Seeing the ugly turn that things had taken, Mum ordered me to let go and pulled me to her. Blood was gushing from Hu Han-san's finger. His face contorted with pain, he aimed his pistol at me.

Mum stepped swiftly between us. "You devil!" she cried. "Stop bullying my child! If you've any guts, settle scores with the Red Army."

By this time our neighbours had gathered in our yard. At sight of the pistol in the landlord's hand, they crowded into the room.

"Don't you dare!" they yelled. "Put that gun down."

"The Red Army hasn't gone far."

"If you hurt that child you'll pay for it with your life."

That took the wind out of the landlord's sails. Fishing out a handkerchief to bandage his finger, he growled: "What kind of talk is this? Keep a civil tongue in your heads."

The villagers glared at him, hate in their eyes.

"A runaway monk can't run away with the monastery," sneered Hu. "I'm going to settle scores with you scum one by one." He ordered

his White soldiery to clear a way through the crowd. Then his face black as thunder, nursing his hand, he left.

After Hu Han-san's return, Mum and I were ready for the worst. That evening we dug a tunnel under the wall in our back yard, so that in case of emergency we could crawl out. The tunnel exit, well hidden by a clump of bamboo, led into a deep gully. The entry we covered with a flagstone, over which we scattered straw.

A few days went by and the landlord didn't return. Mum often slipped out after dusk, not coming back till it was nearly light. I asked her once where she went.

"What grown-ups do is no business of yours, so don't ask. And don't talk about this," she told me. "I haven't been anywhere, see? Now go to sleep like a good boy." After that I knew it was no use my asking.

Hu Han-san's return completely changed Willow Brook Village. The Red Guards had vanished, while thugs from the White Peace Preservation Corps lounged about in the streets. We no longer had a democratic government. Landlord Hu, the "Corps Commander", ran everything. His men painted out the slogans on the walls written by the Red Army before it pulled out, and wrote rubbish of their own on top. The villagers no longer sang or shouted slogans, and all their brilliant red flags were hidden away. Even the weather grew dull and overcast.

I began to miss Dad and the Red Army more than ever. And after the lunar New Year I longed for the spring when the flowers would bloom again. One evening I was climbing up South Mountain when someone behind me suddenly called my name. Startled, I looked back. There stood a woodcutter. When he tilted back his bamboo hat I saw with delight that it was Brother Wu.

"Is your mother at home?" he asked.

I told him she was.

"Go back and tell her I'll be coming to see her round midnight. When she hears three knocks on the door, she can open up."

I nodded. "All right. When will my dad be back?"

"He's fighting a long way from here."

"Hu Han-san's come back."

Brother Wu ruffled my hair, his eyes on our village, now so deadly quiet. After a pause, he said: "They can't stay long." Then catching sight of someone down below he lowered his voice to remind me: "Remember what I just told you. Go back and give your mother my message. But don't breathe a word about it to anyone else."

With that he turned away and went up the mountain.

That evening after Mum had put me to bed she sat down beside me to wait. She covered our little oil-lamp with a basket, so that no light was visible outside.

I was dreaming when I heard the murmur of voices. Knowing of Brother Wu's visit, I opened my eyes. By the flickering oil-lamp I saw him talking to Mum.

"Right now things are tough," he said in a low voice. "But we must keep up the struggle."

"Folk are longing for the Red Army's return," Mum told him.

"It's gone north to fight the Japs and won't be back yet awhile. That means we, here, must shoulder a heavy load."

"Hu Han-san's trying to win people over," said Mum. "The snake hasn't yet bared his fangs. He wants to organize a militia. He's asking for grain, for guns and men, but none of the villagers are co-operating. I called on several families yesterday evening. They see eye to eye on this. They'd rather die than give that devil grain and guns or work for him."

"That's the spirit," said Brother Wu. "We must organize the revolutionary masses to resist to the end. We mustn't give those swine grain, guns or men." He continued: "Our Party branch has approved your application for Party membership. From now on you'll be a Party fighter in this village. You must lead the struggle against the enemy."

Mum gripped Brother Wu's hand and answered steadily: "I shall obey the Party in everything. Whatever tasks the Party gives me I shall carry out."

"Now make your pledge."

The two of them stood up. Brother Wu raised one clenched fist, and Mum followed suit. He recited the pledge quietly but forcefully and, just as quietly and forcefully, Mum repeated it after him.

This done, they talked for a while about how to lead the mass struggle. Then Mum asked: "Do you know where Winter Boy's dad is now?"

"They've already reached Szechuan." Speaking with unusual emphasis he continued: "During the Long March the Party Central Committee held a conference at Tsunyi. They've corrected the wrong 'Leftist' line and established Chairman Mao's leadership in the Central Committee. Under Chairman Mao's leadership, the Red Army has won a whole series of victories. It's no longer on the defensive."

"Chairman Mao's the best leader we could have!" exclaimed Mum.

"Word has come that the unit led by your husband has made a very good showing. He's now a battalion commander."

Mum's face lit up. And I was on the point of asking where Szechuan was and how many Whites Dad's unit had wiped out, when the dogs outside started barking. At once Mum blew out the lamp. We pricked up our ears. Footsteps were approaching our house. Mum came over and shook me, and I was up in a flash. As she finished dressing me in the dark, we heard knocking on our gate. Instead of answering, Mum thrust a little bundle at me, picked me up with one arm and with the other hand led Brother Wu to the back yard. She put me down at the entrance to our tunnel, cleared away the straw, raised the stone and whispered: "Quick! Get out!"

When Brother Wu had crawled through the tunnel, Mum pushed me in. She was clambering in herself, when thunderous hammering on the gate made her draw back again.

"What are you waiting for?" demanded Brother Wu anxiously from outside.

"It's no good," said Mum. "This way the enemy would discover us. Take Winter Boy and clear off through the gully. Quick!"

"That won't do. We can't leave you behind."

By now our gate was being battered down. Mum lowered her jacket into the tunnel saying: "Put this over Winter Boy. Now run for it!" She replaced the stone and straw over the tunnel entrance and went back to the front.

I heard the gate crash open. What would happen to Mum? I was scared stiff but dared not utter a sound.

"Why didn't you open up?" bellowed a man.

My heart was in my mouth. If only Mum had come with us! Suppose the White devils arrested her?

"What visitors have you had?" The speaker's voice sounded familiar.

There was no answer.

"Where's your boy?"

Still no answer.

"The little bastard bit me," went on the same voice. "Today I've come to knock out all his teeth."

I knew now who the fellow was — Hu Han-san.

"Out with it! Where have you hidden that man? Where's your boy?"

Still Mum kept quiet.

In my anxiety I itched to climb back through the tunnel. But Brother Wu held me tight and whispered: "Don't move!" Having hidden me behind a rock he drew a pistol, then nimbly hoisted himself on to the wall.

"Since she won't talk, search the place!" yelled Hu Han-san.

Straw rustled as his thugs searched our yard. I was on tenterhooks when Brother Wu fired: first one shot, then three more. At the same time from the top of the wall he cried: "First Squad, on the left! Second Squad on the right! Close in!"

During the wild stampede which ensued, Brother Wu fired two more shots. I was thoroughly bewildered. I had thought him alone. Where had those two squads sprung from? Brother Wu jumped down from the wall just as Mum emerged from the tunnel.

"You've scared the whole pack away!" she exclaimed.

"Let's go — quick!" Brother Wu lifted me on to his back and, parting the bamboos with Mum, sped up the gully.

Towards daybreak we reached a forest deep in the mountains. There I saw the familiar faces of the Red Guards from our village, as well as many men whom I didn't know. I asked Brother Wu what they were doing up there.

"We're guerrilla fighters," he told me.

Tired out as I was after all that night's excitement, as soon as they laid me down in a cave I slept.

When I woke, I found my head pillowed on the bundle we'd brought from home, while my mother's jacket was spread over me. I rolled over, calling, "Mum!" But I was alone in the cave. I got up and went out. All around were tall trees, under one of which Brother Wu was talking to some Red Guards and to Mum.

"The enemy's organizing counter-revolutionary armed units in all the villages," announced Brother Wu. "They want to use these forces to wipe us out. So we must mobilize the masses to struggle against Hu Han-san and the other Whites, and refuse to give them grain and guns or to work for them. Don't let the enemy get anything! Some comrades must go to Bramble Mount, Willow Brook and Peng Ridge." He assigned some men to each of these villages.

"Let me go to Willow Brook," Mum volunteered. "I know the people there."

"You've been on the go all night. You must rest," he protested.

"Many hands make light work. I don't need any rest. Let me go!"

Brother Wu agreed then and told a man beside him: "Comrade Chen Chun, you take Winter Boy's mother to Willow Brook. Go in after dusk and leave before dawn." He handed him a hand-grenade which Uncle Chen Chun fastened to his belt.

Mum came over to me and said: "I've a job to do now, Winter Boy, but I'll be back tomorrow. Mind you don't run wild while I'm gone." Then she and Uncle Chen Chun started down the mountain.

The next morning Mum hadn't come back.

"Whereabouts is Willow Brook?" I asked Brother Wu.

"Over there." He pointed downwards. "A long way away." I sat down on a boulder to stare in that direction.

The sun was sinking by the time I finally saw someone coming up the mountain. It was Uncle Chen Chun. I asked: "Uncle, where's my mum?"

Uncle Chen Chun looked at me without a word and picked me up in his arms. He carried me to the big tree where Brother Wu

was and, still without a word, put me down on a rock and seated himself beside me. Brother Wu looked from Uncle Chen Chun to me, then asked: "What happened at Willow Brook?"

Uncle Chen Chun heaved a great sigh and drew me to him in silence. Tears spilled over from his eyes.

"Well, what happened?" repeated Brother Wu.

"They've killed Winter Boy's mother."

For a second, shock took my breath away. Then bursting into tears I started running down the mountain side. Uncle Chen Chun quickly overtook and stopped me. He asked me where I was going.

"To find Mum."

"It's no use, Winter Boy."

I broke down and sobbed.

As Uncle Chen Chun set me down on a boulder, Brother Wu asked for an account of what had happened.

"Winter Boy's mother and I called on different families," said Uncle Chen Chun. "After midnight we were on the point of leaving when we were spotted by Hu Han-san's thugs. They swarmed round us, yelling. I threw that grenade, the only one we had, and the two of us ran for it. But the enemy pursued us out of the village. Bullets whistled past our ears. When we reached a brook, Winter Boy's mother pushed me down the bank. 'Follow the brook bed,' she cried. 'You must go back and report.'

"'No. Let's both of us run for it,' I said as I clambered up the bank.

"'We can't both make it,' she told me. 'We mustn't fall down on a job for the Party. Go on! Hurry!' She was so much in earnest, so cool-headed too, there was no gainsaying her.

"While I hesitated, wondering what to do, she dashed off. She picked up stones as she ran, calling out to attract the attention of the Whites. So they all chased after her..."

Tears sparkled in Uncle Chen Chun's eyes. Admiration showed on the faces of the other Red Guards who had gathered round.

"I didn't come straight back," went on Uncle Chen Chun. "I wanted to find out what had happened to her. At dawn, pretending to be a passer-by, I went back to Willow Brook Village. I heard

folk say: Winter Boy's mother didn't tell them a thing. Not a word passed her lips after they captured her. When Hu Han-san saw he couldn't make her talk, he strung her up on a tree and stacked brushwood underneath to burn her to death. Shouting with fury, the villagers rushed towards the tree; but that devil Hu posted his armed thugs all round to keep our folk away. At sight of them Winter Boy's mother called out: 'Don't be afraid, good neighbours. Time's running out for the Whites. The Red Army will soon be back. Don't believe Hu Han-san's lies. Don't give them any grain. Don't join the Peace Preservation Corps. . . .' Then those devils set fire to the brushwood under the tree. . . ." Uncle Chen Chun broke off there, unable to speak for tears.

I had a vision of that blazing fire. And by its light I saw Mum. Her fearless eyes flashed with a dazzling brilliance. As the flames burned brighter and brighter, Mum cast a red radiance on everything around. . . .

The faces of the Red Guards were grim. They clenched their fists.

"Secretary Wu!" cried one. "Just give the order. Let us go down and wipe out Hu Han-san's gang."

"Give the order!" the Red Guards cried.

"Avenge my mum!" I sobbed. "Go down and kill off Hu Han-san and those White dogs!"

Brother Wu reached a quick decision. "We must teach dirty dogs like Hu Han-san a good lesson, to check the enemy's savagery and boost the morale of the masses." He gave the order: "Fall in!"

The Red Guards lined up proudly beneath the tree, black guns over their shoulders, gleaming swords in their hands, the red tassels on their spears flapping in the wind. Every face was ablaze with hatred. They were going into battle to kill Hu Han-san! I dried my tears and fell in at the end of the line.

When the unit set out, Brother Wu left me on the mountain in the charge of an old Red Guard.

"You stay here, Winter Boy," he said. "You're not big enough yet to carry a gun. You can fight with us when you're older."

The next day Brother Wu led the Red Guards back from Willow Brook. They had won a great victory, wiping out more than a dozen of the Peace Preservation Corps and capturing some dozen rifles. But they hadn't caught Hu Han-san — the swine had escaped.

After a few days up in the mountains I realized that the Red Guards had turned into a guerrilla detachment. Now that the Red Army had marched north to fight the Japs, the Kuomintang White dogs had thrown all their forces against the Red Guards. And being outnumbered these had withdrawn to the mountains. But at every chance they struck back. They would fight here one day and miles away the next.

I gave the guerrillas a lot of extra trouble. On marches Uncle Chen Chun carried me on his back. When he was tired, another man would take over.

One day Brother Wu came back from the valley with an old man. He called me over and told me: "I've found a home for you, Winter Boy." I looked at him, then at the old man, his face wrinkled in a smile. Brother Wu explained that this was Uncle Sung, who was going to take me home with him, down to the valley.

"I won't go!" I cried, tears welling up in my eyes. Since Mum's death Brother Wu had cared for me like a father. The guerrilla unit had become my home. I couldn't bear to leave it. Brother Wu drew me to him and stroked my head.

"We'll be fighting, making forced marches," he explained. "You're still small, it's not safe for you here. Go with Uncle Sung. He'll take good care of you. And I promise to come and see you whenever I've time."

"As soon as I'm big enough I'm going to avenge Mum," I declared. "How can I do that if I leave here?"

"It'll be years before you're big enough. We'll avenge your mother for you. When you've grown up, you can fight the White dogs with us."

As I pressed close to Brother Wu, clutching his jacket, Uncle Sung came up to me. "You mustn't be obstinate, Winter Boy," he said. "They'll be fighting every day, and carrying you along would hold them up."

Brother Wu fetched the jacket and bundle Mum had given me and handed them to Uncle Sung. "This is asking a lot of you, old comrade," he said. "This child's the son of revolutionaries. We must take good care of him until Comrade Pan Hsing-yi comes back for him."

"Don't you worry, Secretary Wu," replied Uncle Sung. "So long as I've a breath left in my body, I'll bring Winter Boy up for the revolution." He picked up the bundle, draped Mum's jacket over my shoulders and took my hand. "Well, Winter Boy, let's be going."

Brother Wu, Uncle Chen Chun and quite a few of the others saw us a good way down the mountain. At a fold in the hills, Brother Wu took Uncle Sung's hand. "Winter Boy's a sprig of the tree of revolution, old comrade," he said. "Mind you look after him well!"

"That I will," promised Uncle Sung. "You can trust him to me."

Brother Wu patted my head again. "Go along with Uncle Sung."

As I said goodbye to the guerrillas, I looked wistfully back at the mountains. Then Uncle Sung lifted me on to his back and we went on our way.

Uncle Sung lived all alone in his cottage in a small village at the foot of the mountains. He told his neighbours that a poor refugee had given me into his care and he had adopted me. I was to call him Uncle.

To begin with, Brother Wu and Uncle Chen Chun came fairly often to see me. Later on, their visits were few and far between as the weather turned warm.

One day when Uncle and I were in the hills cutting firewood, I saw a yellow speck glinting in the sun. I went over to have a look and discovered a yellow flower by a boulder. The flower's eight petals unfurling to greet the sun were a lovely gleaming gold. I gave an excited whoop. "Dad will soon be back!" To Uncle Sung I explained: "See this flower, Uncle? Mum told me that when the flowers bloomed on South Mountain my dad would come back again with the Red Army." Thereupon I scrambled up a rock to scan the road below.

Hours passed. Uncle Sung said: "Time to go home, Winter Boy."

But I wouldn't budge or take my eyes off the road. Not until darkness fell did I go back.

I was up at dawn the next day, urging Uncle to go up the hills again for firewood. Overnight many more flowers had opened, red, white and yellow. My heart leapt at the sight. Any day now Dad should be back with the Red Army to avenge Mum, capture Hu Han-san, parade him through the villages in a tall hat and then shoot him! I couldn't resist ripping open the hem of my jacket to take out the red star. It glowed scarlet in the sunlight, bright and lovely as any red flower. Uncle led me up to sit on a crag. Having taken the star from me to scrutinize it, he stroked my head and said: "What a day that'll be, Winter Boy, when you can wear a red star like this on your cap."

"I'll sew it on my cap when Dad comes back," I told him.

The two of us perched up there on the crag till the sun began sinking westward. Then Uncle stood up, his eyes fixed on the mountain peak. Pointing at a pine up there he asked: "What d'you think of that pine, Winter Boy?"

"It's fine. So tall, and its leaves never fall."

"Yes, the pine's a grand tree. It weathers the freezing winter wind and the scorching summer sun. Year in year out it remains so fresh, green and sturdy."

I wasn't too clear what Uncle was driving at, but I nodded just the same.

"Now that the Red Army's gone and the Whites are on the rampage, things are tough for us," continued the old man. "But we're not afraid. We must be like that pine. No matter how high the wind, how fierce the storm, we won't stoop or bow our heads."

I looked up at Uncle Sung. With his wrinkled bronzed face and flashing, determined eyes, he seemed to me just like a mountain pine!

"It's not enough to remember what your mother told you, Winter Boy," went on Uncle Sung. "You must have grit like hers."

I nodded again, taking his words to heart.

Indicating the flowers which carpeted the hills he said: "The flowers bloom every spring. But the Red Army won't come back

till the Japs are defeated. No matter how long that takes, Winter Boy, never forget that your dad's a Red Army man."

My heart warmed at these words. I determined to tread in Dad's footsteps and make revolution too.

I stayed with Uncle Sung all that spring, and when spring passed into summer, autumn and winter.

One evening the north wind howled, the snow fell thick and fast. I opened my schoolbook by the oil-lamp, and Uncle Sung taught me some words I didn't know, explaining the lesson to me.

Workers and peasants,
Never forget
Without guns
We are helpless as lambs;
To stand up
And win freedom
We must take up arms!

Poring over this verse I dozed off, to be awakened by the sound of laughter. Why, the room was full of people and Secretary Wu was stroking my arm! I sat up with a jerk and grabbed hold of him, then quickly jumped to my feet.

The guerrillas greeted me.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"We've just dropped in while passing," said Brother Wu.

"They've won another victory," Uncle told me. "Raided the Whites' lair on South Mountain and captured more than twenty guns."

"Give me one of those guns," I begged excitedly. "I keep dreaming of having a gun."

The room rocked with laughter.

"So you dream of a gun — fine!" chuckled Brother Wu. "But you're still too small to have one. Hurry up and grow." Amid more laughter some neighbours came in to welcome the guerrillas as if they were their own sons. The whole room was filled with warmth. Presently Third Aunt Liu arrived with six pairs of sandals which she had made of straw, hemp and bits of cloth.

"Here, Secretary Wu, take these," she said.

He accepted them with thanks.

"Don't thank me," replied Aunt Liu. "We're all one family."

"We happen to be short of sandals," said Brother Wu, drawing a silver dollar from his pocket. "Please take this, Third Aunt."

Third Aunt Liu pouted. "I didn't buy these sandals," she protested. "I made them from bits and pieces of cloth I collected. The way you keep marching east and west is hard on shoes, I know."

Brother Wu pressed the dollar into the old woman's hand, which he clasped in both his own. "It's the thought that counts," he said. "But you know our army regulations, Third Aunt. Chairman Mao won't let us take a single needle or piece of thread from the masses."

"The idea!" Third Aunt Liu laid her other hand over his. "Who are you calling masses? We and the guerrillas are one family, only you're up in the mountains, we're down in the valley." With that she returned the coin to Brother Wu, telling him to use it for the revolution.

Then others in the room voiced their opinion. The guerrillas urged Third Aunt to take the money, while the villagers backed her up in her refusal. Brother Wu had to put the dollar back in his pocket.

By now the room was packed. Our neighbours, crowding around Brother Wu, begged him to tell them how the struggle was going. Uncle draped a jacket over my shoulders and said: "Nip out and keep watch. If you see any strangers about, clap three times below the back window." At once I ran out.

Presently out of the village came a guerrilla. He went into our house and the next moment Brother Wu and the other guerrillas came out, followed by the villagers.

"Are you leaving so soon?" I asked Brother Wu.

"We must be on our way." He stroked my head. "Be a good boy and do as Uncle Sung tells you."

I nodded and took his hand. We saw the guerrillas all the way out of the village.

When Uncle Sung and I went home, under the oil-lamp we discovered a note wrapped round the silver dollar. Uncle held the note up to the light, and by craning my neck I read what was written on it: "Ask Third Aunt to accept this money. Thanks."

Uncle, with me at his heels, took the money and slip of paper to Third Aunt Liu. When he passed on the message, she held the bright silver dollar up thoughtfully.

"Very well," she said at last. "I'll buy hemp with this dollar and collect some more scraps of cloth to make them more sandals."

Nodding, Uncle took from his pocket some money he had just made by selling firewood.

"Take this too," he told Third Aunt Liu. "Buy a little more hemp to make a few extra pairs."

The old folk's behaviour impressed me. I wished I were big enough to join the guerrillas and kill more of the Whites.

But growing up was a slow business. Spring succeeded spring. Five whole springs I spent there with Uncle.

By the sixth spring, when I was thirteen, I kept asking Uncle to take me up the mountain to find the guerrillas; but he always shook his head. Uncle Chen Chun had been to see me several times, and so had Brother Wu, but they refused to take me back with them — said I was still too small.

One day I repeated my request to Uncle. I was thirteen now, old enough surely to avenge Mum.

When Uncle put me off again, I determined to go on my own to find the guerrillas. After breakfast I picked up a rope and carrying pole, said I was off to get firewood, and started up the mountain.

When I had crossed two hills, several roads lay before me. I had no idea which of them led up to where the guerrillas lived. In order not to lose my way coming back, I chose the widest road. And wherever it forked, I took the wider of the two turnings. Soon I found myself on a ridge, then in a gully. I dared not ask passers-by the way, for fear of disclosing the guerrillas' whereabouts. But as the clumps of bamboo and the thickets by the path grew denser, I thought I must be nearing my destination. Ahead of me now were nothing but narrow paths, twisting in all directions. It would be only too easy to get lost. I decided to take a path leading to the summit, and I stuck twigs beside the path every few dozen yards to mark the way.

After climbing for quite a time I halted under a tree which looked strangely familiar. Why, surely that cave in front of me was the one in which I had slept! And I had been sitting on that boulder near by when Uncle Chen Chun described how Mum had been burned to death by Hu Han-san. There was no mistaking the place. I ran into the cave, but it was empty. When I climbed a height to look round, there was no one in sight. Perhaps if I called someone would hear. So I shouted at the top of my voice: "Brother Wu! Uncle Chen Chun!" But no one answered.

Evidently our guerrillas were off on some mission. I wouldn't be able to contact them that day. Suddenly my conscience pricked me. I hadn't told Uncle Sung where I was going, and my long absence must be worrying him. I must hurry back at once and search for the guerrillas some other day. Thanks to the marks I had made, I found my way down to the road without difficulty. The sun was already sinking. I put on a spurt.

As I reached a crossroad I saw some troops approaching. Could these be the guerrillas? I hurried hopefully towards them. Some of the men had guns and swords, but there was no one I knew. And now I noticed their yellow uniforms — they were White soldiers! Seeing my rope and carrying pole they paid no attention to me as they marched uphill. But when the column had nearly passed I spotted a man in a long gown and felt hat whose ugly face was familiar. As our glances met, I recognized Hu Han-san! I could never forget those wolfish eyes of his. Hate flared up in my heart. Hu looked at me searchingly as he went by. Then, suddenly, he whirled round.

"Hey, boy, what's your name?" he demanded.

Ignoring his question, I went on downhill.

"Halt! Hold it!" he shouted.

I panicked and took to my heels. At once shouting broke out and a bullet whizzed past my head. I ran as fast as my legs would carry me.

Just outside the village Uncle Sung was looking out for me.

"The Whites are after me," I panted. "Hu Han-san's come!"

Seeing that I was exhausted, Uncle hoisted me on his back, darted a swift look up at the mountain, then quickly carried me home.

He gave me two balls of rice ready in the pan, then led me into the back yard. There he heaved me up on to the branch of the cedrela. "Hurry up! Hide in Third Aunt Liu's yard," he ordered. From the tree I dropped over the wall into Third Aunt's yard. Feeling safe from Hu Han-san's clutches, I breathed more freely.

Presently a hubbub broke out in Uncle's compound. I pricked up my ears, then gave a start. Hu Han-san had come after me.

"Go on. Tell me where that boy of yours is." I heard Hu say.

"He's out cutting firewood," answered Uncle. "He hasn't come back yet."

"That's a lie," retorted Hu. "We trailed him here. And you were seen carrying him back."

"Not I," said Uncle. "I haven't set foot outside my house all evening."

"Stubborn, eh?" Smack! Hu must have slapped Uncle's face. "Come clean now -- where did this young bastard of yours come from?"

"A refugee I met on the road gave him to me."

"What's his name?"

"Wang."

"Not Wang but Pan! I'd know that whelp anywhere, even if he was skinned. The young devil bit me!" There followed the sound of another blow. "Where have you hidden him? Talk!"

"Why should I hide him?" retorted Uncle coolly. "The boy's no thief. He hasn't done anything wrong."

"Is his name Pan or isn't it?" bellowed Hu.

"His dad told me his name was Wang."

"Don't try to fool me." Hu gave the order: "Search!"

"What right have you to break in here and search?" asked Uncle indignantly. "You're from Willow Brook. You have no authority over us here at Mao Ridge."

Hu Han-san gave a mocking laugh. "The whole country's under the Japanese Imperial Army. I can search wherever I please."

"Not here, you can't," insisted Uncle. "I've broken no law. What right have you to turn my home upside down?"

Hearing that they meant to make a search, I had crept into a nook behind Third Aunt's hen-coop.

The men of the "imperial army" reported to Hu that they had failed to find me. The landlord swore at Uncle: "Out with it, you old wretch! Where is young Pan hiding?"

"His name's Wang. He's out cutting firewood. If you don't believe me, I'll take you up the mountain to find him."

"Oh no, you won't. It's dark now. You want to lead us up into a trap. . . . Well, if you won't hand over the boy, we'll arrest you in his place."

"Why should you arrest me? I'm a law-abiding citizen."

"You're concealing bandits."

"What bandits? I don't understand."

The sound of a scuffle and the thud of steps made my heart miss a beat. Were they really arresting Uncle? I tiptoed back to the wall, got a foothold on it, and parted the leaves to have a look. *Aiya!* They were dragging Uncle off. I broke out in a sweat. What could I do to save him? Just then Hu Han-san halted and threatened: "Hand over that boy. If we take you off, you're done for."

Scorning even to look at him Uncle answered curtly: "You can do what you like with me."

When Hu saw his ruse had failed he struck Uncle with his cane, shouting: "Take him away!"

The White soldiers shoved Uncle out. I was on the point of jumping over the wall when Third Aunt Liu ran up and caught hold of me.

"You mustn't, Winter Boy!" she whispered. "You'd only make things worse for your uncle."

I bit my lips. My heart seemed ready to burst.

After Uncle's arrest I couldn't stay at home in the daytime, but I climbed over Third Aunt's wall after dark to go home to sleep. The following evening Uncle Chen Chun came. He told me my father was now in Yen-an, fighting the Japs under Chairman Mao's command. Uncle Sung was locked up in the big prison in town.

"Where is the prison?" I asked. "I'll go and see him."

"You can't go there. That's where the Whites imprison good people," he answered.

"We can't leave Uncle there. We must hurry up and rescue him."

"Don't worry," said Uncle Chen Chun. "Secretary Wu will find some way to get him out. The Whites and the Japs are in league. We'll wait for our chance to strike at them." He explained: "Now that the Japs have invaded these parts, Hu Han-san's lot are acting as their flunkies." Finally he told me to wait at the foot of North Mountain the next evening for Secretary Wu, who was finding me somewhere else to stay.

Because I was half sick with worry, Uncle Chen Chun kept me company till midnight.

The next morning I was awakened by the first crow of the cock. Unable to go to sleep again, I threw my jacket over my shoulders and sat up. The room was still inky black. Leaning back, my thoughts flew to my father. I imagined him fighting the enemy amid bursts of gunfire and shouting. . . .

When the cock crowed the second time I got dressed and sat up. The room was still dark. I thought of Mum and in my mind's eye saw her as she raised her fist and shouted: "Don't be afraid, good neighbours. The Whites can't last long. . . ."

When the cock crowed the third time, day was breaking. I got up and sat on a stool. This time I thought of Uncle Sung, my foster-father who had held up his head so proudly as the White dogs marched him off to prison. . . . Then cocks near and far started crowing, the room grew light, and I set about tidying up.

I put Uncle's things together in a bamboo box. My own belongings I wrapped in a small bundle. Third Aunt Liu and some neighbours came to see me off, some of them with presents of food. I thanked them and asked them to keep an eye on the cottage. Then, having looked round the courtyard, I locked the gate, said goodbye to the villagers and, taking my bundle, started up the mountain.

It was spring and all the trees on the mountain were green; the bamboos were sprouting new shoots; flowers were in bloom; birds were on the wing; brooks were gurgling down every gully. It was

a day to take your breath away. And if that had still been a Red area, I would have been free as the birds, merry as the fountains. But as it was, Hu Han-san had stretched out his black tentacles to seize me, so that I could no longer stay with Uncle. "Hu Han-san, you White dog!" I swore. "Some day I shall settle scores with the lot of you!"

I lay low all day in the mountains. As dusk fell and it was time to go to meet Brother Wu, I stood up to take a last look at Uncle's thatched cottage. I wouldn't be able to see my foster-father until he came out of prison. Since the sun was sinking and the air was chill, I opened my bundle and took out Mum's old jacket. The sight of it brought my mother closer to me. I fingered the lower hem. When my own clothes had become too small for me, I had sewn the red star given me by Dad into the hem of Mum's jacket. Draping that jacket round my shoulders, I started downhill. . . .

In war time the years speed past. . . . Life is so tense, so packed with events. In a flash I had been fighting for several years in the PLA. Educated and helped by my army commanders and comrades, I was able to join the Party. I was appointed leader of the Scout Squad, and my men and I fought our way across the Yangtse. Then with the momentum of a thunderbolt, our army swept back all the remnant KMT forces and our unit advanced on Kiangsi.

After the counties near my home were liberated, our division encamped near a town. One day Division Commander Chung sent for me.

"Comrade Pan Chen-shan," he said, "we've been so busy fighting, we haven't yet managed to get news of your father. Now we've fought back to your old home. Your village has been liberated. Go and have a look round."

I replied: "I want to advance south with our unit till the whole of China is liberated."

"Go home and have a look," insisted the division commander. "We're going to spend some time regrouping here. You can have ten days leave. Go back and see if there's any news of your father."

"I don't want to hold up an action by going home."

"Yours is a special case," explained the division commander. "The political commissar and I, as well as your company cadres, all approve of your going."

For two years, the division and regiment commanders had been trying to get some news of my father. The lower ranking officers and my own comrades-in-arms often spurred me on, too, by recalling my family history. Now the leadership had offered me home leave. This profound class love warmed my heart.

The division commander told me: "Not long ago I wrote to the Chief of the General Staff's office asking them to find out what became of your father. He may already have written home by now."

Very moved, I saluted the division commander and expressed my gratitude for the Party's concern. "I'll go home for a look, then come straight back," I promised.

I reached home as dusk was falling.

Before I even entered the village, my heart was pounding. Dear Willow Brook! We had been parted for over ten years.

I went straight to the east end of the village, where stood the great tree under which my mother had died. It was too dark to see the leaves of the tree, but I had a vivid mental picture of Mum.

I stood below the tree for quite a time, the flames of hatred burning in my heart, longing to settle old scores with Hu Han-san. Gradually it dawned on me that there were very few people about in the village. Why was it so quiet tonight? I hurried on.

When I came to our old home, I saw lamplight inside. I softly pushed open the door which was ajar. There was nobody in, but the place was lit by a small oil-lamp on the table. I walked in and looked carefully round. Few traces were left of our home of fifteen years ago. I was turning to go when in came a young man.

"Who are you looking for, comrade?" he asked.

"I belong to this village," I told him. "My name's Pan Chen-shan."

"Winter Boy!" He bounded forward to take my arm. "I'm Sprig."

I gripped his hand hard and exclaimed: "Well, we've both of us changed."

"We certainly have," said Sprig. "Meeting anywhere else, we wouldn't have known each other. Where have you been all these years? And when did you join the army?"

"That's a long story, it'll keep," I answered. "First tell me, have you nabbed Hu Han-san?"

"Not yet. He's a wily old fox. As soon as the PLA came, he and his son fled to Rear Mountain. We searched several times, but drew a blank."

"Mustn't let him get away!" I put in quickly.

"He won't," Sprig spoke confidently. "This afternoon a PLA unit arrived to help us capture him. The whole village is out, guarding each way up to the mountains. He won't get away again."

So that explained why the village was so deserted.

As we were talking, a shot rang out on Rear Mountain.

"Gunfire!" I exclaimed. "I'm off."

"You're not armed," objected Sprig. "Here, take my sword."

Sprig's sword in my hand, I hurried towards Rear Mountain.

It was pitch dark by now. But fires lit all over Rear Mountain made the place bright. As I entered a defile leading to it, a deep voice challenged: "Who goes there?"

"Pan Chen-shan."

"Who?" A man approached me. "Is it you, Winter Boy?"

I recognized Uncle Sung's voice, and greeted him.

The old fellow took my hand. "So you're alive and well, Winter Boy! And a soldier in the PLA."

"When did you get out of prison, Uncle?" I asked.

"I was locked up for several months. But that autumn Secretary Wu and his guerrillas raided the prison and let us out. Since then I've been fighting with the guerrillas."

"Is Secretary Wu here today?"

"Yes, over there with his men. You've come just in time, Winter Boy. Secretary Wu's been transferred to the provincial capital. He'll be leaving in a couple of days."

Another shot rang out not far away. "Come behind this boulder," said Uncle Sung. We both took cover.

A second shot sounded. Then a figure appeared.



“Who is it?” challenged Uncle Sung.

Whoever it was didn't answer. Instead he dived into a clump of bamboos.

I leapt out and chased the dark figure. Close behind me came Uncle Sung and some young fellows. We searched the bamboos but our quarry had disappeared. As Uncle Sung flashed his torch this way and that, I noticed some trampled grass and footprints leading to a tumbledown wall. We rushed over and found a courtyard. I chucked a stone into it — not a sound. I vaulted over the wall. And in that split second I saw a shadowy form climbing out on the west side.

“Halt!” I yelled.

The man made no reply — he had gone.

I jumped down from the wall as a bullet whipped past my ear. By the flash I saw that the gunman was close at hand. I bellowed: “Where are you going?” Then I charged, swinging my sword. The first stroke missed, and a bullet grazed my arm. That instant the beam of a torch lit up my adversary's face, making him lower his head. I flew at him, striking at the hand holding the gun. With a screech he let the weapon fall.

Putting one foot on the gun, by the light of the torch I surveyed the cringing man. He was dressed like a peasant and had on a tattered felt hat.

“Hold up your head!” ordered Uncle Sung.

When the man refused to comply, I knocked off his hat. At that he looked up and I saw his face. It was Hu Han-san.

At this sight of my old enemy, the hatred of a lifetime flared up in my heart. “Open your eyes, Hu Han-san, and see who we are!” I roared.

Hu glanced furtively at me and started trembling.

“It's time you paid your blood debt to the people!” I cried. I flashed the sword before him. The coward collapsed to the ground like a heap of mud.

At this moment someone called out: “Look! They've captured Hu Han-san's son too.”

I looked at the road along which scores of people carrying torches and lanterns were surging in our direction. There was a hubbub of excited voices.

Uncle Sung caught hold of my sleeve and pointed at the crowd. "Do you see who's there, Winter Boy?"

I recognized the man he meant at once. It was Secretary Wu. I ran joyfully towards him calling: "Brother Wu!"

"Take these two traitors away and lock them up until the public trial." Having given this order, Secretary Wu came towards me.

"Brother Wu!" I exclaimed again. "Can't you recognize me?"

He looked at me closely, then clapped me on the back. "So it's you, Winter Boy." He smiled all over his face. "We've been looking for you everywhere."

"I've been trying to get news of you too all these years," I rejoined.

Together we went to my old home, quite beside ourselves with joy in this hour of victory. We had so much to tell each other! Soon the cottage was packed with people. Old friends crowded round to fire questions at me.

Finally Secretary Wu said: "Tell us, Winter Boy, how you joined the PLA."

Then I gave them a brief account of my adventures.

After I left Uncle Sung's home Uncle Chen Chun, passing himself off as a woodcutter, had taken me into town. Two days later a seal-cutter named Chao found me work as an apprentice in Maoyuan Grain Store, arguing that I would be safer there than in the country, and they would send me away at the first chance. The short fat store-keeper was a thoroughly bad character. He adulterated the rice with sand and connived with the local chief of police to hoard rice and raise the price so high that the people could not buy it. Once he viciously beat a poor woman to death. I spent two wretched years in that store. Then my boss contrived to get on good terms with Hu Hansan, who started selling him grain seized from the villagers. One day Hu came to the store and recognized me. He threatened to have me arrested the next day. Knowing that my life was in danger I seized my chance that night, when my boss was drunk, to slip away after setting fire to his house. I trekked north towards Yen-an,

following the directions Uncle Chen Chun had given me till I came to the Two-Forked River. A landlord there wanted to take me on as his hired hand. When I refused to work for him, he flew into a rage and beat me up, leaving me for dead by the roadside. An old man called Yao, who was passing that way, saved me. Since his son, like my father, had gone on the Long March with Chairman Mao, Old Yao treated me as one of his own family, and I passed another two years in his home. Then the situation in that district worsened: the Whites started seizing people to do forced labour. One day the local ward chief ordered Grandad Yao to send me to work as a conscript—failing this he would have to produce two piculs of rice. The Yao family never had enough to eat, so where could they get so much rice? This was obviously a ruse to get rid of me. I made up my mind to go off and join the guerrillas and not stay any longer to get Grandad Yao into trouble. On the road I heard that after the surrender of the Japanese aggressors our people's forces had changed their name from the Eighth Route Army to the People's Liberation Army, and they were now fighting the Kuomintang north of the Yangtse. In my elation I travelled fast. After walking for days I reached the bank of the Yangtse, only to be press-ganged by the reactionaries who dragged me on to a boat full of other conscripts. But we killed the two Kuomintang guards and made our escape. After crossing the Yangtse I went on by foot, and a few days later reached a battlefield. There amid the roar of guns I found the People's Liberation Army.

"What hairbreadth escapes!" exclaimed the villagers. "You're lucky to have come through all that alive, Winter Boy!"

"A seedling of the revolution will take root anywhere," was Brother Wu's comment. "The diehards can never wipe us all out." He added with emotion: "Winter Boy was only seven when his mother died but he has grown up to be a soldier of the Liberation Army. He owes this to the Party, to the help of the masses. All these years the enemy has tried time and again to catch him. If not for the help of Uncle Sung, Grandad Yao and so many others, he would never have lived to see this day..."

Speaking from my heart I put in: "I shall never forget the Party and the masses. I'll always be loyal to the Party and to the people, giving my whole life to the revolution."

"That's the spirit," approved Secretary Wu. "Now I'll tell you a piece of good news, Winter Boy. Your father has written."

"Has my father been found?" I could hardly believe my ears. "Where is he now?"

"In Tsinan." With that Secretary Wu took a letter from his pocket. "He is now a vice-division commander. In his letter he asks for news of you and your mother. He wants you to go to Tsinan."

This news conjured up a picture of my father. . . .

Secretary Wu, Uncle Sung and some other old friends stayed chatting till after midnight. Even then I found it impossible to sleep. My heart was in a tumult, torn between joy and sorrow, between present happiness and past bitterness.

I lit the lamp and opened the bundle I had brought with me to have another look at my mother's jacket and the red star which my father had given me. I suddenly remembered the bullet too, and wondered if it was still under the pomegranate tree where Mum had buried it.

I found a hoe and, by the light of a lantern, dug up the earth at the foot of the tree and searched through it till at last I found the bullet. It had lain buried there for fifteen years. How naively I had thought as a child: Dad's gone to fight the White dogs today; tomorrow he'll come back in victory. I had no idea at the time that this was an earth-shaking struggle in which the exploited classes were fighting to overthrow the reactionaries. The course of such a struggle could be neither short nor smooth. Holding the bullet in my hand, I seemed to hear Dad's injunction: "Remember, when you grow up, if the Whites haven't all been beaten you must go on fighting them." Now I had grown up but not all the Whites had been wiped out. This reflection reminded me that it was my duty to rejoin my unit at once. Of course I longed to see my father again, but if he knew I was now a PLA fighter he surely would not hesitate to order me to the front. So I went back inside, took stationery from my kit-bag, and by the light of the oil-lamp wrote my father a letter.

Day dawned. I blew out the light, folded up my letter and put it in an envelope. Then I took out needle and thread to sew my mother's jacket and the red star into a small package. Just then in came Secretary Wu and Uncle Sung.

"I'm not going to Tsinan yet awhile," I told them.

Uncle Sung asked my reason.

"I'm going to rejoin my unit. When the whole country's liberated. . . ."

"Father and son will be reunited!" Secretary Wu completed the sentence for me.

With a laugh I nodded and asked him to post my letter and package to Tsinan for me. With deep emotion he accepted this commission.

After breakfast I took my leave of the villagers and my old home. I was on the march again, on my way to new battles.

Illustrated by Tung Chen-sheng

The "Green Whirlwind"

The good news that there was to be a demonstration in the county town of a rice-transplanting machine spread like wildfire through all the villages. Commune and brigade representatives from the whole county gathered around a small rice field, all eyes riveted on an East Wind No. 2 transplanter to see how it worked.

A stout, elderly man with greying hair, wearing the usual bamboo hat, ploughed through the crowd repeating, "Make way please, comrades, I'd like to be nearer the front." He must have come a long distance, judging by his travel-stained appearance and trouser-legs wet with dew. So everyone willingly made way for him.

The demonstrator raised an arm to call for attention. He shouted, "Comrades, I'm going to begin now. I need two men to ride on the machine and handle the seedlings. Any volunteers?"

All around the field, willing volunteers vied for the opportunity. Without a word the elderly man slipped off his straw sandals, tightened his belt, rolled up his trouser-legs and splashed into the shallow water. First on the footboard he said to the driver, "Count me as

one, please." The next one who managed to jump on was a young fellow. After the driver had explained how to deal with the seedlings he started the machine and ripples spread far and wide over the mirror-smooth water. As the machine moved forward it left twelve lines of tender green seedlings embedded in neat ranks. Row after row followed, quick as a whirlwind. Before long the young man jumped off and was replaced by others, but the elderly man stayed on the machine in spite of the fact that others urged him to get off. He just shook his head and shouted back at them, "Wait! Wait! Let me do one more round." He finally gave in, but reluctantly, when the demonstrator said to him, "Uncle, you'd better give someone else a chance now." Perspiring profusely, the elderly man jumped off and sloshed his way back to the edge of the field. To the people around him he explained, "Now machines are made we old chaps who're skilled in transplanting rice will have to learn new techniques and keep on going ahead."

Wiping the sweat from his ruddy face he laughed heartily as he pushed his way out of the crowd and left.

This elderly man was known far and wide as Uncle Chou. First he had been an activist in the land reform movement, then a leader of the poor and lower-middle peasants' association and now was a member of the Lion Forest Production Brigade. He was known all around for his unique skill in transplanting rice and was often referred to as the "Green Whirlwind". It was usual for fast workers to hold the seedlings in their left hand, separate them with their fingers, then plant them in the mud with their right hand. But Uncle Chou was ambidextrous and could move across a field as quick as a whirlwind. In the twinkling of an eye he covered quite a large patch with rows of seedlings... He was already in his fifties, but his back and legs were strong and he was always full of pep. In work for the revolution he was most energetic. Nothing ever stopped him when he had made up his mind to finish a job; neither wind nor rain could hold him back.

"Ha, we must say goodbye to the old days." This was what he loved to say. In 1955, when agricultural collectivization was in

full swing, a well-to-do middle peasant named Wang tried to hang on to his land title. He was afraid that having handed over his ox, land and farm implements to the new co-op, he would lose out in the end. This infuriated Uncle Chou who immediately went to give Wang a piece of his mind. "You should say goodbye to the days of individual farming," he argued. "A single tree doesn't make a forest and a single flower doesn't make spring. Chairman Mao has pointed out the advantages of collective farming to us. We poor and lower-middle peasants are determined to follow this road. We're all going to say goodbye to the old days... And you mustn't have reservations."

Gradually, this favourite expression of Uncle Chou's about saying goodbye to the old days became very popular. Everyone started using it too.

Uncle Chou had a son named Hsi-nung, a middle-school graduate and a good worker. He was well liked by the poor and lower-middle peasants because he always shouldered the heaviest loads and did the most difficult jobs. As accountant he managed most of the brigade's affairs, and it was because of his good management that Lion Forest Brigade had reaped good harvests of grain and cotton. It was known in the county as the standard-bearer in learning from Tachai.* Generally speaking, Uncle Chou was well satisfied with his son's work, except that now and then, from certain remarks his son made, Uncle Chou realized that Hsi-nung was becoming complacent. The young fellow would often boast to his schoolmates in other brigades of the great progress Lion Forest Brigade had made during the past years.

"Our brigade has improved out of all recognition now, comrades," he would brag.

"Don't you realize that we must continue to make revolution and forge ahead?" his father warned. "You can't just take pride in past achievements." Always strict with his son, Uncle Chou gave him plenty of good advice.

*A mountain district in Shansi Province famed for its spirit of self-reliance. In 1964 Chairman Mao issued the call: "In agriculture, learn from Tachai."

The day of the demonstration Uncle Chou hurried back from the county town, overflowing with enthusiasm, to tell the other brigade members the good news about the rice-transplanter and discuss it with them. The Party members and leading comrades were in a meeting to decide what they needed most — a tractor or a rice-transplanter. Both were needed badly if they were to extend their double-crop rice fields. But their reserve funds had nearly all been appropriated. There was only enough left to buy a tractor. They would have to wait for a rice-transplanter.

"Let's say goodbye to the old days, comrades," Uncle Chou called out in greeting as he rushed into the meeting.

Everyone wanted to know about the new machines. "Well, it's a revolution to have rice seedlings transplanted by machines," he told them enthusiastically.

"With one transplanter we'd be able to extend our double-crop fields to 130 acres," brigade leader Yung-chiang admitted. He and the other cadres all wanted to increase the acreage of their paddy fields, but were hindered by lack of manpower during the transplanting season.

"But we only have enough cash for a tractor," someone reminded them.

"Shouldn't we ask for a loan?" suggested the accountant Hsi-nung.

The brigade leader Yung-chiang was a careful young man, although he was brave and bold enough. He didn't say much but had a good head on his shoulders. He scorned Hsi-nung's suggestion.

"Our brigade has never done that before," he said sharply, glancing at Uncle Chou.

That's the point of course, thought Uncle Chou. Then he asked his son, "What brand of transplanter do you have in mind, Hsi-nung?"

"Why, East Wind No. 2 of course," Hsi-nung answered. He had a hunch that his suggestion had not pleased his father.

"No! That's not the one for you. East Wind No. 2 is made by China's self-reliant workers. It stands for independence," Uncle Chou said severely.

"Dad!" his son protested, flushing all over his face, but his father continued, "Under the leadership of Chairman Mao we've been build-

ing socialism for more than twenty years now. It's true we're a big country with many large enterprises and accumulated funds. We could easily borrow some money. Is that any reason for you to think you're entitled to a loan?"

There was complete silence in the room except for the sound of Uncle Chou's pipe as he rapped it on the floor. He went on, "It's true our country's prosperous these days but that doesn't mean we can forget our tradition of self-reliance and hard struggle."

"Then we'll buy the transplanter after a few years, eh?" Hsi-nung suggested again.

"In a few years? Why wait that long? I say we'll buy it next year," Uncle Chou announced.

"Old Chou must know how to print banknotes," someone joked.

Ignoring this remark, Uncle Chou drew hard on his pipe, obviously deep in thought. After a while he said calmly to the brigade leader, "I hear you've dismissed Wang from his job as manager of the reservoir. Who's taking it over?"

"Wang," said the brigade leader, "is always out for himself. He neglected his duty by spending his time catching fish and shrimps to sell and make money to fill his own pocket." Always keen to hear the opinion of the old poor and lower-middle peasants for whom he had great respect, the brigade leader continued, "Irrigation will guarantee us a good harvest, uncle. But this year the weather station has predicted a very scanty rainfall. It will be extremely important to manage our small reservoir well. I need a most reliable man on the job."

"Let me take it on. What do you say?" Uncle Chou waited eagerly for the reply, afraid his request might be turned down.

The younger man was impressed by Uncle Chou's initiative and enthusiasm. But he knew that looking after the reservoir was a strenuous job. To irrigate 80 acres of paddy just at the right time was not easy. When the rice was flowering the man on the job would have to work practically round the clock, running here and there by lantern light all through the night. Maybe it would be too strenuous for a man in his fifties?

Everyone protested, "That's no job for you, uncle. Let one of the young men do it."

But Chou was persistent and argued eagerly, his face flushed. He wanted the job, at least for that year, he insisted. Knowing he was stubborn and had a habit of always shouldering the heaviest load, the brigade leader finally agreed on condition that he let one of the young brigade militiamen help him during the busy season. Only then did the old man relax with a smile.

The following day, Uncle Chou asked for leave to visit his son-in-law who worked in the commune fish hatchery.

Two days later, returning with several small tubs full of fish fry bought with his own money, Uncle Chou met Wang the former well-to-do middle peasant.

"So, you're going to be in charge of the reservoir this year, brother," Wang said sheepishly. "It never occurred to me that when I was relieved of that damned tiresome job, you'd volunteer to take it on."

"Since irrigation is absolutely necessary for a good rice crop, I think it's an honour to be in charge of the reservoir. The brigade won't give this job to anyone who wants to make money for himself by selling fish and shrimps," Uncle Chou retorted.

Wang's florid face turned pale. But at sight of the fish fry he tried to cover his embarrassment by saying offhandedly, "Well, brother, you may be an expert in rice transplanting, but not in raising fish. No one in charge of the reservoir has succeeded in doing that. Mind you don't lose your title of 'whirlwind' over this."

"Don't worry," retorted Uncle Chou as he went on his way. "He laughs best who laughs last." When he reached the small pond near the reservoir he carefully placed the fish fry in it.

Formerly Lion Forest Brigade only had a natural pond. It overflowed during the spring rains but in the hot dry summer days the water was only deep enough for the buffaloes to wallow in, or it even dried up completely. So in 1964 in an effort to follow in Tachai's footsteps, members of the Lion Forest Brigade, young and old, worked all through the severe winter to dam the gully and make a reservoir.



Since then they had enlarged their rice fields which, with irrigation, yielded a good harvest in both dry or wet seasons. Yet they had never succeeded in raising fish in spite of the money spent on the attempt.

Now that Uncle Chou was in charge of the reservoir, not being the type to admit failure, he made up his mind to raise some fish that year. He fed the fry carefully until they were fingerlings, then carefully transferred them to the reservoir. If he failed he would be the only one out of pocket, as he had bought the fry with his own money. If he succeeded the brigade could use the proceeds from the sale of the fish to buy the transplanter. This was his plan.

Day and night, besides irrigating the paddy fields, Uncle Chou tramped all over the brigade to gather fish weeds which he carried, load after load, to the reservoir. Where there's a will there's a way. The frisky fingerlings frolicked and fed on the weeds, their silver bodies flashing in the clear water.

Nothing escaped the notice of the brigade leader who was very pleased with what Uncle Chou was doing. The young man often went to the small shanty by the reservoir where Uncle Chou lived, carrying a hoe polished bright by the mud and water and some samples of weeds which the fish might fancy.

"I've come to keep you company, uncle," he would announce. "You get some sleep tonight, I'll stay on duty."

"No. At my age I can still do plenty of work. We old folk don't need as much sleep as you young people," Uncle Chou would argue. "Besides, you're busy enough as it is. All the same, thanks for coming to help."

The two men, one old, one young, spent many hours squatting beside the reservoir after work to watch the young fish and discuss the brigade's affairs until late in the evening...

As predicted, the summer was extremely dry. For fifty days no rain fell. Dust whirled on the roads and withered leaves littered the forests. But due to Uncle Chou's care the rice fields belonging to Lion Forest Brigade were lush and green. He flooded and then drained them often, not a drop of water from the reservoir was wasted.

After reaping the first golden harvest of rice the brigade members transplanted the second batch of seedlings. Everyone was pleased. They all thought highly of Uncle Chou who, living all alone in his shanty in the gully, guarded and managed the precious water in the reservoir so well. Uncle Chou fed the young fish many times a day until they grew into fat, gleaming carp, moving like shadows in the water.

"There'll be five tons of fish at least," said his son Hsi-nung optimistically. "We'll use the money to buy a rice-transplanter. We can also build a new office in which to receive the people who come to learn from our advanced experience."

"Well, well, Old Chou is smarter than I am. He'll receive many work-points — and be able to live better," said Wang the former well-to-do middle peasant, enviously.

"Thanks to Uncle Chou's hard work," the brigade leader said, "the life of all our brigade members will improve. When we catch the fish in the autumn he's bound to urge us to say goodbye to the old days again!" The main concern of the brigade leader right then was to produce more grain for the state, and if they could buy that rice-transplanter they would be able to extend their rice acreage.

In the fields and on the threshing ground, the brigade members had nothing but praise for Uncle Chou.

The brigade leader, who knew the old man best, tried to sound him out. "It's entirely due to your initiative that we'll have fish to sell. How do you think we should spend the money?"

"Buy a rice-transplanter and build a machine-repair shop," the old man answered immediately. On second thoughts he added, "This is a question to be settled by all the brigade members. They'll know best how to use the money."

In mid-autumn after the second rice harvest the water in the reservoir was drained off, revealing tons of floundering silver carp. But the sale of these fish gave rise to high words between Uncle Chou and his son.

It happened like this. When the reservoir was drained the brigade leader happened to be away in the county town for a conference. He

had left Hsi-nung the accountant in charge, telling him that besides organizing the collection of fertilizer and work in the rape fields he should allocate some men to make bricks and tiles. But the brigade leader and the accountant had different ideas about using the bricks and tiles. At Uncle Chou's suggestion, the brigade leader was planning to build a machine-repair shop while Hsi-nung the accountant wanted to build a fine new office.

One day when three young men were leaving for the county town to learn how to operate the rice-transplanter, Uncle Chou went with them and brought back from the county water-products' company cash for the eight tons of fine fat carp they had sold. Returning at dusk he caught sight of a group of people still making bricks by the reservoir dyke and walked over to have a look.

"Aha, seems we're going to start construction work in a big way," Uncle Chou called out cheerily.

"Sure. Now that we've said goodbye to the old days, we're able to put up a good show," put in Wang who was one of the brick-makers.

Immediately Uncle Chou became suspicious. He asked quickly, "What d'you mean by putting up a good show?"

"Nothing, except that I hear we're going to say goodbye to our old office and build a new one."

Uncle Chou's heart missed a beat. "Who said so? Where's the accountant?" he asked anxiously.

"Why, brother, how come you are asking me that?" Wang chuckled. "The accountant is busy getting us timber. After we've said goodbye to our old shed, we'll have a new imposing office where we can hold meetings and receive visitors when they come to learn from you how to raise fish as well as look after the reservoir."

Uncle Chou was furious. He fumed, "Aren't we building a workshop to repair machines?"

The other brick-makers started to discuss the question. With increasing mechanization, the brigade would certainly need a repair shop.

Dumbfounded, Uncle Chou looked up the cashier, handed him the proceeds from the sale of fish and went home, livid with rage.

"What's wrong, dad? Are you tired, or don't you feel well?" asked his daughter-in-law as she put in his arms her plump baby which Uncle Chou loved to fondle. Uncle Chou's expression scared her. The baby, his fat arms stretched out, warmed his grandfather's heart. He took it and brushed his beard against the small, soft cheeks. Silently, he glanced at his daughter-in-law and sighed.

Always quick to sense his mood, she quickly put out the fire in the stove and went to fetch her husband. When she brought him back the fresh perfume of pine wood still clung to his overalls.

Hsi-nung put down his shoulder pole and axe as he went in and greeted his father.

"So you're back, eh?" Uncle Chou went on playing with his grandson.

Finding the atmosphere a bit tense, Hsi-nung asked guardedly, "Anything wrong, dad?"

Ignoring him, Uncle Chou gave the baby back to his mother, sat down, took out his pipe and knocked out the ashes. "Now that you're a brigade accountant, you must make good use of the power Chairman Mao has entrusted to you," he remarked.

"Dad, have I done something wrong? If so, tell me." Hsi-nung was aggrieved. "For several years now, ever since I've been an accountant and in charge of the brigade's grain and money I've never taken advantage of my position. I've never taken a bigger share of anything or neglected my job. Neither have I sweated less in the fields than other people."

"Now, now, don't be in such a hurry to praise yourself," his father replied curtly. "Our brigade certainly has changed for the better. But why are you so complacent about it? Don't you want to keep on advancing? Chairman Mao has pointed out: **'The fundamental way out for agriculture lies in mechanization.'** Yet you're not the slightest bit eager about such a great revolution. We should use our money to buy more machines and build a machine-repair shop, but you're set on building a new office. Without the consent of the poor and lower-middle peasants and while our brigade leader's away at the conference you've decided to build a new office just to make a good show."

Beads of sweat glistened on Hsi-nung's forehead and his mind seemed blurred as he listened to his father's sharp criticism. He raised his head, to meet the penetrating gaze of the old man who was waiting for an answer.

"Don't be so upset, dad. I admit I'm to blame. I was the one who wanted to build a good office now that we've said goodbye to the old days. I'm setting a bad example to the other brigade members. I'll criticize myself before them..."

"To say goodbye to the old days means to keep on following Chairman Mao and the Party and continue the revolution. You haven't understood this correctly at all."

When the brigade leader returned from the county town and heard about this difference of opinion he called a brigade meeting. After describing the conference he had attended he asked Uncle Chou to give them all a lesson in class struggle. It was clear then to everyone what putting mechanization first really meant.

Spring came again. Birds chirped and grass grew around the mirror-like surface of the water in the fields which were all ready for rice-transplanting. The good news spread quickly among members of Lion Forest Brigade that their new East Wind No. 2 rice-transplanter had arrived. The previous winter, Uncle Chou had picked up all he could from the three young men who had learned how to operate the machine. As soon as it was brought to the field he hovered around it.

The following morning at sunrise everyone turned out to stand, several rows deep, around the paddy field where the machine stood ready. All wanted to see with their own eyes how it did the work of men, for this was the first transplanter to be used at Lion Forest.

Standing on the machine, the brigade leader briefly mentioned the hard work they'd done in the past year and encouraged everyone to continue advancing along Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. In the end, he suggested, "Shall we ask Uncle Chou our 'Green Whirlwind' to say a word or two and then transplant the first rows of rice seedlings?"



Everyone applauded. The embarrassed Uncle Chou was pushed up and onto the machine while some of the girls ran to him with a red flower made of silk which they hung around his neck. This was to honour him as a labour hero who had fine achievements to his credit.

With shaking hands and eyes a bit misty, Uncle Chou took the flower from his neck and placed it respectfully on the steering-wheel of the machine.

"Dear villagers," he said, "for thousands of years we have always had to work with our heads bowed over the muddy water and our backs bent all day long. Now we have this machine, I'm going to say goodbye to the old days as well as to my skill as a rice-transplanter. You all call me 'Green Whirlwind'. Now that we have our commune we are advancing towards mechanization under the leadership of Chairman Mao and the Party. It's our brother workers who have manufactured this real 'green whirlwind' for us. From now on, we'll all say goodbye to the old days, follow the Party and Chairman Mao and make continuous revolution."

Loud applause broke out again. As if riding a stallion, Uncle Chou drove the East Wind No. 2 rice-transplanter into the fresh spring breeze, sweeping across the field like a whirlwind.

Illustrated by Tai Tun-pang



Yung Chuan

The Peach Orchard

As sunset mantles the western peak
Our troops on field practice speed forward,
Till suddenly comes the order:
“Halt and pitch camp!”

We are standing in an orchard
Among peach blossom red as flame;
A strange camping site this
We think, puzzled.

Young Wang comes out with a theory:
“We’re camping here
To deepen our love

For our great, beautiful land.
We fighters for the revolution
Must keep a firm grip on our guns
And let no enemy trample
The springtime of our land.”

“You’ve a lively imagination, you young rascal.”
Our regiment commander’s words
Set the orchard ringing with laughter;
As his keen, kindly eyes appraise each man,
The silver hairs at his temples
Mark him an old campaigner.

“How about a story, regiment commander?”
Young Wang’s ready tongue speaks for us all.
Our old commander ponders, then replies:
“Well, here’s one about this orchard.”

Twenty-three years ago, at the height of summer,
We came here hot on the heels of the enemy;
The company commander gave the order:
Pitch camp in the orchard here.

In the sky floated crimson clouds,
The earth was dry with no water to be found;
But the boughs of the peach trees
Were loaded with ripe red fruit.

Our men had marched and fought for days and nights,
We were tired, our throats were parched;

To quench our thirst
We had only to raise our hands to pluck the fruit.

But at sight of those sweet luscious peaches
We remembered Chairman Mao's words,
Remembered the song on army discipline,
And these, like fresh spring water,
Banished weariness and thirst.

When dawn threw a rosy cloak over the orchard
Not a single peach was missing from the trees
As, high-hearted, we shouldered our guns
And set off again

"Where is that company commander now?"
The regiment commander
Left Young Wang's question unanswered;
But we guessed from his love for the orchard
That the two commanders
Were one and the same man.

So tonight camping in the orchard
We lay to heart
Our army's revolutionary tradition
Which like this peach orchard
Blossoms year after year
And bears fruit in our hearts.

We pass the night under the trees
But harm not a single blossom,

Chairman Mao's soldiers care for every petal,
That each may bear the fruit of revolution.

Now another bright day has dawned,
The peach trees flame like torches
To see us off,
And our regiment commander leads us on,
Swiftly on towards another goal.



Yang Teh-hsiang

Home

Pines will strike root on mountain peaks,
Willows grow no matter where;
From east to west film-operators speed,
Our home is anywhere and everywhere.

That silver screen
Projecting splendid pictures
Is bathed by the night rain
At frontier outposts,
Reddened by the setting sun
On offshore islands.

That battered enamel army bowl
Campaigning north and south

Has brimmed with clear spring water
In mountain villages,
And tea grown on the cliffs
Of mountain hamlets.

That carrying pole of mulberry wood
Has measured out each step of our long treks,
Taking the villages along the way
Revolutionary model operas
And rousing martial music.

Who says that life is hard?
As soon as the loud-speaker sounds
All break into smiles,
As sunshine lights every heart
And spring breezes warm every home.

Art serves workers, peasants and soldiers.
Wherever we go,
Chairman Mao's film-operators,
There is our battlefield;
Wherever the screen is hung
There is our home.

Chang Kuang-kai

Forest Surveyors

A cold wind soughs through the pines,
Tossing tree-tops brush the sky,
As deep in the mountains
Range the forest surveyors.

Their songs are the first to break
The silence of these deep primeval forests
As they spread their paper to draft
This sea of trees in spring.

Their feet wet with rain and dew
Have trodden out the far-flung timber line;
Their rugged pioneering hands
Add new splendour to the mountains.

Wherever they go they plant
Red flags and survey poles;

Their hearts loyal to Chairman Mao
Are given to our motherland's snowy forests.
This vast timber region
Links north and south, sea and mountains,
And countless lumber-teams here
Are playing their part
In socialist construction.

On high peaks the imprint
Of their resolute footsteps,
In their hearts the blueprints
Of stupendous projects,
And from the mountain tracks
Down which they pass
They seem to see the smoke
Of a future train.



Chang Kuang-kai

Spring in the Changpai Mountains

The Changpai Mountains have doffed their silver capes,
The River Hailan has loosened its coat of ice,
Spring is here! Riding on swift horses,
Lumbermen report back for work.

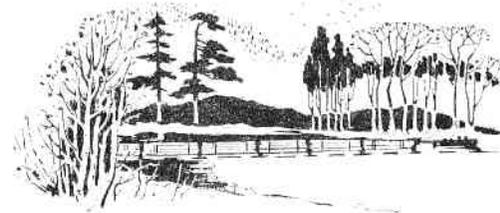
High on the mountains the crash of falling trees,
At their foot the tractors rumble;
Spring comes with a sea of red banners,
With songs floating above the waves.

In spring the river is at its loveliest,
The mountains at their fairest;
Lovely and fair beyond compare,

Towering construction projects
Soar to the sky.

From the forests roll trains
Loaded with the songs of spring,
Filling all the tracks with singing,
Carrying the lumbermen's work-songs
All over our vast land.

Illustrated by Hao Chan



A Wooden Board

During the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, we carried out investigations concerning a significant revolutionary relic left by Lu Hsun — pioneer of China's cultural revolution. The relic is a wooden board inscribed with the name "Kamada Saichi".

This board is 23.4 cm long, 11.4 cm wide and 1.5 cm thick. A black border 3 cm in width runs down the right side of the board, the rest of which is the natural colour of pine. The Chinese characters for "Kamada Saichi" are written down the middle in cursive script. At the top is a hole for a nail.

Before the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, due to the counter-revolutionary revisionist line on literature and art peddled by Chou Yang, little attention was paid to this board and no serious investigation of it was carried out. No one knew for what purpose it had been made.

In 1969, we investigated the origin and the use of the board. With the enthusiastic help of Lu Hsun's brother, Chou Chien-jen, we final-

This article was written by members of the Lu Hsun Museum in Shanghai.

ly discovered that Lu Hsun had hung this board on the door of his secret reading-room.

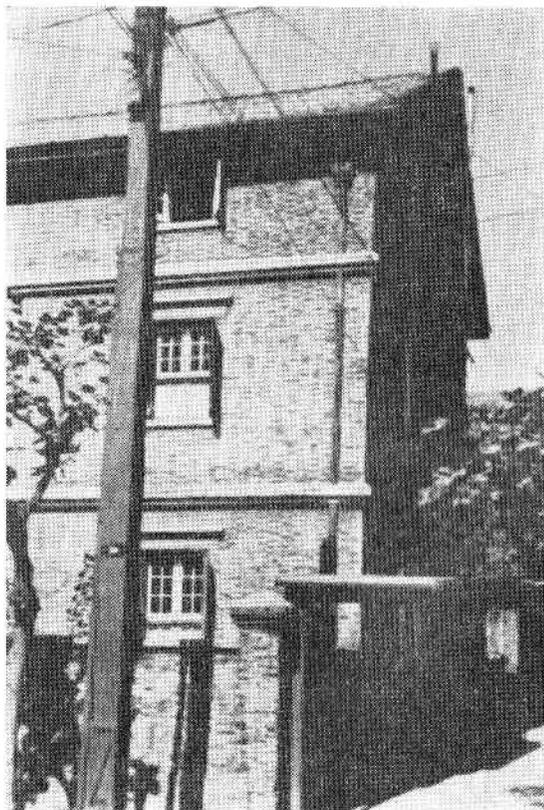
In October 1927, Lu Hsun came from Kwangchow to Shanghai, then the storm-centre of contesting cultural trends. He realized the importance of studying Marxism the better to equip himself for this struggle. However, under the reactionary regime, even anyone seen reading a book with a red cover was liable to be put in prison. Thus it was very risky to have in one's home the works of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin. In this situation, fraught with danger, Lu Hsun thought up many ways to study Marxism-Leninism without being detected by the enemy.

In May 1930, through the good offices of a Japanese friend Uchiyama Kanzo, Lu Hsun rented a flat in the Peichuan Apartment House on North Szechuan Road. He already owned many Marxist-Leninist books before he moved there. For the good of the cause and in order to study undisturbed, he threw dust in the eyes of the enemy by pasting on the door of his flat a sheet of paper on which he had written "Uchiyama Kanzo", the name of his Japanese friend.

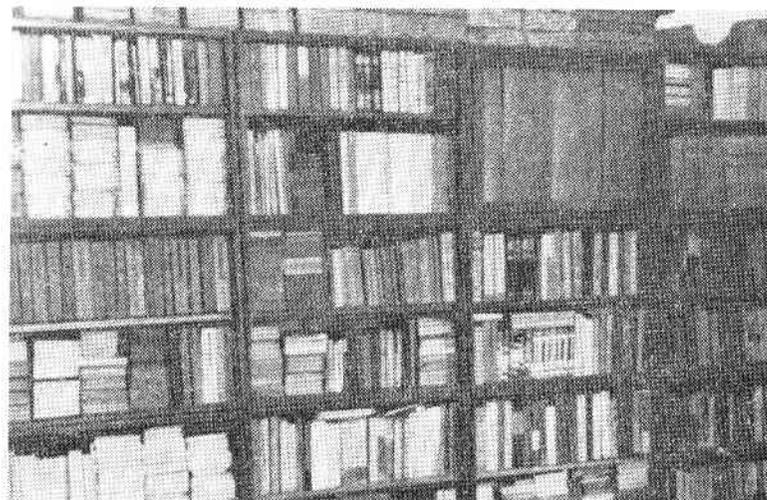
After the September 18 Incident in 1931 when the Japanese imperialists launched a sudden attack on Shenyang and soon occupied the whole of northeast China, the Kuomintang followed a policy of "non-resistance" to imperialist aggression and intensified repression at home. They made frantic attempts to wipe out the militant Left-



wing cultural movement represented by Lu Hsun by “banning books and periodicals, closing bookshops, issuing repressive publishing laws and black-listing authors” and “by arresting and imprisoning Left-wing writers, putting them to death in secret” and carrying out other fascist measures. Throughout these difficult and dangerous times, Lu Hsun conscientiously studied Marxist-Leninist works, using the sharp weapon of Marxism-Leninism to analyse the situation and guide the struggle. In March 1933, Lu Hsun moved again, this time to the Talu Villa in Shanyin Road. To house his precious collection of books in safety, Uchiyama Kanzo helped him rent a room in Liyang Road (formerly Dixwell Road) in the name of Kamada Saichi, a



The house in Liyang Road



Japanese who worked in Uchiyama Bookstore. There Lu Hsun kept and studied his Marxist-Leninist works and other progressive books.

On March 27, 1933, Lu Hsun jotted down in his diary: “This afternoon, I moved my books to Dixwell Road.” As a precaution he hung on the door a board inscribed with the name “Kamada Saichi”.

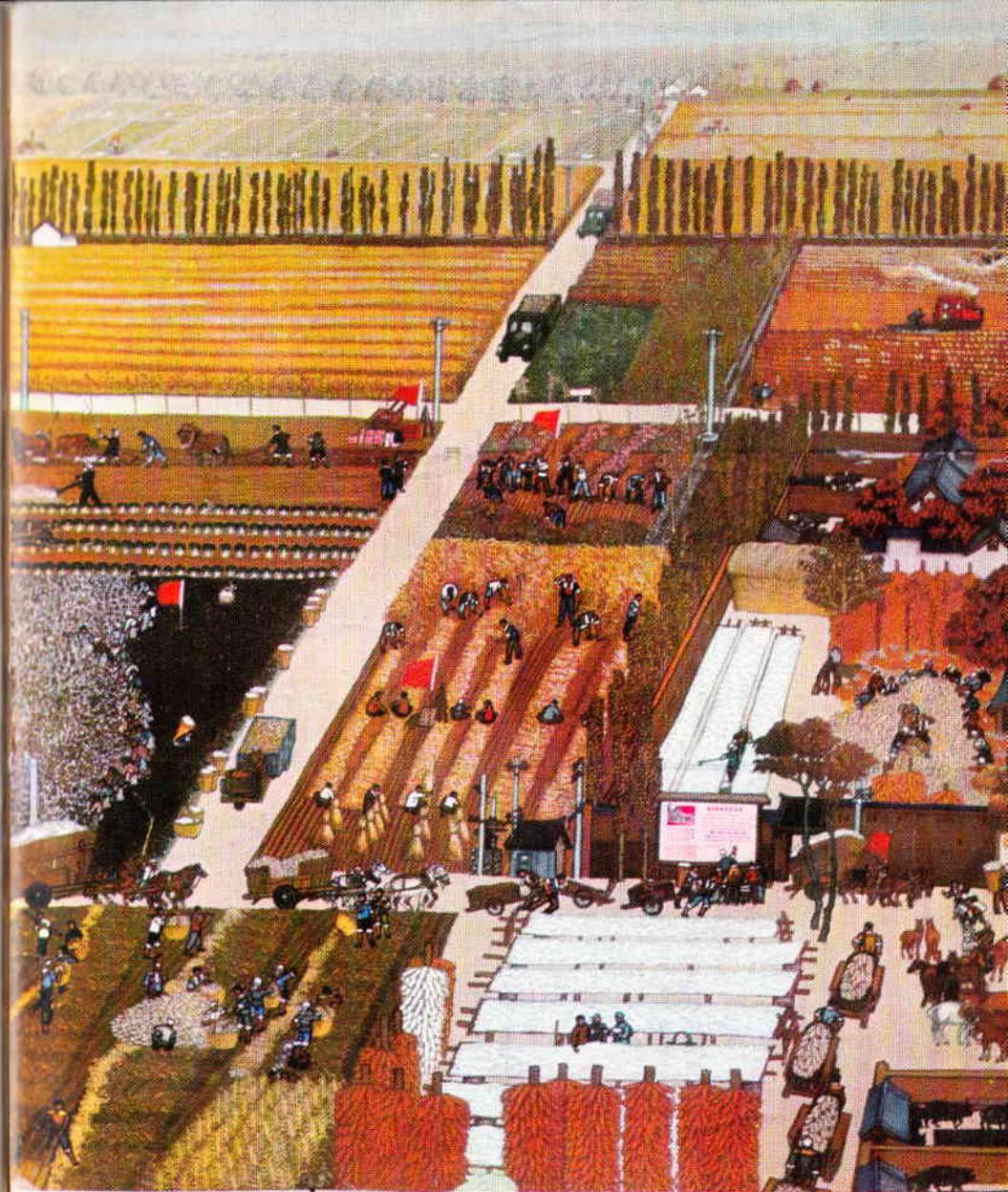
The house was an ordinary brick building. The twenty-four-square-metre room which Lu Hsun rented was on the second floor, overlooking the road. There Lu Hsun kept several hundred of the books he most valued, consisting of writings of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin and other works of social sciences. The majority of these he had bought from Uchiyama Bookstore or received from friends abroad. In this secret reading-room there were also postcards, photographs and pictures of Marx, Engels and Lenin and of the Paris Commune.

Taking his life in his hands, Lu Hsun often repaired to this secret reading-room to immerse himself in study, sometimes sitting up till dawn. He pondered deeply as he read, linking up theory with his experience of the struggle. During those cruel, blood-soaked days,

Lu Hsun drew great strength from the works of Marx and Lenin. He said: "Marxism is the most brilliant philosophy. By using Marxist analysis we can understand problems which puzzled us before."

Lu Hsun, always on the alert for persecution by the Kuomintang reactionaries, was fully prepared for any emergency. The bookshelves in his reading-room were made of stout planks. He told his friends: "My shelves in fact are wooden cases filled with books. They can be loaded on a truck and moved away any time." This shows how much Lu Hsun prized these works. No matter how bad the situation or how hard the struggle, wherever he went he took with him and studied these books which had "come through tribulations" with him. Shortly before his death he declared, "As long as life is left to me, I shall certainly continue to study."

It was because Lu Hsun studied Marxism-Leninism so hard in the thick of struggle that he finally became a great communist fighter.



Golden Autumn (Huhsien peasant painting)
by Chang Lin and Feng Hou-wa ▶

Lu Hsun and His Japanese Friend

In the summer of 1956 Lu Hsun's widow, Comrade Hsu Kuang-ping, made a tour of Japan.

One day she had an unexpected visit from a Japanese scientist, who said that he would like to return to her some of Lu Hsun's calligraphy which was in his possession. When the man first appeared Comrade Hsu Kuang-ping thought him a stranger to her. She tried hard but failed to remember what dealings Lu Hsun could have had with him. The visitor then produced from his pocket a photograph of himself as a young man. Everything was cleared up. Of course she remembered him! Scenes from days long past rose before her delighted eyes.

They had met early in the year 1931. At that time, far from stopping short after their brutal murder of several revolutionary writers,* the Kuomintang reactionaries were now out to persecute Lu Hsun, the courageous standard-bearer of the Left-wing literary movement. So Lu Hsun and she had found it necessary to move for a time to a

*This refers to Yin Fu and other young writers. See footnote on page 10.

Japanese-owned hotel. It was there that Lu Hsun came to know this man, then still young.

Lu Hsun's room was at the back of the building on the ground floor, where the young Japanese was also staying. After several conversations Lu Hsun realized that the young man was an ordinary college student, sincere and unsophisticated. He took such pleasure in Lu Hsun's company that he liked to drop in for a chat with him whenever he had time.

At first Lu Hsun confined his conversation to topics such as medicine and the fine arts. As he came to know the young man better, he began to touch on social problems. He talked about revolution and told him stories of Lenin. He laid bare before the young student the dark rule of the reactionary Kuomintang. He pointed out that bourgeois politics was rotten to the core, that the rich revelled in luxury while the working people had to go hungry and cold. "You can hardly imagine the wretched life they live," he added.

These conversations taught the Japanese youth a great deal, deepening his knowledge of Chinese society, and with this grew his affection for Lu Hsun. All this time, however, he had no idea who this Chinese friend of his was, or what he was doing there in the hotel.

One day this young Japanese showed Lu Hsun a book he had just bought. "Please have a look at this," he said. "There are many things in it I don't understand. But I'm sure you do. The author Lu Hsun is quite well-known in Japan." Taking the book with a smile, Lu Hsun saw that it was *Call to Arms*, a collection of his short stories.

By now Lu Hsun knew this young student well enough to disclose to him, "Lu Hsun — that's my pen-name."

When the young man recovered from his first astonishment, he still seemed a bit puzzled.

After a pause Lu Hsun explained, "I am opposed to Chiang Kai-shek's policy, especially his intrigues and terrorism. So wherever I go they are after me. Quite a number of my young friends have already been arrested."

So the writer the young man had admired for years was standing there before him! Unable to contain his happiness, the student ex-



claimed: "You are my respected teacher. If there's anything I can do for you, just let me know."

Lu Hsun, also very pleased, warmly gripped the young man's hand and thanked him.

After that, the young Japanese drew even closer to Lu Hsun, whose ideas and conduct had greatly impressed him. Out of sympathy for the Chinese revolution and admiration for his Chinese friend, he kept his word and eagerly rendered services to Lu Hsun on several occasions.

As the reactionaries were out for his blood, Lu Hsun's position remained extremely dangerous. Suspicious characters hung around the hotel. The young Japanese offered to keep watch on them and, if he smelled a rat, to inform Lu Hsun.

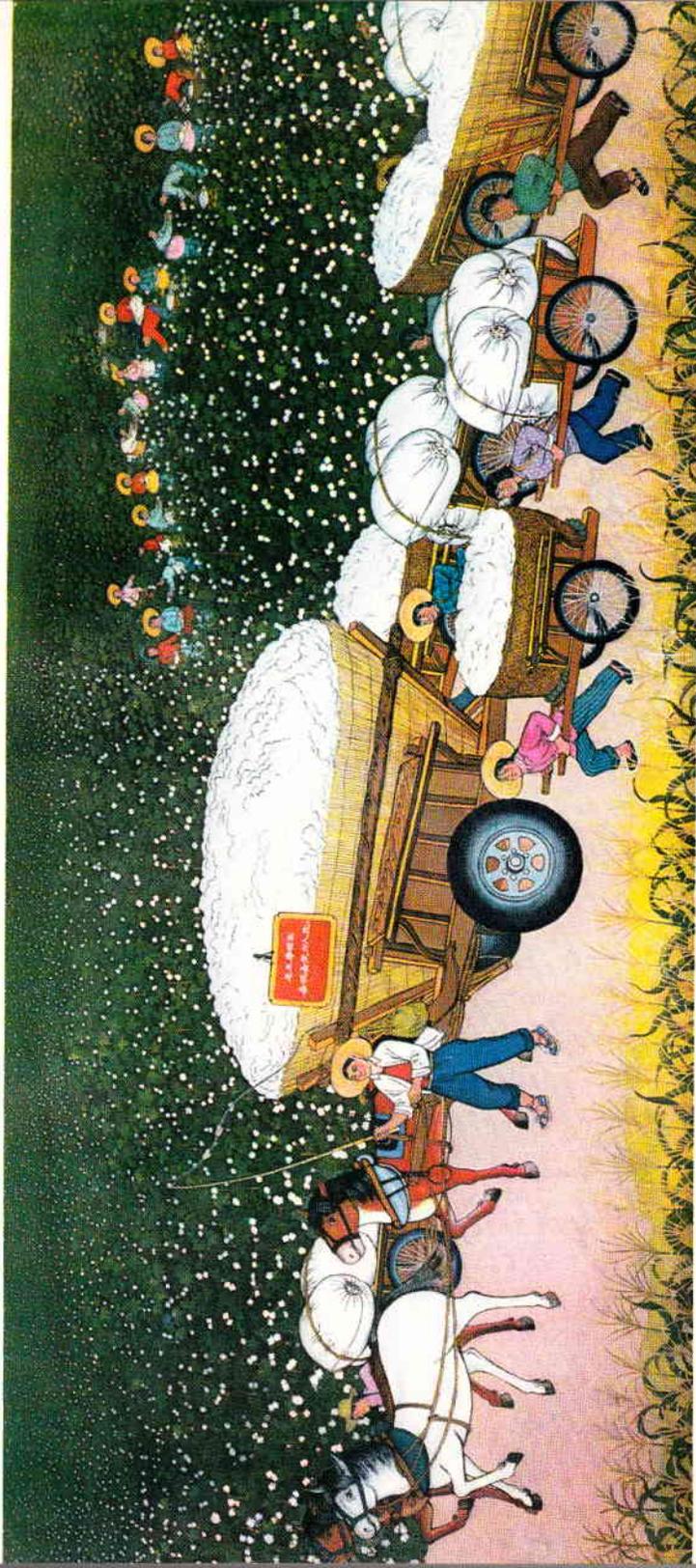
Once, at tremendous risk to himself, he slipped through the police cordon and succeeded in delivering a secret letter for the revolutionary writer.

When the time came for Lu Hsun to leave the hotel, the young man was also on the point of going home to Japan. As a token of friendship Lu Hsun presented him with poems he had written on two scrolls. The young student valued this gift so highly that he kept it carefully.

Now he wanted to return the souvenir to Comrade Hsu Kuang-ping to be kept in one of the Lu Hsun museums in China, so that people seeing it might gain a keener appreciation of Lu Hsun's militant life.

Illustrated by Hsia Yu-ping

The Cotton Harvest (Huhsien peasant painting) by Li Feng-lan ►



The History of a Sketch Map

In 1954 when we were looking through the things left by Lu Hsun, we spotted half a sheet of blank, lined manuscript paper inserted in a periodical. On the back of the sheet were a number of place names and some curved lines scribbled with a blue copying pencil. The colour had somewhat faded with time but the words — the names of counties and towns on the Hupeh-Honan-Anhwei border — were quite legible. The handwriting was evidently neither Lu Hsun's nor that of his wife — Comrade Hsu Kuang-ping.

Then who could have drawn this sketch map? On what occasion had it been made? And why should Lu Hsun have preserved it?

It occurred to us that Lu Hsun had once had an interview with Comrade Chen Keng.* Could this map possibly have anything to do with this meeting? Just on the off-chance, we went to Peking to call on Comrade Chen Keng, thinking he might be able to identify it for us.

This article was written by members of the Lu Hsun Museum in Shanghai.

*Chen Keng (1903-1961), a Communist and a division commander in the Chinese Workers' and Peasants' Red Army. He later became a commander of the Chinese People's Liberation Army.

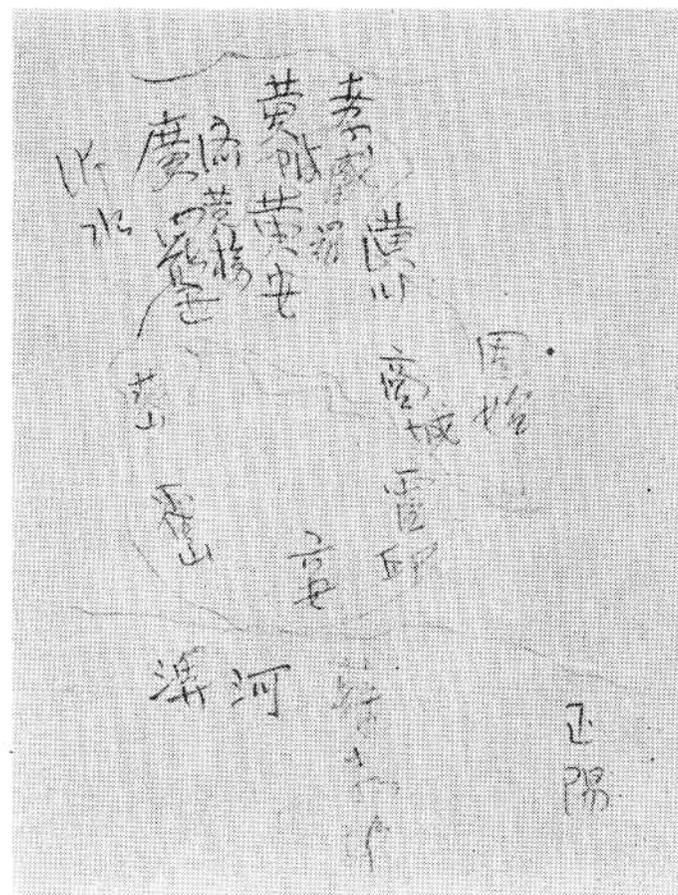
On seeing the map, Comrade Chen Keng recalled that it was one he had sketched at random by way of illustration during his conversation with Lu Hsun. The shorter line at the top represents the southern section of the Peking-Hankow Railway; the longer one at the bottom, the River Pi in Anhwei Province. The two way lines in the middle stand for the Tapich Mountains; the circle for the approximate extent of the Hupeh-Honan-Anhwei Revolutionary Base Area* at that time. The whole map indicates the general layout of that base area.

Lu Hsun's interview with Comrade Chen Keng took place in the late summer or early autumn of 1932, when the latter had come to Shanghai from the base area to receive treatment for a wound in the leg. During his stay he told an audience of underground Party members how heroically the Red Army had smashed the Kuomintang's "encirclement and suppression" campaigns. His talk was written up and mimeographed, and it was felt that if Lu Hsun would consent to write something on the basis of this material, it would turn out a fine piece of work depicting the revolutionary war. By acquainting the whole nation with the struggles waged by soldiers and civilians in the revolutionary base areas, it would have great political propaganda value. When Lu Hsun was later given this material to read, he consented to do the write-up.

Knowing that Comrade Chen Keng was having a rest cure in Shanghai, Lu Hsun sent an invitation to him through a friend, asking him to come to his house so that he might hear from him in person about the victories of the Red Army men and civilians.

One afternoon, Comrade Chen Keng called on Lu Hsun who was then living in the Peichuan Apartment House at the end of North Szechuan Road. They had a long chat. Comrade Chen Keng described not only the fighting of the Red Army but also the life and cultural activities of the people. Lu Hsun listened with the greatest attention and interest. When he heard how the poverty-stricken peasant-

*The Hupeh-Honan-Anhwei Revolutionary Base Area was one of the base areas led by the Chinese Communist Party during the Second Revolutionary Civil War (1927-1937).



The sketch map

try, whose life he knew so well, had stood up to wage struggles against the landlords, he was particularly pleased. He also put in questions as to how the land reform had been carried out, whether the landlords had tried to hit back, and so forth — all showing his concern for the soldiers and people who were putting up such a splendid fight in the Red base areas.

That day Lu Hsun entertained Comrade Chen Keng to dinner, and his guest did not leave till late at night.

However, as the revolutionary struggle intensified and Lu Hsun felt the need to employ a sharp weapon against the enemy, the essay form became his chief means of fighting. And because he had not taken actual part in the struggle in the base areas and therefore had no first-hand experience of the life and struggles there, he decided not to write until he had collected more material.

But although under the existing circumstances Lu Hsun never got round to writing about the Red Army, his love and admiration for the Party and the Chinese Workers' and Peasants' Red Army grew with each passing day.

Three years afterwards, the Red Army under the wise leadership of Chairman Mao frustrated the Kuomintang's repeated attempts to wipe it out on the Long March, and after an epic campaign across mountains and rivers triumphantly reached northern Shensi. On hearing this, Lu Hsun could no longer contain his boundless admiration for our great leader Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee. He cabled his congratulations, declaring: "On you is placed the hope of China and mankind."

Commune Members Love the New Operas (Huhsien peasant painting) by Ting Chi-tang ▶



Lu Hsun and Fang Chih-min

One day at the end of 1935, a girl from Kiangsi Province called at Lu Hsun's house while he happened to be out. The girl left a bundle of papers and went away.

Before long, Lu Hsun came back and was told about this.

"From Kiangsi?" He took the bundle at once and carefully unwrapped it on his desk. Inside was a sheaf of manuscripts written with a Chinese brush, with four blank sheets on top, one of them blotted with a spot of ink. A short note, giving neither the name of the addressee nor that of the sender, said that the blank paper marked with an ink spot had been written on with rice-gruel.

Lu Hsun carefully painted the paper with iodine, then immersed it in a basin of water. Very soon the words on it became visible.

Eagerly bending his eyes to the signature Lu Hsun saw the name Fang Chih-min.*

Fang Chih-min! Lu Hsun's heart missed a beat. He had learned some months before that this well-known Communist had died a

*Founder of the revolutionary base area in northeastern Kiangsi and of the Tenth Army of the Chinese Workers' and Peasants' Red Army.



heroic death in Nanchang, Kiangsi Province. Now, here before his eyes was a letter addressed to him in the martyr's own hand-writing!

After composing himself a little, he began to read the letter.

Comrade Fang Chih-min said that this letter was written in a Kuomintang jail where he was determined to die rather than recant. He hoped that Lu Hsun would help him by sending the other three

sheets and the manuscripts to the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party. He expressed his regret that they had never met and also his conviction that Lu Hsun would carry out the last wish of a Communist.

Lu Hsun read the letter over and over again. While living in Kwangchow and Shanghai, he had heard about or seen with his own eyes the heroism with which many Communists had given their lives for the revolutionary cause. Time and again he had been moved by the courage of those vanguards of the proletariat; time and again he had impressed on his mind the debts of blood incurred by the Kuomintang reactionaries. Today the brief testament of Comrade Fang Chih-min stirred up a fresh tumult in the heart of this communist fighter.

Lu Hsun paced slowly to the window, his heart as heavy as the grey, leaden winter sky outside. He stood there in silence for some time as if mourning over the death of the Communist. . . .

What had happened was this —

In January 1935 Comrade Fang Chih-min had been sold out by a traitor and captured by the enemy. He continued to fight against the Kuomintang reactionaries in jail, displaying the noble qualities of a Communist. When the enemy gave him paper and ink to write a "confession", he wrote instead *Some Notes Jotted Down in Jail, Beloved China* and some other militant articles. Using rice-gruel he also wrote three letters to the Party Central Committee.

After the articles and letters were finished, Comrade Fang Chih-min fell into a deep meditation: The Red Army was on the Long March* and it was impossible to make contact with the local Party underground. How could his papers be sent to the Party Central Committee?

*In October 1934 the main force of the Chinese Workers' and Peasants' Red Army set out from the revolutionary bases in western Fukien and southern Kiangsi in a strategic withdrawal and, covering 25,000 *li* on the march, finally arrived at the revolutionary base area in northern Shensi in October 1935. This is known in history as the Long March.

Day after day passed while Comrade Fang Chih-min kept racking his brains over this problem. Finally, like a shaft of sunlight shining through the iron-barred window to brighten his dark cell, an idea flashed through his mind — he thought of Lu Hsun.

“That’s it!” Comrade Fang Chih-min came to a decision. “I’ll ask Lu Hsun for help.” He had never met Lu Hsun, but he had read his articles and had been told that Lu Hsun was a comrade-in-arms most trusted by the Communists. Thus he decided to entrust Lu Hsun with the matter.

At that time a young clerk in the prison had been influenced and educated by Comrade Fang Chih-min. He greatly respected this staunch Communist and had done him several good turns. Late one night, Comrade Fang Chih-min told his problem to this young man, who promised to get his fiancée to take the manuscripts and letters to Shanghai and look for Lu Hsun. She was the girl who had come to see Lu Hsun that day.

Because of the difficulties involved in the journey, it was not until the end of the year, several months after Comrade Fang Chih-min’s death, that his package reached Lu Hsun.

The last decision Comrade Fang Chih-min made before his death proved entirely correct. Lu Hsun was completely trust-worthy. Under the White terror, to fulfil the trust would mean to risk his life. But Lu Hsun, a communist fighter who had long since cast in his lot with the revolution, cared nothing for his own safety.

Lu Hsun went back to the desk. With grief and admiration in his heart, he solemnly read *Some Notes Jotted Down in Jail, Beloved China* and Comrade Fang Chih-min’s other articles, deeply moved by the revolutionary spirit in them. Then he carefully wrapped up the manuscripts again and kept them for the time being as things to be treasured.

Half a year before his death, Lu Hsun surmounted a number of difficulties and setbacks and succeeded in sending the papers to the Central Committee of the Party.

Illustrated by Hsia Yu-ping

Thinking of Yen-an

It was the end of the year 1935. That day, talking with others Lu Hsun heard stirring news: The Red Army had completed the Long March and triumphantly reached northern Shensi.

At night, alone in his study, Lu Hsun kept pacing to and fro, deeply stirred.

His wife Hsu Kuang-ping gently opened the door to bring him the evening paper. Lu Hsun sat down to read it. Well, the mouth-piece of reaction was blathering again that the Kuomintang had scored a “victory” and that the Red Army was “destroyed”. With an ironic laugh Lu Hsun threw the rag onto the heap of outdated papers.

Lu Hsun recalled the events of the past year. Early in the year, when he heard that the Red Army had started on its Long March, he asked Hsu Kuang-ping to get him as many newspapers as possible. Every day he pored over the “news”. The reactionary newspapers did nothing but slander and abuse the Red Army, making it well-nigh impossible to know the true state of affairs. Lu Hsun, however, was well aware of the need to “read between the lines”. An alleged

Red Army defeat in a certain place meant that the Red Army had won a big battle there. Again, if the Red Army was reported wiped out, that meant that it was steadily forging ahead.

Lu Hsun took a map of China from his drawer. Since early that year he had been scrutinizing this map. Tonight his eyes travelled slowly from Juichin in Kiangsi Province to northern Shensi, a route marked with many precipitous peaks and deep rivers, snowy mountains and marshy swamps. Now all these were successfully crossed by the Red Army under the leadership of Chairman Mao and the Chinese Communist Party. Lu Hsun felt as if he himself had traversed this long and arduous way along with the Red Army. He heaved a sigh of satisfaction, folding up the map.

Beside the desk was a comfortable wicker chair. Hardly had Lu Hsun leaned back in that chair than up he jumped again, too overcome by excitement to keep still. He felt he must send a message of congratulations to the Party Central Committee, to Chairman Mao, to express his exultation.

He sat down at his desk again, spread out writing paper and picked up a brush.

How to begin to express all that filled his heart? At last he crystallized the tumult of his emotion in this one sentence: "On you is placed the hope of China and mankind." He would have this message sent out through secret channels first thing in the morning.

Lu Hsun walked to the window and opened it. A cool breeze brushed his face, ruffling his hair and clothes. In the dead of the night all was still. Rows of houses with their lights off seemed to merge into the thick blackness. He was confident that the dark night would soon pass and the reactionary rule would come to a quick end. The people were bound to win. Lu Hsun did not go to bed until dawn.

For a long time after this Lu Hsun was elated. He took pleasure in talking to young revolutionaries about the Long March, the correctness of the Party's anti-Japanese national united front policy, every fresh victory of the Red Army, and the good news which came thick and fast from northern Shensi. At mention of our great leader Chairman Mao, an irrepressible smile lit up his face and he would

say resolutely, "To fight in the ranks, armed with a pen, that at least is within my power."

Once, talking with others Lu Hsun learned that life in northern Shensi was rather hard, and that salt in particular was in short supply. But Chairman Mao, the leading comrades of the Party Central Committee, and the Red Army fighters were waging valiant struggles under those difficult circumstances. Deeply touched, he longed to do something for the Red Army. Yet objective conditions made this impossible.

For days on end, Lu Hsun had a weight on his mind. He felt that even if he could not help solve any problems for them, he should at least send something to show his concern for Chairman Mao, the Party Central Committee and the Red Army fighters. What should he send? He decided on ham.

Thereupon Lu Hsun bought two uncut hams, wrapped them up carefully and sent them through his underground contacts to northern Shensi.

There was nothing unusual about the ham. However, this was like sending a goose-feather 1,000 *li* away — the gift may be trifling but it's the thought that counts.

Though hundreds of mountains and rivers separated Shanghai from Shensi, there seemed to be an invisible red thread linking Lu Hsun, who lived in the White area, with northern Shensi and with the Party Central Committee.

Liu Ching-tang

Fearless as a Mountain Eagle

“A bosom friend afar brings a distant land near.’ China and Albania are separated by thousands of mountains and rivers but our hearts are closely linked.”

In Tirana’s radiant autumn last year ballet-dancers of Albania and China had a happy time together. The songs of friendship that reverberated over the shores of the Adriatic Sea continue to ring in our ears; the gatherings which strengthened our militant solidarity with the artists of the “land of the mountain eagles” still linger before our eyes. And now, in Peking’s May days we have the pleasure of meeting our comrades-in-arms again.

We Chinese revolutionary art workers warmly welcome the visit of the Ballet Troupe of the Opera Theatre of Albania. These artists have brought us the gift of ardent friendship and their China tour will provide us with opportunities to learn from them. We are confident that their visit will further promote the grand friendship and unity in struggle between the peoples of our two countries.

The writer is vice-director of the China Dance Drama Troupe. In the revolutionary modern ballet *Red Detachment of Women*, he plays the role of Hung Chang-ching, the Party’s representative in the women’s detachment. Last autumn he led the troupe on a performance tour to Albania, Romania and Yugoslavia.

Albanian literary and art workers, in accordance with the teachings of Comrade Enver Hoxha, great leader of the Albanian people, and following the line on literature and art of the Albanian Party of Labour, have been steadily revolutionizing their thinking and have produced revolutionary works reflecting Albania’s national liberation war, socialist revolution and socialist construction. They have thus made outstanding contributions to the development of Albania’s culture.

Marxism teaches us that literature and art are subordinated to politics and serve specific political struggles. The Albanian ballet *Daughter of the Highlands* depicts the resolute struggle of the courageous Albanian women against class enemies and outdated social customs



under the leadership of the Party of Labour. It also communicates the Party's aim of thorough emancipation of Albanian women. By its portrayal of the audacious girls of the highlands, the ballet gives us a clear-cut picture of the heroic Albanian womenfolk.

In the old days of utter misery, Albanian women were not only oppressed, enslaved and exploited by the landlords and the Church, they were fettered by antiquated conventions and subjected to social discrimination. But under the guidance of the Party of Labour and Comrade Enver Hoxha, the people of Albania — stout-hearted and undaunted — kept a tight hold on their guns and charged forward. Rising up again after each setback they fought on until finally they drove away the aggressors, overthrew the rule of the class enemy and ushered in a bright new world with the working people as masters of their own fate. With this the women of Albania embarked on the road to thorough emancipation. *Daughter of the Highlands* re-enacts the fiery struggle of the Albanian people and eulogizes their tenacious will and dauntless spirit — all for the revolution!

The heroine of the ballet is a poor farmer's daughter. Shortly after her birth, her father Gjini is accused of a theft by the village priest and the landlords but he resists this false charge and refuses to show "penitence" before the Confessional Stone. Because of this, the child is denied baptism. Unchristened, she grows up under the pagan name of "Daughter of the Highlands".

When her people after Liberation have established their own power under the Party's leadership, the girl joins the villagers in carrying out the land reform. The priest and the tyrants try to use religion to obstruct the progress of the womenfolk. Breaking with conventional ideas, however, the rebellious girl lays bare their plot, persists in propagating the Party's teachings and unites the womenfolk together to fight. She organizes a school for the village girls and goes to a mountain railway site to work with young men...

When they finally win victory in their struggle, she says all the credit should go to the Party and writes on the blackboard: The Party gives us freedom. Loving the new life from the bottom of her heart, she looks forward to a still happier future.



The inspiring figure of this Daughter of the Highlands is comparable to that of a fearless eagle soaring amidst lofty mountain peaks.

As regards artistic form, this ballet has broken new ground in showing how art can serve the revolutionary political content. The portrayal of the heroine proceeds from the requirements of the development of her character. In a series of exquisite dances the choreographers use the vivid language of the dance to convey the fortitude and fighting spirit of a girl who does not know the

meaning of fear. The representation of the mountain villagers is fresh and lively, too. And the dances succeed in carrying the action forward while throwing the heroic qualities of the main characters into strong relief.

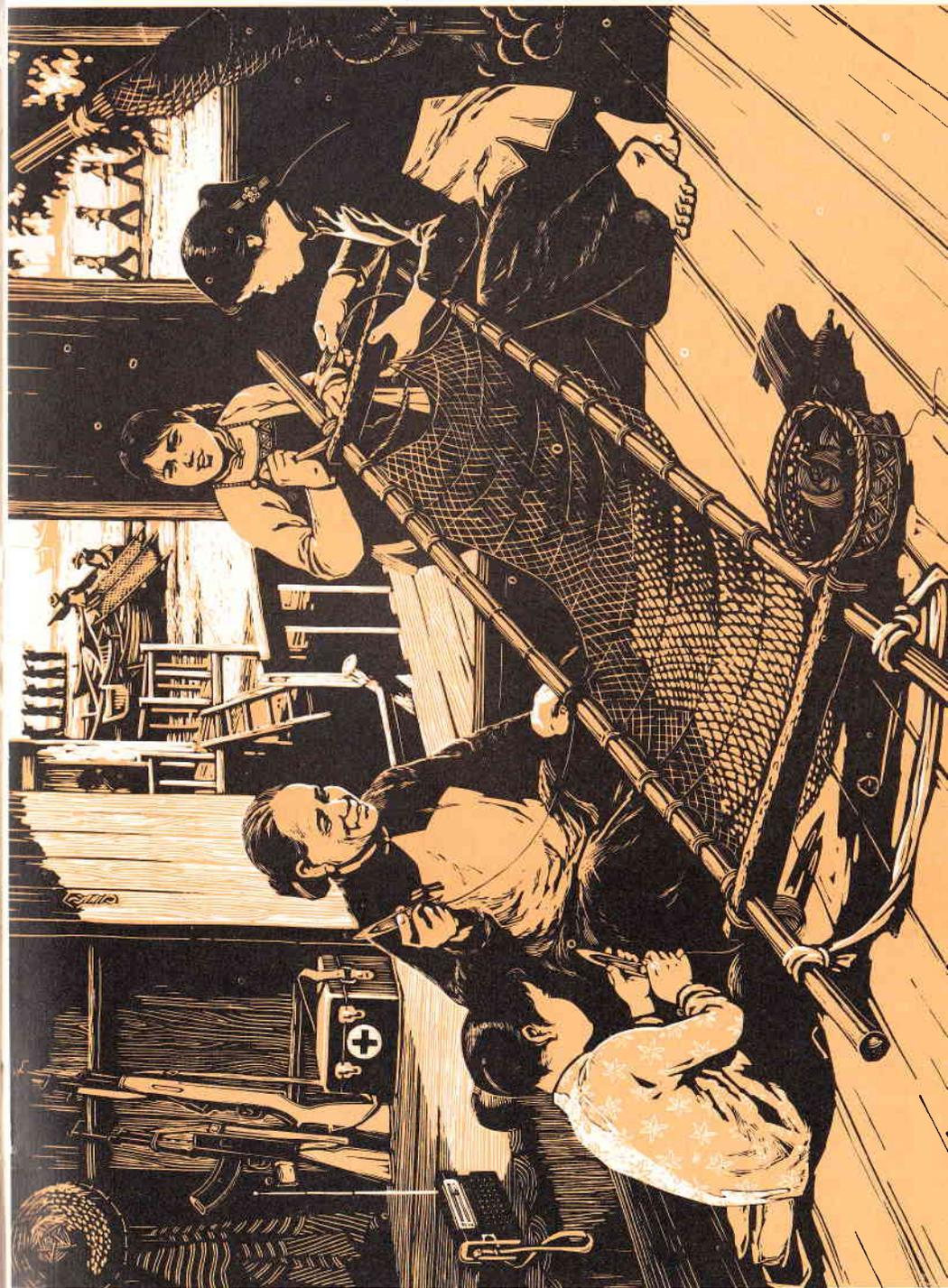
Daughter of the Highlands has broken away from the shackles of the stereotyped classical ballet by combining the ballet with Albanian folk dances. The dances by the *corps de ballet* display great variety and immense vitality, conveying the joy and excitement of the mountain villagers who have won freedom and land and become their own masters — the direct result of their armed struggles led by the Party.

Special mention should be made of the troupe's celebrated ballerina Zoica Haxho, Heroine of Socialist Work of Albania, who plays the title-role with all the verve of a revolutionary and the skill of a virtuoso so that the heroine stands out as a sublime and monumental figure. The artist Hysen Kellezi who plays the girl's elder brother Pali and the artist Luan Shtino who plays his good friend Fizi have also made a careful study of their roles and their dancing makes a striking impression on us.

Daughter of the Highlands, with its stirring revolutionary content and diversified artistic form rich in vitality and national flavour, is a blossom in the garden of Albania's art. We Chinese revolutionary art workers rejoice over the achievements of our Albanian comrades, for from them we have learned many things of great value to us in our work.

The profound revolutionary and militant friendship between the peoples and art workers of Albania and China has gone through the test of storm and stress. Just as Comrade Enver Hoxha says, "It is firm as steel and pure as crystal, because it is based on the invincible principles of Marxism-Leninism and proletarian internationalism." Let us unite yet more closely with our beloved comrades-in-arms to support each other and go forward shoulder-to-shoulder in the struggle against imperialism, modern revisionism and all their flunkys so as to win new and bigger victories.

Fisherfolk (coloured woodcut) by Ou Huan-chang ▶



*Chang Chao and
Yu Lei-ti*

Glorious Flower of the Highlands

It is with the keenest enjoyment that we have seen and learned from the ballet *Daughter of the Highlands*. And during each performance, certain unforgettable scenes came back to our minds: That bright spacious rehearsal hall in Tirana, where Albanian comrades practised dance movements at the same bars with us and then we sat down together for a cordial discussion on how revolutionary art can better serve the workers, peasants and soldiers; that railway construction site in Elbasan, where Chinese and Albanian comrades-in-arms worked shoulder to shoulder, singing songs in praise of the friendship between our two countries; those vast pasturelands of Gjinokaster, where we danced gay and vigorous folk dances with the local co-operative members. . . . It seems only yesterday that we enjoyed the company of our Albanian comrades in the "land of the mountain eagles", and today they have come all the way to China, bringing us the deep-rooted friendship of the Albanian people and their outstanding ballet art. This provides us with another good chance to learn from them.

Chang Chao and Yu Lei-ti are members of the China Dance Drama Troupe.

For more than a month our Albanian friends have made a performance tour of some cities in north and south China. Their performances expressed with vivid artistic images the fighting will and revolutionary enthusiasm of the fraternal Albanian people and were warmly applauded by our worker-peasant-soldier audiences.

The two-act ballet *Daughter of the Highlands* demonstrates the revolutionary spirit of the heroic Albanian people in their struggle against the class enemy and old social customs under the leadership of their Party, and their determination to carry out the Party's line in the period of socialist revolution and socialist construction. It has a moving revolutionary content, marked topical significance and a distinctive national form which gives it a strong flavour of life. It presents with a deft touch and fervent feeling the cruel and complex struggle in which the Daughter of the Highlands and other fine Albanian women were tempered. It illustrates Comrade Enver Hoxha's teaching **"Women are a colossal force and play a very important role in the all-round development of the country."** Thus this ballet serves the Party's political line.

To depict heroic images and highlight the central theme, the choreographers have chosen certain historical facts and presented them in more typical form on the stage. In the "Introduction" and Scene One, for instance, the Confessional Stone symbolizes the shackles of religion. This stone was used by the Church to cruelly suppress and exploit the labouring people in the thirties in Albania. The exploiting class and the Church would bring trumped up charges against those poor peasants who would not submit to enslavement, then force these "guilty" peasants to carry the heavy stone on their shoulders round the church as an act of penitence. In this way the small holdings and meagre instruments of production on which the poor peasants depended for a living were confiscated by the Church and one family after another was reduced to life-long slavery. This Confessional Stone weighed like a mountain on the labouring people, reducing them to abject penury and breaking up whole families. . . . In the "Introduction" the priest, with a beatific smile to cover his vile scheme, points to this stone to make Gjini confess his "sins". The



sufferings of the girl's family reflect the miserable life of the labouring people in old Albania.

Ingenious use is made of the Confessional Stone. In the "Introduction" it serves to expose the ugly features of the priest who carries on counter-revolutionary activities under the aegis of his cassock; it also brings out the class origin, sufferings and intense class

hatred of the heroine, the Daughter of the Highlands. In the scene "The Land Reform", when the villagers jubilantly dance to celebrate the return of their land, the girl's brother Pali trips over the Confessional Stone. . . . This episode links this scene with the earlier one, although many years now separate the new era from the old. It helps us to realize that although the reactionary class has been overthrown and the people have seized political power and the land, the violent, involved class struggle has not come to an end since the reactionaries, represented by the priest, refuse to take their defeat lying down. This utilization of the stone facilitates the development of the plot and the intensification of the contradictions, integrating them with the fundamental class struggle.

This ballet has successfully evolved a distinctive national style to present its revolutionary content and portray heroic characters. Organically integrating the ballet art with popular dance movements drawn from real life to create typical heroic characters, it skilfully reveals their inner world. The "squat-and-turn" dance movement so rich in national flavour symbolizes the Albanian people's resoluteness. It is used in characterization and to exemplify the Party's teaching on the thoroughgoing emancipation of women, recurring constantly in the dance vocabulary of the heroine.

In Scene One "The Land Reform", after the girl's friend Fizi leads the masses to hurl the Confessional Stone over the cliff, young men and women dance exultantly while the girl and some other women execute this particular movement to show their determination to break down the fetters of traditional concepts and to struggle against the class enemy under the guidance of the Party's line. In Scene Five "At Zefi's Home", Zefi, incited by the priest, tries to prevent his daughter Drande from going to school. With a pair of scissors in his hand he threatens to cut off Drande's hair, but the Daughter of the Highlands hurries over to stop him. Gazing angrily at the priest she again uses the "squat-and-turn" movement and other language of the dance to indicate her steadfastness in struggling to propagate the Party's teachings and spread knowledge which will free the mountain people from the manacles of feudal influence. In Scene Six "Victory", when she firmly resists the brigands who have broken

into her home and are attempting to make her erase the slogan "The Party gives us freedom", she once again performs the same dance movement to convey her devotion to the cause and her contempt for the brigands. Thus this simple dance movement conveys the girl's dauntless quality and indefatigable spirit. We see that the Party is the source from which she draws her strength. Educated by the Party she develops rapidly and becomes a bold fighter tempered in the storm of class struggle.

Other dances with a distinctive national style are the unrestrained and beautiful Handkerchief Dance and the *pas de deux* performed by Fizi and Pali to the accompaniment of goat-skin drums in Scene One, and the militant Albanian folk dance performed by Pali and Pjitri in Scene Two. These virile dances add colour and zest to the ballet.

Daughter of the Highlands brings out most strikingly the Albanian people's devotion to the socialist revolution led by the Party of Labour. The excellent performances of our Albanian comrades have been a tremendous inspiration to us.

Huhsien Peasant Paintings

The implementation of Chairman Mao's line has changed the situation on many fronts. And a fresh wind is blowing in the field of art, where some fairly good new works have been produced.

To promote this development, from May to July this year a national exhibition was held of more than three hundred examples of fine art by workers, peasants, soldiers and professional artists. In content and form these exhibits have attained a relatively high standard. This shows the impetus given to art by the cultural revolution and the new step forward taken by both professional and amateur artists. These exhibitions met with the approval of worker-peasant-soldier audiences.

In our No. 8 issue we introduced some of the most significant of these new works. In this issue we present paintings by peasant artists of Huhsien County in Shensi which were on show in the National Fine Arts Exhibition.

The peasant artists of Huhsien have been doing art work in their spare time for more than ten years. This started when a few young-

sters, for propaganda purposes, painted pictures dealing with the revolutionary movements in the countryside. Then some other commune members tried their hands at painting too. *The Cotton Harvest* was painted by the mother of four children who, apart from working on the land and running the house, has made time to do more than six hundred paintings. Although technically works like *The Cotton Harvest* and *Golden Autumn* may not be up to professional standards, they reflect life faithfully, show a vivid sense of colour, and possess a distinctive freshness.



Albanian Ballet Troupe Leaves for Home

After a successful performance tour in China, the Ballet Troupe of the Albanian Opera Theatre led by Mantho Bala, Vice-minister of Education and Culture and Chairman of the Arts and Culture Committee, left Peking for home on July 3.

The ballet troupe arrived in Peking on April 29 this year. For two months the Albanian artists toured Peking, Changsha, Shaoshan, Shanghai, Nanking, Tsinan, Shenyang and Changchun, where they gave performances of the ballet *Cuca e Maleve* (*Daughter of the Highlands*) and other music and dance items. Their performances were warmly welcomed by the Chinese audiences. During their tour the Albanian artists visited factories and communes, greatly enhancing the revolutionary friendship between the people of China and Albania.

Photo Exhibition Celebrating the Third Anniversary of the Founding of the R.S.V.N. Provisional Revolutionary Government

A photograph exhibition to celebrate the third anniversary of the founding of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of the Republic of South Viet Nam, jointly sponsored by the China-Viet Nam Friendship Association and the Chinese People's Association for Friendship with Foreign Countries, opened in Peking on June 6.

The pictures were shown in display cases on Wangfuching Street in the capital's downtown area.

The 116 pictures on display reflect the revolutionary determination of the people and army men of South Viet Nam — who, under the leadership of the South Viet Nam National Front for Liberation and the Provisional Revolutionary Government, are putting into practice their firm resolve to fight and win, striking valiantly at the American aggressors and their lackeys, and gaining one important victory after another in the war to drive the U.S. invaders from their country. The photos show how closely the South Vietnamese people are united and fighting shoulder to shoulder with their compatriots in the north and the army men and civilians of Laos and Cambodia.

The exhibits also show how the army men and people in north Viet Nam, courageously responding to the call of the Central Committee of the Viet Nam Workers' Party, are both fighting valiantly and maintaining production in support of their compatriots in the south who are striking at the U.S. aggressors.

Some of the exhibits portray the great friendship and dauntless solidarity of the people of China and Viet Nam. Among them is a photo showing Chairman Mao, the great leader of the Chinese people, warmly shaking hands with Nguyen Huu Tho, President of the



Presidium of the Central Committee of the South Viet Nam National Front for Liberation and President of the Advisory Council of the R.S.V.N. Provisional Revolutionary Government.

Shanghai Dance Drama Troupe of China Leaves for Japan

At the invitation of the Japan-China Cultural Exchange Association, the Shanghai Dance Drama Troupe of China left home for Japan on July 4. The troupe will perform for the Japanese people the modern revolutionary ballets *The White-Haired Girl* and *Red Detachment of Women* as well as the piano concerto *The Yellow River*.

A Collection of Songs Published

A collection of songs, entitled *New Songs on the Battlefield*, was recently published by the People's Literature Publishing House in Peking.

The collection consists of more than 100 revolutionary songs. They include some newly composed since the cultural revolution, historical revolutionary songs with revised words, and five historical revolutionary folk songs. The four most popular items in this collection are: *The East Is Red*, which pays tribute to the Chinese people's great leader Chairman Mao; the *Internationale*, the time-honoured, stirring revolutionary song of the world's proletariat; *The Three Main Rules of Discipline and the Eight Points for Attention*, based on the rules outlined by Chairman Mao for the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army during the Second Revolutionary Civil War (1927-1937); and *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*.

Other songs sing the praises of the Chinese Communist Party, of Chairman Mao and the socialist motherland; reflect the heroic achievements of workers, peasants and soldiers on various fronts of socialist revolution and construction; depict the healthy maturing of Chinese young people nourished by Mao Tsetung Thought; and highlight the revolutionary friendship and indomitable solidarity of the Chinese people with those of other countries. There are lively marches as well as lyrics rich in local and national flavour, choruses,

solos, singing with acting and so on. Most of the composers have sprung up from among worker, peasant and soldier amateurs and professionals.

A Film Projection Team on the Pamir Plateau

On the Pamir Plateau, known as the "Roof of the World", Film Projection Team No. 1 in the Tashkurgan Tajik Autonomous County of the Sinkiang Uighur Autonomous Region has done excellent work for more than 16 years showing films to the herdsmen of various nationalities.

Tashkurgan County is a vast area with limited facilities for travel. Its inhabitants are widely scattered and for these reasons it has not been easy for the film projection team to carry out its task. Nevertheless, the three members of this team, all Tajiks, following Chairman Mao's teaching that art and literature should serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, have feared no hardships. Climbing snowy mountains and crossing ice-covered rivers, they take films even to the most remote places. In the day they join the commune members in whatever work they are doing and in the evenings they show them films. Being good technicians they help to repair radios and farm tools for the production brigades as well.

Art Activities on the Coast of the Yellow Sea

Guided by Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art, the masses of Jutung County, Kiangsu Province, along the coast of the Yellow Sea, have engaged in many artistic activities. Out of 620 drawings, paintings and other works of graphic art produced in the county during the last three years, more than 100 have been published and over 150 have been reproduced in newspapers and periodicals. Now many factories and communes in the locality have classes for beginners or amateur art groups.

Among the numerous amateur artists are some from former poor peasant families. The sharp contrast between the new and the old

society has spurred their desire to express themselves in some creative way. Tsao Chang-yu, for instance, is a sixty-four-year-old peasant artist. He liked to draw when he was a boy, but in the old society the cruel oppression of the landlord class made it impossible for him to buy even paper or pen. Now he is an activist in artistic creative work. Since the cultural revolution he has drawn many pictures in his spare time.

Steeled by the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, many painters of the older generation have regained their revolutionary youth and creative ability.

Co-operation between young and old artists, who learn from and encourage each other, is a good feature of their working style in this county. Often special talks are given by the older professional artists to teach amateurs basic craftsmanship in Chinese traditional painting to help them raise their artistic level.

Letters

—From Our Readers

Chinese Literature is one of the most interesting of the Chinese magazines I have read. I was particularly interested in the articles on, and by, Lu Hsun, and also the article on archaeological finds during the Cultural Revolution. The writings of Lu Hsun are particularly interesting because they give a view of the thought of the Chinese revolution in its developing years.

Georgia,
USA

O.W.

In *Chinese Literature* No. 1, 1972, I've read Lu Hsun's two stories: *Medicine* and *My Old Home*. Both these stories I've read twice. The only work by this fine author I had previously read was *A True Story of Ab Q*. I hope that you can print some other of his stories.

Storsteinnes,
Norway

A.G.

I like reading *Chinese Literature* very much. However, I think many of the stories are somewhat impersonal. You don't get involved enough in the story because it's too mechanically written. As Chairman Mao says somewhere in the *Talks at the Yanan Forum on Literature and Art*, a story must have a correct political outlook but also a literary quality. If the political outlook is weak the story is useless. But I feel that some of the stories in *Chinese Literature* lack to some extent the literary quality.

However, the story about Chairman Mao and the Long March I think was well written. It really gripped the reader and gave a good view of the heroic fighting and the wise leadership of the Chairman.

Another series of articles I really enjoyed were the ones by Lu Hsun. Maybe they appealed to me because they were more influenced by western thinking and therefore, to me, more easily understandable.

Troms,
Norway

T.L.

For the last year I have been a subscriber and read 12 issues through. The general impression I have is: *Chinese Literature* is a revolutionary magazine both in ideas and in artistic form. By closely following it, new windows are opened before my eyes. I know better how to correctly read, understand and appraise an artistic or literary work.

The main things I have learned by reading your issues are as follows: Literary criticism and articles exposing a wrong line help me to differentiate between sham and genuine, false and correct ideas both in old and new literary works. In this respect I like most: *Expose the Plot of U.S. and Japanese Reactionaries to Resurrect the Dead Past; A Refutation of the Theory of "Literature and Art for the Whole People"; "National Defence Literature" and Its Representative Works; On the Reactionary Japanese Film "Gateway to Glory"* as well as

the article *Learn from Liu Hsiang, Repudiate Revisionism*.

*Lushnje,
Albania*

L.P.

I have found the reminiscences *On the Long March with Chairman Mao* and *In His Mind a Million Bold Warriors* very interesting. I think that Chairman Mao's great humanity and love for his soldiers during the Long March is very important, and these qualities come out too in the other reminiscence. I'm very favourably impressed by the contents of your issue. I like your poems very much and think your front covers and plates are all right. We should also be glad to have some good photos of your towns, your rivers and different parts of your wonderful country.

*Milano,
Italy*

A.S.

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

MAGAZINES FROM CHINA

PEKING REVIEW a political, theoretical weekly in English, French, German, Japanese and Spanish

Airmailed all over the world

CHINA PICTORIAL a large-format pictorial monthly in 16 languages: Arabic, Chinese, English, French, German, Hindi, Indonesian, Italian, Japanese, Korean, Russian, Spanish, Swahili, Swedish, Urdu and Vietnamese

CHINA RECONSTRUCTS a richly illustrated monthly of general coverage on China in Arabic, English, French, Russian and Spanish

CHINESE LITERATURE a magazine on Chinese literature and art, monthly in English, quarterly in French

PEOPLE'S CHINA a comprehensive monthly in Japanese

EL POPOLA CINIO a comprehensive monthly in Esperanto

Catalogues upon enquiry

Distributed by: **GUOZI SHUDIAN** (China Publications Centre), Peking
Order from your local dealer or write direct to **GUOZI SHUDIAN**,
P.O. Box 399, Peking, China



中國文學

英文月刊1972年第9期

本刊代號2-916