

USA

# CHINESE LITERATURE



In This Issue:  
SPARKLING RED STAR (a film scenario)

2  
1975

## CONTENTS

|   |       |
|---|-------|
| SPARKLING RED STAR (a film scenario) — <i>Wang Yuan-chien</i> and <i>Lu Chu-kuo</i> | 3     |
| POEMS   |       |
| Mount Lushan — <i>Chia Man</i>  | 59    |
| Two Generations — <i>Huang Ho-lang</i>  | 62    |
| LU HSUN'S STORIES   |       |
| Storm in a Teacup   | 65    |
| The White Light   | 76    |
| Three Poems — <i>Ling Hsing-cheng</i> and <i>Yang Tse-ming</i>                      | 83    |
| NOTES ON ART  |       |
| Adapting a Novel for the Screen — <i>Lu Chu-kuo</i>                                 | 87    |
| Creating the Image of Winter Boy — <i>Li Chun</i>                                   | 92    |
| As I Acted Winter Boy I Learned from Him — <i>Chu Hsin-yun</i>                      | 97    |
| From a Cameraman's Notebook — <i>Tsai Chi-wei</i>                                   | 102   |
| LITERARY CRITICISM  |       |
| On Lu Hsun's Two Stories — <i>Tang Yuan</i>   | 107   |
| CHRONICLE   | 115   |
| PLATES  |       |
| Photographs from "Sparkling Red Star"   | 48-49 |
| Front Cover: New Books for the Village — <i>Hung Yao-hua</i>                        |       |

## Sparkling Red Star

Distant hills wrapped in mist and clouds. On the mountain ridge Winter Boy in tattered clothes is vigorously chopping firewood. Chips of wood fly; the matchet gleams.

Narration: Winter Boy, now a grown-up, speaks with emotion of the struggles of his childhood, "Everyone has his childhood. My childhood began in the bitterness of class oppression and was spent in the blazing flames of class struggle. That was more than forty years ago. . . ."

A gleaming matchet is raised high in the light of the dawn and smashes down. Winter Boy chops in two a branch as thick as his arm.

Sporadic gunfire is heard in the distance.

Winter Boy stops to look up at the distant hills. The sound of gunfire gladdens his heart. A smile appears on his lips.

The narrator announces forcefully: "During the stormy period of 1931, I was only seven years old. I heard then from the grown-

---

This is a film scenario, a collective work adapted from a novel by Li Hsin-tien. For an excerpt of the novel see *Story of a Red Star* in *Chinese Literature* No. 9, 1972.

ups that the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army led by the Chinese Communist Party and Chairman Mao had already reached the South Hill and started making revolution there. It was coming soon to our place."

More intense gunfire.

Winter Boy leaps to the side of the path and calls in excitement: "Sprig!"

"Here!" Sprig jumps out from behind a rock, carrying a matchet.

Winter Boy points at the distant hills. "Listen, it's getting closer. Maybe today they'll be here."

"That will be wonderful." Sprig raises his thumb and comes closer. "Tell me, Winter Boy, why are they called the Red Army? Are they dressed in red?"

"Well. . . ." Winter Boy rolls his eyes. "My dad says they all have a red star on their caps. . . ." Unable to explain further, he brushes the question aside. "Anyway they're coming to make revolution, to finish off the landlords, finish off that old dog Hu Han-san, and help us poor folk get our own back."

Sprig: "It'll be fine once the Red Army comes. Our family won't have to pay back the grain we owe."

Winter Boy: "Hu Han-san killed my grandad. We'll make him pay for that — blood for our blood."

They stop as they see Pan Hsing-yi hurrying up the hill.

Winter Boy asks his dad in surprise: "Dad, where are you going?"

Pan: "Kids shouldn't ask grown-ups their business."

Winter Boy pouts, then makes a face. "Well, I know even if you won't tell me." Grasping his dad's coat he asks in a whisper: "Dad, are you going to meet the Red Army? When are they coming?"

"Don't ask questions. You'll know pretty soon." Pan fondly wipes the sweat off Winter Boy's face with his sleeve, then clasping the shoulders of both boys says in a whisper: "Go home as soon as you've finished chopping firewood." He hurries off in the direction of the gunfire.

A ray of sunlight pierces through the clouds and shines on their path.

The two boys stand side by side watching the receding figure of Pan.

Sprig speculates: "Is your dad going to meet the Red Army?"

Winter Boy nods silently with a rapt expression. "I do hope the Red Army comes quickly. Once they come and catch that swine Hu Han-san. . . ." He swings his matchet and chops hard at a tree.

The sound of gunfire grows louder.

Dusk. On the mountain path leading to Willow Brook Village. Winter Boy and Sprig, each carrying a load of firewood, are coming down chatting and laughing.

Suddenly Sprig stops and nudges his companion. "Look, Winter Boy."

Winter Boy looks at the village. A look of hatred appears on his face.

Outside the landlord's big gate in Willow Brook Village there is a great commotion. Some men are pushing wheel-barrows; a dozen others are setting off with loads dangling from carrying-poles. Servants inside and outside the house are milling around, hastily carrying out cases, baskets and bundles.

Two of Hu's thugs rush noisily out of the gate, carrying a red lacquered case. The one in front trips over a rope and falls down. The case knocks against a post and its lid flies open, disgorging gaudy clothes. Silver dollars and trinkets strew the ground. Land deeds and bonds float in the air.

The women in the carriage are shrieking and cursing. . . .

Hu Han-san barks at the thugs near him: ". . . The beggar can't have gone far. Take some men and search the whole village."

A thug with a gun on his back and a rope in his hand comes to Hu in alarm. "Better go while the going's good, sir."

"What's the hurry? We'll leave after we've caught Pan Hsing-yi." Hu viciously waves his whip. "Don't you understand? This Pan and his secret Peasants' Association are the root of the Red Army."

Hu breaks off to glower at the road.

Winter Boy and Sprig enter the village in high spirits.

A thug: "That's the son of Pan Hsing-yi."

Hu straddles the road to block the boys' way.

Winter Boy pushes Sprig back. He goes forward, carrying his load of firewood, and looks fearlessly at Hu.

Hu steps forward. "Where's your dad?"

Winter Boy: "I don't know."

Hu raises his whip: "Hmm. We'll see about that!"

As the whip is cracking down, Winter Boy swings his load forward to smash into Hu's face.

Hu is sent staggering, his bloated face scratched and bleeding.

Clapping a hand to his cheek, Hu roars: "Here, hang him up!"

Sprig quickly puts down his load and runs into the village.

Winter Boy is tied to a branch of the big camphor tree. He raises his head defiantly and glares at Hu.

Hu: "Speak up! Where's your dad?"

Winter Boy spits at him.

Hu throws his whip to the ground. "Beat him to death!"

A thug starts to lash the boy.

Winter Boy, burning with rage, clenches his teeth.

Shots of Hu's savage face alternate with shots of the whip hissing down.

"Winter Boy!" Winter Boy's mother, accompanied by Sprig and Uncle Sung, runs over calling his name. Behind them are many villagers, men and women.

Winter Boy looks at his mother. "Mum!"

"Winter Boy!" His mother rushes over and lovingly strokes his back.

She starts as the whip strikes her, then rounds on Hu. Bold and resolute, she seizes the whip and wrenches it away. "What right have you to beat him?"

Behind her the villagers shout: "You can't beat him!"

Angry villagers surge forward. Hu retreats in alarm. "So you want to revolt even before the Reds get here! Let me tell you: As long as I'm here, you'll take orders from me."

Sudden bursts of gunfire.

In the distance someone calls: "They've come, the Red Army's come!"

Hu and his thugs flee in alarm. Their mangy dog, its tail between its legs, slinks back into the yard.

"The Red Army's here!" A great shout goes up.

Winter Boy jubilantly raises his head.

A bright red flag flutters in the wind. Behind it, a contingent of Red Armymen with Pan as their guide charge forward. Red Army cadre Wu Hsiu-chu, a revolver at his waist and a sword in his hand, is at the forefront.

Winter Boy stares at them wide-eyed with elation.

Wu quickly comes over to Winter Boy. Supporting the child with one hand, with the other he cuts the rope. Then bending down, he unfastens Winter Boy.

Winter Boy turns to his father: "Dad..."

Pan: "Child, remember it's Chairman Mao's troops that have saved you!"

"Chairman Mao!" His mother murmurs with emotion.

Winter Boy turns and rushes to Wu. "Red Army Uncle!"

Wu strokes the welts on Winter Boy's face.

Winter Boy gazes at Wu with tears in his eyes.

Wu's intrepid face.

The red star on Wu's army cap sparkles.

The song *Sparkling Red Star* is heard:

The red star sparkles bright,

The red star warms our heart;

Dear to our workers and peasants,

It shines for ever with our Party's radiance.

During the singing, the sparkling red star fades into a small red star painted on a wooden placard bearing the words: "Willow Brook Workers' and Peasants' Democratic Government".

From all sides, villagers crowd eagerly round the former residence of Hu Han-san to celebrate the setting up of the new government.

Winter Boy's mother carefully drapes a piece of coloured silk over the placard.

Wu and Pan raise the placard high and hang it on a peach-shaped nail by the gate. They look at it for a long time and smile at each other, then enter the gate.

At the gate is a high archway made of pine and cypress branches decorated with azaleas. On it hang red lanterns and a huge couplet: "We always shall follow the Communist Party. May our Red Government last for ever and ever."

Winter Boy holds up a bamboo pole with a string of fire-crackers attached to it, and Sprig lights the fire-crackers with an incense-stick.

The exploding fire-crackers toss over the heads of villagers waving coloured flags.

Scraps of coloured paper float down on the new clothes Winter Boy's mother is wearing. She and several other women smile happily at the sight of the new placard.

Scraps of coloured paper float down on the towel tied round the head of Uncle Sung, the old bamboo-weaver who is beating the drum, on his apron and whiskers. The old man beats the drum with still greater gusto.

The exploding fire-crackers dance high over the heads of the happy villagers.

The fire-crackers change into a bright lantern in the form of a red star.

Demonstrators carrying lanterns pass Hu's house. At the head of the procession are Winter Boy and Sprig holding high a pair of lanterns in the form of red stars. The glowing red light shines on the big slogans borne aloft on bamboo poles: "Celebrate the establishment of the workers' and peasants' democratic government!" "Down with despotic landlords, divide up the land!" "Long live our Red Power!"

In the joyous crowd can be seen lanterns in the form of goldfish, rabbits or cabbages. . . . Lanterns of every description, a vivid medley of colour.

Pan Hsing-yi, head of the Red Guards, and several of his men armed with red-tasselled spears march in the despotic landlord Hu

Han-san. The villagers raise their fists and shout slogans. Hu lowers his head in fear.

The rejoicing villagers carrying lanterns and torches reach the threshing floor on the outskirts of the village. This scene is even more animated.

Suspended from the top of the cottage by the threshing floor hangs a slowly revolving lantern. It shows Red Army cavalrymen in action.

Wu is carrying Winter Boy in his arms. With shining eyes Winter Boy is watching the lantern.

Morning. Sunlight fills a small courtyard. A lantern in the form of a big red star is hanging before the window; bathed in sunlight, it sways gently in the spring breeze.

In the courtyard Pan is whittling a pole with his matchet to make a red-tasselled spear. He picks up the spearhead to see if it fits the shaft.

By the door Winter Boy's mother is carefully embroidering a "Children's Corps" red armlet. The reflection of the red cloth on her happy face makes her cheeks rosier.

Pan has just fitted the spearhead onto the shaft when Winter Boy bounds into the courtyard. He greets his mother then rushes to his father.

Winter Boy grabs the spear. "Is this for me, dad?"

Pan: "Now you've joined the Children's Corps, you have to get armed."

Winter Boy looks enviously at the Hanyang-made rifle by the door. "The Children's Corps isn't as good as your Red Guards — you have real guns."

Pan: "Our weapons may be different, but our task's the same: to wipe out the enemy and defend our Red Power."

Pan hands a red-tasselled spear gravely to Winter Boy. "Go on. Go to school."

Mother comes out of the house with a satchel, books, the armlet and a red scarf. She draws Winter Boy towards her, helps him put on the armlet and the red scarf, then slips two boiled eggs dyed red into his pocket. She puts the satchel over his shoulder too, then examines him, her face lit up with joy.

Winter Boy takes the brand-new textbook for the Leninist Primary School and looks raptly at the bright red star on its cover.

Winter Boy presses the book to his heart, shoulders the red-tasselled spear and bounds out of the gate.

His parents, smiling by the gate, follow Winter Boy with their eyes as he climbs the mountain slope abloom with azaleas and is lost in the midst of the flowers.

Evening. On the mountain path outside the village.

Winter Boy and Sprig, both members of the Children's Corps, come leaping along with two other even younger boys, their satchels on their shoulders and their red-tasselled spears in their hands. They sing as they march along:

Down with the landlords,  
Wipe out the warlords,  
Win the democratic revolution,  
Everyone will be happy.

Down with the landlords,  
Divide up the land,  
Workers and peasants get united,  
To fight on  
And on!

Winter Boy: "Hey, Sprig. How about playing 'Down with the landlord'?"

Sprig immediately seizes the initiative. "You be the landlord. We'll tie you up and parade you around."

Winter Boy shakes his head. "I won't!"

One of the smaller boys asks anxiously: "Then . . . who'll be the landlord?"

Winter Boy: "Whoever's fattest."

The two other boys exclaim together: "That's Sprig!"

Sprig points to his own nose and makes a face. "What, me the landlord? The bad egg? Nothing doing!" He runs away.

The two small boys: "The landlord's escaped. Catch him!"

Winter Boy: "After him, quick! You go this way, I'll cut round there." He takes up his spear and runs off through the forest.

The two other boys: "Catch him!"

Sprig is running hard. Winter Boy cuts through the forest.

In the gathering dusk, a man sneaks out from a thicket.

Winter Boy shouts: "Stop him, stop him! Don't let the landlord get away."

The man gives a start. He is the real landlord Hu Han-san. He sees it is Winter Boy running towards him. Winter Boy recognizes him too.

In panic, like a stray dog, Hu dashes behind some trees.

Winter Boy runs after him, then throws his spear. Its sharp point penetrates the bough of a tree beside Hu. The frightened landlord trips over a tree stump and falls.

Winter Boy boldly rushes over and seizes Hu.

Hu turns to throw him off. Winter Boy bites Hu's right hand. Hu struggles to escape.

Winter Boy grimly holds on.

The two smaller boys chasing Sprig are running through the forest, shouting.

With a desperate effort Hu knocks Winter Boy over, then scrambles up and kicks viciously at the boy. Nursing his wounded hand, he staggers off into the brambles.

Sprig and the two smaller boys pant up to Winter Boy's side. "Winter Boy! Winter Boy!"

Winter Boy slowly opens his eyes: "Quick. Hu Han-san has escaped!"

2

Dawn. Guns rumble in the distance.

Winter Boy, his red-tasselled spear over his shoulder, is standing on a small bridge outside the village. His erect figure is silhouetted against the morning light.

Facing the dawn he walks to the end of the bridge which villagers are crossing, laden with supplies for the front.

By the brook his mother and several other women are washing bandages for the wounded.

The narrator speaks with deep feeling: "The old fox Hu Han-san escaped. In October 1933, when the Kuomintang mobilized a million troops to start the fifth campaign to 'encircle and suppress' our revolutionary base, this fiend followed his masters back to make another frenzied attack on the people of the revolutionary base."

Gunfire and rifle-shots are heard.

Winter Boy leans down from the bridge to call to his mother: "Mum, listen. That must be my dad shooting."

Mother smiles but does not answer.

Winter Boy: "Can't you hear it, mum? Crack! Crack!"

Mother: "How can I tell? Go and do your sentry duty."

Winter Boy goes back to the bridge.

Sprig runs towards him panting: "Killed . . . killed him."

Winter Boy happily: "Hu Han-san?"

Sprig: "No . . . much . . . much bigger."

Winter Boy: "Who's bigger?"

Sprig: "A regiment commander of the Kuomintang."

Winter Boy: "Who killed him?"

"Our Red Guards, of course." Sprig puts up his thumb proudly. "They say your dad led the Red Guards to help our main force resist the enemy's attack for three days at Tiger Mount. The higher-ups have cracked us up!"

Winter Boy calls joyfully to the women below the bridge: "Did you hear that? Our Red Guards have won a great victory."

One woman says happily to Mother: "They've won victory at the front. Your husband will be back soon. You must cook him something special."

Mother smiles.

Uncle Sung hurries over: "Mrs. Pan."

"Yes, Uncle Sung," Mother gets up, rather worried.

Uncle Sung whispers something to her.

Winter Boy watches them.

Mother wrings out the bandages, puts them in her basket and picks it up. She walks quickly to the village.

Sprig in a low voice: "What's happened in your family? Why don't you go back and see?"

Winter Boy passes his spear to Sprig. "You take my place for a while."

Sprig: "Right!"

Winter Boy runs after his mother.

In the village people are hurrying to and fro. Some are carrying stretchers, others are taking food or ammunition to the front. All are very busy.

Winter Boy follows his mother through the crowd and enters the gate of Hu's courtyard.

Inside the house. A temporary operating room.

Pan lies on a board. When he sees Winter Boy and his mother he sits up.

Mother: "Where's your wound?"

"Here." Pan moves his right leg a little. He smiles: "It's nothing. Missed the bone."

At sight of his father's trouser leg soaked with blood, Winter Boy wants to cry.

Pan looks sternly at him. "How can a member of the Children's Corps cry? In war some blood has to be spilt."

Winter Boy quickly dries his tears and nestles close to his mother.

The army doctor enters. Probing Pan's wound he says: "Team Leader Pan, we must get this bullet out."

Pan: "Go on then. I don't want to keep it."

The nurse, holding a phial, whispers to the doctor: "It's only enough for one shot."

Pan: "What's that?"

Doctor: "Anaesthetic."

Pan smiles. "I don't need that."

Winter Boy is startled. Pan's voice: ". . . Keep your anaesthetic for a serious casualty, for a comrade who needs it more."

Winter Boy looks at his father's face, thinking over these words.

Doctor: "But this wound of yours is quite serious."

Pan: "Don't be so dogmatic, comrade. Can't you see what good shape I'm in?"



Doctor: "But..."

Pan: "Comrade, let's not waste any more time."

The army doctor turns and looks at Mother.

Mother caresses her son and answers with apparent calm: "Yes, he can take it."

Winter Boy looks at his mother, then at his father. He understands what they mean. In turn he gazes at the doctor equally calmly, as if to bear out what his mother has said.

The doctor, deeply moved, strokes Winter Boy's head, then signs to the nurse to get ready.

Pan: "Winter Boy, go out and play for a bit."

Mother: "Yes, go on, there's a good boy."

Winter Boy leaves the room but does not go very far. Feeling upset he stops and turns back to the door. But the door is closed and he dare not open it.

A hand reaches out from behind him to open the door a crack. It is the Red Army cadre Wu. Holding Winter Boy by the shoulders, Wu quietly pushes him forward.

Wu whispers: "Don't be afraid. Show you have guts."

Winter Boy peeps through the crack. He meets his father's eyes.

Pan smiles at him encouragingly.

Sound of scalpel and scissors. The back of the doctor performing the operation.

Pan bears the pain stoically. His forehead is wet with sweat but he keeps very calm.

Winter Boy knows how his father feels. With tears in his eyes, he bites his lips as if sharing his father's pain.

Wu slowly picks the boy up. Tenderly stroking Winter Boy's back he asks him softly: "Scared?"

Winter Boy thinks before answering: "If dad's not scared, neither am I."

Wu: "Right, if you don't give in to pain or difficulties, they have to give in to you."

Winter Boy looks at his father then at Wu, and nods thoughtfully.

A tinkling sound. Mother's relieved voice: "Got it out at last!"

Winter Boy jumps down from Wu's arms and runs into the room. Mother is gently wiping the perspiration on Pan's brow.

Winter Boy runs to his father's side.

Wu quietly goes over and lifts Winter Boy onto the bed. He grasps the hand Pan stretches out to him.

Winter Boy carefully feels his father's bandaged leg: "Dad..."

The doctor passes carrying a dish with the bullet in it. He looks at Pan with admiration.

"Give that to me." Wu takes the dish.

Winter Boy: "Let me have a look."

There is a bullet in the dish. Winter Boy reaches out to pick it up. He places it in his palm and gazes at it.

Pan: "Winter Boy, what is this?"

Winter Boy: "A bullet."

Pan: "Where did it come from?"

Winter Boy: "Those White dogs fired it."

Pan: "So what should we do?"

Winter Boy: "When I grow up, I'll go and fight those White dogs too. I'll avenge you, dad. I'll have their blood for your blood."

Pan: "Just to avenge *me*?"

Winter Boy does not know how to answer. He looks questioningly at Wu.

Wu: "We're not out to settle private scores, child. Those White dogs fire at us, shed our blood, because they want to seize our revolutionary base. The only way the oppressed can win liberation for good is by wiping out all the White dogs in the world."

Winter Boy looks at the bullet in his hand, thinks, and grips it tightly.

In the Pans' home. Under the lamp.

Mother, her head bent, is making straw sandals. Pan, wearing a new Red Army uniform, sits opposite her and silently helps her plait the straw.

Winter Boy is lying on the bamboo bed, but he feels too restless to sleep. From time to time he stealthily opens his eyes to look at his father and mother.

Outside the window a Red Army contingent is passing by. The tramp of feet, the clatter of horses' hooves and the clanging of metal sound.

The narrator speaks with emotion: "After dad got better, he and some other Red Guards joined the Red Army, and took part in the fight against the enemy's fifth 'encirclement' campaign. To defend our Red Power, our soldiers and villagers put up a splendid fight. Yet things somehow became increasingly difficult and our base became smaller and smaller. By the autumn of 1934, our main force had to pull out."

Mother: "Is it true that this time you're going very far away?"

Pan: "Yes, far, far away."

Winter Boy, startled, opens his eyes.

A short silence.

Pan: "You don't have to worry about me. I belong to the Party. Wherever I go it's for the revolution. But after the Red Army leaves here, Hu Han-san and his lot are bound to come back. You're in for very hard times."

Mother: "I'm not afraid of hardships. But the thought of Hu Han-san coming back, of our losing the good life we fought so hard to win, of our people being trampled underfoot again — that makes my heart very heavy."

Pan: "Don't worry. Our main force is going, but the Party will still be here, the guerrillas will still be here. They'll go on leading our folk to keep up the fight."

Mother nods emphatically.

Pan: "Have you sent in your application to join the Party?"

Mother nods with a smile.

Pan: "Then I can feel easier in my mind. So our Party will have one more member!"

"Yes, as long as we have the Party, we can stand up to any hardship or difficulty!" Mother speaks with conviction, raising her head. "We shall certainly stick it out. And when you fight your way back, we'll win back our good life again."

Pan: "When we come back, life will be even better."

Mother: "How?"

Pan: "By then all the landlords and despots will have been overthrown, all the poor folk in the world will be liberated. Then we'll build socialism and communism."

Winter Boy, his eyes half-closed, listens excitedly to their talk of the future. When Mother comes to his bedside, he hastily closes his eyes.

Mother tucks the covers round Winter Boy and says with conviction: "However hard things are, it's worth it if we can win the revolution so that Winter Boy and all our children can have such a good life."

Pan brings over the lamp and shines it on Winter Boy tucked up in the quilt. His warm calloused hand strokes the boy's face gently. "Yes, we're making revolution for the sake of our youngsters, and we count on them to carry it through. When I'm gone, you'll have to look after him on your own. Our boy's a child of the revolution. You must lead him along the revolutionary path and bring him up to be a revolutionary too."

His father's fond caress and earnest injunction make Winter Boy unable to hold back his tears.

Pan feels the tears on the boy's cheek. "What? Not asleep yet?"

"Dad!" Winter Boy sits up and clings to his father.

Winter Boy fingers the red star on his father's cap. "Dad, when you're gone I'm going to grow as fast as I can. When I'm grown up, I'll have a red star like this. I'll be a Red Armyman too."

Pan, pleased, to his wife: "Hear that? We're going to have another Red Armyman in our family."

Mother, putting the finishing touches on the straw sandals she has just made, says contentedly: "He has the right spirit. That's good."

Pan slowly puts Winter Boy down. From his pocket he takes out a packet wrapped in oilcloth. He unfastens the string tied through the hole of a coin. When he opens the packet, inside is a sparkling red star.

Pan holds up the red star solemnly and tells Winter Boy: "I know you love this red star, son, and want to have one. Now that I'm going, I'll leave this with you. Whenever things are tough, whenever you miss the Red Army, you can look at it. With this to show you the way, you'll grow up to be a Red Armyman."

Winter Boy takes the red star with both hands, and looks at it raptly.  
The song *Sparkling Red Star* is heard.

The red star sparkles bright,  
The red star warms our hearts;  
Dear to our workers and peasants,  
It shines for ever with our Party's radiance.  
In the long night it scatters the darkness,  
In the cold winter it brings in the spring,  
In the struggle it lights our way,  
On our long march it opens up new roads.  
The red star sparkles bright,  
The red star warms our hearts;  
True to Chairman Mao and the Party,  
We hand on the red star of revolution from generation to  
generation.

Hearing this song, Winter Boy relives the happy moments associated with the red star: the time when he nestled in Wu's arms gazing at the red star on his army cap; the red star on the gaily festooned signboard of the Willow Brook Workers' and Peasants' Democratic Government; the big sparkling red star in the lantern procession; the small red star on his Leninist Primary School textbook. . . .

One by one these red stars disappear, leaving only the red star sparkling in his hand. And now he is standing at the gate holding the red star.

The darkness before dawn is gradually passing away. The autumn wind is sighing. A Red Army contingent is marching up the mountain.

Pan takes the straw sandals from his wife and ties them onto his belt.

Mother hangs a bamboo hat over her husband's shoulder.

Facing the wind Pan walks briskly towards the moving contingent.

The wind ruffles Mother's hair. She lifts Winter Boy onto her shoulder.

Winter Boy watches the receding contingent of Red Armymen. He holds high the red star, farewelling his father, farewelling the Red Army.

The contingent recedes into the distance. . . .

The narrator speaks with indignation: "My dad had gone, the Red Army had gone! Only many years later did I learn the reason. The Red Army's withdrawal was due to the third 'Left' deviation in the Party. Those opportunists would not let Chairman Mao lead us; they took away his command of the Red Army. As a result, they failed to defeat the enemy's fifth 'encirclement' campaign, and had to give up the central revolutionary base built up by Chairman Mao."

Dark clouds loom up in the sky. Rumbling thunder and flashes of lightning.

Winter Boy, holding the red star, gazes into the distance.

### 3

A hurricane.

In the wilderness. The gale whirls grass through the air.  
Torrential rain churns up the silt in the pool.

A pitch dark night.

Lightning flashes on the dark hills in the distance, on the trees in the foreground and on the plain.

Amidst the thunder and lightning, a squad of "Peace Preservation Corps" guards rush over the bamboo bridge outside Willow Brook Village.

Hu Han-san, bespattered with mud and brandishing a pistol, follows behind.

In Winter Boy's home, Mother is packing hastily by the light of a small lamp.

Uncle Sung runs in. "We must hurry. Hu Han-san has entered the village."

Winter Boy picks up the Leninist Primary School textbook from the table.

Mother takes up her bundle and blows out the lamp.  
Uncle Sung takes Winter Boy's hand in his.  
The three of them go out into the street.  
Dogs bark and rifle-shots are heard.  
They quickly hide in a tumbledown thatched hut where firewood is kept.

Through the window, matted with straw ropes, they see flames springing up from several places.

Prodding them along with rifle butts, the Whites shove past the hut a group of villagers, hands tied behind their backs.

A few flickering torches appear at the gate of Hu Han-san's house where a placard inscribed "Willow Brook Village Peace Preservation Corps" hangs on the peach-shaped nail.

A pistol at his belt and a white armband of the "Peace Preservation Corps" on his sleeve, Hu Han-san walks over to the placard.

At the sight of the wicked landlord, Winter Boy cries out with rage: "It's Hu Han-san, mum."

Mother hugs her son in silence.

His hands behind his back, Hu Han-san thrusts out his belly and blusters: "What a surprise, eh, fellow villagers? Here's Hu Han-san back again! Willow Brook Village still belongs to me. You'll return all the property you stole from me, cough up all my grain you ate. And the debts you owe me, I'll settle with you one by one."

A thug walks up and whispers to him.

"What?" bellows Hu. "Pan Hsing-yi gone? Well, a monk may run away but he can't take his monastery with him. The son shall pay for his father, the wife for her husband."

Uncle Sung nudges Mother who takes Winter Boy by the arm.

With heavy steps the three of them leave the village.

Buffeted by wind and rain, the three struggle up a muddy path.

The narrator speaks indignantly: "Hu Han-san returned. The class enemy staged a comeback. All the fruits of victory and the happy

life won by following Chairman Mao's correct line were forfeited by the erroneous line."

Winter Boy halts and looks back.

Fires blaze in Willow Brook Village. Sporadic rifle-shots are heard.

Winter Boy's hand clutches at his jacket, his fingers gripping the precious red star hidden inside. His big eyes flash with indignation and grief.

Uncle Sung picks him up.

The three of them gradually disappear in the darkness and rain.

A low thatched hut. On a bamboo table burns a tiny oil lamp behind a basket which shields its light from the window.

A lined jacket thrown over her shoulders, Mother is meditating on a bed made of rushes.

Nestling beside her, Winter Boy rests his head against her bosom.

Winter Boy: "Just the two of us now, on our own, mum."

Holding him tightly against her, Mother shakes her head. "No. Many many people are with us."

Winter Boy: "Where are they?"

Mother does not answer. Caressing him, her hand stops short at his jacket. Winter Boy takes out the red star and puts it in her hand.

Mother gazes fondly at the red star. Talking as if to herself as well as to her son, she answers: "Don't worry. Our Party is still here and the Red Army will return."

Winter Boy: "When is father coming home, mum?"

Mother is silent, immersed in her own thoughts.

Winter Boy looks up pleadingly. "Mum!"

Mother caresses his hair: "In spring, when the azaleas bloom all over the mountains, your father and the others will return."

Winter Boy nestles even closer, his eyes alight with hope and expectancy. With her arms around her son, Mother sings a Kiangsi folk-song:

At midnight we long for the dawn,  
In icy winter we long for the spring;  
When the azalea blooms all over the hills  
The Red Army will return.

As she is singing the black night gives way to dawn.  
A cold wind blows. The trees are bare and withered.  
The strains of a Kiangsi folk-song float through the forest.  
A matchet stuck in his belt, Winter Boy climbs the mountain.  
Standing on a high rock he gazes at the red star in his hands.  
Then he raises his head and scans the distance. In the sunlight, the red star seems a scarlet flower in full bloom.

Walking up to a withered azalea he takes hold of a branch and fingers it gently. His eyes are filled with hope and expectancy.

Winter Boy has a wonderful vision: The stem he has fingered puts out tender leaves. A bud forms.

An azalea blooms.

All over the slope azaleas burst into bloom.

A broad road stretches through the flowering bushes. On the road, red flags unfurl and along it marches a powerful contingent of the Red Army.

Among the marchers Winter Boy sees his father, who beckons to him and smiles.

Father comes nearer and nearer. Winter Boy can make out his face and the red star on his cap.

Beside himself with joy, Winter Boy comes back to earth and looks eagerly round.

The hillside is unchanged. But before him stands a woodcutter.

Winter Boy falls back a step, vigilantly reaching for the matchet at his waist.

The woodcutter smiles. He is Wu Hsiu-chu.

Winter Boy clasps Wu's arm: "At last you're back, uncle."

"I never left, lad." With his arm around Winter Boy, Wu asks: "Do you miss your dad?"

Winter Boy: "Mum says when spring comes and the azalea blooms the Red Army will return."

Wu: "The Red Army will certainly return."

Winter Boy: "That's fine."

Wu smiles. "When the Red Army comes back and your dad asks you, 'What have you been doing since I left, Winter Boy?' What will you say?"

Winter Boy has no answer. He gazes blankly at Wu.

Wu: "You'll say, 'I've been waiting for you, dad.' Right?"

After some thought, Winter Boy nods.

Stroking Winter Boy's head, Wu says solemnly: "We can't just wait, lad. We have to fight against the enemy. However fierce Hu Han-san may be, he's like the dew on the grass or the frost on the tiles. If only we keep up the fight until they collapse, the 'spring' your mother talks about will come and the flowers of victory will bloom."

Winter Boy nods thoughtfully.

Solemnly the *Internationale* strikes up.

A red Party banner hangs on the wall of a mud hut.

Beside the Party banner are the shadows of Wu Hsiu-chu and Winter Boy's mother.

The voice of Wu, solemn and forceful: "Abide by the Party constitution and Party discipline."

The voice of Mother: "Abide by the Party constitution and Party discipline."

Half kneeling on the rush bed, Winter Boy looks gravely at his mother's back.

Wu: "Carry out decisions and observe strict secrecy."

Mother: "Carry out decisions and observe strict secrecy."

Winter Boy rises to his feet.

A close-up of the Party banner.

Wu: "Lay down my life rather than betray the Party."

Mother: "Lay down my life rather than betray the Party."

Wu: "Fight to the end for the cause of communism."

As Mother repeats this pledge, Winter Boy raises his little fist too as solemnly as a grown-up.

Turning around, Wu and Mother see Winter Boy standing on the rush bed.

Mother walks over to clasp him in her arms. Winter Boy has never seen her so stirred and happy.

After a long time, Mother releases him and sits on the rush bed.

Wu: "From now on you're a member of the Chinese Communist Party. It's a great honour to join the Party at a time of extreme difficulty."

Mother nods gravely. "From now on I belong to the Party. I've given myself wholly to the Party. I'll do whatever the Party wants me to do."

Looking at the Party banner, Winter Boy whispers just as gravely to his mother: "If you belong to the Party, mum, then I'm a son of the Party."

Very pleased, Wu and Mother gaze at the boy.

Winter Boy: "I'll do whatever the Party wants me to do."

Wu turns to Mother. "Hear that, comrade? What the little fellow says gives us even more confidence to battle on."

Excitedly Winter Boy throws himself into Wu's arms. "I'm more confident too."

Wu puts his arms around Winter Boy. "That's a good boy." He adds with feeling: "Although it's still winter, lad, the coldest days have passed. The spring breeze you've been longing for is here."

Mother and son look eagerly at Wu.

Wu: "The leadership has passed on to us a directive from Chairman Mao and the Central Committee. It says that the Central Committee held a meeting in Tsunyi in Kweichow last January and corrected the errors of the 'Left' opportunist line. Since then, Chairman Mao has resumed the leadership of our Party and our Red Army..."

Day breaks. The red sun rises. Golden sunbeams penetrate the morning mist and shine through the window, lighting up the hut.

Mother, deeply stirred, says softly: "Hear that, child?"

Winter Boy, equally moved, murmurs: "Chairman Mao!"

Wu: "Under Chairman Mao's personal leadership the Red Army has won a big victory in Kweichow. Now that the 'Left' opportunist line has been smashed, our Red Army is no longer on the defensive. It's advancing victoriously!"

Mother: "And our task here?"

"Chairman Mao has thought of that too." Wu raises his voice. "Chairman Mao and the Central Committee want us to rouse the masses, have firm faith in victory, wage guerrilla warfare and deal hard blows at the enemy."

Mother: "How glad the villagers will be to hear this, Old Wu."

Wu: "Yes, we must let them know as soon as possible what Chairman Mao and the Central Committee say."

Mother: "I'll go down the mountain right away."

Winter Boy jumps up. "I'll go with you, mum."

Mother: "You must go up the mountain with Uncle Wu and wait for me there."

Winter Boy, seriously: "No. Uncle Wu says we mustn't wait."

Mother and Wu smile at each other.

Night. A starry sky.

From where they stand, Mother and Winter Boy can see the village shrouded in darkness below. Now and then the "Peace Preservation Corps" guards shout a password. White terror reigns everywhere.

Led by the thugs of the Hu family, some "Peace Preservation Corps" guards walk past.

A shrub quivers. Vigilantly, Mother looks around then walks quickly on with Winter Boy.

A shed for hulling rice by the river. The water-wheel turns slowly. The door of the shed is pushed open softly as Winter Boy slips out. Putting a finger in his mouth, he imitates a bird's chirrup.

Mother emerges from behind a tree, whispers to Winter Boy and glides into the shed.

In the shed. Worked by the water-wheel, stone pestles pound the rice.

As soon as Mother walks in, half a dozen men and women gather around her cheerfully.

Beside the water-wheel outside, Winter Boy keeps a vigilant watch.

In the oil-pressing shed.

Six or seven workers sit around an oil lamp.

The light falls on the face of Mother who is talking animatedly.

Outside, sitting on the branch of a tree, Winter Boy keeps watch.

A mud cottage on a slope near Willow Brook Village. Light filters out from the window.

Not far from the cottage, Uncle Sung and Winter Boy, crouching behind a rock, keep a lookout.

Thinly-clad Winter Boy, shivering in the wind, moves closer to Uncle Sung.

Uncle Sung undoes his jacket and holds Winter Boy close to his chest. Taking the boy's icy hands in his, he asks: "Cold?"

Winter Boy: "No, grandpa. My heart's very warm."

Uncle Sung, very moved: "Fine."

Winter Boy: "What?"

Uncle Sung, half to himself: "Our Party knows what's in folks' hearts. That's why it has sent your mother here."

Winter Boy: "And me too."

Uncle Sung, laughing: "Yes, and you too. Now the villagers can hear Chairman Mao's voice. It's like a spring breeze blowing to our mountain village. It'll breathe new life into this old base of ours."

Winter Boy listens quietly. Suddenly, he hears dogs barking in the distance. He nudges Uncle Sung. "Look, grandpa."

In the distance, torches flicker like will-o'-the-wisps.

Uncle Sung, leaning forward and looking carefully, pushes Winter Boy. "Go and tell your mother, quick."

Winter Boy runs into the cottage where people are talking with Mother.

Mother guesses that the enemy is approaching. Signing to everyone to keep calm, she stands up and blows out the lamp. She steps outside. Winter Boy follows her closely.

Torches converge swiftly towards them. Dogs are barking.

Mother looks in the direction of the torches and walks over to Uncle Sung. "You lead our folk into the mountains, Uncle Sung. I'll cover your withdrawal."

Uncle Sung: "No. You take Winter Boy away, quick."

Mother, firmly: "This is the decision of the Party. Hurry!"

Uncle Sung leads the villagers up the mountain. Mother pulls Winter Boy over, wraps her lined jacket around his shoulders and says calmly: "Off you go with Grandpa Sung, child."

Winter Boy tugs at her clothes. "Mum, you..."

Mother, gravely: "Mother belongs to the Party and can't let the people come to any harm. I'm doing what the Party wants of me."

Winter Boy, stubbornly: "But I'm the Party's son."

Mother stoops down to comfort him and says lovingly: "No, child. The Party wants you to go with Grandpa Sung and take our people to safety. Be a good boy and obey the Party."

Winter Boy nods understandingly and lets go of his mother's clothes.

Mother looks at the villagers disappearing into the bushes. From her basket she takes a crude, locally-made pistol. She loads it and gazes alertly at the enemy.

Some shots are fired at random. Torches converge and close in around the cottage.

Uncle Sung, Winter Boy and the villagers run stealthily through the bushes and go quickly up the mountain.

Mother suddenly sees with dismay that some of the enemy are swarming with their torches towards the path taken by the villagers. She looks around at the converging enemy and runs resolutely into the cottage.

The oil lamp in the cottage shines again.

Slowly, Mother blows out the match and, quite unruffled, closes the door.

Guards of the "Peace Preservation Corps" are searching the mountain path. A thug, catching sight of the lamplight, reports to Hu: "There's someone in that cottage."

Hu Han-san waves fiercely towards the cottage. His men press towards it. Those searching among the bushes turn back too.

Mother stands at the cottage window, watching the enemy calmly.

The White guards surround the cottage. Random shots hit the door.

Mother throws open the door, raises a hand-grenade and hurls it at the enemy.

Crouching beside Uncle Sung in the bushes, Winter Boy watches tensely.

The explosion of the hand-grenade is heard.

Winter Boy grasps his knife and calls softly, "Mum!"

Smoke whirls over dead and wounded enemy guards on the ground.

A thug, flat on the ground, raises his head. "It's Winter Boy's mother."

Hu Han-san, getting up, thrashes out at the smoke and dust and bellows: "Catch her."

In the cottage. Mother looks disdainfully at the enemy guards closing in and shuts the door quickly.

Some more bullets pierce the door.

Mother leans against a wall and stops to think. Then she walks rapidly to the table.

She picks up the pistol, blows out the lamp and walks towards the back door.

She opens the back door, intending to fight her way out. At once she is picked out by flashlights, wild shots whistle past her. One bullet hits her left arm.

Calmly she looks around before she turns back fearlessly, closing the door behind her, and dashes to the window.

The shouting of White guards comes nearer. In the dim light of the torches, Mother makes out Hu Han-san brandishing a pistol as he leads the enemy soldiers towards the cottage.

Burning with fury Mother aims her pistol at Hu Han-san.

A shot rings out. Hu Han-san's right wrist jerks convulsively and his pistol drops to the ground.

He staggers and grabs for support at a White guard. From between clenched teeth he howls: "Set fire! Burn her alive."

A thug throws a torch at the cottage, setting light to a haystack beside it.

Flames leap up, licking the cottage.

Loud, stirring singing sounds:

Red the azaleas all over the mountain,  
Blood dyes our heroic sons and daughters red.  
The red star is never so bright as in the flames;

The flag is never so red as when sprinkled with blood.

Raise high the red flag and march forward.

The flowers of revolution will be for ever red.

The villagers are withdrawing through the bushes halfway up the mountain.

Uncle Sung and Winter Boy, who bring up the rear, turn to look back at the cottage.

Thick smoke eddies and flames leap wildly at the cottage.

Hu Han-san directs the White guards to throw torch after torch at a stack of firewood.

In the light of the fire, Mother climbs the stairs to the attic.

Leaning against the tumbledown wall she fires her last shot. Then she smashes her pistol against the wall, picks up a brick and hurls it at the enemy.

Fire breaks out downstairs.

Mother pushes hard at the wall and it crashes down on the enemy.

Fire rages behind Mother, tongues of flame reaching up to the attic.

Mother raises a rice jar and flings it at the enemy.

The scene below. Broken bricks, debris and jars fly down from above.

Protecting their heads and faces with their arms, the enemy retreat helter-skelter.

Fire consumes the attic.

Mother stands erect in the blazing fire, holding high a burning cross-beam as if it were a huge torch. She glares at the enemy below through the flames.

A fierce conflagration fills the whole screen.

The blazing fire illuminates the forest.

It lights up the anguish and fury on Winter Boy's face.



It lights up the anguish and fury on the faces of Uncle Sung and the villagers.

Grabbing a stone a young peasant edges over to Uncle Sung. Tears streaming down his face and choking with rage, he calls, "Uncle. . ."

All the villagers surge forward around Uncle Sung. If only he gives the word they will brave death to rescue the Communist who is laying down her life for the revolution. Uncle Sung's eyes swim with tears. Unable to restrain himself any longer, he raises the knife in his hand.

Winter Boy straightens up and steps over to Uncle Sung.

"Grandpa!" His voice is hoarse with grief yet firm. "My mum belongs to the Party and can't let any harm come to our people. That's what she told me." He cannot go on. His big tearful eyes look pleadingly at Uncle Sung.

Uncle Sung clasps Winter Boy tightly.

The fire rages, illuminating the indignant faces and tearful eyes of the villagers and Winter Boy.

Winter Boy grasps the handle of his knife. Tears fill his eyes. The heroic image of his mother and her revolutionary spirit are imprinted on his heart.

The singing goes on.

In the guerrilla camp, the fighters stand in solemn silence looking with concern at Winter Boy.

Winter Boy neither sobs nor weeps. He walks forward firmly. A red flag unfurls in the wind.

Winter Boy walks towards the red flag.

The guerrillas surround him with solicitude.

Unexpectedly, Winter Boy produces the red star from his jacket and gives it to Wu Hsiu-chu. In a voice full of feeling he says: "Take me on, uncle. I want to join the Red Army."

Wu draws him into his arms. Deeply moved, he exclaims: "Good boy!"

Wu raises Winter Boy up towards the red flag.

The red flag floats in the wind.

Dusk. The guerrillas fall in, ready to leave.

Their red flag, the red tassels on their spears and the red silk on their swords flutter in the wind.

Above solemn faces, the red stars of the army caps glitter in the setting sun.

Still dressed as one of the Children's Corps Winter Boy stands at the rear with Uncle Sung.

Wu, standing at the front, is concluding his mobilization speech: ". . . The Tsunyi Conference has shed light on this old liberated base. The flames of revolutionary mass struggle are ablaze. To deflate the enemy's arrogance and boost the morale of our own folk, we're attacking Willow Brook Village tonight. . ."

Winter Boy listens attentively.

Wu: ". . . Rouse the masses, have faith in victory, and by guerrilla warfare deal hard blows at the enemy!"

Night. Guerrillas descend the mountain through the bushes.

His hand in Uncle Sung's, Winter Boy is climbing a ridge. The matchet at his back flashes.

The guerrillas cross the arched bridge.

At the bridgehead, Wu intercepts Uncle Sung. "We're going into action now. You two stay here."

Winter Boy: "No. Let me go with you!"

Wu commands: "You'll stay here."

Pouting, Winter Boy sits on the steps watching Wu move off. Uncle Sung walks over to speak to him, but Winter Boy looks at him sulkily, then clambers below the bridge.

The stream runs swiftly, foaming.

Winter Boy sprinkles some water on a smooth rock and whets his matchet with all his might.

Smiling, Uncle Sung nods approvingly at the boy.

Testing the blade with one finger, Winter Boy resumes his work.

On a slope outside Willow Brook Village, two guerrillas overpower a sentinel of the "Peace Preservation Corps".

His gun ready, Wu dashes nimbly into the village with the guerrillas.

Dawn is breaking in the east.

Winter Boy is still whetting his matchet under the bridge.

Suddenly shots ring out in the vicinity of Willow Brook Village.

Winter Boy bounds up the bank, and runs towards the village with his matchet.

A volley of shots. Winter Boy runs on with Uncle Sung following close behind.

Winter Boy reaches the middle of the bamboo bridge where he once stood sentinel.

He hears shouts of "After them! . . ." "Surrender your arms, or we'll shoot." The Whites are running for their lives towards the bamboo bridge with the guerrillas in hot pursuit.

Winter Boy stops abruptly.

Shouts: "After them! Don't let the Whites get away."

Winter Boy looks eagerly at the matchet in his hand and then glances around. What should he do?

His eyes lighting up, he quickly squats down.

The bamboos to which the planks are fastened glimmer.

Winter Boy chops at the bamboos with all his might. His flashing matchet gleams.

The enemy soldiers retreat helter-skelter in the direction of the bridge.

Winter Boy chops as hard as he can.

Having chopped through one bamboo, Winter Boy tugs at a heavy plank but fails to move it.

The enemy soldiers run towards the bridge.

Winter Boy strains to prize the plank loose. Uncle Sung pants up. Together they pull the plank loose.

The enemy soldiers run onto the bridge. The ones in front step onto the loose plank which shoots up and throws them into the river.

The battle has just ended in Willow Brook Village. The villagers surge towards Hu Han-san's house.

Wu Hsiu-chu takes down the placard of the "Peace Preservation Corps" from the peach-shaped nail and flings it to the ground. It breaks in two.

Sopping wet and hanging their heads like bedraggled chickens, a dozen White guards shuffle past in the custody of guerrillas. Uncle Sung, walking behind them, comes up to Wu. "Have you caught that cunning dog Hu Han-san, Old Wu?"

Wu shakes his head. "No such luck. He's gone to town to fetch reinforcements."

Uncle Sung points at the prisoners. "Our Winter Boy has done fine today, Hsiu-chu."

Wu: "Where is he?"

Uncle Sung looks around. "He was here a minute ago."

Wu nods in silence and walks towards the cottage where Mother gave her life.

Music: The melody of the Kiangsi folk-song.

The charred cottage stands imposingly under the blue sky through which coloured clouds drift. A red flag flutters in the morning sun over the cottage.

Big characters freshly painted on one wall of the cottage read: "Annihilate the Whites to avenge the dead."

A brush in his hand Winter Boy stands beside Sprig and a guerrilla propagandist. His face turned to the red flag, he has a mental picture of his mother's fearless figure in the flames.

Wu walks up to him and leads him slowly up the steps, then turns to face the guerrillas and villagers who have gathered down below. "Not long ago, a Communist gave her life here to spread the revolutionary truth and tell us the directive of the Party. When one fighter has fallen, thousands more will rise up. Comrades, let us take up arms and fight a guerrilla war to deal heavy blows at the enemy and regain our Red Power. The victory will be ours."

Winter Boy listens attentively.

The young man who wanted to rescue Mother that night breaks the silence, shouting: "Give us guns, Old Wu."

All the young men: "Yes. Give us guns. We want to join the guerrillas, wipe out Hu Han-san and avenge our martyrs."

Powerful fists shoot up.  
Winter Boy looks on, deeply moved.  
The theme tune sounds.

The guerrillas are returning in victory.

A large contingent of guerrillas and new recruits march through the village past Hu Han-san's door.

Hand in hand, Winter Boy and Sprig walk behind the guerrillas, finding it hard to part.

Sticking up a thumb Sprig watches the receding figure of Winter Boy.

Winter Boy marches with a spring in his step.

His feet, in straw sandals, trample the placard of the "Peace Preservation Corps".

He stamps hard on the placard.

A pair of boots come into sight beside the placard.

Hu Han-san has come back. Dead tired, he picks up the broken placard and curses through clenched teeth: "Blockade the mountains! Starve them out! Let them freeze to death!"

Shots of the Whites driving villagers from their homes in order to blockade the mountains.

Men and women supporting old folk, leading children and carrying bundles of clothes are marched slowly off by the "Peace Preservation Corps" and Kuomintang soldiers. One old man looks wistfully back: The village at the foot of the mountain is aflame.

Night. On a mountain path, a dozen soldiers are chasing after villagers who are taking rice up the mountain. One villager is hit by a bullet and falls down. The others carrying loads of grain run into the bushes.

A new sentry post at the bridgehead outside Yaowan market-town. A pillbox is under construction. At the bridgehead White sentinels are on patrol. On a nearby withered tree is posted the notice:

"No salt and rice may be taken into the mountain, on pain of strict penalties."

The edges of the notice rustle in the cold wind.

Winter night. A chill wind sighs through the pines.

A thatched hut. Wedged obliquely into one of its posts is a large pitch-pine torch, its flame flickering in the wind.

By the light of the torch, Wu Hsiu-chu is making a small cotton-padded jacket. Having spread the cotton evenly, he is now stitching the hems. His movements are somewhat awkward but painstaking, his stitches neat and firm.

Squatting on a stump in another corner, Winter Boy with a piece of charcoal carefully writes on a bamboo slate, "Wipe out Hu Han-san!"

Having used up one length of thread, Wu holds up the jacket and examines it. Then, walking up to the boy, he measures the jacket against him and has a look at what the boy is writing. Nodding with satisfaction, Wu turns back to the torch and holds his needle up to the light to re-thread it.

A young guerrilla standing guard, the one who took the lead in joining the guerrillas in Willow Brook Village, now enters. Going up to Wu, he fingers the small jacket approvingly and then hands Wu a fistful of used cotton.

The guerrilla turns to look at Winter Boy who is reading. Their eyes meet and both smile. The man takes off his cotton-padded overcoat which is obviously for sentry duty only, and gently spreads it over the boy's shoulders. Then taking up his gun, he strides out.

Winter Boy takes off the overcoat and hurries out with it to catch the man. But he has already disappeared in the darkness.

Wu glances after the boy, then fluffs the cotton given him and, bit by bit, adds this to the jacket's padding.

Winter Boy tiptoes towards the sentry and drapes the overcoat round his shoulders. The man turns and hugs the boy.

Dawn. The trees and withered weeds are white with frost. The air is nipping cold.

Carrying a basket on his back, a chopper in one hand, Winter Boy is merrily bounding down the mountainside.

At the foot of a cliff is a tangle of weeds and herbs. Winter Boy comes running up. He picks some herbs and chops off some bamboo shoots which he puts in his basket.

Winter Boy searches carefully around a fallen tree for mushrooms and edible fungus.

Winter Boy picks up a pine-cone. A little squirrel darts along a pine branch. Winter Boy takes aim with his chopper but the little creature stares back at him boldly. Smiling, he hurls the pine-cone at it. The squirrel leaps away.

Winter Boy meets two guerrillas who are picking herbs too, and puts the herbs he has found into their baskets.

A clear stream. A waterfall sends the spray flying.

Winter Boy is washing his herbs in the stream. From time to time he breathes on his hands, which are red with cold, to warm them.

By a rock under a huge tree, a brass cauldron is propped on some stones.

The water in the cauldron boils and Winter Boy puts in some wild plants.

Sitting before the cauldron, Winter Boy adds wood to the fire, then takes out his Leninist Primary School textbook and reads aloud.

The sky is our roof, the earth our bed,  
Our food is herbs and wild fruit.  
Fearing neither hardships nor fatigue,  
The Red Army fights high in the mountains. . . .

As he reads in ringing tones the soup boils.

Wu Hsiu-chu comes up.

Wu takes out and undoes a small cloth package. Showing Winter Boy a lump of salt, the size of a walnut, he asks: "Look, what's this?"

Winter Boy: "Salt!"

Wu: "Right. We've run out of grain at the moment and there's only this bit of salt left. Without salt, we're too weak to march or fight. . . . Life's hard, eh?"

"It's hard." Winter Boy nods. "But I can take it."

Wu: "That's the spirit. Hu Han-san thinks that his blockade of the mountain will starve us out or freeze us to death. But we can take it."

Winter Boy listens intently.

"Hardships are like bullies: they scare the weak but fear the strong," says Wu. "Two years ago, one of our comrades was wounded. A bullet had to be taken out of his leg. But we were short of anaesthetics. He just gritted his teeth while the surgeon operated."

Winter Boy: "That was my father."

"Yes. To make revolution, we must have the courage to overcome difficulties." Wu raises his voice. "It's not enough to defy death. We must defy hardships as well. By being resolute no matter what the difficulties, you can become a real Red Army fighter."

Nodding, Winter Boy takes this to heart.

Wu very carefully scrapes a few grains of the precious salt into the cauldron.

Glancing at the boy, Wu turns his back on him: he takes a bowl from his belt, scrapes some salt into it and then ladles in some soup.

Wu: "Winter Boy, drink this while it's hot."

A guerrilla comes running up. "Uncle Sung's come."

Wu again urges Winter Boy to eat and then follows the guerrilla away.

Winter Boy lifts the bowl to eat. It is quite salty! He tastes some soup from the cauldron, but finds it tasteless.

Looking at Wu's vanishing figure, with tears in his eyes, Winter Boy empties his bowl back into the cauldron and stirs the soup. Then, tapping the cauldron brim with his ladle, he shouts, "Hey, everyone! Time to eat."

Uncle Sung and Wu are talking as they walk in the wood.

In a clearing, guerrillas gather round some peasants and chat with them cheerfully. Wu calls out cordial greetings to everyone.

Wu: "How are things going down below?"

Uncle Sung: "Hu Han-san's become the commander of the county 'Peace Preservation Corps'. He's been reinforced with a battalion of regular troops."

Wu: "Fine. The more enemy we pin down here, the easier it will be for our main force."

"It makes things harder for you," says the old man regretfully. "Hu Han-san is a real devil. He's herding the villagers into special centres, setting up strongholds and checkposts everywhere. And now they've blocked all access to the mountains. Our folk can't send supplies to you — they're frantic."

"Uncle, it's you folk who are hardest hit." Wu shows the old man into the thatched hut where he offers him water in a bamboo container. "Let's frustrate his scheme together."

Uncle Sung seats himself and takes up the nearly-finished padded jacket. "Did you make this? Not bad at all. But why so small?"

Wu: "It's for Winter Boy. It's cold for him up here, so we've all chipped in to make this."

"You're acting as father and mother to him, both." Uncle Sung sighs, fingering the thick padded jacket.

Wu: "That's no way to talk. It's the Party that's bringing him up."

After sipping some water the old man inquires: "Are our troops going into action?"

"To foil the enemy's blockade, we have orders to move away for the time being," replies Wu while sewing buttons on the jacket.

Uncle Sung: "Then leave the boy to me. He's too young to march or fight."

Wu: "That's what I had in mind. With you as his teacher, he'll be tempered in mass struggles and become more experienced. He'll be a revolutionary fighter by the time we hand him over again to his father."

Uncle Sung: "I'll see to that, don't worry."

"Our Winter Boy's a young eaglet, not a little chick." Wu smiles. "Mind you don't keep him tied to your apron-strings."

Under a huge tree all is noise and bustle as the men file up to the cauldron, holding out bowls of bamboo, wood and earthenware into which Winter Boy ladles soup.

"Winter Boy!" Wu's voice sounds in the distance.

"Here." The boy gives the ladle to someone else. "Take over, will you?"

Winter Boy walks towards the thatched hut.

As he enters he cries out with joy: "Grandpa Sung!" He springs towards the old man.

Taking the boy's hands in his own, Uncle Sung says cordially: "Come with me, child."

Winter Boy: "Where to?"

Uncle Sung: "Down to the plain. Uncle Wu and the others are going far away to carry on guerrilla warfare."

"I'll go with them however far it is and fight. I've grown up now. I'm strong. If you don't believe me, I'll show you."

He grasps Uncle Sung's right hand and grapples with him.

"Yes, you're taller and stronger." Uncle Sung pats the boy on the head. "But how about your thinking? Is that more revolutionary? I'll give you a test."

With a smile at Wu the old man takes a carved bamboo container from his belt. "Let's see if you can lift it, lad."

The boy looks at the container doubtfully. "A little thing like that, it should be easy."

"Bah, you talk big. This isn't an ordinary bamboo container. In it are the hearts of the workers and peasants below!" Uncle Sung puts an enamel bowl on the stump. "Go on, lad, empty it out."

Winter Boy shakes the container, takes off the lid and pours snow-white salt into the bowl.

"Salt!" Winter Boy is delighted to see the glittering salt. Staring in surprise at this strange salt container, he thinks hard. Suddenly he catches Uncle Sung by the arm. "Let's go, grandpa."

Wu nods approvingly. Taking up the padded jacket, he approaches the boy. "Come, put on your jacket."

Uncle Sung helps Winter Boy slip his arms into the sleeves.

Wu takes off Winter Boy's armband and the red scarf of the Children's Corps then helps him button the jacket.

"Here are all your textbooks," says Wu. "Study hard. When next we meet I'm going to give you a test."

Uncle Sung, a small bundle in one hand, takes the boy by the other. "Let's go."

Winter Boy is reluctant to leave. "Uncle Wu," says he, "if you catch Hu Han-san, mind you let me know!"

In front of a cottage halfway up a mountain are stacked some newly-made bamboo wares which Winter Boy is arranging into two loads. With a felt skullcap on his head, the boy is dressed like an artisan.

"Winter Boy," calls Uncle Sung inside the cottage. "Got the bamboo container?"

"No."

Uncle Sung comes out and passes the carved container to the boy. Winter Boy shakes it and listens to the sound, then hangs it on his shoulder-pole.

The old man helps the boy button his padded jacket.

Each carrying a load, they set off along a mountain path.

The sky is overcast, a fine drizzle sets in.

The old man and the boy follow a winding path down the mountain.

They cross dried gullies, little bridges. . . .

At the foot of the mountain, smoke drifts above the market-town of Yaowan.

Yaowan. This market-town of over a thousand households is studded with strongholds, shrouded in White terror.

By the bridge outside the town there is a checkpoint. Under the hostile eyes of the White sentries, Uncle Sung calmly leads Winter Boy over the wooden bridge and past the checkpoint.

Inside the town, some thugs of the "Peace Preservation Corps" truss up two honest middle-aged peasants and march them down the street, passing Uncle Sung and Winter Boy.

The only salt shop in town is empty, with no customers inside or outside. On the counter is a pot of salt. A wooden tally stuck in this bears the words, "Ration salt". A guard with a gun is pacing up and down in front of the shop.

Slowing down, Winter Boy peers at the salt in the pot, longing to get his hands on it. Uncle Sung gives him a nudge and the boy has to move on.

They pass "Maoyuan Rice Shop". Winter Boy looks at the crowd waiting outside. A small window in the gate is opened, and a child's hand reaches out to hang up a notice: "No rice today". A tumult starts.

The old man and the boy saunter through a deserted lane.

Uncle Sung is beating the bamboo container and crying his wares.

A rickety door opens. Out step a middle-aged woman and a small girl. Making sure there is nobody about, the woman gives a paper package to the girl and tells her to pass it to Winter Boy.

Uncle Sung and Winter Boy enter a smithy. A middle-aged blacksmith, beaming, beckons Winter Boy over to his forge. Taking out an enamel bowl, he pours all the salt in it into the boy's bamboo container.

An old peasant opens the gate of a small courtyard and steps out. Having greeted Uncle Sung, he takes Winter Boy into his kitchen. He pours the salt from a pot into the boy's container.

The steaming cauldron on the stove gives Winter Boy an idea. Taking off its lid, he ladles some boiling water into his container, then shakes it.

The old man and the boy trudge on.

All their wares have been sold except for two bamboo baskets still dangling from Uncle Sung's shoulder-pole. Behind him is Winter Boy, carrying the carved container.

They walk out of the town.

The White sentries by the bridge are searching a long queue of people at the checkpoint.

Not far from Uncle Sung a middle-aged peasant, his bamboo pole planted in the ground, is being carefully searched.

"Attention!" a sentry yells.

A sedan-chair is carried quickly towards the checkpoint. In it sits the county commander of the "Peace Preservation Corps" Hu Han-

san, wearing riding-breeches and leather boots. The chair stops at the checkpost. Hu glowers at the people being searched.

Uncle Sung and Winter Boy notice Hu in the same instant. The old man calmly moves in front of Winter Boy.

Having examined the peasant, the sentry waves him away. "Go quickly!"

"Wait!" barks Hu. He makes a sign to his adjutant.

The man unsheathes his sabre, then stepping forward snatches the bamboo pole and hacks at it.

Rice trickles out of the slit.

Winter Boy is startled.

The Whites swarm round the man and tie him up.

Hu leers. "What did I say? These beggars are red to the bone. You must make a more thorough search."

Winter Boy glares at Hu, his eyes blazing with hatred.

Uncle Sung takes the carved container from Winter Boy.

One of the sentries beckons Uncle Sung. Uncle Sung stands up, taking Winter Boy by the hand.

Snatching the bamboo container from the old man, Winter Boy, tipping him a wink, heads for the river.

Uncle Sung is staring after the boy when the sentry grabs him impatiently.

The sentry searches Uncle Sung from head to foot.

After the search, Uncle Sung buttons his coat and walks away. He halts by a big tree some distance from the bridge. Sitting on a stone, he watches the checkpost.

Men and women, after being searched, pass by Uncle Sung.

Winter Boy, carrying the container, leaves the weedy river bank and strides towards the guards.

A thug begins searching Winter Boy. The boy hides the container behind his back, deliberately drawing attention to it. The man seizes the container and inspects it minutely, then sizes the boy up with a sceptical look.

Winter Boy keeps calm.

The thug throws the container on the ground and smashes it in two with his rifle butt. Water flows out. He dips his finger in the water and licks it then bellows: "Scram!"

Winter Boy shouts indignantly: "Pay me for it! Pay for it!"

Uncle Sung comes back and leads the boy away.

On the path up the mountain Uncle Sung tries to comfort Winter Boy. "Don't lose heart, child. So long as we keep out of trouble, we can think up another way."

Winter Boy, looking exultant, shakes his head.

Uncle Sung: "What? . . ."

"Look, grandpa." Winter Boy lifts up his jacket.

The lining of his jacket is wet.

Uncle Sung pinches the wet jacket and puts his finger in his mouth. He is so moved that he hugs the boy. "Good lad! Your wings have grown strong!"

Cheerful music.

The cotton padding from the jacket is put in a cauldron of water and gently rubbed by a pair of big hands.

Uncle Sung, beaming, tucks up his sleeves, lifts out the cotton and wrings it out.

Flames flare up.

Winter Boy is blowing at the fire. Its flames make his face ruddy.

The salt water bubbles and boils. The water gradually evaporates until nothing is left but white salt.

Elatedly Winter Boy takes a pinch of salt and tastes it, his face wreathed in smiles.

Under a lamp, Winter Boy and Uncle Sung are putting the salt into a bamboo container.

"Tap, tap, tap." Someone knocks at the door.

Uncle Sung exclaims: "Your Uncle Wu!"

Winter Boy hastens to open the door.

"Uncle!" Winter Boy springs at Wu as soon as he has one foot in the room.

Wu fondles Winter Boy's jacket from which the padding has been taken out. It looks rather small for him now. He gazes in silence at the salt on the table, and finally says, "You've grown!"

"What brings you here?" asks Uncle Sung closing the door.

"I've come for a look round. And to thank Winter Boy for his salt."

Winter Boy: "Don't thank me. It's the folk in town who have given it."

Smiling heartily, Wu pats the boy on the shoulder. "Right. Now take some water to the uncle on guard outside."

Winter Boy: "Yes".

Looking at the boy's vanishing figure, Uncle Sung says approvingly: "You were right. He's really a young eaglet."

Wu: "Yes, his wings have grown strong. Time to let him fly."

Uncle Sung: "What do you mean?"

Wu: "Since their blockade has failed, the enemy is bringing up some regular troops to search the mountains."

Uncle Sung: "Come down, then. Hu's made life so wretched for the people in town, they're longing for your return."

Wu: "Yes, we're going to change places with the enemy — move into White territory and, together with our brother units, wipe out the devil Hu Han-san!"

After a pause Wu continues, "That's why I want to send Winter Boy to Yaowan."

Uncle Sung: "To Yaowan?"

Wu: "Maoyuan Rice Shop there wants another apprentice. That shop supplies the White troops with grain. If Winter Boy joins Sprig there, he can keep us better supplied with information."

Uncle Sung thinks this over. "He's too young."

Wu smiles. "He'll always be too young in your eyes. 'Steel must be tempered in fire, swords whetted on stone.' He can't stay for ever in the Children's Corps. Besides, he'll have your help."

Uncle Sung beams.

Winter Boy comes in, laughing and jumping. He nestles close to Wu. "The uncle on guard says you've won lots of battles, but you never let me know."

Wu hugs the boy. "You played a part too."

Suddenly an idea strikes Winter Boy. He takes from the table his textbook, bamboo slate and charcoal pencil and thrusts them at Wu.

Wu: "What's this for?"

Winter Boy: "Didn't you say you were going to give me a test?"

Wu: "You've passed it."

Winter Boy: "When?"

Wu: "A moment ago."

Winter Boy looks at Wu, his crystal eyes full of bewilderment.

Wu: "You've graduated here, lad. The Party's going to send you to a new school." His tone is serious yet fond. "New lessons and new struggles are waiting for you there."

Winter Boy answers firmly: "I'll do whatever the Party wants me to do!"

5

A river winds through green hills.

A bamboo raft floats downstream, poled by Uncle Sung.

Winter Boy wearing cloth shoes, with a towel round his head, sits quietly on his bundle.

The morning sun gilds the river.

They speed past rugged rocks, green pines and emerald bamboos.

Holding a red star in his hand, Winter Boy gazes at the far horizon.

An eagle flies in the blue sky.

Music and singing:

A littel raft speeds down the river,

Passing green hills on both sides.

An eagle spreads its wings to fly,

Braving the stormy wind.

We shoulder heavy loads for the revolution,

Keeping the teachings of the Party in mind.

A little raft speeds down the river,

Its water flows ever east.



The red star, sparkling,  
Lights up my path of struggle;  
New generations of revolutionaries like their fathers  
Will follow the Party for ever.  
We'll smash the vicious old society,  
And make our country yet more beautiful.

Maoyuan Rice Shop. Its short, fat proprietor Shen scrutinizes Winter Boy and draws: "What's your name?"

Winter Boy: "Kuo Chen-shan."

Shen: "What do they call you at home?"

Winter Boy: "Little Shan-tzu."

Shen: "How old?"

Winter Boy: "Twelve."

"Hm, rather young," Shen coughs. "Mind, Little Shan-tzu, working here you must keep your hands clean!"

Winter Boy lowers his head and looks at his hands.

Shen: "Don't you understand? No stealing!"

Winter Boy's face turns red. He shoots a glance at Shen.

Shen knits his brows.

At that moment, the door curtain is raised and Sprig comes in. He steps with a smile toward Shen. "The mistress has a job for him."

Shen snorts. "Go along!"

A bright hatchet smashes down.

Winter Boy stripped to the waist is splitting firewood in the backyard. Sweat glistens on his bronzed back. The firewood is heaped in disorderly piles.

The firewood has been neatly stacked.

Winter Boy is cutting firewood. Shen calls from the shop: "Here, Liu Lai-tzu, Little Shan-tzu, quick!"

Winter Boy puts down the hatchet and hurries to the shop.

In front of the shop there is an uproar. Would-be customers crowd round the door.

Inside the shop: Shen is making his assistants put up the shutters while he pushes the customers out.

Waving his tobacco pouch, Shen yells: "No more rice! We've sold out!"

The customers angrily demand: "Why won't you sell? You have rice!"

Shen sees Winter Boy standing idle and fumes: "Little Shan-tzu, hurry up and put up the shutters!"

Winter Boy hesitantly walks forward and with an effort picks up a shutter.

All the shutters are up. Shen hands Winter Boy a notice. "Put this up!"

Winter Boy takes the notice which says: "No rice today."

Winter Boy reaches through the small window in the door and hangs the notice outside. He glances at the crowd.

Customers still throng round the shop door. Some start banging on the shutters. Others shout indignantly: "They have rice, but they won't sell." "What a heartless boss, he wants to starve us to death!"

In the crowd Winter Boy sees Uncle Sung dressed as an artisan, with a sack over his shoulder. He squeezes his way forward. Catching Winter Boy's eye he clamours: "You have rice but won't sell. This is a dirty trick. A dirty trick!"

Taken aback, Winter Boy reluctantly retreats from the window.

Sprig leads Winter Boy to the backyard.

He stops at a locked door and pushes Winter Boy toward it. "Look here. . ."

Winter Boy looks through a crack and sees bins filled with grain. On the bins are slips of red paper with the words "Mountains of Rice" and "Heaped Stores of Grain". Winter Boy stares, deep in thought.

A dim lamp, a gloomy room.

The two boys lie side by side on two sacks spread on the floor.

Winter Boy: "What a devil he is, the boss!"

Sprig: "It gets me down here; cut off from our own folk and from the red star, we can't sing songs or play 'Down with the landlords'. We have to put on this act, doing as we're told. If only we could fight the Whites with Uncle Wu!"

"That's no way to talk."

Sprig thinks for a while, then cries: "I say, Winter Boy!"

Winter Boy: "My name's Kuo Chen-shan."

"All right." Sprig smiles. "You just said Chairman Mao has led the Red Army to North Shensi. Is that a big place?"

Winter Boy: "Yes. Uncle Wu says it's bigger than our old central base."

Sprig: "Then your dad will be able to see Chairman Mao at Yenan, won't he?"

Winter Boy: "Sure he will."

Sprig sticks up his thumb. Before he can speak, footsteps are heard outside.

Shen approaches, coughing.

Winter Boy hastily blows out the light.

Shen stops at the door for a while then goes away.

In the dark, the two boys are leaning against the window, holding the red star and looking up at the peaceful night sky and the bright pole-star.

Winter Boy puts a hand on Sprig's shoulder and says raptly: "If we had wings like an eagle, we could fly all the way north to Yenan and see Chairman Mao. Wouldn't that be grand?"

"Maybe Chairman Mao would give us each a rifle." Sprig is elated. "Would Chairman Mao know us? Would he recognize us?"

Winter Boy says definitely: "Of course. Chairman Mao knows everyone's name and what he has done!"

Sprig: "*Aiya!* Then we must do our very best. We don't want to go and see Chairman Mao empty-handed!"

Winter Boy: "Right, we should help Uncle Wu wipe out Hu Han-san, wipe out the Whites completely..."

Sprig cuts in: "And win back our Red Power."

Winter Boy: "We'll go to Yenan then to see Chairman Mao, wearing red stars and taking lots and lots of azaleas."

They lean close to each other.

Evening. Carrying a can of kerosene, Winter Boy goes to the backyard.



Winter Boy, a fighter in the Red Army

## Sparkling Red Star

(a film in colour)

Winter Boy is rescued by the Red Army



Winter Boy now a member of the Children's Corps



Winter Boy listens as his parents talk about the revolution



Father gives Winter Boy a sparkling red star



Winter Boy declares: "If you belong to the Party, mum, then I'm a son of the Party."



◀ As mother lays down her life for the cause, Winter Boy's eyes blaze with hatred



Winter Boy smiles triumphantly at the salt he has collected for the guerrillas ▶



Uncle Sung takes Winter Boy down the river to undertake new tasks

The two boys look up at the pole-star thinking of Chairman Mao



Winter Boy listens intently to gather information about the enemy



Winter Boy answers Hu Han-san's interrogation calmly



Winter Boy kills Hu Han-san ▶

Full of hatred for the enemy





Triumphant reunion of father and son

The back door opens. Shen ushers in a guest in a long gown and a soft felt hat.

Winter Boy recognizes him as one of Hu Han-san's stooges. He is taken aback for a second, then calmly passes by him. He turns back to watch them enter the sitting-room.

Winter Boy is holding a lamp globe, breathing on it to clean it. He softly approaches a window of the sitting-room.

The conversation between the boss and Hu's stooge can be heard distinctly.

Stooge: "... This grain is for the army, Mr. Shen. Commander Hu is buying it on official orders. There mustn't be any slip-up."

Shen: "Right, right."

Stooge: "You'll get thirty per cent commission on this transaction. Maoyuan Rice Shop will make a big profit."

"Rest assured. I'll never let you go empty-handed." Shen bursts out laughing. Then he whispers: "How many troops will be going up the mountains? Give me a figure so that I can make preparations."

"That's a military secret," the stooge whispers.

Winter Boy moves closer to the window.

Stooge: "One regular battalion and two companies of the Security Corps."

Shen: "The Peace Preservation Corps in town will have to be fed too."

Stooge: "They won't need much. Only twenty to thirty men will be left in town."

Shen: "When will the troops set out?"

Stooge in a low voice: "Tomorrow morning. So the grain must be delivered before dark tomorrow at the latest. Not a word to anyone, mind!"

Shen: "All right, we'll load the boats at midnight."

Winter Boy quickly walks away.

Midnight. A dark room, a dim oil lamp.

Winter Boy, lying on a sack with a pencil, is earnestly writing on a slip of paper.

Sprig squats by the door to keep watch.

Winter Boy pauses in his writing, recalling the conversation he overheard.

.....

Shen: "How many troops will be going up the mountains?"

Stooge: "One regular battalion and two companies of the Security Corps. . . . Only twenty to thirty men will be left in town."

Shen: "When will the troops set out?"

Stooge: "Tomorrow morning. . . ."

.....

Winter Boy, grasping the pencil, goes on writing.

Sprig loses patience. He steps forward and squats by Winter Boy to watch him write.

Winter Boy shows him the note that he has just finished.

Sprig reads it and excitedly sticks up his thumb. "Ha! Your handwriting's fine, as good as an accountant's. Did you learn up in the hills?"

Winter Boy frowns thoughtfully and says nothing. Presently he draws Sprig close to him and says firmly: "Grandpa Sung said our boss is playing a dirty trick. It's true. He's letting the White troops have this grain. We must find a way to stop him."

Sprig: "How?"

Winter Boy whispers in Sprig's ear.

Sprig claps. "Fine, fine."

Winter Boy: "Steady on. This is a big thing. When I buy vegetables early tomorrow morning I'll go and find Grandpa Sung. And we must send this message up the mountain."

"Let's get things ready first." Running out, Sprig fetches a writing brush, an inkstone and the notice "No rice today". They wash off the word "no" and write in "for sale".

The two boys look eagerly at the sign.

Suddenly they hear footsteps. Shen shouts outside the door: "Not asleep yet? Don't waste my kerosene."

Sprig immediately hides the sign under his body.

Shen: "Go to the back door and load the boats."

Sprig hears the footsteps fading away. He makes a face at Winter Boy. They both laugh.

Morning. The door of Maoyuan Rice Shop is firmly closed.

But the notice "Rice for sale today" hangs on the door. Customers crowd round the door, looking at the sign. "They're selling rice today!" "Why don't they open the door?"

Someone knocks on the shutters.

Throwing on his clothes, Shen hurries out. He looks with dismay at the shutters which are rattling and roars: "No rice, no rice! Little Shan-tzu, bolt the door, quick."

Winter Boy runs to the door.

Winter Boy pokes his head out through the small window.

The crowd yell: "Open the door, quick!"

Uncle Sung who is in the crowd catches Winter Boy's eye. He steps toward an angry young man and tells him softly: "I saw them load all the grain on to boats at the back door to ship it away!"

The young man angrily waves the bag in his hand. "What? Rice loaded on boats at the back? They won't sell us rice but are shipping it away. They want to starve us to death!"

The blacksmith who once gave salt to Winter Boy bellows: "Come on. Let's stop the boats."

A woman who also gave salt for the guerrillas: "We'll starve if we don't stop those boats. Let's go!"

"Come on!" They rush toward the back door.

Uncle Sung shoots a glance at Winter Boy, then follows the crowd to the back door.

Winter Boy beams and closes the small window.

At the back door of Maoyuan Rice Shop a crowd is milling about. People jump onto the boats and seize rice.

On the bank, Shen yells frantically: "Help! Help!"

The people on the boats fill various containers with rice.

More and more people crowd on to the boats. One shouts: "Hey, this boat is sinking!"

Someone yells: "The Peace Preservation Corps is coming!"

The crowd go ashore.

Holding rifles, over ten Whites charge the crowd, beating and arresting people.

A boat fills with water and slowly submerges.

The sign "Rice for sale today" lies on the table.

Shen roars: "One word changed has cost me twenty thousand catties of grain! Who did it? Who?"

In the guerrilla camp.

Uncle Sung says to Wu Hsiu-chu: "... Winter Boy did it."

A guerrilla exclaims: "Good for Winter Boy!"

After reading the message, Wu holds it up. "Sinking the enemy's grain boat was good, but this information is even more important."

Uncle Sung and the guerrillas gather round.

Wu: "The enemy are on their way here. They set out early this morning."

Guerrillas excitedly: "Fight!"

One guerrilla: "Lay an ambush."

"Certainly, we'll fight." Wu pauses, then goes on resolutely: "We'll leave this height for the Koumintang regulars to climb while we make a surprise attack on Yaowan and smash their lair!"

All chorus: "Good!"

Wu waves his hand. "Fall in!"

Night. A kerosene lamp lights up the sitting-room of Maoyuan Rice Shop. Shen and Hu Han-san are sitting at the table. Hu's face is livid with rage. Shen is very uneasy.

Shen pours Hu another drink, complaining: "Twenty thousand catties of rice gone in a flash. ..."

Hu Han-san growls tipsily: "The loss to your shop is a small thing. Delaying a mopping-up campaign is serious!"

Shen: "This. ..."

Hu Han-san: "Found out who started this looting?"

Shen: "We've reported it to the police."

"The police? No damn use! This doesn't look like an ordinary riot. I suspect the Communists and the guerrillas had a hand in it."

Outside, Winter Boy is coming with a dish.

Sprig walks up to him.

Sprig: "Give it to me. Hu Han-san might recognize you!"

Winter Boy: "No, I'll go."

Shen calls: "Little Shan-tzu! Bring the next dish."

Winter Boy carries the dish to the table.

Hu Han-san immediately stops what he is saying to stare with bleary eyes at Winter Boy.

Winter Boy calmly walks out.

Winter Boy stops outside the door to listen.

Hu: "Where's that boy from?"

Shen: "Not far from here. According to his guarantee, he lives just outside town."

Hu: "A local is he, eh? Then that's all right."

Winter Boy rolls his eyes then slips away.

In the sitting-room Hu says gravely: "A thief in your own household is the most dangerous. You'd better check up carefully on your assistants. I'll give you a hand."

Shen: "Thank you, Commander Hu."

Winter Boy takes a dish in.

Hu Han-san eyes him suspiciously again.

Winter Boy calmly puts the dish on the table and pours out wine.

Shen: "Help yourself, Commander Hu."

Hu Han-san takes the cup in his scarred right hand.

Shen: "What happened to your hand, Commander Hu?"

"It's nothing. Bitten by a wolf-cub!" Hu darts a glance at Winter Boy.

Winter Boy is quite unruffled.

Winter Boy carries a basin of water into the guest-room which is flamboyantly furnished.

Hu Han-san is sprawling drunkenly in a bamboo armchair.

Winter Boy puts the basin on a stand. The sound arouses Hu Han-san who opens his eyes with an effort and peers doubtfully at Winter Boy's back. Winter Boy turns to leave.

Hu suddenly calls: "Winter Boy!"

Winter Boy walks on as if he had not heard.

Hu changes his tone. "Come back!"

Winter Boy stops at the door.

Hu: "Is your mother at home?"

"No."

"Dead?"

Winter Boy turns to look Hu Han-san full in the face. "No, she's alive."

Hu gets up and staggers toward Winter Boy: "And your father?"

Winter Boy: "He's at home."

"What is he?"

"A butcher."

Hu Han-san steps forward. "He can kill people too, eh!"

Winter Boy makes no answer but bursts out laughing.

Hu moves closer to Winter Boy. "Don't laugh! What's your name?"

Winter Boy: "Kuo Chen-shan."

Hu grasps Winter Boy's jacket with his scarred hand. "No, it's not! You are Winter Boy. Your father is Pan Hsing-yi, and your mother was burned to death!"

Just at this moment, Sprig comes to the door. "Kuo Chen-shan, your mum's here, waiting for you outside."

In astonishment, Hu Han-san lets go of the boy.

On the river bank behind the shop, the two boys are conferring quietly in the dark.

Sprig is worried. "Quick, you must leave at once, Winter Boy."

Winter Boy shakes his head. "No!"

Sprig: "Hu Han-san will recognize you tomorrow when he sobers up."

Winter Boy resolutely: "I won't let him live till tomorrow!"

"What?" Sprig hesitates a second. "Well then, I'll help you."

Winter Boy: "No. You must go."

Sprig points in surprise at his own nose. "Me?"

Winter Boy: "Yes. Go and find Grandpa Sung right away. Ask him to urge Uncle Wu to attack Yaowan now that the town's in an uproar."

Sprig doubtfully: "Then you..."

Winter Boy pushes him away. "Go on! This is a battle. Don't delay. You're a member of the Children's Corps."

Sprig stamps his foot. "Right!" He starts off, but after a few steps turns back to Winter Boy. "Be careful, Winter Boy!"

Winter Boy grasps Sprig by the hand. "Tell Grandpa Sung and Uncle Wu that I'm a son of the Party, a member of the Children's Corps. I won't let the Party down."

Midnight. With a hatchet on his back and a can of kerosene in his hand, Winter Boy tiptoes to Hu Han-san's bedroom. A bright bronze lock hangs on the door, but it is unlocked.

Hu can be heard snoring.

Winter Boy stops to think. Then he opens the door and enters. The lamp on the table has burned low.

Winter Boy resolutely raises the can and pours all the kerosene over the bed. Then he reaches for the lamp and removes its globe.

The quilt starts to burn, the mosquito-net catches fire. The whole bed is ablaze.

The flames light up the hate and fury on Winter Boy's face. He takes the hatchet from his belt and strides to the door.

At this moment Hu Han-san, smarting from his burns, rolls off the bed and tries to crawl to the door.

Winter Boy wheels round. Drawing himself erect, he glares contemptuously at Hu Han-san.

Hu looks up and falters: "You?..."

Winter Boy: "I'm Winter Boy, a soldier of the Red Army."

Glittering in the light of the fire, the hatchet swings high and comes crashing down.

Winter Boy leaves the room and locks the door.

Flames and smoke billow out of the window.

Gunfire is heard.

Winter Boy reflects for a moment, then slips out of the shop.

The street. Uncle Sung, carrying a shoulder-pole and a knife, hurries toward the rice shop with Sprig.

Winter Boy is running.

Sprig: "Winter Boy!"

Winter Boy holds the hatchet high. "Grandpa Sung, I've done Hu Han-san in."

"Fine!" Uncle Sung takes him by the arm. "Our troops led by your Uncle Wu have fought their way into the town."

Winter Boy: "Let's go and meet them."

Hand in hand, the boys follow Uncle Sung to another street.

Pursued by guerrillas, some White guards led by Hu's stooge are running for their lives. At the cross roads in the centre of the town, they run into Wu's guerrillas.

Wu Hsiu-chu and his men open fire. Several Whites are killed.

The Whites dart down another street. They are met by shouts of "Surrender!" They withdraw helter-skelter.

At the end of a lane by the salt shop, Uncle Sung and the two boys meet the retreating Whites.

"Lay down your arms!" Uncle Sung raises his shoulder-pole. Winter Boy and Sprig charge the enemy with their hatchets.

The guerrillas led by Wu surround the Whites on three sides.

The defeated Whites fall to their knees and raise their arms in surrender.

## Epilogue

The sky is cloudless.

The azaleas are in full bloom.

Winter Boy and Wu Hsiu-chu walk through the flowering shrubs. Winter Boy is wearing a perfectly fitting Red Army cap and the jacket made for him by Wu, which is now too small for him.

Behind them some guerrillas are marching down the hill.

Gay butterflies are flitting through the flowers.

The narrator announces jubilantly: "Another winter passed in fierce class struggle, and spring came round again. Because of the brilliant success of Chairman Mao's policy for a national united front against Japan, our Red Army guerrillas fighting south of the Yangtse were ordered to leave for the anti-Japanese front. Chairman Mao sent someone all the way from Yenan to lead us on this march!"

A Kiangsi folk-song sounds.

By a high rock, Winter Boy halts. Looking round at the brilliant wild flowers, he instinctively slips one hand inside his jacket and takes out the bright red star.

The red star is as vivid as any flower.

Holding the red star he says with emotion: "Remember, Uncle Wu?"

Wu: "What?"

Winter Boy: "My mum said that when the azalea bloomed, our Red Army and my dad would come back."

Wu grips Winter Boy's hand and nods. "I remember too how you longed to wear a Red Army cap and become a Red Army fighter like your father, didn't you?"

Winter Boy eagerly: "Yes. But when?"

Wu: "Right now!"

Wu removes Winter Boy's cap and takes over the red star.

His eyes fixed on the hillside radiant with flowers, Winter Boy's young face glows with hope and expectation.

Wu Hsiu-chu, having pinned the red star to the cap, stoops down to set it squarely on the boy's head.

Winter Boy gazes at Wu with a smile. He sees Wu Hsiu-chu's intrepid face, the red star sparkling on Wu's Red Army cap, and the congratulatory smiles of the other guerrillas.

Looking ahead, he sees a sight he has often dreamed of — two Red Army cavalymen are galloping towards him through the riot of flowers.

Winter Boy and Wu stride forward.

The horses are racing.

Winter Boy is running.

The first Red Armyman, who is riding a white horse, is Pan Hsing-yi.

Winter Boy slows down, staring wide-eyed. He seems to hear his mother's stirring singing: "When the azalea blooms all over the hills, the Red Army will return."

Winter Boy rushes forward. "Dad!"

Pan swiftly dismounts and clasps his son to him. At sight of the red star on his son's cap, hot tears well up in his eyes.

Wu comes forward.

Pan wrings his hand. "Old Wu, I can scarcely recognize him!"

Wu: "No wonder, it's been three years. When you left he was still a child. Now he's a Red Army fighter."

Winter Boy leans close to his father. "Dad, all these years I've kept the red star you gave me."

Pan: "And finally Uncle Wu helped you put it on your army cap, right?"

Wu: "No, it's Winter Boy who's kept this red star all these years in his heart, to light him on his way. That's why the lad has never retreated one step."

Pan: "Keep in mind, son, that it's the Party which has brought you up. You still have a long way to go. You must always watch your step to make sure that you are advancing along Chairman Mao's revolutionary line."

The red star sparkles bright,  
The red star warms our hearts,  
Dear to our workers and peasants,  
It shines for ever with our Party's radiance.

Smartly accoutred guerrillas, led by Wu Hsiu-chu and Pan Hsing-yi, leave their camp brilliant with sunshine. Behind Wu, Winter Boy and Sprig march on shoulder to shoulder.

They pass hillsides with azaleas in full bloom.

They pass Hu Han-san's house.

On the branch of the withered tree where Winter Boy was hung up by the landlord and beaten, a string of fire-crackers is gaily swinging.

Among the villagers sounding drums and gongs is Uncle Sung. Beaming, he fires a gun decorated with red and green tassels.

The narrator announces forcefully: "The revolutionary road is tortuous. The revolution's future is infinitely bright. Under the sparkling light of the red star, I spent my fighting childhood. Under the sparkling light of the red star I went on to fresh battles."

The troops march dauntlessly on.

Under the red flag, Winter Boy strides fearlessly forward.

The star on his army cap sparkles red and bright.

## POEMS

CHIA MAN

### Mount Lushan

Don't be like the man of Chi,\* who worried day and night,  
Lest the vaulted arch of heaven should collapse;  
Mighty Mount Lushan props up the sky for us.  
Mount Lushan, the pride of all peaks north and south,  
You symbolize the brave spirit of our Chinese people.  
Tall and vigorous you stand, wreathed in purple mist,  
Your stately bamboo groves challenging the very clouds  
While, braving the frosts, your pines stand evergreen;  
Fierce lightning flashes, rolling peals of thunder,  
Only proclaim your magnificence and strength.

Mount Lushan is situated in northern Kiangsi Province. Chairman Mao held important Party conferences there. He wrote the poem *Ascent of Lushan* in 1959.

\*The man of Chi who appeared in an ancient Chinese fable always feared that sometime the heavens might collapse.

Let the shawl of green foliage that adorns your shoulders  
Be gently washed by the waters of the Milky Way;  
While the giant cliffs on which your feet so firmly rest  
Are swept by the billows of the mighty Yangtze.  
You absorb the rippling waves of Poyang Lake  
Then disgorge a thousand snow-white sails;  
Bringing to submission the sprawling river torrents,  
You stand firm against all storms.  
Water gushing from your Dragon Pool  
Sustains and nourishes our many fields.  
A mighty pillar in the east  
You are our nation's tower of strength.

Here seven hundred million pines  
Grow with intertwining rootlets,  
Here seven hundred million clear bubbling springs  
Flow from a single subterranean source.  
Here seven hundred million flowering shrubs are blooming,  
Here seven hundred million cells pulsate as one,  
Here seven hundred million rocky ravines link arms,  
Symbolizing our seven hundred million united people,  
You stand 'twixt earth and sky, firm and fearless.  
It was from here that the hot wind  
Of the Big Leap Forward began to blow,  
It was from here that the golden raindrops  
Of bumper harvests spattered the earth;  
The great victory of the Cultural Revolution  
Was first announced from here.  
As from a lighthouse your beams pierce the fog  
Guiding ships across the four seas.  
You are the post from which our commander

Issued his directives throughout the land.  
You are a glorious living monument  
Recording these unprecedented pages in our history.

Dark clouds do not daunt,  
They but reveal your majesty;  
Vultures who defy your rugged cliffs  
Dash themselves to smithereens;  
Arrows aimed at your rocky barriers  
Twist and bend and snap like straws.  
Boldly surveying the sea your gaze penetrates the mist;  
Standing proudly on the shore you are impregnable.  
You rise sharp and sheer from this earth,  
**"Piercing the blue of heaven, your barbs unblunted!"\***

So many lesser peaks beneath the sky  
Look up toward you;  
So many rivers from afar  
Joyously converge here;  
On the plain, in the breeze,  
Many flowers dance for you;  
For the whole sky turns red;  
Chairman Mao has come to Mount Lushan!

\*This line comes from a poem written by Chairman Mao.



## HUANG HO-LANG

### Two Generations

'Tis mid-autumn; the moonlight a bright pool of water,  
A new Party secretary has just been elected by the Party branch.  
Taking the young man by the arm, the old Party secretary  
Strolls off with him, away from the slumbering village.

The air is perfumed with the fragrance of the paddy fields,  
The irrigation channels gleam like silver cords;  
When the two reach the other side of a hill  
They sit beside a martyr's grave to talk together.

The martyr buried here was the father of the younger man,  
A former comrade of the old Party secretary.  
The young man's heart throbs with suppressed emotion;  
In the older one's heart there's a raging torrent.

"Tell me once more, uncle, please,  
About the savage battle fought at dawn;  
How my dad, raising high the red banner in his hand,  
Led the charge through this perilous ravine."

Scooping up some red soil in his hand  
The old man tells the tale again. "This earth," he says,  
"Was soaked with the blood of your father.  
Now, even if the mountains hurl themselves at us,  
We must defend this precious piece of ground."

"Tell me once more, uncle, please,  
How, when the co-operatives were first organized,  
And some among the comrades wavered,  
You resisted those who ordered them disbanded."

Pointing to a pine upon the hilltop  
The old man tells the tale again.  
"We must stand firm," he says.  
"With the sun above and soil beneath to support us  
We can remain for ever green, brave wind and storm."

These words, like a refreshing mountain stream,  
Flow through the heart of the younger man.  
The countryside around them seems more than ever quiet,  
The night breeze gentle, the soft moonlight refreshing. . . .

"You must still continue to lead us, uncle,  
Through the new battles we shall face;  
Though now I'm shouldering this arduous task,  
I know I lack experience, have insufficient strength."

“No! Each generation must accept the task that’s handed down;  
This is the law of nature, the need of the revolution.  
Steel must be plunged in fire, the sailor learn to navigate in storm,  
But I’ll remain beside you, as assistant and adviser.”

Swiftly the young man turns to grasp  
The outstretched hand of the older one,  
By the glint of tears glistening in his eyes.  
The old man shows his deep emotion too.

Like a sapling growing beside an ancient pine,  
Like one wave following fast upon another,  
The thoughts and purpose of these two generations  
Are linked; the same blood courses through their veins.

So beside the revolutionary martyr’s grave, this mid-autumn  
night,  
Their determination they pour out to each other.  
Their words flow on till the east turns red,  
Then shoulder to shoulder they walk towards the rising sun.

## LU HSUN'S STORIES

### Storm in a Teacup

On the mud flat by the river, the sun’s bright yellow rays were gradually fading. The parched leaves of the tallow-trees beside the river were at last able to take breath, while below them a few striped mosquitoes danced and droned. The smoke from the peasants’ kitchen chimneys along the riverside dwindled, as the women and children sprinkled the ground before their doors with water and set out little tables and low stools. Everyone knew it was time for the evening meal.

The old folk and the men sat on the low stools, fanning themselves with plantain-leaf fans as they chatted. The children raced about or squatted under the tallow-trees playing with pebbles. The women brought out steamed black dried rape and yellow rice, piping hot. Some literati passing in a pleasure boat waxed quite lyrical at the sight.

“Such carefree tranquillity!” they exclaimed. “How idyllic!”

However, these literati were wide of the mark, not having heard what Old Mrs. Ninepounder was saying. Old Mrs. Ninepounder

---

For an appraisal of the two stories here see the article on P. 107.

was in a towering temper, whacking the legs of her stool with a tattered plantain fan.

"Seventy-nine years I've lived, that's enough," she declared. "I'm sick of watching this family go to the dogs . . . better die and be done with it. Just one minute to supper time, yet still eating roast beans — do you want to eat us out of house and home?"

Her great-granddaughter Sixpounder was just running towards her with a handful of beans, but seeing the situation she flew straight to the river bank and hid herself behind a tallow-tree. Sticking out her small head with its twin tufts, she hooted: "Old Won't-die!"

Old Mrs. Ninepounder for all her great age was not deaf. She did not, however, catch what the child had called and went on muttering to herself, "Yes, indeed. Each generation is worse than the last."

It was the somewhat unusual custom in this village for mothers to weigh their children at birth and to call them the number of pounds they happened to weigh. Since Old Mrs. Ninepounder's celebration of her fiftieth birthday she had gradually become a fault-finder, for ever complaining that in her young days the summer had not been so hot nor the beans so tough as now. In a word, there was something wrong with the present-day world. Why else had Sixpounder weighed three pounds less than her great-grandfather and one pound less than her father, Sevenpounder? Surely this was irrefutable evidence. So she reiterated emphatically: "Yes, indeed. Each generation is worse than the last."

Her granddaughter-in-law, Mrs. Sevenpounder, had just brought out a basket of rice. Plonking this down on the table, she said crossly: "There you go again, granny! Sixpounder weighed six pounds five ounces at birth, didn't she? Your family scales weigh light: eighteen ounces to the pound. With proper sixteen-ounce scales, Sixpounder would have weighed over seven pounds. I don't believe grandfather and father really weighed a full nine or eight pounds either. I daresay they were weighed with fourteen-ounce scales. . . ."

"Each generation is worse than the last."

Before Mrs. Sevenpounder could answer, she saw her husband emerge from the top of the lane and rounded on him instead.

"Why so late back, you zombie? I thought you must be dead, keeping us waiting all this time for supper!"

Although a villager, Sevenpounder had always wanted to better himself. For three generations — grandfather, father and son — not a man in his family had handled a hoe. Like his father before him he worked on a boat which left Luchen every morning for the town, returning to Luchen in the evening. As a result he knew pretty well all that was going on: where, for instance, the thunder god had blasted a centipede spirit, or where a virgin had given birth to a demon. In the village he was quite a personage. Still he stuck to the country custom of not lighting a lamp for supper in the summer, so if he came home late he rated a scolding.

In one hand Sevenpounder held a speckled bamboo pipe over six feet long with an ivory mouthpiece and a pewter bowl. He walked slowly over, his head bent, and sat on one of the low stools. Sixpounder seized this chance to slip out and sit down beside him, calling "Dad!" But her father made no answer.

"Each generation is worse than the last," repeated Old Mrs. Ninepounder.

Sevenpounder slowly raised his head and sighed. "There's an emperor again on the Dragon Throne."

Mrs. Sevenpounder looked blank for a moment. Suddenly taking in the news she cried: "Good! That means another general amnesty, doesn't it?"

Sevenpounder sighed again. "I've no queue."

"Does the emperor insist on queues?"

"He does."

"How do you know?" she demanded in dismay.

"Everybody in Prosperity Tavern says so."

At that Mrs. Sevenpounder realized instinctively that things were in a bad way, because Prosperity Tavern was a place where you could pick up all the news. She threw a glance at Sevenpounder's shaved head, unable to hold back her anger, blaming him, hating him, resenting him. Then, abruptly reduced to despair, she filled a bowl with rice and slapped it down before him. "Hurry up and eat. Pulling a long face won't grow a queue for you, will it?"

The sun had withdrawn its last rays, the darkling water was cooling off again. From the mud flat rose a clatter of bowls and chopsticks, and the backs of all the diners were beaded with sweat. Mrs. Sevenpounder had finished three bowls of rice when she happened to look up. At once her heart started pounding. Through the tallow leaves she could see the short plump figure of Seventh Master Chao approaching from the one-plank bridge. And he was wearing his long sapphire-blue glazed cotton gown.

Seventh Master Chao was the owner of Abundance Tavern in the next village, the only notable within a radius of ten miles who also had some learning. And because of this learning there was about him a whiff of the musty odour of a departed age. He owned a dozen volumes of the *Romance of the Three Kingdoms*\* annotated by Chin Sheng-tan,\*\* which he would sit poring over character by character. Not only could he tell you the names of the Five Tiger Generals,\*\* he even knew that Huang Chung was also known as Han-sheng, and Ma Chao as Meng-chi. After the Revolution\*\*\*\* he had coiled his queue on the top of his head like a Taoist priest, and he often remarked with a sigh that if only Chao Yun\*\*\*\*\* were still alive the empire would not be in such a bad way.

Mrs. Sevenpounder's eyesight was good. She had noticed at once that Seventh Master Chao no longer looked like a Taoist. He had shaved the front of his head and let his queue down. From this she knew beyond a doubt that an emperor had ascended the throne, that queues were required again, and that Sevenpounder must be in great danger. For Seventh Master Chao did not wear this long glazed cotton gown for nothing. During the last three years he had only worn it twice: once when his enemy Pock-marked

\*A long historical novel by Lo Kuan-chung of the fourteenth century based on the official history of the Three Kingdoms Period (A.D. 220-265).

\*\*A seventeenth-century scholar.

\*\*\*During the Three Kingdoms Period there were five famous generals in the Kingdom of Shu (A.D. 221-265), Kuan Yu, Chang Fei, Chao Yun, Huang Chung and Ma Chao, who figure in the *Romance of the Three Kingdoms*.

\*\*\*\*The Revolution of 1911 which overthrew the Ching Dynasty.

\*\*\*\*\*Chao Yun had rescued his king's son in a battle, and hence was considered by some a hero who could save the empire.

Ah-ssu fell ill, once when First Master Lu who had wrecked his wine-shop died. This was the third time, and it undoubtedly meant that something had happened to rejoice his heart and bode ill for his enemies.

Two years ago, Mrs. Sevenpounder remembered, her husband in a fit of drunkenness had cursed Seventh Master Chao as a "bastard". Hence she at once realized instinctively the danger her husband was in, and her heart started pounding.

As Seventh Master Chao passed them, all those sitting eating stood up and, pointing their chopsticks at their rice bowls, invited him to join them. He nodded greetings to them all, urging them to go on with their meal, while he made straight for Sevenpounder's table. Sevenpounder's family got up at once to greet him. Seventh Master Chao urged them with a smile, "Go on with your meal, please!" At the same time he took a good look at the food on the table.

"That dried rape smells good—have you heard the news?" Seventh Master Chao was standing behind Sevenpounder opposite Mrs. Sevenpounder.

"There's an emperor again on the Dragon Throne," said Sevenpounder.

Watching Seventh Master's expression, Mrs. Sevenpounder forced a smile. "Now that there's an emperor on the throne, when will there be a general amnesty?" she asked.

"A general amnesty? . . . All in good time." Suddenly Seventh Master spoke more sternly: "But what about Sevenpounder's queue, eh? That's the important thing. You know how it was in the time of the Long Hairs:\* keep your hair and lose your head; keep your head and lose your hair. . . ."

\*The peasant insurgents of the Taiping Rebellion (1851-1864). The rulers of the Ching Dynasty forced men to shave the hair over their temples and wear queues. The Taiping rebels who opposed feudal rule and national oppression refused to do this and let their hair hang to their shoulders, hence the name Long Hairs. "Keep your hair and lose your head" originally referred to the Ching rulers' decree on shaved temples at the beginning of the dynasty. Lu Hsun made Seventh Master Chao attribute this saying to the Taipings to ridicule his "learning".



Sevenpounder and his wife had never read any books, so this classical lore was lost on them; but this statement from a learned man like Seventh Master convinced them that the situation must be desperate, past saving. It was as if they had received their death sentence. Their ears buzzed, and they were unable to utter another word.

"Each generation is worse than the last." Old Mrs. Ninepounder, feeling put out, seized this chance to speak to Seventh Master Chao. "The Long Hairs nowadays just cut off men's queues, leaving them looking neither Buddhist nor Taoist. The old Long Hairs never did that. Seventy-nine years I've lived and that's enough. The old Long Hairs wore red satin turbans with one end hanging down, right down to their heels. The prince wore a yellow satin turban with one end hanging down . . . yellow satin. Red satin, yellow satin . . . I've lived long enough . . . seventy-nine."

"What's to be done?" muttered Mrs. Sevenpounder, standing up. "Such a big family, old and young, and all dependent on him. . . ."

"There's nothing you can do." Seventh Master Chao shook his head. "The punishment for having no queue is written down clearly in a book, sentence by sentence. The size of a man's family makes no difference."

When Mrs. Sevenpounder heard that it was written in a book, she really gave way to despair. Beside herself with anxiety, she felt a sudden fresh hatred for Sevenpounder. Pointing her chopsticks at the tip of his nose, she cried: "You've made your bed, now you can lie in it! Didn't I say at the time of the revolt: Don't go out with the boat, don't go to town. But go he would. Off he rolled, and in town they cut off his queue, his glossy black queue. Now he looks neither Buddhist nor Taoist. He's made his own bed, he'll have to lie in it. But what right has the wretch to drag us into it? Gaol-bird zombie. . . ."

Seventh Master Chao's arrival in the village made all the villagers finish their supper quickly and gather round Sevenpounder's table. Sevenpounder knew how unseemly it was for a prominent citizen to be cursed in public like this by his wife. So he raised his head to retort slowly:

"You've plenty to say today, but at the time. . . ."

"Gaol-bird zombie! . . ."

Widow Pa Yi had the kindest heart of all the onlookers there. Carrying her two-year-old, born after her husband's death, she was watching the fun at Mrs. Sevenpounder's side. Now she felt things had gone too far and hurriedly tried to make peace.

"Never mind, Mrs. Sevenpounder. People aren't spirits — who can foretell the future? Didn't you yourself say at the time there was nothing to be ashamed of in having no queue? Besides, no order's come down yet from the big mandarin in the yamen. . . ."

Before she had finished, Mrs. Sevenpounder's ears were scarlet. She turned her chopsticks to point at the widow's nose. "*Aiya*, what a thing to say, Widow Pa Yi! I'm still a human being, aren't I — how could I have said anything so ridiculous? Why, at the time I cried for three whole days. Ask anyone you like. Even this little devil Sixpounder cried. . . ." Sixpounder had just finished a big bowl of rice and was holding out her empty bowl clamouring to have it refilled. Mrs. Sevenpounder, being in a temper, smacked her chopsticks down between the twin tufts on the child's head. "Who wants you to barge in?" she yelled. "Little slut!"

Crack! The empty bowl in Sixpounder's hand thudded to the ground striking the corner of a brick so that a big piece broke off. Sevenpounder jumped to his feet and picked up the broken bowl. Having fitted the pieces together he examined it, swearing, "Mother's!" He gave Sixpounder a slap that knocked her over. Sixpounder lay there crying until Old Mrs. Ninepounder took her hand and led her away repeating, "Each generation is worse than the last."

Now it was Widow Pa Yi's turn to be angry. "How can you hit out at random like that, Mrs. Sevenpounder!" she shouted.

Seventh Master Chao had been looking on with a smile, but after Widow Pa Yi's statement that no order had come down from "the big mandarin in the yamen" he began to lose his temper. Coming right up to the table, he declared: "Hitting out at random doesn't matter. The Imperial Army will be here any time now. I'd have

you know the new Protector is General Chang,\* who's descended from Chang Fei of the former State of Yen. With his huge lance eighteen feet long, he dares take on ten thousand men. Who can stand against him?" Raising both hands as if grasping a huge invisible lance, he took a few swift paces towards Widow Pa Yi. "Are you a match for him?"

Widow Pa Yi was trembling with rage as she held her child. But the sudden sight of Seventh Master Chao bearing down on her with glaring eyes, his whole face oozing sweat, gave her the fright of her life. Not daring to say more, she turned and fled. Then Seventh Master Chao left too. The villagers as they made way for him deplored Widow Pa Yi's interference, while a few men who had cut their queues and started growing them again hid hastily behind the rest for fear Seventh Master should see them. However, without making a careful inspection Seventh Master passed through the group, dived behind the tallow-trees and with a parting "Think you're a match for him!" strode on to the one-plank bridge and swaggered off.

The villagers stood there blankly, turning things over in their minds. All felt they were indeed no match for Chang Fei, hence Sevenpounder's life was as good as lost. And since Sevenpounder had broken the imperial law he should not, they felt, have adopted that lordly air, smoking that long pipe of his, when he told them the news from town. So the thought that he had broken the law gave them a certain pleasure. They would have liked to air their views, but did not know what to say. Buzzing mosquitoes, brushing past their bare arms, zoomed back to swarm beneath the tallow-trees; and the villagers too slowly scattered to their homes, shut their doors and went to bed. Grumbling to herself, Mrs. Sevenpounder also cleared away the dishes and took in the table and stools, then closed the door and went to bed.

\*Chang Hsun, a reactionary officer of the Ching Dynasty. After the 1911 Revolution he kept his queue and ordered his soldiers to retain theirs as well, to show their loyalty to the overthrown dynasty. On July 1, 1917, he and some others tried to restore the deposed emperor Pu Yi to the throne, but after only a fortnight their attempt failed. "There's an emperor again on the Dragon Throne" refers to this abortive restoration.

Sevenpounder took the broken bowl inside, then sat on the doorstep smoking. He was so worried, however, that he forgot to inhale, and the light in the pewter bowl of his six-foot speckled bamboo pipe with the ivory mouthpiece gradually turned black. It struck him that matters had reached a most dangerous pass, and he tried to think of a way out, some plan of action. But his thoughts were in too much of a whirl for him to straighten them out. "Queues, eh, queues? An eighteen-foot lance. Each generation is worse than the last! An emperor is on the Dragon Throne. The broken bowl will have to be taken to town to be riveted. Who's a match for him? It's written in a book. Mother's!..."

Early the next day, as usual, Sevenpounder went with the boat to town, coming back to Luchen towards evening with his six-foot speckled bamboo pipe and the rice bowl. At supper he told Old Mrs. Ninepounder that he had had the bowl riveted in town. Because it was such a large break, sixteen copper clamps had been needed, each costing three cash, making the total cost forty-eight cash.

"Each generation is worse than the last," said Old Mrs. Ninepounder crossly. "I've lived long enough. Three cash for a clamp. Clamps didn't cost so much in the old days. The clamps we had. . . . Seventy-nine years I've lived. . . ."

After this, though Sevenpounder continued making his daily trip to town, his house seemed to be under a cloud. Most of the villagers kept out of his way, no longer coming to ask him the news from town. Mrs. Sevenpounder was in a bad temper too, constantly addressing him as "Gaol-bird".

A fortnight or so later, on his return from town Sevenpounder found his wife in a rare good humour. "Heard anything in town?" she asked him.

"No, nothing."

"Is there an emperor on the Dragon Throne?"

"They didn't say."

"Did no one in Prosperity Tavern say anything?"

"No, nothing."

"I don't believe there's an emperor again. I passed Seventh Master Chao's wineshop today and he was sitting there reading, with

his queue coiled on top of his head again. He wasn't wearing his long gown either."

"..."

"Do you think there's no emperor after all?"

"I think probably not."

Today Sevenpounder is once more respected and well treated by his wife and the villagers. In the summer his family still have their meals on the mud flat outside their door, and everyone greets them with smiles. Old Mrs. Ninepounder celebrated her eightieth birthday some time ago and is as full of complaints, as hale and hearty as ever. Sixpounder's twin tufts of hair have changed into a thick braid. Although recently they started binding her feet, she can still help Mrs. Sevenpounder with odd jobs. She hobbles to and fro on the mud flat carrying the rice bowl with sixteen copper rivets.

## The White Light

It was afternoon before Chen Shih-cheng came back from seeing the results of the county examinations. He had gone very early, and the first thing he looked for on the list was the name Chen. Quite a few Chens leapt to meet his eye, but none followed by the characters Shih-cheng. Thereupon, starting again, he made a careful search through all twelve lists. Even after everyone else had left, the name Chen Shih-cheng had not appeared on the list but the man was still standing there, a solitary figure before the front wall of the examination school.

A cool wind was ruffling his short greying hair and the early winter sun shone warmly on him, yet he felt dizzy as if from a touch of the sun. His pale face grew even paler, his tired eyes puffy and red, glittering strangely. In fact, he had long stopped seeing the results on the wall, for countless black circles were swimming past his eyes.

He had won his first degree in the county examination and taken his second in the provincial capital, success following success. . . . The local gentry were trying by every means to ally with him by marriage; people were treating him like a god, cursing themselves for

their former contempt and blindness. . . . The other families renting his tumbledown house had been driven away — no need for that, they would move of their own accord — and the whole place was completely renovated with flagpoles and a placard at the gate. . . . If he wanted to keep his hands clean he could be an official in the capital, otherwise some post in the provinces would prove more lucrative. . . . Once more the future mapped out so carefully had crashed in ruins like a wet sugar-candy pagoda, leaving nothing but debris behind.

Not knowing what he did, he turned with a strange sensation of disintegration, and shambled disconsolately home.

The moment he reached his door, seven small boys raised their voices to drone their lesson together. He started as if a chime had been struck by his ear, aware of seven heads with seven small queues bobbing in front of him, bobbing all over the room, with black circles dancing between. As he sat down they handed in their homework, contempt for him manifest on every face.

“You may go,” he said painfully after a brief hesitation.

They snatched up their satchels, stuffed them under their arms, and were off like a streak of smoke.

Chen Shih-cheng could still see a host of small heads dotted with black circles dancing in front of him, now higgledy-piggledy, now in strange formations; but by degrees they grew fewer, hazier.

“Failed again!”

With a violent start he leapt to his feet, for undoubtedly the sound came from just beside him. When he turned his head there was no one there, yet he seemed to hear another muffled chime and his lips formed the words:

“Failed again!”

Abruptly he raised one hand and reckoned it up on his fingers: eleven, thirteen times, counting this year made sixteen, yet not a single examiner had been capable of appreciating good writing, all had been completely blind. It was so pathetic, in fact, that he had to snigger. In a fury he snatched his neatly copied examination essays and poems from their cloth wrapper and started out with them; but in the doorway he was dazzled by the bright light outside, where even the



hens were making fun of him. Unable to still the wild pounding of his heart, he slunk back inside again.

He sat down once more, a strange glitter in his eyes. He could see many things, but hazily — his wrecked future, in ruins like a sugar-candy pagoda before him, was looming so large that it blocked all his ways out.

The neighbours' kitchen fires were long since out, their bowls and chopsticks washed, but Chen Shih-cheng had not started cooking a meal. His tenants knew from years of experience that after he had seen the results of the county examinations their best course was to close their doors early and mind their own business. First all voices were hushed, then one by one lamps were blown out, till nothing was left but the moon slowly climbing the cold night sky.

The deep blue of the sky was like an expanse of sea, while a few drifting clouds looked as if someone had dabbled a piece of chalk in a dish for washing brushes. The moon discharged cold rays of light upon Chen Shih-cheng. At first the orb seemed no more than a newly polished iron mirror, but by some mysterious means this mirror projected light through him until he reflected the shadow of the iron moon.

He paced up and down the yard outside his room, his vision clear now, all around him still. But this stillness was abruptly and rudely shattered as in his ear he distinctly heard the urgent whisper:

"Left turn, right turn. . ."

He pricked up his ears and listened intently as the voice repeated more loudly:

"Right turn!"

Now he remembered. This yard was the place, before his family fortunes declined, where he used to come with his grandmother on summer evenings to enjoy the cool. A boy of ten, he would lie on a bamboo couch while his grandmother sat beside him and told him interesting stories. She had it from her own grandmother, she said, that the founder of the Chen family was a man of great wealth who had built this house and buried a vast store of silver here, which some fortunate descendant was bound to find, although so far no one had discovered it. A clue to the hiding-place was in the riddle:

Left turn, right turn, forward, back!  
Gold and silver by the sack!

Chen Shih-cheng often quietly cudgelled his brains to guess this riddle. Unfortunately he no sooner hit on a solution than he realized that it was wide of the mark. Once he was sure the treasure was under the room rented to the Tang family, but he lacked the courage to dig there and a little later it struck him as most unlikely. As for the vestiges of earlier excavations in his own room, these were signs of his depression over previous failures in the examination, and the sight of them later shamed and embarrassed him.

But this iron light enfolding him today was gently persuasive. And when Chen Shih-cheng hesitated, the serious proofs it brought forward, backed up by some covert pressure, compelled him to cast his eyes towards his own room again.

A white light,\* like a round white fan, was flickering in his room. "So it's here after all!"

With these words he charged like a lion into the room, but once across the threshold he saw no sign of white light, nothing but a dark, shabby room, with some rickety desks half swallowed up in the shadows. He stood there irresolutely till by degrees his vision cleared and the white light reappeared beyond a doubt, broader this time, whiter than sulphurous flames and lighter than morning mist. It was underneath a desk by the east wall.

Chen Shih-cheng charged like a lion to the door, but when he put out his hand for the hoe behind it he bumped into a dark shadow. He gave an involuntary shiver and hastily lit the lamp, but there was nothing there except the hoe. He moved away the desk and hardly stopping for breath raised four square flag-stones. Kneeling, he saw the usual fine yellow sand, and rolling up his sleeves he removed this sand to reveal black earth beneath. Very carefully and quietly he dug down, stroke by stroke. The night was so still, however, that the thudding of his sharp-bladed hoe against the earth was plainly audible.

\*There was a superstitious belief in old China that a white light would appear over places where treasure lay buried underground.

The pit was over two feet deep yet still no crock had appeared and Chen Shih-cheng was beginning to lose heart when — *clang!* — he wrenched his wrist as the hoe struck something hard. He dropped his tool and scrabbled in the soil, discovering a large square brick beneath. His heart was throbbing painfully as with infinite care he prized up this brick, disclosing beneath it the same black earth as before. Although he loosened a great deal of earth, it apparently went down and down without end. All of a sudden, however, he struck a small hard object, something round, probably a rusty coin. There were some fragments of broken china too.

Faint and soaked in sweat, Chen Shih-cheng burrowed desperately. His heart nearly turned over when he struck another strange object shaped somewhat like a horseshoe, but light and brittle in his hands. Having extracted it with infinite care, he picked it up cautiously and studied it intently by the lamp. Blotched and discoloured like a mouldering bone, it bore an incomplete row of teeth on the upper side. He realized that it must be a jaw-bone. This jaw-bone twitched disconcertingly in his hands and gaped as if with laughter. Finally he heard it mutter:

“Failed again!”

An icy shudder went through him. He let it go. The jaw-bone had barely dropped lightly back into the pit before he bounded out into the yard. He stole a glance at his room. The dazzling lamp and supercilious jaw-bone made it strangely terrifying. Averting his eyes in fear, he crept into the shadows of the caves some distance away, where he felt slightly safer. But another sly whisper sounded through the stillness in his ear:

“Not here. . . . Go to the hills. . . .”

Chen Shih-cheng had a faint recollection of hearing this remark in the street that day, and at once light dawned on him. He threw back his head to look up at the sky. The moon was hiding itself behind West Peak, so that the peak a dozen miles from the town seemed immediately before him, upright, black and awesome as the tablet carried by ministers to court, while from it pulsed great flickering beams of white light.

And this white light in the distance seemed just before him,



"Yes, to the hills!"

This decision taken, he rushed wildly out. Doors banged as he opened them, then all was still. The lamp, its wick heavily furred, lit up the empty room and the gaping pit. Presently it sputtered a few times and by degrees dwindled and died as the oil burned out.

"Open the gate! . . ."

In the dawn this cry, fearful and despairing yet fraught with infinite hope, throbbed and trembled like a floating thread before the West Gate of the town.

At noon the next day someone noticed a drowned man floating in Wanliu Lake five miles from the West Gate. He lost no time in spreading the news till word reached the local bailiff, who got some villagers to recover the corpse. It was the body of a man in his fifties, "of medium height, pale and beardless", completely naked. It may have been Chen Shih-cheng. But since none of his neighbours could be troubled to go and look and no kinsmen went to identify and claim him, after the county authorities had held an inquest the bailiff buried him. The cause of death was beyond dispute and the theft of a dead man's clothes a common occurrence, insufficient grounds for suspicion of foul play. In fact, the post-mortem established that he had fallen in while still alive, for he had undoubtedly struggled under the water — embedded under all his nails was mud from the bottom of the lake.

June 1922

*Illustrated by Chen Yu-hsien*

**LING HSING-CHENG  
and YANG TSE-MING**

## Three Poems

### A Stream Flows Through the Hinterland

Through our hinterland, like a roll of film,  
A stream flows. Tell us,  
How many peaks have you encircled?  
How many pictures have you taken?

The stream replies:  
I have revealed many sun-kissed snowy peaks,  
Smoke from kitchen fires piercing age-old forest ceilings,  
Herds of cattle safely roaming,  
Wide swaths of crop-covered, fertile land.

Among my pictures are fine factories,  
Gleaming new power-stations. I record  
The inventive wisdom of our people,  
The beaming face of our motherland...

The stream flows on across our hinterland,  
As though it were a roll of film,  
Inspiring us who serve as sentry guards,  
To write these lines of praise.

## Sunrise

Flower petals shiver and float away,  
Awakened birds fly off in alarm.  
"She's come! She's come!"  
Like an arrow speeding from the bow  
A horse comes on the gallop from behind the hill.

A young woman doctor,  
With medical kit slung on shoulder,  
Leaps from her horse's back  
Before its flying mane is still.

Without wiping her sweaty brow,  
Or answering those who greet her,  
With all speed, she rushes to her task  
To attend a Tibetan sister giving birth.

As the sun rises  
There's a cry from the newly born;  
A young mother fondles her baby,  
A smiling father caresses his child.

The doctor's fatigue has vanished;  
From the window she watches the sun-tinted scene,  
And hears the lusty cry of the new arrival...  
Such a wonderful song to hear at sunrise!  
Even the birds are awed and forget to sing.

## Morning on the Plateau

At dawn all is quiet at our sentry post,  
In the forest only the tree-tops are faintly crimsoned,  
While white clouds drift silently  
O'er the forest and no birds sing;  
No donkey bells ring yet along the pathways.

Yet there are voices deep within the woodland,  
Low and gentle, full of feeling.  
At last, through the tamarisk we see  
Young students from Lhasa Middle School,  
Studying Chairman Mao's works together.

The morning light sheds its radiance on them,  
Their eyes are alight with boundless gratitude,  
Each face aglow with courage and determination.  
These children of liberated serfs read with zest  
Every word and every line of these great books.

Dawn has come to our Tibetan plateau,  
The golden sun that is rising o'er these snowy peaks  
Is bringing these youngsters to maturity;  
It is shining on all our Tibetan people.



## NOTES ON ART

LU CHU-KUO

### Adapting a Novel for the Screen

*Sparkling Red Star* was originally a short novel about children during China's revolutionary wars, rich in the feeling of the times. The red star badge on the caps of our troops is the radiant red theme permeating the whole story, taking us back to those fiery years of fierce struggle in China's long revolutionary history. The book creates the image of a lad of the 1930's, full of revolutionary fervour, called Winter Boy.

Written with revolutionary passion, it shows its young hero's strong love for the revolution, his hatred for the reactionaries and his soaring ideals. In describing his dreams and vision of the future, it also opens up to us the naive and lovable world of his imagination. These characteristics of the popular novel *Sparkling Red Star* made us want to produce it as a film. The author, Li Hsintien, worked with us to adapt it as a script.

But to make a novel into a film is not simply to change the artistic form. Mere mechanical cuts and additions are not enough. One must start from the real life of the masses, typify the conflicts and strug-

gles in the novel, re-create the novel. Our principle was to adhere faithfully to the spirit of the original, but not be restricted by its details.

The novel is set in three historical periods in the Chinese revolution between the beginning of the 1930's and the end of the 1940's: namely, the Second Revolutionary Civil War, War of Resistance Against Japan and War of Liberation. During these years Winter Boy grows from a child of seven to a young man in his twenties. This is feasible in a book, but to tell the whole story in a film lasting less than two hours involves difficulties. For instance, several actors of different ages would be needed to play Winter Boy, weakening the image. So we decided to confine the script to the period between 1931 and 1937, the year the War of Resistance Against Japan began with the hero remaining a small boy throughout the film.

But compression of time was no aim in itself. A more important problem was to link the boy's story closely with that of the revolution, and the advance of the revolution with the growth of the boy. To it we devoted much thought in our rewriting.

The script consists of five chapters. The first begins in 1931, because at that time Chairman Mao's revolutionary line was being carried out in the central revolutionary base in Juichin, Kiangsi. The base, directly led by Chairman Mao, had more than five million people, and the hope of the whole country was centred on it. It was in that year, in the story, that the Red Army under Chairman Mao's leadership rescues Winter Boy, then only seven, from cruel torture by the local landlord-despot Hu Han-san. Liberated, Winter Boy changes from slave to master, and Willow Brook Village, formerly under Hu's tyranny, turns into a place of happiness. So from the start this boy deeply loves the Red Army, the Chinese Communist Party and our great leader Chairman Mao.

Our second chapter and the first part of the third describe incidents between the end of 1933 and the end of 1934. That was when Chiang Kai-shek, using a million troops, launched the year-long fifth "encirclement and suppression" campaign against the revolutionary base. Also then the "Left" opportunist line represented by Wang Ming temporarily took the upper hand over Chairman Mao's correct line so that the revolution suffered setbacks, and finally the central revo-

lutionary base won by millions of revolutionary people with their blood was lost. Winter Boy's father is wounded in the war of passive defence imposed by the wrong line. The valiant Red Army is forced to leave Willow Brook and the Long March begins. Hu Han-san returns to the village and Winter Boy's mother becomes the chief target of enemy persecution. By showing the sufferings of Winter Boy's family under the White terror, we direct criticism at the wrong line, expose the class enemy, and stress the theme of how precious is Chairman Mao's revolutionary line which brought Winter Boy happiness.

The latter part of the third chapter and the whole of the fourth describe the struggle in 1935 in the southern guerrilla area. Here we emphasize the importance of the historic Tsunyi Conference, held in January 1935. It marked the firm establishment of Chairman Mao's leadership in the Party centre and the bankruptcy of Wang Ming's wrong line. Soon Chairman Mao and the Party centre issued an important directive calling on our soldiers and civilians engaged in guerrilla warfare in the old revolutionary base to persist in struggle, strengthening their confidence and inspiring them to fight on. After it the guerrilla war in enemy territory developed rapidly. With Chairman Mao's revolutionary line as their beacon, Winter Boy and his elders overcome all difficulties and advance from victory to victory.

The fifth chapter covers the end of 1936 and the beginning of 1937, the eve of the War of Resistance Against Japan. By then, the Red Army under the personal direction of Chairman Mao had victoriously accomplished the Long March and reached northern Shensi. Under Chairman Mao's leadership the new revolutionary base expanded rapidly, becoming much larger than the old base in Kiangsi. We show Winter Boy's longing for Yenan and love for Chairman Mao through a night conversation between him and his fellow apprentice in the rice shop. At the same time, through his struggle against the landlord Hu Han-san, we show how, nurtured by Chairman Mao's thought and tempered in fierce class struggle, he has already grown into a Red Army fighter, prudent and brave.

Thus in our adaptation of the novel, we have striven to reflect this great revolutionary period through the image of Winter Boy. And

by reflecting this great period we have tried to make the image of the young hero more vivid and profound.

Necessary changes have been made in the original and some characters eliminated. In the novel, Wu Hsiu-chu is Winter Boy's cousin and a primary-school teacher doing underground Party work. In the film, we change him into a Red Army cadre, symbolizing the Red Army and the Chinese Communist Party, Winter Boy's liberator and guide; thus we stress the education of the boy by the Party which becomes as dear to him as his own parents.

In the original story, there are other villains besides the crafty and savage local despot Hu Han-san. But in the film script we have retained only the latter as chief representative of the counter-revolutionary forces. Confrontation between forces of progress and reaction unfolds at the very start of the film. After Hu Han-san escapes, we try to keep up this line of class contradiction through various sequences. Winter Boy listens to Hu Han-san making a barbarous speech, and sees Hu ransacking the whole area and finally burning his mother to death. Then when Winter Boy is taking salt to the mountains for the guerrillas, we bring in Hu to make an inspection of the sentries. Finally, through the episodes in which the two confront one another in the rice shop and Winter Boy in turn sets fire to Hu Han-san's bed and finally kills the villain with his hatchet, the contradiction is appropriately resolved.

The film puts greater emphasis on describing the life of the guerrillas. After studying the history of that period, we and the author decided to add the salt-smuggling episode. Though salt is so common an article of everyday life, it was very scarce and precious in the guerrilla areas owing to the enemy's blockade. It was usually entrusted to the political commissar and when he put salt into soup, he doled it out with great care. Many fine revolutionaries lost their lives when the guerrillas came down the mountains for salt and when the people carried it secretly to the revolutionary base; and many clever ways were devised to get it through. Sometimes a Communist Party member would pay his Party dues with some of his precious salt. So salt became a crystallization of the arduous life of the guerrillas, a focus of struggle against the class enemy, a link connecting our revo-

lutionary army with the revolutionary masses. Today's young people, living under socialism, can see through this example that our victory was not easily won. That is the main reason why we added a whole episode about salt to the script.

The depiction of our main hero also required the introduction of new incidents — Winter Boy knocking down Hu Han-san with his load of firewood, going out to do propaganda work with his mother, wrecking the bamboo bridge to cut off the enemy flight, rafting down the stream on his way to new battles, etc.

Before adapting the novel for the screen, we lived for some time in the former revolutionary base. There we learned how, after the departure of the Red Army's main force, the returning enemy cruelly persecuted the revolutionary masses in a frenzy of revenge. They went so far as to proclaim, "Village huts must be burned. Rocks must be tested with the sword. The people must be wiped out to give place to a new breed." Many, many villages were razed to the ground and the population in certain counties dropped by two-thirds. Even twenty years after Liberation some districts had not completely recovered. Hearing of these atrocities left a deep mark on us. We began to understand the meaning of a counter-revolutionary restoration. The winning and loss of the fruits of the revolution at that time is proof that **"the correctness or incorrectness of the ideological and political line decides everything"**. When the line is correct, we have everything; when the line is wrong, we lose everything. And when a wrong line is rejected, the correct line brings recovery of all that was lost, and new victories. So in our script we have tried to make this point: The fruits of the revolution must be defended with our blood and our lives, and if they are lost we must fight with all our strength to win them back.

## Creating the Image of Winter Boy

Before we started shooting the film *Sparkling Red Star*, I re-read the original story. The young hero, Winter Boy, impressed me unforgettably. I was determined to use all the advantages of film art to create the image of this young revolutionary, to do my best so that it would be remembered by millions of our younger generation and his sparkling red star would go on shining in their minds, encouraging them to strive continuously forward, following Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

Winter Boy has suffered under the whip of the despotic landlord Hu Han-san. His parents and innumerable poor people have been trampled underfoot by landlords and Kuomintang soldiers. It is the Red Army led by Chairman Mao that liberates his home village, and arouses the people to knock down the landlord-tyrants, divide the land and set up a revolutionary government, bringing a happy life to the masses. The year is 1934—the Kuomintang reactionaries are starting their fifth “encirclement and suppression” campaign, the “Left” opportunist line of Wang Ming in the Party is exerting its evil effect and the Red Army's main force must finally relinquish the revo-

lutionary base created by Chairman Mao and begin the Long March. The local landlord-despots then come back; the working people fall once again into the enemy's clutches. Through such experiences, class hatred and revolutionary ideals sink deep roots in Winter Boy's young heart. From the time he joins the Children's Corps, he begins gradually to understand that the landlords and the Kuomintang reactionaries must be overthrown, and that he must always follow Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

This historical setting of revolution and counter-revolution supplies the typical environment for the young hero of our film. Reflecting it, we want millions of our youngsters to be inspired by the hero's image and see the great importance today of preventing a capitalist restoration and consolidating our dictatorship of the proletariat.

The scene in which Winter Boy's mother dies heroically is one of the climaxes of class struggle in the film. In it we stress the mother's fearless, noble and self-sacrificing spirit in order to bring out ever more vividly the fine qualities of the boy. When raging flames engulf the mother, who gives her life to safeguard the people, the villagers want to rush back to rescue her. But Winter Boy declares through his tears, “My mum belongs to the Party and can't let any harm come to our people. That's what she told me.” What anguish, indignation, granite firmness and self-control he shows in these words! It is the instruction of the Party not to let the masses come to any harm; it is also the mother's instruction to Winter Boy. At the critical moment he behaves as his mother would expect him to. Here, to heighten the emotional impact, we use film technique to repeatedly juxtapose two scenes: on the one hand, the mud hut with flames leaping to the sky, on the other, the boy's face with its surging feeling. And we bring the two images, each more immediate and intense than the one before, closer and closer together. The vivid details of the scene and the close-ups of the boy's face combine to show communist thinking taking root in his heart.

In the next episode in which the guerrilla commander Wu Hsiu-chu calls on the people to develop partisan warfare and prepares a night raid on Willow Brook Village, the boy demands to be allowed to join them. But Wu feels that he is still too young and orders him to



stay behind. Winter Boy seethes with impatience. At this juncture, we insert a scene of him standing alone by a rock in the swift-flowing stream and sharpening his matchet. His powerful movements as he sharpens it reflect his deep hatred of the foe. The sound of the blade on the stone conveys his burning wish to plunge into the fight. He is like a battle steed eager to charge: the more the reins are tightened, the stronger its impatience. This theme is carried further in a latter happening when Winter Boy chops through the bamboos and removes the planks on the bridge to stop the fleeing enemy. Then he is like a charger finally given its head to gallop all out.

Such are the film techniques we use to show the boy's thoughts and action rising to constantly greater heights in the course of struggle. Practice has proved to us the necessity of learning from the revolutionary model operas and ballets and applying it to film: only by depicting the boy at climaxes of the struggles between the two lines and class struggle were we able to portray his heroism in full length, to make his image more inspiring.

Whether a work has the power to move people also depends on another factor: its evocative power as art. Such evocation is only effective if it enhances the image of the hero: otherwise extraneous incidents are only scattered pearls torn from the string. To be effective is to rouse revolutionary feeling. We must persist in the creative method pointed out by Chairman Mao — the integration of revolutionary romanticism with revolutionary realism. When portraying a heroic image, we must show the lofty ideals of the character. In expressing a profound theme, we give full play to revolutionary passion on the screen and strongly evoke the proletarian hero through various artistic means and film techniques such as choice of music and colour.

In the episode in which Winter Boy's mother joins the Party, we bring before the audience the glorious red banner of the Party. When Winter Boy hears his mother pledge, "I shall fight to the end for the cause of communism," he too solemnly raises his small fist as he stands behind her. Then when his mother hugs him tight and says, "From now on I belong to the Party. I've given myself wholly to the Party, I'll do whatever the Party wants me to do," Winter Boy too gazes lovingly at the Party flag and whispers in her ear: "If you belong to

the Party, mum, then I'm a son of the Party. . . . I'll do whatever the Party wants. . . ." Later Wu Hsiu-chu passes on to her the news that the Party Central Committee has rectified the mistake of the "Left" line and affirmed Chairman Mao's leadership in the Party, and Chairman Mao's directive to the southern guerrilla area to persist in the struggle. At this moment, to the music of *The East Is Red*, a resplendent, red sun appears on the screen, amid mountains wrapped in clouds and mist. The magnificent, buoyant feeling evoked by colours, images and music mingles with the emotions of Winter Boy and his mother, imparting a sublime evocative quality to the film.

Again, when Winter Boy goes down river to the Maoyuan Rice Shop to fight there on his own, the film shows the green rippling stream and the verdant hills on both banks dotted with emerald bamboo groves. As the singing starts, "The red star sparkling, lights up my path of struggle; new generations of revolutionaries, like their fathers, will follow the Party for ever," we see on the screen a brave eagle roaming the sky. The tiny bamboo raft on which Winter Boy sits is silhouetted against our motherland's magnificent scenery. The red star badge he holds on his palm sparkles in the early spring sun. The rolling waters speed him to new battles. These evocative effects are used to stress the boy's impetuous spirit.

Like good poetry or painting, the film must reject all tedious and ineffective frills. Scenes must be concise and full of meaning, they must be evocative and make people think. Besides enhancing the heroic image and theme, they must provoke associations in people's minds. Only then is there strong artistic effect.

In the sequence of his night chat with his good friend Sprig in the rice shop, Winter Boy sits by the window, his face toward the silvery moonlight cascading to the ground, gazing at the gleaming polestar. He reveals to his friend the longing deep in his heart: to go to Yen-an, that hallowed spot for all revolutionaries. And he pins the red star on Sprig's turban. Though there is little dialogue and scant descriptive detail, the scene brings home to the audience that Winter Boy not only has the red star in his heart, he also wants to share it with his friend, encouraging him to work for the revolution. The audience understands that the struggle in the rice shop and Yen-an and the whole

revolution are linked together and Winter Boy's fine revolutionary ideals are engraved on their minds.

Of course, in spite of all our efforts, this film still has shortcomings. Now, after hearing criticisms from the workers, peasants and soldiers, we are making certain alterations and additions. We must go on striving to produce more and better works.



## As I Acted Winter Boy I Learned from Him

Ever since the film *Sparkling Red Star* came out, many people have shown an interest in me and wondered how I got into the film and learned to act. Actually I didn't know anything. It was only with the help of the uncles and aunts in the PLA that I became able to act Winter Boy, and learn from him at the same time.

I started primary school when I was seven. In the second grade, I became a Little Red Soldier. I love literature and art. So I often played in school theatricals. In June 1973 I went on TV with my teacher in a dialogue about science called "Atmospheric Pressure". Some uncles and aunts from the PLA August First Film Studio, who helped us with our make-up, thought I could be tried out for the role of Winter Boy. They mentioned me to the group preparing the film *Sparkling Red Star* in their studio. I was asked in for a test of the scenes where landlord Hu Han-san has Winter Boy hung up to be beaten and Winter Boy's mother takes her oath when she joins

the Communist Party. At first, I couldn't keep my mind on my part, because I felt everyone was looking at me. And I couldn't put feeling into my acting. Later I listened carefully to the instructions of the PLA uncles and aunts and tried hard to do what they said.

Before long, one of them took me and several other boys to live at the August First Film Studio. I wasn't quite ten. When I learned that I was to have the part of the hero, Winter Boy, I felt pretty nervous for I didn't have any idea about how to act it.

Then a leading comrade told us that we should look upon our work in the film as a fighting task entrusted to us by the Party. We should all be like Winter Boy, do whatever the Party wants, and try to fulfil our duty well. Then we were told the story of Winter Boy and shown picture-books of the novel *Sparkling Red Star*. I began to see that Winter Boy was a real young hero. If I can do a good job of acting him, I thought, many other boys will want to learn from him and be like him. If they all become good sons of the Party, won't it be wonderful!

I liked the character Winter Boy a lot and wanted to make sure of acting him well. But it wasn't so easy, I found. Winter Boy was a peasant's son. He lived in the old society. He often gathered firewood in the hills, knew how to climb trees, and chopped firewood for the rice shop boss. But I was born in the new society and live in Peking. I am also the youngest child in my family and have never been any good at chores. What to do, then? Learn from Winter Boy! He was a member of the Children's Corps; I'm a Little Red Soldier. We are both sons of the Party. What he could do, I made up my mind to learn.

Village boys in Kiangsi are good woodcutters. They climb the hills, chop dozens of kilogrammes of firewood and carry the loads back themselves on shoulder-poles. I'd never chopped firewood or shouldered a load. My first lesson was to learn to chop wood. The director not only wanted me to learn how, but to chop hard. I bent down, lifted my matchet and smashed down on the tree stump as hard as I could, the way the uncles and aunts taught me. But after hardly ten minutes, my arm was sore and numb. They told me to rest a bit. But I thought, if Winter Boy could stand hardships,

so can I. When he was living in the mountains with the Red Army, they didn't even have enough salt to eat. When Uncle Wu asked him, "Life's hard, eh?" he answered, "It's hard. But I can take it." I was learning from Winter Boy, so I decided I could take it too. I kept on chopping firewood under the hot sun, practising till I could do it the way the director wanted. He said I must chop with all I had, as if I was chopping the old world to pieces!

The uncles and aunts took us to the countryside. We learned from the youngsters there to carry firewood. Village children carry two big loads on their poles with little difficulty. But I found it was pretty hard work to carry even two little bundles. The pole bounced up and down on my shoulder so I could hardly hang on to it with my two hands. Every trip, I got a new bruise on my shoulder. But when I remembered that I must try to be like Winter Boy, I stopped feeling the ache in my shoulder. Later on, I encouraged myself the same way when I was learning to climb trees or sit steadily on a bamboo raft, and when we had to go a long way to shoot outdoor scenes.

Before the real shooting of the film, something else cropped up. I was too tubby to be Winter Boy. He lived in the old society and was the child of a poor family. He didn't have enough to eat and did a lot of chores. But I live in socialist new China. I'm a bit fat, not at all like Winter Boy. The cameraman raised this point by asking the others to look me over. "He's so round — is he anything like an underfed kid in the old society?" he demanded.

How could I get thin? I'd heard the grown-ups say if you don't eat meat, you lose weight. But I love meat. It'd be hard to give it up. Yet if I didn't I would never look really skinny. What to do? Again I learned from Winter Boy. In the film when the guerrillas were short of salt, Uncle Wu gave him a bowl of soup with plenty of salt in it. But Winter Boy emptied it into the big soup pot so that he wouldn't be eating more salt than the others. Winter Boy was ready to work as an apprentice in the rice shop. He said: "I'm a son of the Party. . . I'll do whatever the Party wants me to do." Well, I think of myself as a son of the Party too. So I must do what the Party wants, as he did. Since I had to look thin to act the part, it was up to me to lose

weight. After I thought this through, I never touched meat at meals during the six months or so when we were shooting the film.

It wasn't so hard to learn to look like Winter Boy. It was much harder to get to feel like him. Since I'd never suffered or known how bitter the old society was, I didn't really feel the part at first. For instance, acting the scene in which Winter Boy first sees a Red Army uncle, all I did was smile at him. I've always loved the PLA uncles and whenever I see one, naturally I smile. Another scene — the one where Winter Boy's mother dies heroically — was also hard. The director wanted tears in my eyes, not streaming tears but eyes swimming with tears. But I just couldn't weep in front of the camera.

Well, after the first trial, some of the uncles and aunts said that I simply hadn't got into the part. They told me revolutionary stories again and again, to get me to share Winter Boy's feelings. A long time passed before I finally caught on to what Winter Boy must have felt in that scene: If the Red Army hadn't come to Willow Brook, he would have been beaten by Hu Han-san's thugs till he died. After I understood this, when Uncle Wu of the Red Army came and cut me down from the tree I rushed into his arms with tears in my eyes. I didn't feel like smiling any more. And in the scene when Winter Boy's mother gave her life, I really understood that if she hadn't distracted the enemy's attention from the villagers to herself, many of them would have been killed or wounded by Hu Han-san and the White bandits. She was a wonderful mother who belonged to the Party but she was burned to death by the wicked landlord and I'd never see her again. I was full of grief. How many good mothers have given their lives to win today's happy life for us! When I thought of all this I hated the guts of landlords like Hu Han-san. And I loved the mother even more. There were so many things I wanted to tell her. So when I said the lines, "My mum belongs to the Party and can't let any harm come to our people. That's what she told me," the tears gushed to my eyes by themselves.

Every scene we filmed taught me deep lessons about class. After we had finished the picture, I knew much better whom to love and whom to hate. I was clearer about who had brought happiness into our lives and whom we should follow. It was by the light

of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line that the people of Willow Brook won liberation and Winter Boy's family became free. That's the way it was not only in Willow Brook but in the whole country. Today, in the movement to criticize Lin Biao and Confucius we Little Red Soldiers must work harder to criticize the revisionist line of Liu Shao-chi and Lin Biao, together with all the people, so that bad eggs like Hu Han-san can never pop up again to stage a counter-revolutionary restoration of the old society.

When acting Winter Boy, I learned from this boy hero. Now that I've finished the film, I must go on learning from him. I got letters of congratulation from many uncles and aunts and many children after the film was released. I know that I must never, never get swell-headed.

From now on, I'm determined to do what Chairman Mao tells us to: Study well and make progress. I'll always remember what Pan Hsing-yi taught his son Winter Boy: "Keep in mind, son, that it's the Party which has brought you up. You still have a long way to go. You must always watch your step to make sure that you are advancing along Chairman Mao's revolutionary line." I want to grow up quickly, take the road Winter Boy took and be a good son of the Party.

## From a Cameraman's Notebook

I accepted the job of filming *Sparkling Red Star* with joyful excitement. By a happy coincidence, I had just returned to Peking from a tour of Chingkangshan and Juichin in Kiangsi Province, Tsunyi in Kweichow and Yen-an in Shensi where I went to study on the spot the history of the two-line struggle within the Party, and the history of the Second Revolutionary Civil War. My mind was still filled with the glorious images of the Red Army fighters, Red Guard leaders and members of the Children's Corps of those days. So when I read the screen play, *Winter Boy* its main character seemed very real, near and dear to me. Then our film group again went out to the old revolutionary base for direct experience of life there, and this helped me to reach new ideological understanding. It made me feel even closer to the young hero.

When starting to plan the film's composition, we realized that the struggle between the two lines must be its key link. The victory of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line had created the central revolutionary base and enabled it to expand and flourish. This was the background of *Winter Boy's* liberation. Afterwards an erroneous

line held sway for a time, and the fruits of revolution were lost. Then Chairman Mao's revolutionary line triumphed again and *Winter Boy* realized his long cherished dream of becoming a Red Army fighter. So we decided that the general tone of the film should be joyous and bright. But the winning and loss of the fruits of the revolution also required alternating atmospheres of brightness and gloom. *Winter Boy's* trials after the Red Army left constitute a graphic indictment of the erroneous line. It was necessary to bring this out by dark, sombre tones. Finally, however, the struggle was crowned with victory so the overall tone of the film had to be one of joy and brightness, with the oppressive gloom only as a supplement, to add stress to the brightness through contrast.

The story takes place in Kiangsi Province, south of the Yangtse River where green is the predominant natural colour. Such is the typical setting in which our characters live and fight. Green is also a good symbol for the vigorous revolutionary spirit and youthful vitality of the hero *Winter Boy*. Hence, we chose it as the key colour in the film. Moreover, we dotted it with bright red. The red star, red flags and azaleas are brought out dazzlingly by the camera. Red and green become linked dialectically in the handling of colour. Red stands for the revolution and the Party, green for *Winter Boy* and the revolutionary people. A dot of red in the ocean of green conveys the deeper meaning of the saying — living things depend on the sun for their growth.

In portraying the characters, it was essential to adhere to the creative principle used in the model revolutionary theatrical works: that is, among all the characters to give prominence to positive characters, among positive characters to give prominence to heroic figures, and among the latter to the main hero. In the earlier part of the film the emphasis is on two sequences: the pledge given by *Winter Boy's* mother when she is admitted into the Communist Party, and the scene of her death. The first shows a crucial point in the development of *Winter Boy's* character. The second intensifies and carries forward the theme of the first. The conflicts reach a climax.

In both these scenes, we have used a red glow to intensify *Winter Boy's* image. In the pledge scene, the glow is from the red sun

rising over the eastern horizon, which helps to enhance the characters' thoughts and feelings. Here it symbolizes the victory of the Tsunyi Conference and the bankruptcy of the erroneous line. In the mother's death scene, the glow comes from the blazing flames. It tells us that the martyr's immortal spirit lives on in the flames and that Winter Boy grows up tempered in them. The panned camera brings the boy's face close up, showing his tears of grief and indignation, conveying his deep hatred of the enemy. When he says, "Can't let the people come to any harm," repeating the Party's instructions, his words shine with the radiance of communist thought.

In the latter part of the film, the emphasis is on the scene of Winter Boy swinging down his hatchet to kill Hu Han-san. Here, as the contradictions reach a climax, we present another close-up of Winter Boy, his steady gaze reflecting the intensity of his feeling. Such close-ups, when contradictions come to a climax, are the most direct and effective way of portraying a hero.

Our work has taught us the importance of giving ample attention to background scenery, thus providing the typical environment for the characters. A good setting is also necessary to bring out the mood of a scene, to show the revolutionary breadth and scope of our heroes. Shots of the little bamboo raft speeding down the river, the blazing and leaping flames, mountain flowers luxuriantly blooming in the sunshine all help to portray characters and convey and enhance the atmosphere of the scenes.

But, good composition alone cannot make a fine film. Creative work continues during its shooting. Our original arrangements were revised again and again, with frequent on-the-spot discussions and study. To achieve our purpose, conscientiousness was imperative in the shooting of every single scene. It took us three mornings of work to get one shot we wanted.

In the sequence of the guerrillas' night attack on Willow Brook, there is a shot which lasts only sixteen seconds but to my mind is very important. Winter Boy demands to join in the battle but Uncle Wu, considering him too young, makes him remain outside the village. Winter Boy waits with old Uncle Sung until gunfire sounds from the village. Unable to smother his heart's desire for revenge,

he runs through a stretch of shallow water to go up the bridge and plunges into the fight.

For our camera position, we picked a spot by the old wooden bridge leading to Willow Brook Village. Seen from here, soft green grass carpets one bank while across the bridge are the village houses against a background of undulating green hills and winding streams. The beautiful landscape provides a splendid natural setting for the young hero. Our job was to make the most of it in depicting him. We selected the place with our minds on his action and the needs of a typical setting. Siting the camera was only half the job. We had to make full use of the natural surroundings for artistic re-creation to portray this fine proletarian hero.

In shooting this sixteen seconds on the screen we also revised the script several times. The earliest version called for Winter Boy to come flying down the bank, make a sharp turn, then run up the bridge. We changed it to make Winter Boy run through shallow water, then clamber up the bridge. This brings him right up to the bridge and the splashing of the water creates a stir in the quiet river scene, stressing the sense of urgency and Winter Boy's longing for battle, boldness and disregard of self. In the original script, the time was night, but we changed it to daybreak. The scenery looks far better in the early morning light and we wanted the aura of the rising sun to set off our character. We made use of trucking and bloom shots to produce the effect of change in both time and space, helping to dramatize the moment.

I remember the first time we set out. It was an early winter morning and the veil of night still shrouded the mountain village. We placed our lighting gear on one bank and on a scaffolding erected in the water. The moving crane for the camera was on a stand in the river. Unfortunately, before daybreak, a rain cloud appeared from behind the hill to the east, so the sun rose without radiance. The sombre light from the overcast sky could not express the boldness of the hero. We had no alternative but to pack up for the day.

The next morning we started out at four a.m. From our car window we noticed a thin mist at the foothills. But the river was bathed in silver, the lovely moonlight escorted us all the way. It looked as

if the weather forecast for a fine day would hold good. We rushed to get everything ready. Victory seemed in sight. Suddenly, the air turned damp and a heavy mist gathered over the river. Even the moon, a minute ago so bright, donned a fuzzy cloak, while the surrounding hills slowly disappeared. Soon we were wrapped in a mysterious veil. The dark mist gradually turned a milky white; dawn had arrived. The light flickered alluringly, sharpening the silhouettes and bewitching us with the sun's rosy beauty. But we refused to be tempted for we had no intention of shooting a scene that did not help to mould Winter Boy's heroic image. Another morning gone! But that day we managed some other good shots.

The next morning we went again, armed with the knowledge that difficulties lay in wait. In winter the morning is usually misty and we were not going to be daunted. We got everything ready before the stars faded. By six twenty, as the stars dimmed, a pearly white appeared on the eastern horizon. A dozen pairs of anxious eyes were fixed on it, lest a sudden change occur again. The pearly white turned brighter. A fine day had dawned. At last the sun rose, brightly smiling, its rosy beams dancing. Hills and rivers blended alluringly in the background, hazy but well-defined. As Winter Boy splashed through the shallow water, pearly drops scattered over the quiet river. His hurrying steps, contrasting with the tranquility of the morning scene, focussed attention on his action. As he clambered nimbly up the tall wooden bridge, we brought the camera down to shoot him from below. Against the natural background of the sunrise, he was like a brave eaglet soaring into the fray. In those sixteen seconds, the image of the little hero was successfully delineated.

Of course not all the shots were so hard to get, nor was this one the most difficult. We were not daunted by any obstacle. With boundless enthusiasm we tried in every way to give all we had to portraying a typical proletarian hero.

## LITERARY CRITICISM

TANG YUAN

### On Lu Hsun's Two Stories

The two stories *Storm in a Teacup* and *The White Light* by Lu Hsun dealing with different types of people both attack Confucianism, the rotten and reactionary ideology of China's exploiting class.

*Storm in a Teacup* was written in August 1920, *The White Light* in June 1922. Both were included in Lu Hsun's first collection of stories *Call to Arms* published after the May 4th Movement of 1919 which was anti-imperialist and anti-feudal, marking the advance of the Chinese revolution to the phase of the new democratic revolution led by the working-class.

During this period, one of the major tasks on the cultural front was to criticize the old feudal culture, debunk the Confucian ideas which had fettered men's minds, and awaken the people. Lu Hsun wholeheartedly took up this task and fearlessly joined the new movement. His lifelong struggle against Confucianism forms an outstanding part of his glorious achievements. It was in the long fight against the enemy and the old culture represented by Confucianism that he be-

came the chief protagonist of the cultural revolution in China, the greatest and bravest standard-bearer of this cultural force during and after the May 4th Movement. These two stories are fine examples of his anti-Confucian writings of this period.

The action in *Storm in a Teacup* is touched off by the news that "there's an emperor again on the Dragon Throne". This refers to the counter-revolutionary restoration brought about by the feudal warlord Chang Hsun in 1917. This coup was a reaction to the 1911 Revolution.

The bourgeois revolution of 1911 overthrew the last Ching emperor Pu Yi and ended the monarchical system which had lasted in China for more than two thousand years. However, because of the weakness of the Chinese bourgeoisie, the revolution led by it was not thoroughgoing enough and ended in failure. For the bourgeoisie dared not arouse the peasant masses to end the feudal system for good, and after succeeding in overthrowing the emperor they immediately compromised with the feudal forces, so that the feudal landlord class robbed them of the fruits of victory and the state power fell into the hands of the northern warlords represented by the traitor Yuan Shih-kai. Since this revolution ended so soon in failure and feudal rule was not completely uprooted, Yuan Shih-kai tried in 1915 to make himself emperor. And although he failed, two years later in 1917 the warlord Chang Hsun made another bid at restoration of the monarchy.

The "General Chang" in this story was Chang Hsun. An inveterate Confucian and a die-hard royalist, he had taken part in the suppression of the Yi Ho Tuan Movement (also known as the Boxer Uprising), a movement of the Chinese masses against imperialist aggression. When the 1911 Revolution broke out, he opposed the revolutionary forces in Nanking. After the defeat of the 1911 Revolution, he entrenched himself as a warlord in Hsuchow. And in order to show his loyalty to the Ching government he ordered all his troops to keep their queues, claiming that according to Confucius the hair and skin on a man's body came from his parents and must not be damaged. Early in 1917 he invited warlords from

various provinces to a meeting in Hsuchow to plot a monarchist restoration. At this meeting he was made the leader of the warlords of thirteen provinces, becoming the head of the feudal restoration forces. He then led his troops northwards and on the first of July restored the deposed emperor Pu Yi to the throne. After only a fortnight, however, his coup failed.

The background to *Storm in a Teacup* is this abortive attempt at restoration. The story describes a small commotion in a village caused by the news that an emperor has come to the throne. The disturbance centres round the queue of the boatman Sevenpounder. At the time of the 1911 Revolution he had his queue cut off in town, but now that an emperor has ascended the throne again a man without a queue is guilty of an offence and liable to have his head cut off. Lu Hsun describes the different reactions of various types of village people to this situation.

Seventh Master Chao is the owner of Abundance Tavern, "the only notable within a radius of ten miles who also had some learning. And because of this learning there was about him a whiff of the musty odour of a departed age." The bourgeois revolution of 1911 has forced this local representative of feudalism to coil his queue on top of his head, but he still hopes for a restoration of the monarchy. "He often remarked with a sigh that if only Chao Yun were still alive the empire would not be in such a bad way." So the news that an emperor has come to the throne again immediately galvanizes him into action. Having shaved the front of his head and let down his queue, he puts on a long gown of the type worn by the literati which he wears only on very special occasions. When he goes up to Sevenpounder's table he demands sternly, "But what about Sevenpounder's queue, eh? That's the important thing. . . . The punishment for having no queue is written down clearly in a book, sentence by sentence." In this sketch of Seventh Master Chao we can see the ferocity of the feudal forces in the countryside which were the social base of the monarchy. The accession of a new emperor emboldens them to openly curse and bully the peasants again.

Sevenpounder is a poor boatman belonging to the oppressed and exploited peasantry. Though "quite a personage" in his vil-



lage, he lacks political awareness. The news that an emperor has come to the throne again worries him because he has had his queue cut off. The threats of Seventh Master Chao make him and his wife feel that "the situation must be desperate, past saving. It was as if they had received their death sentence. Their ears buzzed, and they were unable to utter another word". Both are frightened and bewildered.

Other villagers are disturbed by the news too. However, they feel that "since Sevenpounder had broken the imperial law, he should not have adopted that lordly air, smoking that long pipe of his, when he told them the news from town. So the thought that he had broken the law gave them a certain pleasure. They would have liked to air their views, but did not know what to say".

Only the kind-hearted Widow Pa Yi stands up bravely for Sevenpounder, saying: "People aren't spirits — who can foretell the future? . . . Besides, no order's come down yet from the big mandarin in the yamen. . . ." But after being rebuffed by Mrs. Sevenpounder and threatened by Seventh Master Chao, she dare not argue back and turns away.

The truthful picture of that period presented in this story brings home to us the truth enunciated by Chairman Mao in his *Report on an Investigation of the Peasant Movement in Hunan*, namely: **"The national revolution requires a great change in the countryside. The Revolution of 1911 did not bring about this change, hence its failure."** Because the 1911 Revolution led by the bourgeoisie completely ignored the demands of the peasant masses and did not mobilize and organize the hundreds of millions of peasants to rise up and struggle, its impact on the countryside was minimal and caused virtually no change. The revolution simply got rid of Sevenpounder's queue without bringing the peasants any gains. This is why this revolution left them cold, why they regarded it as no concern of theirs. When the news came of a monarchical restoration they did not think of the serious consequences of this counter-revolution to the country. Sevenpounder's anxiety, his wife's fears and the villagers' uneasiness were confined to the trouble that might ensue from Sevenpounder's loss of his queue. Thus Lu Hsun subtly

and penetratingly points out the historical lesson of the 1911 Revolution: this revolution failed because it neglected to awaken the masses.

In this story Lu Hsun also makes another point. The fact that the peasants remained unawakened was partly because the bourgeoisie which led the revolution was weak and cut off from the masses, but also partly because the peasants' minds were fettered by old conservative ideas. Conservatism is the essence of the decadent, reactionary ideology of the exploiting class. All conservatives harp on the old tune, praise the past and deplore the present; they preach a return to the past, stubbornly defend old traditions, old customs and the old social system, and oppose reforms, innovations and social progress.

In this story Lu Hsun trenchantly criticizes the traditional conservative ideas and shows that it is just such old ideas, traditions and customs that have kept the villagers from understanding and welcoming the revolution. The peasant masses must free their minds of such shackles before they can wake up and rise to struggle for liberation.

The story ends with the abatement of this "storm in a teacup". But then everything reverts to its previous state. Though the conflict in the story is resolved, a question is posed to all revolutionaries of that period: Can we go on living in the same old way? The new democratic revolution led by the proletariat gave the answer. Millions of peasants under the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party launched a revolution like a mighty tempest to overthrow the Chiang Kai-shek regime and were completely victorious, so that in 1949 the Chinese People's Republic was born.

The background to *The White Light* is Chinese society before 1905 when the old examination system was abolished. This story describes the sad fate of an old intellectual. This man Chen Shih-cheng who lives at the end of the Ching Dynasty is thoroughly poisoned by reactionary Confucian ideas and firmly believes that one should study the Confucian canons in order to become an official. Since he thinks that study is the road to wealth and fame, he steeps himself

in the classics and dreams of passing the official examinations in order to win fame and make a fortune. He imagines how it will be after he wins his first degree in the county examination and takes the second in the provincial capital, success following success. . . . The local gentry will try by every means to ally with him by marriage; people will treat him like a god, cursing themselves for their former contempt and blindness. . . . The other families renting his tumbledown house will be driven away — no need for that, they will move of their own accord — and the whole place will be completely renovated with flagpoles and a placard at the gate. . . . If he wants to keep his hands clean, he can be an official in the capital, otherwise some post in the provinces will prove more lucrative. . . .

However, though he tries persistently until his hair is white, he does not succeed in winning even the first degree. The story begins with his failure after his sixteenth attempt, when he finds that his name is not on the list of successful candidates. “Once more the future mapped out so carefully had crashed in ruins like a wet sugar-candy pagoda, leaving nothing but debris behind.” His fervent hopes dashed, in his despair he suffers from hallucinations.

His hallucinations reveal the parasitic nature of indigent scholars eager to live in comfort without working. So he imagines that he sees a white light flickering like a round white fan in his room. He has heard as a child from his grandmother that the founder of the Chen family was a man of great wealth who built this house and buried a vast store of silver here. Convinced that his white light shows the spot where the silver is buried, he starts digging at night in his room — but all he unearths in the end is a rotten jaw-bone. His hallucination lures him out to the hills, and finally he drowns himself in a lake outside the town.

An intellectual like Chen Shih-cheng at the end of the feudal period was a product of the feudal educational and examination system geared to the Confucian doctrines. His psychosis and death show that he is a victim of this rotten feudal culture and examination system. By describing his sad fate and death Lu Hsun makes a powerful denunciation of the crimes which must be laid at the door of Confucianism for all its fine talk of benevolence and morality, so that people

can see its real man-eating nature. Lu Hsun called upon his compatriots to expose and denounce this culture and its old examination system.

As Chinese feudal society declined, in order to prolong their reactionary rule the feudal authorities carried out large-scale persecution of intellectuals and ruthless censorship in the field of culture, at the same time using the examination system to recruit officials for the civil service. The examination subjects were confined to the Four Books\* which had to be interpreted according to the commentaries of Chu Hsi, chief representative of Sung Dynasty Neo-Confucianism. The candidates were required to repeat the “words of the sages”, not to express any ideas of their own or to develop the teachings of Confucius and Mencius. And examination papers took the form of the stereotyped *paku* essay, devoid of content. By this means the feudal establishment made the reactionary Confucian doctrines the “religion” of the feudal landlord class. Using officialdom and wealth as the bait, they tried to ensnare all intellectuals and turn them into a senseless, unthinking herd separated from the masses, despising honest labour, impractical and pedantic.

Only a small fraction of would-be literati were lucky enough to pass the examinations and rise to great heights, becoming an elite above the masses and the loyal stooges of their masters. The majority failed just like Chen, oscillating all their lives long between illusion and disappointment, until they finally died in despair. But because they were poisoned by Confucianism, even though victimized themselves by feudal culture they died without seeing through it. Ludicrous, pathetic pedants such as Chen were the products of feudal culture. So this portrait of Chen Shih-cheng shows us clearly the reactionary nature of Confucianism which safeguarded the interests of the moribund ruling class by destroying men’s spirit.

These two short stories have different themes and are written in different styles with different techniques. *Storm in a Teacup* brings out its theme by depicting a seemingly tranquil evening scene in a village in the south and then projecting the sudden rise of a “storm”.

---

\**The Great Learning, The Doctrine of the Mean, The Analects and Mencius.*

*The White Light* on the other hand uses simple outlines to sketch one individual. The story concentrates on depicting his spirit, and very concisely brings out his essential characteristics.

In *Storm in a Teacup* the different political tendencies of the various villagers are described vis-a-vis the problem of Sevenpounder's queue and by showing the various characters in a sharp conflict. Thus domineering Seventh Master Chao contrasts sharply with honest, simple Sevenpounder. *The White Light* has only one character, Chen Shih-cheng; but by deft, masterly depiction of his mental state his ridiculous yet pathetic character is revealed. These two vivid stories thus illustrate different facets of Lu Hsun's inimitable style.

## CHRONICLE

### Art Troupe of Republic of South Vietnam Visits China

In the latter part of November 1974 the Liberation Art Troupe of the Republic of South Vietnam gave several performances in Peking in the course of its China tour.

Since its establishment in the winter of 1960, this troupe has been active in the forefront of the struggle to resist U.S. aggression and win national salvation. Its participants come from many backgrounds — some from the People's Liberation Armed Forces, others from local

Lotus Blooms of Dong Thap Muoi

sketch by Jen Chuan





Drum Call for the General Uprising

sketch by Tung Chen-sheng

guerrilla units, while still others are veteran fighters who have participated in revolutionary struggle since their early youth. In the 15 years of its existence, the members have often joined in combat, as well as constantly performed in villages and at the front lines. They compose their own programmes, which depict and laud the heroic battles of the people of South Vietnam.

In Peking the Vietnamese artists presented over twenty items, militant in spirit and strongly national in flavour. All their dances, songs and music reflected the vigorous fighting life of their people and successfully captured their lofty spirit of solidarity and indomitability.

The dance *Celebrate Our Victories*, borrowing its form from traditional festivities of the national minorities in Tay Nguyen area, vividly portrayed the joy with which the armymen and the people of South Vietnam greeted the magnificent triumphs of their valiant fight. Another dance, *Lotus Blooms of Dong Thap Muoi*, used the spotless and erect white lotus to symbolize the heroic, dauntless people of Vietnam, and stressed the theme of unity between the army and people.

*On the Road in Springtime*, a female chorus, depicted the vital and joyous spirit with which the girls of Tay Nguyen crossed rivers and mountains to supply the front with food and arms. The female solo *Dedicate a Song to Uncle Ho*, with its delightful melody, expressed the fervent and heartfelt love of the people of South Vietnam for Chairman Ho Chi Minh.

*In Celebration of Spring Victories*, a solo on the one-string lute, praised the victory of the united struggle of the people of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia. The brisk and buoyant instrumental piece *Jubilant Celebration*, performed on three *Dan K-long-put*, a xylophone with bamboo strips, amply conveyed the happiness of victory.

Cherishing a profound friendship for the fraternal Chinese people, our Vietnamese comrades-in-arms also performed some Chinese songs including *A Long, Long Life to Chairman Mao* and *On Peking's Golden Hill* with great enthusiasm.

#### Central Philharmonic Society Plays for Workers

Recently, the Central Philharmonic Society toured factories and plants in Peking to perform for the workers. Places visited included the Capital Iron and Steel Works, Shihchingshan Power Plant, Peking Hsinhua Printing Press, Peking Vinyl Factory and Peking Electronics Works. Everywhere they were warmly received by the worker audiences.

The programme they presented was rich and varied, including voice and instrumental solos, the powerful piano concerto *The Yellow River*, selected arias from the revolutionary model theatrical works beloved by the workers, and songs from the film *Sparkling Red Star*. Among other items were selected melodies from the revolutionary modern dance dramas *Red Detachment of Women* and *The White-Haired Girl* played by a wood-wind quintet, and the solo *The Red Flag Canal Flows on For Ever*, played on the *cheng*, a national plucked-string instrument.

During their visits, the composers and the musicians of the Central Philharmonic Society collaborated with the workers to produce songs depicting the militant life of the electrical, printing and textile workers.

### Film Projection Team in the Mountains of Inner Mongolia

Since its formation in 1958, the Third Film Projection Team of the Dalat Banner of the Inner Mongolian Autonomous Region has put on many shows for the pastoral people in out-of-the-way mountain and desert areas of the banner, and won their praise for its whole-hearted service.

The team traversed numerous gullies, mountains and streams and immense stretches of sand-dunes, establishing thirty-eight stations throughout the area to give all neighbouring herdsmen a chance to see moving pictures. Adhering to a regular schedule, they bring projection equipment and film to these spots by ox-cart. In the last sixteen years they have covered nearly 30,000 kilometres on these tours.

Since the start of the movement to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius, they have also made and shown lantern slides to illustrate the article *The "Sage" of the Reactionary Class — Confucius*, thus helping promote the local development of the movement.

### New Soochow Handicrafts

Since the beginning of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and the movement to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius, Soochow's art handicrafts, renowned for their traditional local colour, have flourished more than ever. With the constant improvement of the crafts, many new products have appeared.

Soochow's double-sided silk embroidery, which before Liberation was used only for simple patterns of flowers and plants on hats and handkerchiefs, has developed anew with an ever wider range of motifs. Especially since the Cultural Revolution, the embroiderers have been producing large-size pieces with modern themes reflecting our era. The *Yangtse Bridge at Nanking* is one of the best of these new works.

Soochow's mahogany carvers, exponents of an age-old art, have also turned out many new works. Among them are the miniature carving *The Boat on the South Lake*, showing the site of the First National Congress of the Chinese Communist Party, and a large screen

carved in relief, *Shaoshan — Where the Red Sun Rises*, showing Chairman Mao's birth-place.

Craftsmen doing inlay work on boxwood have turned out a screen inscribed with the *Poems of Chairman Mao*. Other renowned arts and crafts of Soochow, such as sandal-wood fans, spun-silk palace lanterns, artistic lanterns for popular use and olive-seed carvings, have also shown new development in recent years.

### New Discovery of Ancient Script on Shells and Bones

In the past year, the Archaeological Institute of the Chinese Academy of Sciences has unearthed more ancient inscriptions on tortoise shells and animal bones at Hsiaotun Village in Anyang County, Honan Province. These finds so far amount to over 4,800 pieces, of which more than 4,700 are fragments of oracle bones, and sixty of oracle shells; while about a hundred are whole or nearly whole pieces. It is the most fruitful such find since Liberation, and another notable discovery by our archaeological workers since the Cultural Revolution.

The ruins of Yin, where the find was made, comprises Hsiaotun Village in Anyang County and its vicinity. It was the site of the capital of the later Shang Dynasty (c. 16th-11th century B.C.) during the era of slave society. The inscriptions in ancient script now unearthed date chiefly from the Kangting, Wuyi, and Wenting periods, roughly from the latter half of the 12th century to the beginning of the 11th century B.C. Most of the finds had been buried in the Yin caves and their inscriptions cover a fair variety of subjects, such as sacrificial ceremonies, astronomy, military expeditions, farming and hunting. They provide new material for studying the history of slave society in the Shang Dynasty.



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

Spring (scissor-cut)

by Chen Yung-tsai



# 中國文學

英文月刊1975年第2期

本刊代号2-916