

CHINESE LITERATURE



1978 2

CONTENTS

Dr. Norman Bethune in China (a film scenario) — <i>Chang Chun-hsiang</i> and <i>Chao To</i>	3
Five Poems — <i>Kuo Mo-jo</i>	66
LU HSUN'S WRITINGS	
The Art of the Number-Two Clown	76
The Secret of Being a Joker	78
Introducing Two Essays by Lu Hsun — <i>Cheng Po-shen</i> and <i>Li Yun-ching</i>	80
ESSAYS	
Beloved China — <i>Fang Chih-min</i>	85
Honest Poverty — <i>Fang Chih-min</i>	102
Fang Chih-min's Essays Written in Prison — <i>Wei Chun-yi</i>	104
NOTES ON ART	
Ashes of Revolutionaries Mingle Together — <i>Ma Hai-teh</i>	107
The Sculptures at The Chairman Mao Memorial Hall — <i>Chi Shu</i>	114
CHRONICLE	117
PLATES	
The Sculptures at The Chairman Mao Memorial Hall	116-117
Front Cover: Magnolia — <i>Chun Yang</i> and <i>Chi Feng</i>	

Dr. Norman Bethune in China

Norman Bethune, a member of the Communist Party of Canada and a brilliant surgeon, was sent to China by the Communist Parties of Canada and the United States to help the Chinese people in their War of Resistance Against Japan. He reached Yenai early in 1938 at the head of a medical detachment consisting of Canadians and Americans, and in June the same year went to the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei Anti-Japanese base, where he worked together with the Chinese people. In his work he showed a great sense of responsibility and warm-heartedness towards all his comrades and the people. He saved the lives of countless Chinese soldiers and trained many young doctors. In November 1939, he died at his post for the cause of the Chinese people's liberation. The film script written against this background in 1963 comprised five parts, the first depicting Bethune in Canada and Spain. Due to practical difficulties, the first part was never filmed and the film as we have it starts from the second part. It was completed in 1964, but Chiang Ching would not allow it to be shown. It was not until after the downfall of the "gang of four" that the film was released. Here we present the last four parts of the scenario.

— The Editors

Part 2

We see the ancient pagoda which is the landmark and symbol of Yen-an on the banks of the Yenho River. A lively folk tune plays.

Flashback to Dr. Norman Bethune crossing the turbulent Yellow River on a raft of inflated skins.

This caption appears on the screen:

"Four months later, after a long and difficult journey, Bethune arrives in Yen-an. At his request in June 1938, he is sent to the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei base where the Eighth Route Army is fighting the Japanese invaders."

The ancient Great Wall winds like an enormous dragon over the endless undulating hills on the northern border of the province of Shansi.

Stripped to the waist, the driver of a team of pack-donkeys walks behind his animals, leisurely swinging his whip. He sings loudly as he follows a road cut into the hillside.

In the valley below are the remains of a village which has been smashed by enemy artillery. On the walls that still stand slogans call for unity in the fight against the Japanese. Brown draught-oxen rest in the shade of the trees. Children chase each other merrily at play.

A detachment of Eighth Route Army men, armed only with rifles and hand-grenades, sing as they march smartly by.

On a ridge, Bethune reins his horse to a halt. Clad in a jacket and leather boots, he is mounted on a big roan. He shades his eyes with his hand and gazes out over the scene. He looks interested and pleased. Slightly to his rear, on a white horse and dressed in an Eighth Route Army uniform, is his interpreter, Comrade Tung, a short round-faced young man who wears a perpetual smile. Still further to the rear are a dozen or so guards and other medical detachment personnel. Four strong mules are loaded with dark green cases — the detachment's medical equipment. Comrade Tung says something to Bethune. Bethune claps his horse with his legs, and the column moves down the slope.

Their rifles stacked on the edge of the field, soldiers are helping peasants gather in the harvest. Several of them, observing the

medical detachment coming down the hill, stop reaping. A few of them wave.

Bethune, on horseback, raises his clenched fist in the communist salute he learned in Spain.

The detachment enters a gorge.

It has not rained in a long time, and the broad river that normally flows through here is virtually dry. A mere rivulet winds among boulders which are scattered over a wide flat bounded by precipitous cliffs. Only in the shallow places does enough water gather to be noticeable. Peasants have built low retaining walls around sections of the flat and are raising crops in the rich loam. Bethune and his column follow a tortuous cart track between the boulders, then leave the flat and proceed along a small road at the foot of the hill.

A sturdy twelve-year-old boy is seated beneath a tree beside a wall. He sings softly:

Red-tasselled spear

Fringes like fire,

Spearhead like silver.

Take up your spears, boys,

And smite

The invaders.

Something attracts the boy's attention. He grabs the spear leaning against the wall and hurries forward.

The mounted column approaches. At the head rides a tall thin man with a grey beard and a big nose.

"Halt," the boy shouts, jumping into the middle of the path.

Bethune reins in his horse and eyes the child with interest. Leveling his red-tasselled spear, the boy shouts with an important air: "Where to? Show your travel permit."

"Tung, it looks like diplomatic negotiations are in order." Smiling, Bethune dismounts. So does Tung. The boy, of course, doesn't understand Bethune's English, and gazes at him in surprise.

A Little Devil* in army uniform runs out of the village. He

*Boys in their teens who joined the Eighth Route Army as orderlies or messengers were known affectionately as "Little Devils".

takes a look and rushes right back, yelling: "He's here, he's here. The foreign doctor is here."

"Foreign doctor?" The boy with the spear stares uncomprehendingly at Bethune.

"We're a medical detachment," says Tung. "From Yen-an."

Drums boom, cymbals clash, people swarm out of the village. They carry banners reading: WELCOME, DR. BETHUNE. . . . WELCOME, COMRADE BETHUNE. . . .

A sturdy man of medium height in uniform walks up to Bethune and salutes. Bethune raises his fist in greeting. A man at the officer's side introduces him: "This is Superintendent Yu, medical chief of our military district."

Tung translates.

"Norman Bethune, head of the Canadian-American Medical Detachment, reporting for duty."

"We're very glad to see you, Dr. Bethune."

Yu and Bethune shake hands.

Bethune puts his arm around Tung and shouts above the din: "This is Tung — my 'other self'."

Tung translates with a smile, and adds: "I'm his interpreter."

"This way, please." The superintendent takes Bethune into the village. The crowd follows.

Bethune smiles and waves his hand at the peasants and children lining the road.

In the village, behind a large screen wall is an entrance to a big compound. Soldiers stand guard on either side. The welcoming procession advances down the stone-flagged street and Dr. Bethune, accompanied by Superintendent Yu, enters the compound. In spite of the efforts of the guards, peasants and children crowd in behind, completely blocking the entrance. The noise of the drum and cymbals gradually ceases.

"Welcome, Comrade Bethune," cries a tall man in a vibrant voice as he walks down from the steps.

"The commander," Tung whispers to Bethune in English.

The general pumps Bethune's hand. "Welcome, welcome. Have you heard, Comrade Bethune? The outside papers are saying you've been captured by the Japanese."

From the expression in Bethune's smiling eyes it is plain he is delighted with the warm and unpretentious reception he is getting from the straightforward general. Bethune blinks and shrugs his shoulders comically: "According to the calculations of U.S. Naval Intelligence, even the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei Resistance Base has ceased to exist long ago."

On hearing Tung's translation, everyone roars with laughter.

All enter the room and sit down. The general says seriously: "They're putting on heavy pressure." He points at a map on the wall: "This is an area of eight hundred thousand square miles with a population of twenty-five million. After the Kuomintang abandoned it, the Japanese brought troops from Shansi, Hopei and Chahar — three different provinces — to cope with us. You might say, Comrade Bethune, you're in the centre of the centre of the war."

"You mean we're in an enemy encirclement?"

"No, it's we who are encircling the enemy." The commander rises and indicates on the map as he talks. "This is the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei Area. The enemy holds twenty-five cities, but the whole countryside is in our hands. In fact everywhere in China the enemy is surrounded by our battlefields, immersed in a sea of determined, fighting people. The Shansi-Chahar-Hopei base is a knife in the enemy's heart. . . . But first let's talk about your work and living arrangements."

A piece of paper in a typewriter moves rapidly as keys fly. Bethune is writing a letter.

Dear Edith: please tell the Party that not only have I arrived at the military headquarters of the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei Area, but today I had the honour to be appointed its medical adviser. . . .

Bethune is in the main building of a small square compound, typing at a table in the centre of the room. Piled beside the wall are the detachment's medicine cases, pressure lamps, etc. Behind is Bethune's bedroom, half of which is occupied by a big platform bed made of

brick and heated by flues underneath. Through a latticed paper window with a big square pane of glass in the middle, trees and a loofah-gourd trellis can be seen in the garden.

Outside, a childish voice shouts: "Report."

The white cloth door curtain is lifted and in comes a boy in Eighth Route Army uniform that is slightly too large for him. Fortunately a leather belt holds it all in place. He carries a tray with covered platters. Placing the tray on the table, he salutes to Bethune, saying: "I'm reporting to you, Dr. Bethune." Bethune looks at this bright-eyed child. Gesturing that he should bring his hand down from the salute, he asks in English: "Who are you? And what's all this?"

The boy does not understand, but he removes the covers from the platters and says, "I've brought your meal. Please eat."

"Ah, eat," Bethune understands that much Chinese. In one platter is a juicy, plump chicken. In the other is a stack of thin flapjacks of white flour. "Why chicken?" he queries.

Neither of them can understand the other. When the doctor points at him the boy explains: "I'm the Little Devil sent to look after you."

"Little Devil?" This is beyond Bethune.

Luckily, Tung comes in. Bethune grabs him and says: "Please ask this infant who's dressed up like a general — One: Who is he?"

Tung laughs. "His name is Shao. The medical department has sent him to be your orderly."

Bethune takes Shao's hand. "Fine. I welcome you into our family."

Tung translates.

Shyly, the boy urges him to eat. "Your food's getting cold."

"That brings us to the second question," says Bethune. "Why are they serving me chicken? Are all the soldiers eating chicken today?"

For a moment, Tung doesn't know how to answer. Bethune turns to the boy. "Let's get this straight, Little Devil. Starting today, I'm an Eighth Router. I eat the same as everybody else."

Tung is embarrassed, but Bethune gazes at him insistently, and he has no choice but to translate. Shao at last understands. In consternation, he protests to Tung: "But, but..."

"Take it away." Bethune waves his hand.

Shao looks at Tung, but the interpreter is helpless. The boy suddenly gets an idea. Saluting, he cries: "The chicken is already cooked, doctor. If you don't eat it, it will be wasted. Waste is not allowed in the Eighth Route Army."

Smiling, Tung translates.

Bethune looks at Shao. In halting Chinese he concedes: "All right, I'll eat. But tomorrow..." He makes a warning gesture and sits down.

Shao starts to rush out triumphantly.

"Come back," Bethune yells in Chinese. The boy halts. Bethune points at another chair. "Sit down."

Shao gapes.

"Sit down," Bethune repeats firmly.

Mystified, the boy complies. Bethune tears the chicken in two. Putting half on the platter cover he places it before the Little Devil and orders: "Eat."

Shao tries to protest, but Bethune stops him with a stern reminder: "The chicken is already cooked. We don't allow waste in the Eighth Route Army."

Tung can't help laughing. He translates. A dumbfounded look appears on the boy's face.

In the kitchen, Old Chang, the cook, is washing the pots and bowls. Shao carries in the empty platters and the remains of the chicken. Old Chang asks eagerly: "Did Dr. Bethune like the food?"

"Did he!" Annoyed, Shao sets his tray down on the edge of the stove.

"What's the matter?" He can see from the boy's expression that something is wrong.

"You and your special dishes," the boy explodes. "All on account of that, I got told off."

Old Chang is confused. "Would he like something else to eat?"

"He wants to eat what you eat." Shao imitates Bethune's accent: "Or else just plain boiled potatoes and a pinch of salt."

He makes a face and runs away.

Bethune sits at his typewriter, continuing his letter to Edith:

After settling down a little I shall start out to inspect the medical units of the sub-districts. My first stop will be Yangchia Village.

The early morning mist has not yet dispersed. On the main street in Yangchia Village an army doctor wearing a white hat with a red cross hurriedly enters a compound gate. Outside the gate, Bethune's roan and two other horses are tethered.

Here the seriously wounded are quartered. Accompanied by Superintendent Yu and Tung, Bethune is examining the patients. A male nurse stands tensely at his side.

Bethune removes the bandages of one of the wounded and probes the wound with a swab. The man flinches.

"Hurt, son?" Bethune asks in Chinese.

"It doesn't hurt," the soldier raps out smartly, as if replying to a superior officer.

Bethune sniffs at the cotton swab and nods. Then he leaves the room and walks into the next ward.

A single patient is lying on a platform bed. Bethune approaches him with a smile.

"How are you, son?"

The boy is about eighteen. In considerable pain, he replies shyly: "How are you, Dr. Bethune?"

Bethune feels the boy's forehead and at once retracts his hand. "He has fever."

"Yes," says Young Chia the nurse. "Since yesterday."

Bethune signals her to remove the blood-stained bandages on the soldier's leg.

While doing so, she accidentally pokes the wound, and the patient flinches.

"Be careful," snaps Bethune. He pushes the nurse aside and removes the dressing himself.

A few sorghum stalks drop out of the bandages. Bethune holds them up and demands angrily: "What are these?"

"Sorghum stalks."

"Why don't you use regular splints?"

"We — we don't have any more," the nurse stammers.

Bethune flares up. He understands the reply and doesn't wait for Tung to finish translating. "If we run out of bullets," he demands, "do we stop fighting?"

He examines the wound. When he straightens up his face is grim.

"Who's responsible for this patient?" he asks.

There is an awkward silence.

"Who performed the operation?" he persists.

"I did." Fang, the hospital chief, whom we saw earlier hurriedly entering the compound, steps forward and replies. He is not quite thirty. His face is broad and darkened by the sun. Were it not for his uniform and the red cross hat on his head, he could pass for a local peasant. Bethune eyes him, then turns and strides from the room.

In the middle of the courtyard he halts, speechless with fury.

District Superintendent Yu, Tung and Fang also emerge. None of them knows what to say.

Bethune turns to Fang. "Do you call yourself a doctor?"

Fang flushes but does not reply. Yu, wishing to smooth things a little, introduces him: "This is Comrade Fang. He's in charge of this hospital."

"Then he must be held responsible for anything that goes wrong." Bethune addresses Fang sternly: "Because of your bad technique we shall have to cut off this patient's leg — the leg of an anti-fascist fighter. Now, prepare for an operation immediately."

"But our operating equipment hasn't arrived yet," Superintendent Yu reminds him.

Bethune hesitates. "Let me see what you've got here."

Bethune stands before a large bread steamer. Fang opens it. It is full of surgical instruments.

"Is this what you use?" Bethune stares.

"Yes. We don't have any sterilizer."

Bethune looks over the simple instruments that have been laid out for the operation.

His eyes are checking the equipment. "Where is your saw for amputations?" he asks.

Fang takes up an ordinary saw.

"That's for cutting wood."

"It's the only saw we have."

Bethune's brows contract and he mutters something under his breath. He hands the saw to Fang. "Sterilize it."

Pine Cliff Gap. Bethune is typing a letter.

For the past two months I have been touring the medical units in the sub-districts. The situation is worse than I anticipated. They have no real hospitals or operating theatres. The greatest problem is the shortage of trained surgeons. I have already written to the commander requesting that a model hospital be set up here in Pine Cliff Gap — a little mountain village that doesn't appear on any map — and that army doctors from the various sub-districts be sent here for training...

A small temple at the end of the village. Soldiers and medical personnel are carrying loads of earth and lime. They are converting the temple into a hospital.

Soldiers repair the fallen compound wall.

A big brush is taken out of the lime bucket. Dr. Ling and two nurses are whitewashing the repaired wall. Dr. Wang and another two men are sweeping up the rubble in the courtyard.

On a porch, village women, seated on straw mats, are stitching aprons, sheets and pyjamas for the hospital.

Bethune, in high spirits, walks over, lifts a finished garment and smiling at the women, sticks up his thumb approvingly.

Carpenters are planing and sawing in the courtyard, making beds, splints. Bethune walks over. Gesticulating, he tries to explain to the carpenters how he wants a particular splint made. They can't understand him. He grabs a saw and starts making it himself.

The temple looks brand-new. By its door hangs a signboard reading: Pine Cliff Gap Hospital.

Fang tramps down the village street, sweating profusely, a pack upon his back. He enters the temple's compound gate.

In one of the rooms, Dr. Wang is lettering signboards.

On the table are several completed placards: *First Ward, Second Ward, Third Ward, Isolation Ward, Operating Room, Doctors' Office...*

Dr. Wang is writing a sign in red: *Surgical Dressing Room.*

"Tell me, please, is this where you report to the model hospital?" a voice outside the window asks. Dr. Wang looks. He sees a broad sun-blackened face.

"Fang, old man, it's you. Come in, come in."

Fang enters and salutes. "I applied nearly a dozen times before I was given approval. It's such a fine chance to learn. Everybody wants to come." He takes out a letter of introduction. "Where do I report?"

Dr. Wang hesitates. "Wait a bit. Whoever comes here to study has to be approved by Dr. Bethune personally."

"Where is he?"

"He's gone to see patients in the village. Please sit down."

The home of Grandma Meng.

She is lying on a platform bed. Bethune examines her.

"Not serious," he says, folding up his stethoscope and covering her with the quilt. "You're good for another fifty years. I'll send over some medicine for you."

"I don't want any medicine, Dr. Bethune."

"The Eighth Route Army and the people are one family. There's no charge for examination or medicines." Bethune misunderstands her motive.

"It's not that," she explains. "Our medicine has to come a long way. Keep it for our troops."

Bethune notices the citation on the wall: "Honoured Family". Pointing at it, he asks Tung: "What's that?"

"Grandma is a model citizen of this village. Two of her sons are in the Eighth Route Army, fighting the Japanese."

Bethune chides her: "Just my point — we're one family."

"Well, then — Erh-niu, go with Dr. Bethune and bring grandma some medicine."

A little girl who has been playing with something in the corner stands up, revealing new-born puppies on a litter of straw.

"Ho." Delighted, Bethune walks over and picks up two woolly pups. He holds them fondly against his cheek, then puts them against the little girl's face. She jumps back, with a laugh.

A sturdy little boy who has been standing outside the door enters, grinning.

"Little Tiger," his grandmother sharply reminds him of his manners, "greet Dr. Bethune. This is my grandson," she tells Bethune.

"Hello." Bethune recognizes him as the boy with the red-tasselled spear. He puts down the puppies and ruffles Little Tiger's hair. With a humorous glance at Tung, he announces: "We're old friends." Taking the red-tasselled spear, he imitates Little Tiger, holding out his hand, "Where to? Show your travel permit!"

Little Tiger laughs impishly.

On the porch, Fang is sitting on a knapsack. When he sees Bethune and Tung return, he jumps to his feet and cries: "Dr. Bethune." He gives Bethune a letter.

Bethune recognizes him. He remembers that Fang performed a bad operation at Yangchia Village. He frowns.

"Ninth Brigade has sent me here to study," Fang says hopefully. "Brigadier Wang wrote the letter himself."

Bethune hands the letter to Tung for him to translate. Tung does so; Bethune hesitates. In a troubled voice he says to Fang in Chinese: "No. Go back."

Fang stares at him.

"Of course I shall write a letter to Brigadier Wang, explaining," Bethune says. He walks away.

Fang is chilled. Tung pats him on the shoulder and says comfortingly: "Talk it over with Superintendent Yu."

A sheaf of papers. Their cover reads: "Thirteen Steps in Sterilization."

Beneath an oil lamp Tung is translating Bethune's manuscript into Chinese. Bethune is also seated by the table, drawing illustrations for his lecture notes.

"Is Dr. Bethune home?" the voice of Superintendent Yu calls from the courtyard.

"Come on in."

Yu enters.

"Hello. Have a seat, please," Bethune says in Chinese.

Yu observes the lecture notes. He smiles. "Nearly finished? You should see to it that Dr. Bethune gets enough rest, Old Tung."

"That's right," Tung replies, looking at Bethune. "But he says the doctors who are going to study here have all arrived and classes are about to start. He insists on completing his drawings."

Bethune gazes at Yu. He senses something is up. "What brings you here at this hour of the night, superintendent?"

"I want to talk to you about one of our trainees — Fang, the doctor sent by the Ninth Brigade."

Tung translates. Bethune frowns. "What's there to talk about?" he demands stubbornly. "Fang is no doctor."

"He's not a good doctor, yet," Yu agrees. "But in an emergency when you have no professional equipment, you amputate with an ordinary saw, right?"

Bethune doesn't answer. He continues illustrating his lecture notes.

"What do you say?" Yu queries.

Bethune stops his drawing a moment.

Not convinced, but in a softer tone, he says: "Very well, if that's what the organization has decided."

On the blackboard are the words: "Thirteen Steps in Sterilization."

The training course in the model hospital begins. Bethune lectures, Tung interprets. The classroom is crowded with forty or fifty trainees. Fang listens, concentrating. He takes notes.

A sterilizer is placed on a stove. Standing before it, surrounded by trainees, Bethune lectures on sterilization.

The blackboard now reads: "Changing Surgical Dressings."

The blackboard reads: "The Use of Thomas Splints." This dissolves into: "Open Wound Treatment". . .

In the operating room, Doctor Ling is doing an operation, while Bethune, standing by his side, lectures. Fang takes notes.

Night. The lights in the wards are out. All the patients are asleep. Holding a small oil lamp, Bethune goes from bed to bed, checking. A patient, his eyes bandaged, groans. Bethune walks over to him quickly, takes a bed-pan from under the bed and hands it to him.

The night nurse enters with a kettle of water. She halts in surprise when she sees Bethune.

"Ssh." He puts his finger to his lips. "Good night," he whispers and tiptoes out.

Bethune walks along the porch, pausing here and there to poke his head into the windows of a ward and look around. He goes down the steps and starts for his own quarters when he notices a light in a small side yard. He walks over.

In the trainees' room, most of the doctors are asleep on a large platform bed. But one place is unoccupied. A lamp is burning on a table near the wall. Fang is sitting there, with three notebooks open before him, writing. He looks up sharply when he becomes aware of the grey-bearded man standing outside his window.

"Dr. Bethune," he cries, startled.

"Not asleep yet?" Bethune, in Chinese, asks pleasantly.

"I — I never had much schooling. I'm comparing my notes with those of the other comrades," Fang replies rather tensely.

Bethune comprehends. Gesturing, he says in halting Chinese: "All right, but . . . rest . . . must rest . . . Understand?"

"Yes, yes. I'll rest." Fang heaves a sigh of relief.

Bethune points at his wrist watch, then at the oil lamp. Firmly, he insists: "Lamp . . . Sleep . . ."

Fang smiles and blows out the lamp.

"Good night." Bethune walks away.

When he sees Bethune leave the courtyard, Fang screens the lamp with a piece of cardboard and lights it again. "That old man," he says with a smile. "He never takes any rest himself." Fang resumes copying notes.

Late the next day, the sun, sinking towards the western hills, tints the ripples of the stream with gold. Little Tiger and his sister, Erh-niu, are playing barefoot on the shore. Fang approaches, carrying a bucket. He takes off his shoes and rolls up his trouser-legs.

"Going fishing, uncle?"

"No, washing these." Fang points to the soiled bandages in the bucket.

He wades to the middle of the stream, soaks the bandages and begins washing them.

"Why don't you give those to the Women's Association?" queries Little Tiger in his most adult manner.

Fang smiles and shakes his head. "This is my job."

The children play. Fang squats on a rock and continues washing the bandages. He scrubs and scrubs. Suddenly, his heart contracts. He becomes dizzy and nearly falls. Gathering himself, he takes a deep breath, and goes on scrubbing. The golden reflection on the water shimmers before his eyes.

Little Tiger, playing, sees Fang struggle to rise, stagger, and collapse weakly into the stream.

"Uncle, uncle," the boy cries, then he sets up a shout: "Someone's fainted. A man has fainted."

When Fang revives, he finds himself in a ward bed. Bethune is bending over him with a stethoscope. Behind Bethune stand Superintendent Yu, Tung and Dr. Ling.

"Good," says someone, "he's come to."

Bethune nods. He gives Fang a kindly smile. Fang tries to sit up.

Bethune presses him down. "Lie still," he says gently. "You must rest. Understand?"

Bethune straightens up. He turns to a nurse. "Fang is not to leave his bed without my permission."

Bethune, Yu and Tung stroll along the stream.

"I don't understand," Bethune says almost to himself. "Fang works hard, but his technique is so poor. What school did he graduate from?"

"He never went to school," replies the superintendent.

Bethune halts.

"Shall I tell you Fang's story?"

Bethune nods.

As they walk, Yu slowly begins: "Fang lost his parents when he was a child. His family was very hard-up, and his grandmother had to let him tend cattle for a landlord. Then he fell ill, and the landlord drove him out. Eight years ago, when a Red Army unit marched through his village, Fang joined up. He served as a stretcher-bearer at the front and was wounded himself three times. Twice he was decorated for valour. Because the revolution required it, he learned to be a nurse and apply medicines. Later, because the revolution required it, he forced himself to learn surgical operations. After eight years of intensive self-study he became a doctor — but, of course, a doctor whose technique is poor."

"He taught himself to be a doctor?" Bethune asks, halting again.

"That's right — all by slow painful groping. He watched others operate, and he imitated."

Bethune is at a loss for words.

Yu continues, "Fang's tenacity is difficult to believe. He taught himself Latin. Now he's studying English."

Again Bethune halts. "Because the revolution requires it?"

"Yes. So that he can learn a little more from you, and do his work better."

Gazing at the clouds gathered on the horizon, Bethune is very stirred.

"And I refused to let him join our training course." Bethune turns to Yu. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Yu laughs. "In the Eighth Route Army there are many comrades like Fang."

Bethune is silent. He understands a great deal now. Every one of Yu's words has hit him hard. He wades to the centre of

the stream and sits down on a boulder. Dully, he gazes at the water.

Yu and Tung walk up quietly behind him. Bethune doesn't raise his head. In a low voice he says: "I've compromised with my thoughtless impulsiveness, my internal enemy, too long. Help me, comrades..." Tears well up in his eyes.

The training course has ended. Packs on their backs, the trainees are bidding Bethune, Superintendent Yu and each other farewell. Some of the patients come out on crutches to see them off.

"Goodbye Dr. Bethune. Goodbye Superintendent Yu. Goodbye."

Bethune stands on the steps of the compound gate, shaking hands.

Fang, his pack on his back, walks up to him. Bethune takes a letter from his pocket, hands it to Fang and says: "Please give this to Brigadier Wang. It's a criticism of my mistake."

Bethune and Fang embrace.

Part 3

Midnight. A bright moon in a cloudless sky. A mounted soldier races his horse through the shallows of a stream, churning up a shower of spray.

The rider gallops into the village. His animal's hoofs ring sharply on the stone-flagged street.

Bethune lies sleeping in his bed. The flicker of an oil lamp reflects upon the window. Footsteps resound in the courtyard. Bethune rolls over and awakens. He hears low voices outside.

Yu and Tung, their coats draped over their shoulders, are discussing the document the messenger has just delivered.

The superintendent looks at his watch. "Wait until daylight, then tell him."

"Right. The old man can still get another three hours' sleep," Tung agrees.

"What's up?" Bethune is standing by the window, looking at them. "What's going on? Tell the old man now."

Yu smiles at Tung. To Bethune he says: "Haven't you been asking to go to the front? Well, we're about to stage an ambush in the Lingchiu sector."

"Lingchiu? Where is it?" Bethune queries.

"More than 400 *li* away," Yu replies.

"What are we waiting for?" Bethune shouts excitedly. "Let's go!"

"It's not light yet," Tung explains.

"So what? No army ever waits until dawn to move."

Yu laughs. "But we have to make preparations. We have to organize the detachment."

"Very well. Organize one immediately." Bethune draws his head back and shuts the window. But before Yu turns away, he pushes the window open again and adds, "And be sure to include Fang."

Several dozen trucks wind along a road on the mountainside. Behind march a long procession of Japanese soldiers, their fixed bayonets gleaming in the sunlight. Pack-animals follow, laden with cannon and ammunition. A cloud of powdery dust rises behind the convoy.

A short stocky Japanese officer on horseback haughtily surveys the narrow valley ahead.

To the rear, thick clouds of dark smoke rise from the village the enemy troops have just left.

On a mountain top, Eighth Route Army men wait in their trenches. The regimental commander examines the terrain below.

At one point the road passes through a deep cut between two cliffs, then slopes down into a ravine.

"Get this straight, now," the regimental commander is saying to his junior officers. "You're to hold your fire until the entire enemy force has entered the ravine. Do you hear me? I said the entire force. Hsu Shih-chieh —"

"Here." An officer with large eyes and heavy brows steps forward.

The regimental commander points to a gap in the left side of the ravine. "When we've got the enemy blocked at both ends, they're sure to run for that gap. I want you to keep it closed tight."

A little temple in a hollow outside a hamlet. The pack animals of the medical detachment halt on the slope below. Bethune, Superintendent Yu and the others walk up to the temple.

Deserted and empty, it doesn't even have any doors. The murals that once decorated its walls have all peeled off.

"We're five *li* from the attack point," says Yu. "The wounded can be delivered in half an hour."

Bethune nods. "Excellent."

Yu gives the order: "Set up the operating room. Notify the stretcher teams to bring the wounded here."

The words are hardly out of his mouth when a storm of machine-gun fire and bursting hand-grenades rock the ground. The little temple trembles.

A long line of wounded are waiting on the slope in front of the temple. Stretcher-bearers continually bring fresh casualties. Superintendent Yu examines each of the wounded. Two doctors and two nurses give first aid.

The sound of artillery and machine-gun fire comes in gusts.

Yu sees a soldier with a head wound. "Take him into the temple," he orders. "Turn him over to Dr. Bethune."

The temple has been converted into an operating room. White sheets have been stretched to form a ceiling. A pressure lamp hangs in the middle. A large door on props serves as the operating table. Two hissing oil stoves on a table near the wall are heating instrument sterilizers.

Dressed in an Eighth Route Army uniform, bare-headed, his sleeves rolled high, Bethune wears a rubber apron and large cloth shoes. The bottoms of his trouser-legs are bound with straw rope. Gold-rimmed spectacles perch on his nose. He is operating calmly, smoothly. Fang and Nurse Chia are his assistants. Tung is acting as anaesthetist. Dr. Ling operates at another table.

A shell bursts close by, shaking the ground. Two shattered tiles slide down from the roof. Bethune looks up a moment, tosses the surgical instrument he has been using into a basin, extends his hand to Nurse Chia and says: "Forceps." Then he goes on with the operation.

One after another used instruments are tossed into the basin.

Dusk descends on the valley. In the temple Bethune is still operating. The pressure lamp has been lit. Behind him, Dr. Ling is bandaging the head wound of a big Eighth Route Army man.

Bethune finishes the operation and signals the stretcher-bearers to carry the patient out. Removing his gloves, he walks out of the temple. Nurse Chia follows him out. She puts a cigarette in his lips and lights it. Bethune takes a deep drag and exhales blue smoke.

Dr. Ling, completing his bandaging, says to the big soldier: "All right, go to the rear and rest."

"Rest?" the soldier counters. "I can't rest. The battle isn't over." He picks up his rifle, which has been leaning against the wall, and strides from the temple.

Superintendent Yu approaches. "You'd better get some sleep," he says to Bethune.

"No." Bethune is washing his hands. He replies in Chinese: "The battle isn't over. I can't rest."

Another casualty is placed on the table.

"But you've been operating for twenty-four hours."

"It doesn't matter." Bethune douses his head with a bucket of cold water, then massages his pate and face vigorously with his hands. "I'm good for another twenty-four."

The following morning the battle is still raging.

Company Commander Hsu discovers that an enemy force led by an officer has occupied a knoll and is spraying his position with a heavy machine-gun.

The firing of the Eighth Route Army men guarding the gap diminishes. Japanese soldiers charge towards the gap.

"We can't let them escape," shouts Hsu, his eyes glaring. "Tiger Platoon, come with me." He leaps out of the trench and runs towards

the knoll, followed by the platoon. The enemy sees them and immediately pins them down with heavy fire.

At the operating table, Bethune is examining an unconscious soldier. "Transfusion," Bethune orders.

"We've only one bottle of blood plasma left," says Nurse Chia regretfully.

Bethune hesitates. He waves his hand. "Use it."

More enemy soldiers race towards the gap.

Elated, the Japanese officer directs his machine-gunner.

Hsu's eyes burn. He shouts: "Machine-guns, cover us. Charge."

"Charge." Hsu is the first to jump to his feet. A squad races behind him. The enemy sprays them with heavy machine-gun bullets. Hsu feels as if he's been punched in the stomach. He wavers and falls. "Charge," he yells. He tries to rise again.

Our force captures the knoll.

His face completely bloodless, Hsu is lying on the operating table. He is barely breathing. His life hangs by a thread.

Bethune, Yu and Fang are gathered around him. The noise of battle is gradually diminishing.

Bethune examines Hsu. His face is grave. "Bullet wounds in the abdomen. We have to work fast. First, a transfusion."

"But," says Nurse Chia agitatedly, "the blood plasma is all gone."

"We've got to save him." Bethune rolls up his sleeve. "Here. Ling, take my blood."

The nurse utters an exclamation.

"Dr. Bethune—" Superintendent Yu protests.

Fang steps forward. "No. Take mine."

Bethune smiles. "Every second counts," he says. "We've no time to make blood analyses. Mine is universal 'O' type. Hurry, Ling."

Bethune lies on a table, a needle in his left arm.

By now the firing has stopped completely. Inside the little temple all is still.

Bethune closes his eyes and lies quietly on the table. Colour returns to Hsu's waxen face. He stirs, opens his eyes.

Young Nurse Chia laughs with tears rolling down her cheeks. "He's come back to life, Dr. Bethune, he's alive!"

In the valley, the enemy is completely wiped out. The Eighth Route Army fighters leap from their trenches on all sides. Their cheerful voices reverberate through the valley.

In a stream outside the village of Winding Monastery, Bethune and Tung are swimming.

Bethune climbs out of the water on to a boulder and dries himself with a towel. A fishing-rod lies beside him. Tung, floundering in the water, crawls up after a great effort.

"Skill," says Bethune with a smile. "Swimming needs skill too." He hands Tung the towel. "But first comes courage and determination. When I was ten I saw my father swimming in Georgian Bay, so I just jumped in. If he hadn't been there to fish me out, I would have drowned. But the following summer, I was able to swim across the bay."

It is quite cool. Tung shivers.

"Rub hard, Tung," Bethune advises. He's quite loquacious today. Glancing at the mountains around them, he asks: "What's the name of this place?"

"Winding Monastery," Tung replies. "Three hundred *li* from Pine Cliff Gap."

"Beautiful. It reminds me of the place I was born — Gravenhurst . . . Muskoka Lakes. Ever since I was a kid, I've always loved the water, the woods, sunlight. . ."

Lying on the boulder in the sunshine, he closes his eyes. A moment later, he turns over and catches sight of someone approaching.

It is Shao, carrying in his arms a military greatcoat, a blanket, tins of cigarettes, and cans of milk. His head is virtually hidden behind the huge pile. A Japanese sword hangs from his belt. He staggers along the rocky shore.

"What's all this?"

Tung takes some of the things from him. There is a triumphant look on the boy's face. "Dr. Bethune, Brigadier Wang presents you with these victory trophies."

"Victory trophies, for me?" Bethune picks up the sword and brandishes it. He shakes open the khaki woollen overcoat, delighted as a child. "What do you say, Tung? Do I look like a Turkish potentate sweeping through the Balkans?"

Standing by the river, he drapes the coat over his shoulders and waves the sword. Tung picks up the camera on the boulder. "Come on. I'll take your picture."

"No." Bethune stops him. "Not in this wolf skin. I'm going to keep these things until I can bring them home and put them on exhibition." He removes the coat. Looking over the victory trophies, he says, "But there's no medicine. We need medicine most urgently." He picks up one of the cans. "Ho-ho. Condensed milk — Tonight, Tung, we shall dine on *sole meunière*." Suddenly, Bethune seems to remember something. He grabs his own clothes, takes two of the cans, and wades to the shore.

Tung and Shao stare after him in bewilderment.

In the kitchen. The two cans have been opened. Bethune puts a small pot on the fire and stirs with a spoon. Burning himself, he utters a low cry.

Old Chang, the cook, standing beside him, complains: "If you want to eat anything, just say so. Must you make it yourself? Now you've burned your hand."

Bethune concentrates on his cooking. He takes the pot and hurries out.

Old Chang removes the empty cans, tins and egg shells, and wipes the table with a rag. He notices that Bethune is entering the wards, and follows out of curiosity.

Old Chang puts his head into the window of a ward. He sees Bethune sitting on the edge of a platform bed on which Hsu is lying. "Eat, son," Bethune is urging. "Eat well every day and you'll recover quickly." He feeds Hsu from the pot with the spoon.

Hsu takes a mouthful, then impulsively seizes Bethune's hand. There are tears in his eyes. "Dr. Bethune."

Shao enters the courtyard. He sees Old Chang walking away from

the window, rubbing his nose. "What's wrong with you, Old Chang?" asks Shao.

"Eh?" The old cook stares at him blankly for several seconds. Gathering himself, he replies irrelevantly: "I've got to boil Dr. Bethune some potatoes."

Bethune sits typing by the window.

Tung brings in a couple of newspapers.

"Writing a letter, doctor?"

"Yes." Bethune continues to type. Then he stops and tells Tung excitedly: "I'm writing a report to Comrade Mao Tsetung. . . . When I met him in Yenai he asked me how much fatalities could be reduced if the operations were done on the battlefield. I said seventy-five per cent."

"We've already reduced it more than that."

Bethune is about to go on with his typing. He notices the things in Tung's hands. "The newspapers have arrived?"

"Yes. Not only newspapers but. . . . Look, what's this?" Tung says excitedly. He holds up a mimeographed pamphlet in Chinese. Bethune does not understand. Tung translates the title word by word: "On . . . Protracted . . . War." Then he explains: "It was written recently by Chairman Mao. The commander has sent it to you by special messenger."

Bethune springs to his feet and snatches the pamphlet. "Come on, Tung." He grasps Tung's arm. "Read it to me at once. Explain it sentence by sentence."

He urges Tung to sit down. Pushing the typewriter away, he sits down too, and they begin to study *On Protracted War* together.

Shao squats on a rock by the stream, washing something. An Eighth Route Army leader approaches on foot, followed a dozen paces behind by a guard leading his horse.

"Little Devil, where is Dr. Bethune, do you know?" the commander asks the boy.

"What unit are you from?" Shao demands pompously. Then he looks up and sees who it is. "Commander," he cries. He dashes off at full speed for the village.

The commander, Bethune and Tung are seated on the porch. Superintendent Yu is also present.

"Comrade Bethune, your medical detachment has done remarkably well," the commander says. "Our fatalities have taken a sharp drop."

He adds: "Comrade Bethune, I've brought you a telegram."

He hands it to Tung. The interpreter looks at it and exclaims softly: "Chairman Mao." In English he tells Bethune: "Comrade Mao Tsetung congratulates you on your success and wishes you good health." Bethune takes the telegram. He is too moved to speak.

"I also congratulate you on behalf of the entire military district," the commander says, "and convey to you our thanks."

Bethune shakes hands with him. He doesn't know what to say. The commander changes the subject. "But I also want to offer you a few words of criticism, Dr. Bethune."

Bethune gazes at him, startled. Calmly the commander says: "You don't take sufficient care — rather you don't take any care — of your own health."

Bethune opens his mouth to argue. The commander stops him. "And I hear that you use your monthly subsidy of a hundred yuan to buy special food for the wounded. You know Chairman Mao has instructed us to give that money to you — so that you can maintain your health."

Bethune has found his point for rebuttal. "How much subsidy do you get each month, commander? Five yuan, isn't it? What about that?"

"Well . . . ah . . . that's another matter. What's more, you're not getting enough rest. Everyone from Superintendent Yu to the cook says so."

Bethune laughs and shrugs. "Very well, I accept your criticism. When we get back to Pine Cliff Gap I'll sleep for three days and three nights."

The commander's face suddenly changes.

"What's happened at Pine Cliff Gap?" Yu queries anxiously.

The commander's brows contract. He hesitates, then says: "There's an enemy detachment there. I'm afraid the model hospital —"

Black smoke billows up in Pine Cliff Gap.

The model hospital is in flames.

Enemy cavalry gallop through the burning village, shooting. Horses' hoofs fly before the camera, churning up a cloud of dust.

On a path deep in the mountains, hospital personnel and peasants are carrying the wounded away on stretchers.

Grandma Meng and Little Tiger, holding his red-tasselled spear, walk in front of the team of stretcher-bearers.

Little Tiger watches the foot of the mountain from behind a boulder. His face suddenly turns white. He silently beckons his grandmother to come and have a look.

The enemy is drawing nearer.

Grandma Meng utters a cry. She turns and shouts to the team of stretcher-bearers: "Hurry! Take that little path." The stretcher-bearers move quickly towards the top of the mountain. When she looks around again, Little Tiger is gone.

He is dashing in the opposite direction from the stretcher-bearers. He leaps on a high bluff and pushes a rock rolling down the slope. It smashes into pieces.

The Japanese soldiers look. Little Tiger leaps out and dashes off. The Japanese soldiers, yelling, give chase.

Grandma Meng walks behind the team of stretcher-bearers. She halts and looks back. She hears the baying of the enemy's dogs. She presses her trembling hands to her chest.

Little Tiger leads the enemy further and further away.

He plunges into a jumble of tall reeds and boulders.

Shouting, the enemy pursue.

Little Tiger falls, but quickly stands up and continues running. He has hurt his foot and is limping.

Barking dogs chase after him.

As Little Tiger heads for a thicket, a pursuing Japanese soldier raises his gun.

A shot reverberates through the valley.

Grandma Meng turns deathly pale and presses her hands to her heart.

The model hospital — a heap of ruins.

Bethune, Yu and Tung gaze silently at the burned-out compound. Young Shao and the guards, holding the horses' reins, stand to one side.

Viewing the hospital into which his comrades poured so much of their hearts' blood, Bethune is torn with grief.

Stretcher-bearers carry the wounded back down the village street.

Bethune, Yu and Tung come through a broken wall and advance across the rubble.

Grandma Meng walks beside a stretcher team. She is holding Little Tiger's red-tasselled spear.

Bethune hastens forward and grasps her thin hand. His lips tremble but he cannot speak.

Grandma Meng softly tells him: "The wounded are here, doctor. Not a single one missing."

Night. Bethune, Tung and Yu lie on a platform bed in Grandma Meng's house. Chill moonlight streams in through the window. Autumn wind rustles the leaves in the courtyard.

Unable to sleep, Bethune tosses and turns. He opens his eyes. Little Tiger's red-tasselled spear is leaning against the wall. Bethune sits up, strikes a match and lights a cigarette.

Superintendent Yu isn't asleep either. He coughs quietly.

"What a fool I am," Bethune says bitterly, his head in his hands. "I should have realized there's no such thing as a safe rear base in a war like this."

Yu also sits up.

"How shall we start to work again?" Bethune rubs his forehead.

Yu keeps silent for a while. Then he says, "Our medical detachment did very well in the Lingchiu Campaign, didn't it?"

Bethune ponders. Outside, the autumn wind is blowing. He takes two more puffs on his cigarette, pondering. Then he snubs it out and says decisively: "We can organize a guerrilla medical unit. We can go wherever there are wounded."

Yu says: "You mean organize a mobile medical team?"

"Yes, a mobile medical team."

The banner of the mobile unit flutters in the breeze.

Bethune rides his roan. Behind him, also mounted, come Fang, Chia, Shao and Tung. Animals in the rear carry cases of medical equipment.

They follow winding roads through the mountains of the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei Area.

Entering a village, they are enthusiastically welcomed by the local residents.

In a large compound, Bethune and the other doctors give the villagers medical treatment.

Beneath a setting sun red as blood, the unit climbs to a summit. The surrounding mountains are like the billows of the sea.

Our soldiers charge boldly through a rain of bullets and a mist of battle smoke.

The mobile unit is working in a small tent. Bethune and Fang are operating simultaneously on two different patients on two separate tables. Not far off, a shell explodes.

In a casualty station, Bethune examines in turn wounded men on a platform bed.

The unit's banner flies against a background of falling snow.

Bethune and the doctors push their way through the storm over a mountain ridge. Bethune is wearing an army greatcoat and fur hat. Icy particles cling to his beard.

Shao struggles after them. The Little Devil slips and tumbles into a snow drift.

Bethune hauls him out and forces him to ride the roan.

Fang helps a driver drag one of the laden mules up the slope.

It is still snowing heavily. The mobile unit enters a village. They stop before a casualty station. Men start unloading the cases of equipment.

In a room, Bethune checks the medical cases. He extracts a broken bottle. White powder drips to the floor.

The case is full of broken glass. Different coloured medicines have all spilled together.

Fang enters briskly. "Dinner's ready. Come and eat, Dr. Bethune." He sees the case. "What's this?" he cries, startled.

"Boric acid," exclaims Tung. "We went to a lot of trouble to buy it in Paoting only a short time ago."

Bethune frowns. "Our medical supplies are dwindling fast. They ought to be handled as carefully as ammunition. But —"

Fang gazes at the wreckage. "They take a lot of shaking on the mountain trails. Our medical cases are no good."

"That's right," Tung agrees. "They haven't kept up with the improvements in our mobile unit."

Bethune's brows are knit in thought.

A cup of steaming hot tea stands before Bethune in the lamplight.

On the table are several sheets of paper. Bethune is drawing.

Fang enters. "Aren't you asleep yet, doctor?"

He sees the drawings of what look like two manure baskets and several detailed diagrams. "What are these — medicine cases?"

"Yes." Bethune blows out his breath. "Combined medicine cases and operating tables."

He sketches as he explains to Fang. A finished sketch appears on the paper. It is a bridge-shaped contrivance that fits on the back of a mule, with the bottles held in compartments by elastic bands and protected by covers.

"With the covers open, it's an operating table," says Bethune. "Put it on an animal's back, and you can march immediately."

The mobile unit is preparing to leave. The pack animals are laden with the new-type medical cases. "Another invention by Dr. Bethune," Tung cries cheerfully. "We ought to call it the Bethune Animal Pack." He turns to Bethune and says in jest, "Will you have to give the patent rights to that American medical equipment company for this too?"

Bethune laughs. "There are no patent rights here, thank heaven.

As to it being an invention, the credit belongs to the donkey drivers of a thousand years ago. It was their manure baskets which gave me the idea."

"Anyhow, we must give it a name," Fang says.

"I've thought of the name too — Marco Polo Bridge," Bethune replies, "where the Japanese attacked Peking."

In the frosty winter morning, the unit sets forth.

A fine day. The sun shines brightly. Again the mobile unit travels a mountain road.

Bethune does not ride. He climbs the slope on foot, his overcoat unbuttoned.

Young Shao, not far off, is particularly happy. He picks up a stone and heaves it at a couple of birds skimming over the ridge. He misses and the birds veer off. As he tramps, the Little Devil sings:

*We are all crack marksmen,
Every shot wipes out an enemy,
We march at flying speed,
Who cares for mountains and rivers?*

Bethune listens. The boy goes on:

*In the depths of the dense forest,
Everywhere our comrades camp,
On the tops of the highest peaks
Are our brothers without end....*

Bethune halts and asks: "What's that called?"

"The Song of the Guerrillas," Tung informs him.

Bethune hums a few lines. The others join in, their voices ringing in chorus in the mountain valley.

Part 4

New Year's Eve, according to the lunar calendar. The mobile medical unit arrives in Pine Cliff Gap.

The village resounds with drums and cymbals. Many of the burnt homes have been repaired. Auspicious aphorisms, written in pairs on strips of red paper, are pasted on both sides of doorways.

The peasants rush up to welcome the returning medical men. "You've come back, Dr. Bethune? A happy New Year to you." "Happy New Year, Dr. Fang."

Bethune clasps his hands together in Chinese-style greeting. "Happy New Year."

The people ply Bethune, Fang, Tung and Shao with questions. "How long can you stay this time? We haven't seen you in months."

That night, Bethune, Fang and Tung are eating dumplings in the home of Grandma Meng.

The house has been repaired. The room is very clean. Scissor-cuts decorate the paper window-panes. On the wall, on two strips of red paper flanking a portrait of Chairman Mao, is a couplet:

The people and the army together strive

That victory over the Japanese may soon arrive.

The old woman and her family sit with their guests on a platform bed. Several big bowls of steaming dumplings rest on a low table.

"Have a few more." Grandma Meng heaps Bethune's plate with dumplings.

Bethune, chopsticks in hand, is wrestling with a dumpling. His agile surgeon's hands cannot manipulate the chopsticks. Perspiration appears on his temples as he chases the slippery dumpling around the platter.

"Get you a knife and fork, Dr. Bethune?" Fang asks.

"No. I can't compromise." Bethune manages to capture the dumpling at last. He laughs triumphantly. "Hooray."

He raises his dumpling to his mouth, but his chopsticks slip, and the dumpling drops on the table. Everyone bursts into laughter.

"Erh-niu, Erh-niu, look what I've got," Young Shao calls from the courtyard. Happily, the Little Devil pushes open the door. He is carrying something in his hand.

"A revolving lantern. Give it to me," cries the girl. She jumps down from the platform bed.

"Wait a minute. Let me light it first." Shao lights the candle. The cut-out figures begin to revolve inside the lantern.

First we see a Japanese soldier surrendering, rifle held with both

hands over his head, before an Eighth Route Army soldier and a militiaman. Next are two peasant women stitching cloth shoes for the fighters at the front. Then comes a bearded doctor giving a wounded soldier a transfusion of his own blood. "Look at that," exclaims Erh-niu, clapping her hands. Though the replica is rough, the resemblance is unmistakable.

"Dr. Bethune," Erh-niu cries, hopping delightedly. Everyone laughs.

"Hey, quite a party." Superintendent Yu has just come in.

"Hello, Yu."

"Have some dumplings, superintendent."

"Take off your coats. Come on to the platform bed and get warm," urges Grandma Meng.

"Is anything up?" Bethune asks.

"I've brought you good news, Dr. Bethune," says Yu.

"What is it?" Bethune asks eagerly. "Medicines? Have the medicines arrived from Canada?"

"No." Yu shakes his head. "Aren't you always talking about going to the central Hopei plain to see how Eighth Route Army men deal with the enemy? Well, now the commander has approved."

For a moment Bethune is stunned. Then, with a whoop, he sweeps Erh-niu up in his arms.

The vast central plain of Hopei Province, criss-crossed by paths, dotted with villages.

From a hill, Bethune, Fang and Tung, all on horseback, view the scene.

Bethune takes a deep breath. "It's a sea, an unconquerable sea." He claps his horse with his legs. "Let's go."

"Wait." Fang stops him. "We'd better wait till dark before going down."

Bethune doesn't understand.

Fang points. "Those are enemy gun towers in the gap. We can't slip through their blockade line till after dark. Operating on the plain is different from in the mountains. We do everything right under the enemy's nose."

Bethune shrugs. "You're the political commissar of our mobile unit. We'll obey your orders."

A moonless night. Mist lies heavily on the plain. A chill wind moans through the bare branches of the poplars. The distant villages, absolutely silent, seem asleep. Only an occasional flickering lamp, like a lighthouse in a sea of fog, gives any hint of direction.

In the shadowy night, a contingent of dark figures moves rapidly forward. It is headed by a small group bearing weapons slung across their backs. Slightly behind, mounted on horses, are Bethune, Fang, Tung and Shao. Pack-animals with medicine cases bring up the rear.

The contingent stealthily advances. The only sound is the muffled thud of hoofs upon the earthen path.

Cold, Bethune turns up the collar of his greatcoat.

They are passing through a village. The riders have dismounted and are walking their horses. There is not a light or sound in the village. All around stand the burnt-out ruins of buildings.

Bethune pauses and lights a cigarette. "No smoking," a voice ahead snaps. Shao runs up. "Put it out," the Little Devil orders peremptorily.

Without an instant's hesitation, Bethune complies.

"We're very close to the Japanese blockade line," Tung tells him in a low voice.

The contingent continues to advance.

A tall fort rears up out of the plain like some dark evil beast in the night. Light can be seen gleaming faintly through the gun slits.

The advance guards suddenly are lost to sight. Then the order is softly transmitted, "Down. Lie down!"

The experienced young Shao pulls Bethune down behind a grave mound. Tung crawls up beside them. Others lead their horses.

The plain is as still as death. Except for the wind, there is no sound.

Thus they wait for a long period. Time seems to have stopped.

Suddenly comes the whispered order, "Forward."

They emerge from behind the grave mound. Bending at the waist, they grope ahead through the darkness.

In the distance there is a flash like lightning, followed by a low rumbling sound.

"Down," comes the command. Everyone is instantly lost to sight.

The rumbling grows louder. The ground shakes. A powerful blinding searchlight beam sweeps over.

Bethune instinctively ducks his head, then raises it again slightly. In the glare of the searchlight he sees gleaming steel rails about three hundred yards away, girded by barbed wire. The fort is on the other side of the railway.

A big armoured car, like some huge tortoise, crawls along the rails.

"A rail inspector," Tung says in a low voice.

Gradually, the rumbling fades as the armoured car is swallowed up in the darkness.

"Can we advance now?" Bethune asks.

"No," the experienced Shao informs him. "We have to fill in the ditch first."

Beyond the barbed wire is a wide ditch eight or nine feet deep. Now the dark figures with the rifles slung across their backs spring to life. Crouching, one after another, they slip to the edge of the ditch. Each tosses a bundle of sorghum stalks he has been holding under his arm. Several men slide down after the bundles and stack them. Using small shovels, they cover the stalks with earth. All this is done without a sound.

In a grove, men inspect the pack-animals. Feed bags are hung over the beasts' muzzles.

Lying beside Bethune, young Shao is listening alertly. Ahead, someone whispers something so low Bethune cannot make it out. But Shao immediately tugs him and says, "Let's go." Crouching, they quietly advance.

Soldiers are still dumping bundles of sorghum stalks into the ditch, then going back for more.

Someone has crawled to the barbed wire fence and has begun clipping it.

As Bethune moves forward, with Shao ahead of him and Tung behind, the command is passed along, "Cross the ditch. Hurry.

Don't drop out of line." Shao pulls Bethune's arm. They hasten their pace.

The ditch is filled almost level with the ground. As the men cross, the stalks crunch beneath their feet.

Shao helps Bethune down to the sorghum causeway, then jumps down after him. Bethune sees guards with guns crouching on both sides of the ditch. Approaching the other end he slips and nearly falls. A hand catches and steadies him. Bethune looks up. It is Fang.

They slip through the cut barbed wire without incident. Now, the railway tracks are before them. Bethune looks back a moment, then quickly crosses.

There is a loud clang. A pack-animal's iron shoe has struck against one of the rails. How clearly it rings in the silence of the night.

At once, a searchlight is turned on in the fort.

"Down," urges Bethune, pulling Shao. "No," says the Little Devil. "Run, fast." He and Tung grab Bethune and hustle him at full speed into the dark misty fields.

The searchlight sweeps the railway, seeking a target. But the men and their pack-animals have disappeared. Nevertheless, the fort cuts loose with a machine-gun. The bullets ring against the steel rails.

Shao casts a backward glance and says contemptuously, "Very nice. A send-off of fire-crackers to start our journey."

"Hurry," Fang urges them. They move on.

They continue their rapid march until they reach a large cemetery surrounded by cypress trees.

"Rest a while," says Fang. "We're out of danger."

Breathing hard, Bethune sits down on a grave mound. He peers back. The fort looks very small in the distance. Opening his great-coat, he blows out his breath. "Ho, I must write this experience down. I was like a babe in the woods, but it wasn't a fairy that led me out but a sixteen-year-old Little Devil of the Red Army." He affectionately ruffles Shao's hair.

Tung translates, then asks with a smile, "How many times have you come through an enemy blockade line, Little Devil?"

The boy is rather embarrassed. "Not many," he replies. "Only five."

Fang and another man are talking in low tones behind some trees. The man's voice is very familiar, Fang emerges. "Dr. Bethune," he says, "the guard company that's seen us through is going back. The company leader wants to say goodbye."

Bethune rises. The man approaches, snaps to attention and calls, "Dr. Bethune."

Bethune advances two steps for a closer look. It is none other than the bushy-browed large-eyed Hsu Shih-chieh.

"Hsu." Bethune throws his arms around him delightedly and kisses him on both cheeks. "It's you."

Hsu tightly grips Bethune's hands.

"How are you? How many more of the enemy have you killed?" Bethune queries half in jest. "Or perhaps you have captured a Japanese general?"

"I haven't been in battle since I left the hospital," replies Hsu. He is still clinging to Bethune's hands. "We won't escort you any further, doctor."

"They've got to get back across the blockade line before dawn," Fang explains.

"Well then, I'll be seeing you, son," says Bethune, hating to let him go.

Hsu salutes. "Goodbye, Dr. Bethune."

Bethune watches until Hsu vanishes into the night. His horse is led up. Shao urges him to mount. Only then does Bethune look around.

A village on the Hopei plain. Accompanied by the chief doctor, Bethune and Fang inspect the ward.

Bethune comes to the bedside of a seriously-wounded soldier. "How are you, child?" he says, patting the soldier on the shoulder.

"How are you, Dr. Bethune?"

"He has a fracture of the upper femur," the chief doctor tells him.

Bethune feels the soldier's thigh and asks, "Painful?"

"No."

"Who is responsible for this operation?" Bethune asks.

Timidly, the doctor glances at Fang then, steeling himself, replies: "I am." He prepares for the storm.

Bethune tries the splint and asks: "Did you make this splint yourselves?"

"Yes. According to the diagrams in your book."

"Fine." Bethune smiles. "If you don't have wood, you can use substitutes. Sticks, bamboo, sorghum stalks — anything will do. I learned that from Fang."

To the patient, Bethune says: "You'll soon recover, son." Then he says goodbye to the others and departs.

"Who says he has a terrible temper?" one of the patients demands. "He reminds me of a kindly old woman."

Spring. Willows by the stream are putting out buds.

A bugler blows an urgent call for assembly.

Outside the village the soldiers gather and form ranks.

Bethune also prepares to march. Shao helps load the pack animals.

Several wounded are carried from a compound on stretchers. Bethune strides over and inspects them.

"Dr. Bethune, Dr. Bethune." Tung runs up, waving some letters. "From Canada, letters from Canada."

"What?" Bethune doesn't believe his ears. Overjoyed, he takes the letters. "They've actually come. Thank you, thank you, Tung."

"And these papers, too." Tung hands him two large packages of newspapers.

Bethune is about to open a letter when two more stretcher cases are carried out. He stuffs the letters and papers in his pocket and walks over.

A male nurse starts to go off with the wounded. Bethune stops him. "Any more?" Bethune queries.

The nurse is puzzled. Then he understands. "No. Just these six were left. The light cases were evacuated last night."

"Evacuated?" Bethune glares. "Where to?"

"Tawang Village, Thirty *Li* Hamlet..."

"Tawang Village?" Bethune growls. "On whose orders?"
The nurse looks at him uneasily. "Commissar Fang arranged it."
"Fang?" Bethune walks off.

Fang is standing at the entrance to the village, directing the departure of the mobile medical unit. Bethune strides up to him furiously. "Did you evacuate those wounded?"

Fang nods. Before he can speak, Bethune says hotly: "But they still need treatment."

"There are people to look after them where they're going."

"Tawang Village? That's in a guerrilla area."*

"Yes."

"Who decided this?"

Fang gazes at him calmly. "I did."

"Why?"

"Too many wounded slow up the movement of the troops. Our superiors have criticized us again and again —"

Unconvinced, Bethune still wants to argue.

"Hurry," Tung urges. "The men are already on the march."

Very dissatisfied, Bethune replies: "I'll carry out your orders now, but I think you're wrong." Angrily, he takes the reins of his horse, which a soldier has led up.

English-language newspapers lie scattered on a table.

As Fang and Tung enter, Bethune is standing by the window smoking his pipe. He obviously is in a bad mood.

"Ah, you've opened them all," Tung remarks lightly. "What's the news?"

"News?" Bethune whirls to face them. He says heatedly: "The Munich Pact. Madrid is about to fall. Chiang Kai-shek is selling out the Chinese people. The whole world has gone mad."

He walks up to the table and points to an opened letter. "This magazine wants me to do an article for them about Shansi-Chahar-Hopei Area. But, they say: 'Put a little romance in it.' They can go to hell. What do they think I am — an explorer hunting tigers

*An area nominally administered by puppets of the Japanese but whose people secretly supported the resistance forces.

in the jungles of Africa? All right, I'll give them an article! Romance, my eye. I'm going to tell the whole world how the Eighth Route Army, living on nothing but millet and fighting with nothing but rifles, is resisting hundreds of thousands of crack Japanese troops, all by itself. People have no right to just stand by."

Red in the face, Bethune puffs his pipe furiously. With an irritated gesture, he switches to another subject. "I must have the medicines and equipment I need. I can't operate without anaesthetics."

Tung asks: "What does your letter from Canada say?"

"Read it," Bethune replies gloomily. He picks up a letter from the table and hands it to Tung.

The interpreter reads it, frowns. "The China Aid Council has sent the medicines long ago," he tells Fang. "In fact it's shipped out three consignments."

Bethune stands at the window gloomily.

"This proves the report that medicine from Canada is being sold on the black market in Chungking,"* Tung says angrily.

Bethune waves his hand, as if sweeping all this unpleasantness aside, and sits down. "Now let's talk about our own affairs."

"Wouldn't you rather do that some other time?" Tung proposes, mildly apprehensive. He looks at Bethune, then at Fang.

"No." Bethune belligerently rests both fists on the table. "Right now. I request that I be sent to Tawang Village."

Fang hasn't expected this. He is taken by surprise.

"I've been to every unit on the plain. Now I ought to inspect a guerrilla area," Bethune says righteously.

Fang hesitates. "It's not that we don't want you to go," he explains. "But Tawang Village is only twenty *li* from an enemy base. They often make trouble —"

"Then why are wounded sent there?" Bethune interrupts. "You say there are a doctor and nurses in the village, is that right?"

"Yes, but —"

"If they can go, why can't I?"

"They're not in uniform. They're disguised as peasants."

*Where the Kuomintang government was located during the War of Resistance Against Japan.

"I can disguise myself too."

Fang is unable to control a laugh. He looks at Bethune. "You're a foreigner. People would see that at a glance."

For the moment, Bethune has no reply. Old Chang brings his meal in — fried bread, a bowl of vegetable broth — and sets it on the table. He looks at the three men, then leaves uneasily.

Another silence follows. Bethune doesn't touch his food.

He rises abruptly. "I must go to Tawang. I want to visit my patients."

A starry night. Bethune, Fang, Tung and several guards, all mounted, proceed across the plain on a sunken road. Behind, a pack-animal carries the medicine cases. The men are disguised as peasants. Bethune wears trousers and a tunic of homespun cloth. His head is covered by a white towel, peasant style. A gauze mask conceals his mouth and half his face.

"Are you still angry with me, Fang?" Bethune asks in a low voice. He is in excellent spirits. Removing his mask, he smiles.

It is several moments before Fang, trying to keep a straight face, replies: "I still think it's an unnecessary risk. The enemy knows we have a foreign doctor working in our detachment. They're offering a reward of three thousand dollars for your capture."

Bethune chuckles. "Three thousand dollars? Is that all they think I'm worth?"

Fang can only shake his head. He sighs. "You're a hard man to handle."

They arrive at the outskirts of Tawang Village.

The village is silent, dark.

At a small stone bridge they dismount. A shadowy figure emerges from behind a tree. "That you, Old Fang?" he asks softly.

Fang shakes hands with him and presents him to the others. "Dr. Bethune, Comrade Tung, this is Old Kang."

About forty, Old Kang is wearing a black cotton jacket and looks like a local peasant. Fang does not say who he is, but evidently he is a leader of the village underground.

Old Kang and Bethune shake hands. "Let's go," says Kang softly. He leads them into the village.

The village street is very quiet. Kang takes them to a compound gate and knocks three times.

There is no answer. Tung raises his hand to knock again. Kang catches his wrist and smiles. "That's enough."

After a while a voice on the other side of the gate asks softly: "Who's there?"

"The shopkeeper," replies Kang. The gate opens quietly. Standing there is a young peasant woman of about twenty. Her hair is done up in a bun in the back. She is wearing a flowered padded tunic. Kang ushers the newcomers in. The woman closes the gate and bolts it.

They are in a small compound. On the west side is a draught-animal's shed. On the east side, a lamp is burning in the window of a room.

Kang says to the young woman: "This is Dr. Bethune. And this is Commissar Fang."

A bit awkwardly, she asks: "Shall we go into the ward?"

Bethune looks at Fang dubiously. "Where's the doctor? Who is the doctor around here?"

"Doctor?" Kang doesn't know what to say.

"I am," the young woman says shyly.

Bethune gazes at her, puzzled.

Fang smiles and nods. "Let's see the ward."

They enter the east building.

A woman in her fifties, seated on a platform bed, is stitching cloth shoe soles by the light of an oil lamp that stands on a low table. Two young peasants, wrapped in quilts, are also seated there, smoking pipes. The room is simply furnished but very clean. The general impression is of a comfortable peasant home.

"Mama Chao, Dr. Bethune has come to look around," says the young woman.

Mama Chao gets down from the platform bed. The two boys remain where they are.

Bethune is mystified. The young doctor removes the quilts covering the boys' legs. The legs are bandaged.

Bethune understands. His grey-bearded face breaks into a smile. He gazes around the room appreciatively.

"Would you like to see?" queries the young woman. Mama Chao deftly unwraps the bandages of one of the wounded.

Bethune shakes hands with the patients. "Are your sons well behaved?" he asks Mama Chao with a grin.

"Oh, yes," she replies. "The older boy listens to me. But the younger one is as full of tricks as a monkey." She unwraps the other patient's bandages.

Bethune emerges from the east building. The young woman leads them through the centre building to a small courtyard in the rear. She removes some stalks leaning against the compound wall. A small door is exposed.

Bending, Bethune goes through the doorway. Another small courtyard is on the other side. Facing him is a row of rooms. Lamp-light reflects on the paper-covered windows.

Following Kang, they enter a room which looks like a general store. Under bright lamplight farm products lie in piles. Pinned on whitewashed walls are some auspicious aphorisms. On a large platform bed lie three "clerks", covered by freshly laundered quilts of a blue flowered pattern. A smart "apprentice", obviously the nurse, stands beside a highly polished table. The patients sit up. "Dr. Bethune," one of them greets him.

Bethune walks over. It is the soldier who said Bethune reminded him of a kindly old woman when the doctor examined him some days before.

"Hello Pai, hello Chi." Bethune recognizes his former patients. Warmly he shakes their hands. "You have a nice place here," he says with a smile.

"Yes. Everything's fine. Only the doctor won't sing for us." Pai retorts mischievously.

The young woman blushes. Smilingly, she punches Pai's arm.

"Can't you ever behave?" She turns to the nurse. "Let Dr. Bethune examine the wounds."

The nurse moves to unwrap the bandages. Bethune stops him. "There's no need." He looks at the young doctor. "Do you have a clinic?"

She nods. The nurse pulls the table away from the brick wall and pushes one end of the wall lightly. The whole thing turns like a revolving door, revealing the dark opening of a passage.

Bethune stares.

"Let me lead the way," says the young woman doctor. She enters.

"Aha." Bethune grins. He, Fang and Tung follow her into a narrow corridor barely the width of a man. It is so low Bethune virtually has to crawl, but he is absolutely delighted. "What is this?" he jokes. "The cave of *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*?"

They grope around a curve. Then the young woman strikes a match and lights a lamp. They see a small room about a dozen feet square. On shelves dug into the wall, bottles and cans of medicine and glass sterilizing jars stand in neat compartments. A small glass cabinet contains simple surgical instruments.

Bethune looks around with great interest. "First-rate. Excellent," he says.

"And what are these?" He picks up two books in Chinese lying on a shelf.

"One of our doctors who attended the training course at the Model Hospital brought them back early this year," the young woman explains.

Tung translates the titles with a smile: "This one is called 'Post-operative Dressing'; this is 'Thirteen Steps in Sterilization'. The author is Norman Bethune."

Bethune laughs.

They emerge through the small door in the compound wall. Kang replaces the stalks.

"Did you go to a medical school?" Bethune asks the young doctor beside him in a low voice.

"Only for one year," she replies shyly. "Hoei Medical College."

"Why didn't you finish? Because of the war?"

"I couldn't stay on in Paoting any longer." Her voice becomes dull.

"I suppose you're married? Where is your husband?" asks Bethune.

She hesitates a moment. "He was killed in Tientsin — by the Japanese military police."

"Oh. I'm terribly sorry."

In the lamplight, Bethune writes line after line in his notebook. Obviously, he is quite stirred.

Tung awakens and finds Bethune writing. "Still up? Come and sleep," he urges.

"In a minute. Do you know, Tung, when I decided to come to China, Dick, a colleague of mine, said I was crazy. He said the Japanese had the most up-to-date weapons, while the Eighth Route Army was nothing but a few peasants with spears. I told him that what I wanted to find out was why these practically unarmed peasants were able to stop the fascists when in other parts of the world they seemed irresistible. I think, today, I've found the answer." He lowers his head. As he continues writing he says in a moved voice, "This is my country. This is my people."

A rosy sunrise. Shining green fields. A beautiful spring day on the plain. Bethune and Fang ride slowly side by side along the stream. From time to time, tender willow tendrils sweep their heads.

Bethune says quietly: "So far as I'm concerned, Fang, you win. You can send all our wounded to Kang and the young woman doctor."

Part 5

The mountains are a riot of red leaves in varying shades of light and dark. Autumn has again come to Pine Cliff Gap.

On the stream bank Erh-niu and Grandma Meng are washing clothes. A Little Devil carrying a bamboo basket hops from rock to rock along the shore.

Erh-niu's eyes are sharp. She squints, then hails him: "Shao, Shao."

"*Aiya*, if it isn't Shao," grandma cries delightedly. "Are you all back?"

"All back," he replies warmly.

"And Dr. Bethune?"

"He's in North Village on the other side of the stream. He hasn't had time to visit you. He's sent me to ask how you are, and bring a few things for Erh-niu."

Shao sets down his basket and removes the cloth covering. Erh-niu peers inside eagerly. She sees two puppies, only a few weeks old, one black, one spotted.

"Dr. Bethune says he promised them to her."

"*Ai*, that doctor," Grandma Meng says, very moved. "How is his health, Shao?"

The boy's expression becomes grave. "He's aged a lot. His hair is all grey."

Bethune indeed looks much older. His sparse hair is white, he is a lot thinner. He is watching Fang operate on a wounded soldier.

The patient is sweating profusely, but his jaw is clenched. Bethune, observing him, is also perspiring. The soldier utters an involuntary cry of pain.

In a trembling voice, Bethune gives Nurse Chia an order: "Anaesthetic."

The nurse hesitates. Panting, the soldier refuses. "No. Save it for the other comrades. I don't need any."

Wiping the soldier's damp forehead, Bethune insists. "You've suffered enough. Bring the anaesthetic — all of it."

"I can't go on operating without anaesthetics," Bethune exclaims in the office of Superintendent Yu. "The wounded are very brave. They grit their teeth and bear it, but I can't stand it."

Yu gazes at the exhausted, overwrought old doctor sympathetically. "I'm very sorry."

Bethune calms down a bit. "I'm not blaming you, superintendent. But I must have the necessary supplies. I've only half a pound of phenol and less than a dozen artery forceps."

"It's a serious situation," Yu agrees. "We've dispatched agents to Peiping and Tientsin to try and buy more supplies. But the Japanese blockade is very tight. We've lost contact with them."

Moodily, Bethune paces the floor, thinking. Suddenly, he halts and turns to Yu. "All right, then. I'll go back to Canada."

"Dr. Bethune wants to return to Canada?" the commander asks Superintendent Yu.

"Yes. He requests that you give him a four months' leave. He wants to make speeches in Montreal, Ottawa, New York and Chicago, and let the whole world know what is really happening here. He wants to expose the dirty way in which Chiang Kai-shek is preventing medicines from reaching us. He wants to raise money and buy medical supplies and equipment."

"Very well," says the commander. "His words are bound to be effective. Besides, he's not in good health. I've been intending to ask him to rest."

Above the speaker's platform is a large banner reading: "Goodbye, Dr. Bethune." The commander, Yu and various leaders of the military district are seated around Bethune.

All of the medical units in the district have sent delegates to participate in the send-off.

The band plays. Delegates from each of the five sub-district medical sections hold up inscribed banners and advance in line to the platform. They are Doctors Ling and Wang, the young woman doctor from Tawang Village, another doctor we haven't seen before and, finally, Fang.

Bethune steps to the edge of the platform to accept the banners. They read as follows:

"Dr. Bethune — our adviser."

"Dr. Bethune — our teacher."

"Dr. Bethune — our model."

"Dr. Bethune — our fellow fighter."

"Dr. Bethune — our comrade."

Bethune listens gravely to Tung's translation of each inscription on the banner. He shakes hands with the doctors one by one. At last it is Fang's turn. Bethune hugs him tightly.

The audience applauds wildly, and the cry goes up: "Speech, Dr. Bethune. Speech."

Tears in his eyes, Bethune walks to the front of the platform. After a pause, he begins. Tung translates:

"Thank you, dear comrades, a thousand thanks. It's I who should be presenting you with banners, I, Bethune, your student. In the past year and a half, perhaps I've taught you a little technique. And you've learned marvellously well. But from you, from the brave soldiers of the Eighth Route Army, from the unyielding people of the entire resistance base, I've learned much more than I've taught. From you I've learned how to be the kind of revolutionary fighter the people need. Comrades, I'm grateful to you, for you've given me the greatest happiness."

Bethune is in his room, packing. His table is piled high with an army greatcoat, a Japanese sword, field glasses, a Japanese flag. He is taking these home to put on exhibition. Bethune places the trophies one by one into his trunk.

He picks up a pile of photos and looks through them. One shows him chatting with the commander. In another he is operating in a small temple. There are pictures of him giving a blood transfusion, inspecting stretcher cases, treating peasant patients. Finally he comes upon a photo of himself with Little Tiger. The boy is holding his red-tasselled spear.

Bethune gazes at this picture a long time. He remembers how Little Tiger stopped him on the road with that red-tasselled spear when he first came to the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei Area.

"Are you in, Dr. Bethune?" Old Chang, the cook, calls from outside.

"Yes, Old Chang. Come on in."

The cook enters with a huge sack on his back.

"What's that?" Bethune puts down the photos.

Opening the sack, Old Chang says: "I've got some potatoes for you here, doctor. I was afraid you might not be able to find any on your journey."

Bethune warmly clasps his hand. "Thanks very much, you old nursemaid."

Gripping Bethune's hand, Old Chang doesn't know how to express his feelings. All he can say is: "Dr. Bethune, come back soon."

Bethune sees him to the compound gate. He stands on the slope outside and gazes at the village scene before him — smoke rising from kitchen stoves, peasants home from the fields driving their draught animals down the main street, sunset clouds concealing the tops of the distant hills. From somewhere comes the sound of a flute.

Tung mounts the slope, then halts at Bethune's side and listens to the instrument's clear notes.

"What is it?" Bethune asks.

"A flute," says Tung.

The music enchants Bethune, "How beautiful. Once in Madrid I heard a soldier playing one. Of course it was a Spanish instrument. It invoked the same kind of emotions in me."

The song of the flute floats through the dusk.

Tung looks at the grey-haired old man. "Homesick?" he asks softly.

Bethune nods. As if to himself he says: "If I can catch a plane, I may be home in time to spend Christmas with my old mother. Of course, I'll report to the Party organization first. But there'll be plenty of time."

The notes of the flute rise into a brilliant passage.

Bethune's excitement grows. He is quite talkative today. "I'm longing to see Montreal at night again, all lit up. Snowy white operating rooms. . . . A stroll down St. Catharine Street. . . ."

"With Edith?" Tung asks smilingly.

"Yes, I've got so much to tell her," Bethune replies frankly. After a pause, he grows sober. "But I must hurry back to China. Our fighters need anaesthetics for their operations."

As Tung gazes at the grey-haired old doctor in the dusk, his eyes become moist. In the falling darkness, Bethune cannot see his tears.

At an army and villagers get-together, gongs sound, drums thunder.

Sitting in the first row are Bethune and Yu, watching a play about Bethune's mobile medical detachment.

Shao acts Bethune. Obviously Bethune's clothes are a bit too large for him.

Bethune laughs heartily.

An urgent clatter of hoofs. Two mounted soldiers spur their horses across the stream and race away.

On the stage, "Bethune" is giving a patient a blood transfusion.

A soldier walks over to Yu and whispers. Yu rises to his feet immediately. He calls Fang who is in the second row and they leave.

Bethune watches. Soon he notices that all the doctors and nurses are leaving. Puzzled, he asks Tung, "What's happening?"

A bugle sounds urgently. The village road is crowded with people coming and going. Soldiers fully armed form ranks and march out of the village.

Bethune, followed by Tung, elbows his way through a crowd of people.

At the medical detachment's compound people are carrying out medicine boxes, preparing to leave, too. Fang, holding a lamp, directs the work. He turns round, surprised to see Dr. Bethune at the gate.

"What's going on? Are you planning to leave me here?" Bethune demands grimly.

Fang looks at Tung. He's not sure how to answer.

"Where is the battle?" Bethune presses.

"In the Laiyuan sector," Fang reveals reluctantly. "The Japanese have begun their winter 'mop-up' ahead of time. A general has been put in command. We've already clashed with them at Motien Ridge."

Bethune does not speak.

Fang says: "Perhaps, if the fighting goes well, I can come back and see you off. Goodbye, Dr. Bethune."

Fang offers his hand, but Bethune doesn't move. After a moment, he looks at Fang and says: "On the roster of your medical detachment put down the name of Norman Bethune."

"How can I do that?" cries Fang, taken aback.

Bethune grips his arm. "Because the revolution requires it, comrade," he replies gravely.

Very troubled, Fang protests: "But the commander has already approved of your trip to Canada. That's more important."

Bethune is adamant. "I'll put it off a while. I can go when this battle is over, can't I?"

With a meaningful glance at Fang, Tung inserts: "It seems to me we'd better ask Superintendent Yu first."

"Very well," says Bethune. "We can ask Yu, or the commander himself, if need be. I'll convince them."

Fang is at a loss for words.

Bethune winks at him. "You've said it yourself, Fang — I'm a hard man to handle."

A chill, foggy morning. The medical detachment prepares to march. Men come and go, making final check-ups. Peasants line the street to see the medical detachment off.

Erh-niu and Grandma Meng hurry along the stream bank carrying a basket. They push through the crowd and ask the members of the medical team: "Where is Dr. Bethune?"

Dressed in the cotton-padded uniform of the Eighth Route Army, wearing an army cap and shod in heavy peasant shoes, Bethune is checking cases of medicine. The girl and old woman hurry up to him. "Dr. Bethune," Erh-niu cries.

"Hello, dear." Bethune sweeps her up in his arms, and shakes hands with Grandma Meng.

"Dr. Bethune —" the old woman removes the cloth covering the basket and reveals eggs inside. "I heard you were leaving. I haven't anything good to give you to eat —"

Bethune wants to refuse but he can't think of the appropriate Chinese. He looks around pleadingly. Tung is nowhere to be seen.

"Take them," grandma insists. "You have such a hard time with us."

"No." Bethune gazes at her white hair. "It's I who should be thanking you. You've given so much to the war."

Erh-niu tugs her grandmother by the sleeve and hands her a package.

"Ah, yes, and there's this too." The old woman opens the bundle. She takes out a pair of extra large cloth shoes, finely stitched, with heavy soles.

Very pleased, Bethune accepts them. "Wonderful. Thank you, grandma. These are just what I need."

The medical detachment starts to march.

Bethune tucks the shoes into his belt, Eighth Route Army style, salutes Grandma and says: "Goodbye." He kisses Erh-niu, then hurries after the troops who by now are along the bank.

Watching his retreating figure, the old woman nods and sighs: "A real Eighth Router." She sees Shao, grabs him and puts the basket of eggs in his hand.

In the face of a strong wind an Eighth Route Army detachment trots through a gap in the Great Wall and continues up the mountain.

Eighth Route Army men, behind a breastwork on a cloud-piercing peak, fire at the enemy.

An enemy artillery position. Several mountain guns are in action. Shells burst in our position. Our men stand firm.

In a ravine, stretchers with wounded have been placed at the foot of a slope out of the wind. From behind, more stretcher cases continue to be brought up. Artillery fire booms in the distance.

Bethune and Nurse Chia examine the wounded. "We need more quilts," Bethune tells her. "We can't let them catch a chill." He sees that one of the wounded requires an immediate operation. To Chia, who is registering such cases, he says, "This one to Dr. Fang."

What was once a small theatre stands on a slope. It has been converted into an operating room. White cloth, hung between its pillars, flaps in the wind. An operating table has been placed in the centre of the stage. Fang is operating. Behind him a communications man is installing a telephone. Beside the phone stands a small alarm clock.

Japanese soldiers charge up the slope. Our machine-guns and hand-grenades knock them back.

In the operating room, Fang is still at work. Bethune serves as his assistant.

Tung is on a hilltop, peering through a pair of field glasses. Shao is beside him.

Beyond two hills opposite, several black dots are moving. Tung focuses his glasses on them. They are men wearing Chinese peasant clothes. But somehow they don't seem true to type. Suspicious, Tung looks at them carefully. He sees that they are Chinese puppet troops in disguise. All are carrying arms. Soon, behind them, Japanese troops appear, their steel helmets gleaming in the sun.

"The enemy," cries Tung. He starts rapidly down the hill, then halts and shouts to Shao. "Notify the guard company at once. Tell them they must hold back the enemy at all costs."

In the operating room, Bethune and Fang examine a wounded soldier. Tung, panting, enters hurriedly and says in a low voice: "A large enemy detachment has been spotted on the opposite hill. We must move out at once."

Fang hesitates, looks at Bethune. Before he can speak, the telephone rings.

Tung picks it up, listens. "It's headquarters command," he tells Fang and Bethune. "The enemy in Wangan Village are on the march. They're heading for our rear. Headquarters orders us to withdraw immediately."

"How long do you estimate it will take the enemy to get here?" Bethune asks Tung.

"Forty minutes. No — half an hour."

"Evacuate the wounded first, prepare the pack-animals," Bethune directs. "I'll do this one operation and go."

"But Dr. Bethune —" Fang begins.

Bethune cuts him short with a wave of the hand. "Hurry. We've no time to argue. Local anaesthetic."

The hands of the clock show two fifteen.

The Japanese advance ominously down the hill.

Outside the operating room, the wounded have all been evacuated. The pack-animals are ready. Tung supervises the loading of the medicine cases. Bethune is operating inside.

Rifle fire is followed by the concentrated roar of heavy machine-guns. "Our guard company has gone into action," Tung shouts as he runs in.

"We must leave right now," he urges Bethune.

Bethune, concentrating on the operation, accepts an instrument from the nurse. He does not reply.

"Old Fang," Tung says pleadingly.

Before Fang can answer, Bethune says: "This is an abdominal wound. If we move him now, he may die. I must finish."

The patient on the table weakly raises a hand. "Go, Dr. Bethune," he entreats. "Never mind about me."

Bethune gently pushes aside the patient's hand and reaches for a pair of pincers.

Fang is in a dilemma. He looks at the clock, comes to a decision. "You go first, Dr. Bethune. I'll finish the operation."

Bethune pauses. "Why?"

Fang searches desperately for an answer. "Because — I'm a Communist."

Bethune goes on with the operation. "So am I."

The hands of the clock point to two thirty.

The clock reads two forty.

Below the stage, the pack-animals stand waiting. Bethune's roan pricks up its ears, paws the ground, whinnies.

The shooting is nearer. Machine-gun fire is interspersed with the crump of enemy mortars. The whole valley trembles.

Bethune is still operating. Suddenly he utters an exclamation. "What's wrong?" Fang queries in concern.

"Nothing," Bethune continues operating. Finally, he tosses aside the instrument he has been using and draws a deep breath. "Now you can finish him up, Fang."

Fang immediately takes over. Bethune goes to a basin and washes his hands. Tung and Shao hastily collect the surgical instruments. The clock shows two forty-five.

As Bethune washes his hands, he bumps the finger he has cut while operating. He looks at it with a frown and swears. He takes a bottle of mercurochrome from the case Tung is packing and pours a little on the cut.

"What's the matter?" Tung asks.

"I nicked myself." Bethune hurriedly bandages the finger.

Fang completes the last suture. Putting down his needle and tweezers, he blows out his breath. "Take him away."

The patient is covered with a quilt and carried out on a stretcher.

"Get on your horses, quick," Tung urges. He closes the medicine case.

Not even removing his apron, Bethune mounts. He yanks the horse's head around and digs in his heels. The beast races down the slope. Fang and Tung's horses follow. The pack-animals bring up the rear.

The theatre is empty. A breeze rolls away the bloody bandages and cotton which litter the floor.

Dusk. The medical detachment labours up a steep incline. The figures of the men and animals are seen against a background of twilight sky.

They cross the ridge and start down into a dark valley.

Night. The wind howls angrily. The men huddle around a fire on the leeward side of a bluff.

Bethune sits by the fire with drooping head. His hands rest on his drawn-up knees, showing a bandaged middle finger.

Shao brings him a steaming bowl and says softly, "Have some gruel, Dr. Bethune."

Bethune looks up, shakes his head.

Tung, sitting beside him, asks uneasily, "Aren't you feeling well?"

"Just tired."

The wind moans. Cold, Bethune shivers. "Quite a wind," he says, gazing at the fire.

Downy snow-flakes begin to fall.

"Oh, snow," Chang exclaims, looking up at the heavy sky.

Dawn. It is still snowing. The detachment has arrived at a village medical station. Bethune and the others dismount.

The chief of the local medical station leads Bethune and Fang into his office. "Warm up by the stove," he invites them, "and have some hot tea."

Bethune is very weary but he does not sit down. Shaking the snow from his overcoat, he asks, "How many patients have you here?"

"Over fifty. Most of them have just been brought in from the front."

Bethune puts on his fur hat. "I'll take a look at them."

Dumbfounded, the chief turns to Fang and Tung. "But you haven't slept all night. At least have some water first."

"All right," Bethune agrees. "We'll drink a cup of tea and then go."

Tung nudges the chief and tells him in an undertone, "It's no use. That's the way he is."

Fang smiles. "Very well. Tung, accompany Dr. Bethune on a round of the ward and then both of you get some rest. I want to try and make contact with headquarters." He puts on his hat and departs. Snow is blown in when he opens the door.

In the ward. A patient with a badly swollen face lies unconscious. Tung and the chief stand by the bedside as Bethune completes his examinations.

The patient is breathing with difficulty. Bethune ponders. "Very little hope, but we ought to try."

"Wait till Old Fang gets back," Tung suggests.

"No." Bethune is firm. "We must race against time. Let's get into action."

"But..." Tung searches for words.

"He's a soldier, comrade, one of our precious fighters," Bethune interrupts sternly. "And I am a surgeon of the Eighth Route Army."

The operating room. The patient lies on the table. Wearing rubber gloves, Bethune feels carefully in the incision with his index and middle fingers. He smiles and extracts a bit of shrapnel.

It rings as he drops it into a tray. "We found it after all," he says to the nurse beside him.

The meal waiting on the office table is already cold. Exhausted by the strenuous past few days, Shao dozes off with his head on his arms.

The door opens and the boy awakes. Fang enters with a swirl of gusty snow.

"Where is Dr. Bethune?" Fang asks.

Shao rubs his eyes. "In the ward. No — he's operating."

Fang turns and exits.

By the time Fang enters the operating room, Bethune is putting in the final stitches.

"Dr. Bethune," Fang calls from the door.

"You're too late," Bethune says jestingly, pulling off his rubber gloves and dropping them into a tray. He washes his hands. "Now I'll sleep."

Unknown to any of them, in the middle finger of the left hand glove left in the tray is a small hole.

Morning. The snow has stopped falling and the wind has died. The medical detachment prepares to march. The medicine cases have already been loaded on pack-animals.

Artillery fire is audible in the distance. Another clash has commenced.

Tung approaches young Shao. "Isn't Dr. Bethune up yet?"

"The old man must be worn out. He's still sound asleep."

Dubiously, Tung walks quickly to the medical station's compound gate.

The door of the office is shut, and the curtains on the window are closed. Tung quietly pushes the door open a crack and peers in. Bethune is lying on an army cot, his head propped high on pillows.

His eyes are closed. Bethune's middle finger is soaking in a glass of water that stands on a stool beside the bed.

Through the glass it can be seen that the finger is red and swollen.

"*Aiya*," Tung involuntarily cries.

The medical detachment marches through the endless mountains.

The sky is leaden. A snowstorm is brewing. Gleaming white peaks rise one behind the other like the sections of a folding screen.

Bethune is wearing a greatcoat, with a blanket draped over that. His left hand hangs from a sling around his neck. As his roan mare laboriously climbs the snow-covered slope, Bethune sits slumped in the saddle, his eyes half closed.

When they are midway up, a gust of wind lifts snow off the slope and blows it in their faces. Bethune shivers and opens his eyes. He listens, then tugs on his horse's reins and calls: "Stop!"

Tung also halts. "What's wrong?"

"Where are we going?" Bethune demands. "The fighting's over there." He points behind them. Artillery can be heard in the distance.

Tung has no answer. Fang rides up and explains: "Headquarters has ordered us to pull back to Tanghsien County."

Bethune tries to turn his horse around. But then the snowy peaks begin rotating before his eyes. He slides from his saddle to the ground.

"*Wei, wei*," Fang urgently cranks the field telephone. "Get me 301. I want 301." He can't get through. Again he cranks the handle hard.

"*Wei...*" Dr. Ling speaks into the receiver. "What? Dr. Bethune..."

Superintendent Yu picks up his phone. "What? Dr. Bethune? Septicæmia!"

"Dr. Bethune. He's got blood poisoning." A staff officer in command headquarters, telephone in hand, shouts this across the room.

The camera pans quickly to the commander, seated at his desk before a large wall map. The commander looks up, shocked.

When Bethune awakens, he finds himself on a stretcher. He sees only the grey sky and the tops of trees, moving back as the stretcher advances along the road.

The artillery fire is no longer audible.

Bethune hears someone sobbing. Turning his head with an effort, he sees that Shao is walking beside the stretcher. The boy is rubbing his eyes.

"What are you crying about, Little Devil?" Bethune forces a jocular tone. "Soldiers are always liable to get wounded."

Shao bites his lips and adjusts Bethune's quilt. Sobbing, he retorts: "Who's crying? I'm not crying."

"How about a song?" Bethune says, to raise Shao's spirits. "*The Song of the Guerrillas*."

But the boy won't sing. He lowers his head.

"Come on," Bethune urges. "*We are all crack marksmen...*" He hasn't the strength to continue, and lapses into a fit of coughing.

Reluctantly, Shao complies:

*We are all crack marksmen,
Every shot wipes out an enemy,
We march at flying speed...*

Wearily, Bethune closes his eyes.

The boy's throat feels choked. He breaks into sobs.

Twilight. The detachment reaches Yellow Stone Gap. The stretcher is carried into a compound enclosed by an earthen wall.

Bethune is laid on a platform bed in a large room. His eyes are closed. "Tell them to bring the wounded here, Fang," he mumbles. "I'll do the head and abdominal operations."

Fang and Tung make soothing replies, and see to it that he is comfortable.

Many people gather in the courtyard — Shao, Old Chang the cook, the detachment's nurses, village cadres, some of the wounded. All

stand silently in the deep snow, gazing at the window of the room in which Bethune lies.

"*Wei*, is that you Fang?" the commander shouts into the receiver. "How's Dr. Bethune?" he asks anxiously.

At Yellow Stone Gap, Fang replies: "Very ill. He's unable to move. We have to stop here."

"Save him at any cost!" the commander pleads. "We must cure him. I've already sent the superintendent."

Superintendent Yu, a nurse and two guards spur their horses along a mountain path.

A candle burns at the head of the bed.

Bethune's face is flushed. He raves deliriously: "Can't rest... still have sixteen seriously wounded."

In the village, no one is sleeping. Outside the earthen-walled compound, people stand waiting for news of Bethune's condition.

Four military men on horseback gallop into the village. The people make way. At the compound gate, the riders dismount.

"Superintendent Yu," someone exclaims.

Fang looks up, hastens forward, and grasps Yu by the arm.

"Dr. Bethune?" Yu is struggling to control himself.

"Very low. We've given him transfusions twice and done everything we could. But..."

"What about the medicine we planned to buy in Tientsin?" Tung asks.

"The blockade is very tight." Yu shakes his head. "No news from three groups we've sent so far. I've brought the best medicines we have in our military district."

"It's no use." Bethune recognizes Superintendent Yu standing by his bedside. His mind is clear now, although he is very weak. "My blood is poisoned. There is no cure," he says calmly.

Fang holds a hypodermic syringe. He is restraining his tears with difficulty. "Perhaps... we can try..."

Bethune shakes his head. "You know what septicaemia means, Fang. We don't have any medicines for that." Suddenly his eyes

blaze and he struggles to sit up. "That's not true. We do. But Chiang Kai-shek has stolen them all."

Yu and Tung urge him to lie back. "Don't excite yourself, Dr. Bethune," Yu says soothingly. "We've sent people specially to Tientsin to try —"

"Thank you. But I'm afraid it will be too late." Bethune lies weakly against his pillows. He looks at his bandaged left hand and laughs wryly. "What rotten luck there was a hole on that glove."

All is still. Even the wind seems to have stopped.

Bethune listens. "What's happened to the fighting?"

"Things are going very well," says Yu. "We've got the enemy completely surrounded."

"Good." A flicker of a smile crosses Bethune's face. "Fang, get some rest. Tomorrow, there will be many operations to do." Fang starts to speak, but Bethune closes his eyes. "Go. I want to be alone. . . ."

Yu, Fang and Tung leave quietly.

They come out into the courtyard, closing the door softly behind them.

"How is Dr. Bethune?" Old Chang asks concernedly.

Yu shakes his head.

Chang walks over to Fang, rolls up his sleeve. "Take my blood, Old Fang, for Dr. Bethune. . . ."

Distressed, Fang bites his lip. He does not speak.

"Do you mean to say there's not a thing we can do?" Chia exclaims, weeping angrily.

Yu cuts her off with a hopeless wave of the hand. Men lead the sobbing nurse away.

Fang can restrain himself no longer. He clutches Yu's arm. "Let me go to Tientsin, to Peiping. I'll find the right medicines. I'll leave immediately —"

"Old Fang. . . ."

"I just can't stand by and watch him, and watch him —"

Suddenly, from Bethune's room comes the slow tapping of a typewriter.

Yu and Fang look at each other in amazement.

In the flickering light of a candle, half propped up against his pillows, with one hand Bethune is feebly pecking at the keys of the portable typewriter he has dragged on to his lap.

Fang and Yu listen.

Suddenly, the tapping stops. There is a dull thud — the typewriter has fallen to the ground.

Yu, Fang and Tung rush in.

Bethune lies slantwise across the bed, gasping for breath. The typewriter lies on the floor.

They hurriedly lift him back to the pillows.

Another horse gallops into the village. Its rider is Hsu Shieh-chieh.

Leaning against the pillows, Bethune slowly opens his eyes. He can discern the figure in the doorway only vaguely. Gradually his vision clears. He recognizes Hsu.

"Hsu," Bethune cries. "It's you."

"Dr. Bethune." Hsu runs to his bedside and reaches for his hand. He pauses when he sees the sling.

Bethune smiles at him weakly, proffering his hand. "How are things going, son?" he queries. "Have we won another big battle?"

By way of reply, Hsu takes two small objects from his pocket and presents them respectfully to Bethune with both hands. "Dr. Bethune, I've brought you these."

Bethune's eyes light up. "What's this? A major general's tabs?" He elatedly takes the epaulets.

"We wiped out over four thousand of the enemy. These belonged to their commander — a major general. Pity we didn't get him alive."

"Excellent, excellent." Bethune glances at Tung with a flicker of animation.

Hsu unhooks a Japanese sword from his belt and places this before Bethune also.

"Aha." Bethune pulls it halfway out of its scabbard and examines it. "Thank you, my brave boy," he says, panting. He pushes the blade back into the scabbard and hands it to Yu. "Please take good care of this, and the shoulder tabs. Some day, after New China is born, they can be put in a museum, so that our next generation won't forget."

Yu accepts the sword and the epaulets.

Bethune turns to Tung. "Now please give me my sword, Tung — my scalpel."

Tung takes Bethune's favourite scalpel from a box of medical instruments on the table. Smiling, Bethune runs his fingers over it fondly. "My sword is much smaller. Comrade Fang, please take this. It's my weapon, our weapon."

Weeping, Fang accepts the scalpel.

"Work hard. The revolution requires it." Bethune sits up abruptly and virtually shouts this, his fist held high.

"Dr. Bethune —" Yu puts out a hand to steady him.

Bethune is very feeble. Lying against the pillows, he points at the letter in the typewriter. Tung pulls it out. Bethune indicates that he should read it.

Tung translates the letter into Chinese as he reads:

Dear Comrade Commander:

I feel extremely low today. This may be goodbye for ever.

Please inform Comrade Mao Tsetung, and send a letter to the Central Committee of the Canadian Communist Party. Tell them I have been extremely happy here. I only wish I could have done more. . . .

Fang rushes from the room to slump down on the steps in the courtyard, where he breaks into sobs.

The silhouettes of Superintendent Yu and Company Leader Hsu are reflected on the window. They remove their hats.

The others in the courtyard do the same. Outside the compound villagers stand in the snow, their heads bowed.

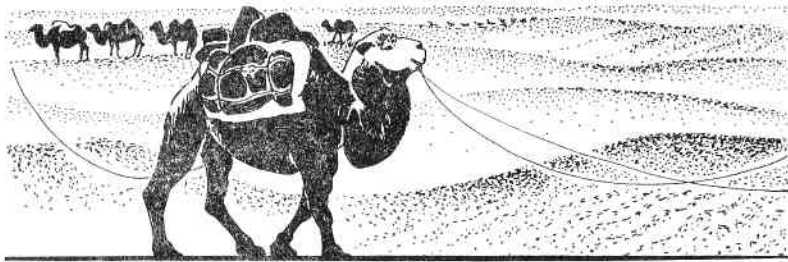


Chairman Mao

“What kind of spirit is this that makes . . . (Comrade Norman Bethune) . . . selflessly adopt the cause of the Chinese people’s liberation as his own? It is the spirit of internationalism, the spirit of communism, from which every Chinese Communist must learn.”

— *Mao Tsetung*





Kuo Mo-jo

Camel

The camel like a ship of the desert,
Or a living mountain,
Stands proudly, head erect,
In the darkness,
Leading the caravan
Towards dawn on the horizon.

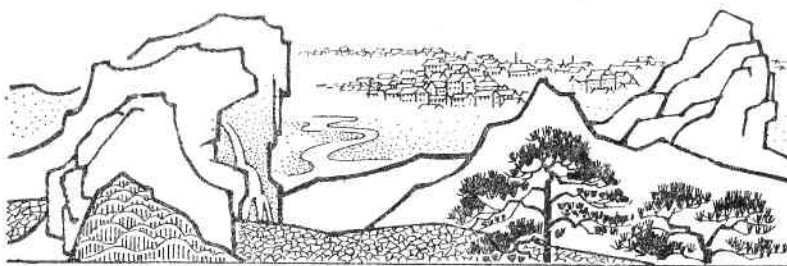
When a blizzard blows,
The caravan, relying on you,
Averts disaster,
Your precious gift:
Life and trust,
Warmth ever remembered.

When the spring breeze awakens the oasis,
Date trees are laden with fruit,
Everywhere meadows and fountains.
A beautiful dream dances by
Like a butterfly.
The vast desert transformed
Into fertile fields.

The flaming sunlit clouds
Spread across the horizon.
Yet rest there is none,
For those with the path before them.
Though we walk to the ends of the world,
Paradise still lies ahead.

Camel, like an interstellar rocket,
Or a living guided missile,
Giving the caravan the courage
To storm the vaults of heaven.
May you guide us onwards,
Forward and forever!

17th September 1956



The Hot Spring at Hsiaotangshan

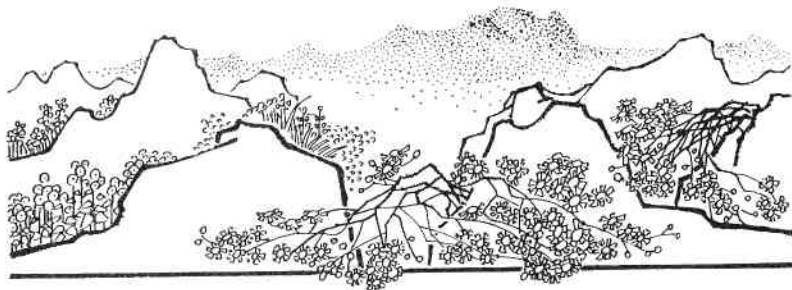
To the west of the capital
 Lies Hsiaotangshan Hot Spring,
 Whose waters are hot and clear.
 There a sanatorium has been built,
 A fountain cascades into marble pools.
 In winter it seems like spring;
 The northern wind is mild,
 Tortoises swim in the stream.
 When comparing this to Huaching Spa,*
 Who can say which is superior?

I rest awhile by the Huaipi Bridge,
 Where a stagnant pool left unrestored
 Is locked in ice.

*At Lintung in Shensi Province where a pleasure palace was built for the Emperor Ming-huang and his favourite concubine Lady Yang in the Tang Dynasty.

The crumbled pavilion reminds me of the past,
 Towards the end of the Ching Dynasty;
 This place was visited by the Empress Dowager.
 She, whose pavilion lies in ruins,
 Lost her empire through selfish indulgence.
 Today the people and the army
 Enjoy the warmth of this hot spring.

1957



Songs of the East Wind

South of the Wuling Mountains, winter is early summer,
And chrysanthemums bloom in all four seasons.
At the time of the Spring Festival, everything is gayer,
For the east wind has brought warmth to these parts.

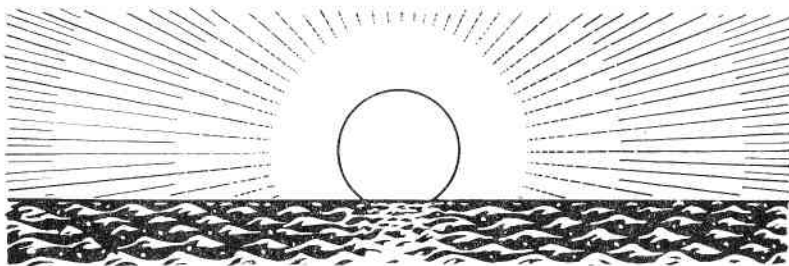
Despite wintry blasts biting from the north,
Ice cannot form here, nor snow remain.
When the east wind has blown throughout the world,
Crimson and purple flowers will bloom everywhere.

How long could the ice maiden threaten us?
Flowers everywhere compete in splendour.
The east wind has always been in our hearts;
As soon as we sigh for spring, it will return.

The towering pines stand proudly,
The east wind triumphs, the winter wind has fled.
In the Himalayas, on the highest peak,*
Our red flag flutters on the snowy summit.

30th January 1962

*Qomolangma Feng is the highest peak in the Himalayas. In May 1960 the Chinese mountaineering team ascended the peak from the northern slope.



For Chairman Mao Tsetung

— to the tune of “*Man Chiang Hung*”

When seas are raging,
 Heroes are fearless.
 Six hundred million,
 United as one
 In unswerving principle,
 Can buttress the caving heavens
 And create order out of chaos.
 A cock announces to the world
 That dawn has broken in the east.

The sun rises,
 Icebergs melt.
 Gold is not base metal;
 It withstands the test of fire.

Four momentous volumes*

Show to us the way.

Chieh's dog yaps at Yao** — how absurd!

Clay oxen plummet in the sea and vanish.***

The east wind unfurls the red flag of revolution,

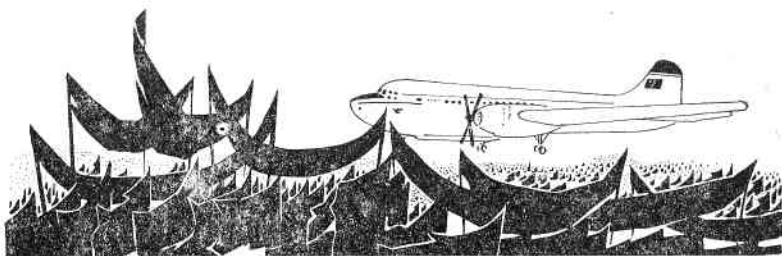
The red glow of the universe deepens.

On New Year's Day 1963

*Referring to the *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung*. At the time when this poem was written, only four volumes of Chairman Mao's selected works were published. Now the fifth volume has come out.

**In ancient Chinese legends, Yao was a good leader and Chieh was an evil king.

***Meaning that revisionists like Khrushchov are doomed to fail.



Welcoming the Delegation's Return

On 5th July, a delegation of the Chinese Communist Party led by Comrade Teng Hsiao-ping, went to Moscow to negotiate with the Soviet Party. They fought the Soviet revisionists uncompromisingly on every point. On 21st July, the delegation returned to China and were welcomed at the airport by Chairman Mao Tsetung, Premier Chou En-lai and others.

From the far side of the world they have returned,
 Joyful cheering fills the airfield,
 Red flags like distant waves surge and roll.
 Two weeks they talked long hours and fought for justice;
 Public opinion is widespread, truth is evident.
 In vain the revisionists tried reversing right and wrong.
 Yet how futile their attempt!

In trying to make white black, is anyone deceived?
 In trying to swathe flames in paper, is fire concealed?

We scorn those stupid fools, digging their own graves.
 They make obeisance to the flag of death,
 And kneel before a missile like a weeping child.
 The wheels of history are propelled by people
 And will roll on, while they are doomed to die.

23rd July 1963

The Art of the Number-Two Clown

Among the different roles in East Chekiang opera is one known as the "second painted-face", or to use a more dignified term, the "number-two clown". The difference between him and the clown is this: instead of playing a bullying, reckless rake or some official's servant who makes use of his master's power, he takes the part of a young gentleman's bodyguard or fawning protégé. In short, his social status is higher than the clown's, but his character is baser.

A loyal servant is played by an actor whose face is not painted, who gives good advice and then dies for his master. A bad servant is played by a clown, who does bad things and perishes in the end. A number-two clown is different, however. He looks not unlike a gentleman, knows something of lyre-playing, chess, calligraphy and painting, and can join in drinking games and solve riddles; but he has powerful backing and bullies the common people. When someone is persecuted, he laughs coldly and feels pleased; when someone is slandered, he threatens him and shouts. He is not always consistent, however, for he quite often turns round to point out his young master's faults to the audience, wagging his head and grimacing as he says: "Look, this fellow is going to get into trouble this time!"

This last trick is typical of the number-two clown, for he is neither as stupid as the loyal servant nor as simple as the bad one. He is an intellectual. He knows quite well that his patron is an ice mountain which cannot last very long, and later he will have to serve someone else. Therefore while he is being fed and basking in reflected glory, he has to show that he is not really on his noble master's side.

Of course operas written by number-two clowns do not have this character. Certainly not. Neither do operas written by clowns or rakes, for they see only one side of his character. No, this number-two clown is a creation of the common people, after they have seen through his type and extracted its essence.

So long as there are powerful families, so long will there be despotism, then there will be number-two clowns, and the art of the number-two clown. If we take a paper and read it for a week, we shall find him now complaining about the spring, now extolling the war, now translating some speech by Bernard Shaw, now talking about the marriage problem. But from time to time he must express his indignation and dissatisfaction with the government—that is his last trick.

This last trick is supposed to show that he is not a flunkey. But the common people understand, and have long ago presented this type on the stage.

June 15, 1933

The Secret of Being a Joker

Kierkegaard* is a Dane with a gloomy outlook on life, whose works always breathe indignation. But he says some amusing things too, as in the passage below:

A theatre catches fire. The clown steps to the front of the stage to announce the fact to the audience, who think it a joke and applaud. Then the clown announces again that there is a fire, but they roar with laughter and clap more loudly than ever. No doubt the world will end amid the general applause of these laughter-loving people who take everything as a joke.

What amuses me, however, is not this passage alone but the way it reminds me of these jokers' cunning. When there is a job to be done, they help out; when their masters are bent on crime, they become accomplices. But they help in such a way that in case of bloodshed no bloodstain is found on them, nor any reek of blood.

For instance, if something serious has happened and everyone is taking it seriously, the joker starts clowning to make the thing look funny, or exaggerates some irrelevant aspects of it to distract attention. This is known as "playing the fool". If murder has

*Sören Azbye Kierkegaard (1813-1855), Danish philosopher and theologian.

been done, he describes the scene of the crime and the hard work of the detectives. If the one killed is a woman, so much the better: he can refer to her as "the lovely corpse" or introduce her diary. If it is an assassination, he tells the life story of the victim, relates his love affairs and the anecdotes about him. . . . Passions are bound to cool down eventually, but cold water — or, to be more refined, green tea — will speed up the cooling-off process. Then this fellow playing the fool becomes a man of letters.

If a serious alarm is raised before men have grown completely apathetic, of course that is bad for the murderer. But then the joker can play the fool again, cracking jokes and making faces on one side, so that the man who has raised the alarm looks like a clown himself to everyone, and his warnings sound laughable. The joker shrinks and shivers to show how rich and mighty the other is. He bows and sighs to show the other's pride. Then the man who raised the alarm is considered a hypocrite. Luckily most of these jokers are men: otherwise they could accuse the one who gives the warning of attempted seduction, making public a great many indecent details, and finally pretend to kill themselves for shame. When there are jokers all around, the most serious talk loses its force and amid the suspicion and laughter an end is made of everything unfavourable to the murderer. This time the joker appears as a moralist.

When there are no incidents of this kind, jokers collect tittle-tattle for the newspaper supplements every week or ten days with which to stuff readers' heads. After reading this for six months or a year, your mind is stocked with stories of how a certain great man plays mah-jong or a certain film star sneezes. This is naturally quite amusing. But the world will come to an end amid the laughter of these laughter-loving people.

August 28, 1933

Introducing Two Essays by Lu Hsun

Lu Hsun studied medicine in his youth, then turned to literature because he felt it was more needed to arouse his compatriots. However, in his exposure of old China's ailments in order to cure them he was like a skilful surgeon, using his pen as a scalpel to make a thoroughly penetrating dissection of that society.

The two essays *The Art of the Number-Two Clown* and *The Secret of Being a Joker* were written in 1933, but their background can be traced to an earlier period. Lu Hsun persistently combated and exposed the bourgeoisie's reactionary men of letters. In the twenties, he unmasked such comprador-scholars as Hu Shih and Chen Hsi-ying who posed as gentlemen advocating "fair-play". In the early thirties, China was threatened by Japanese imperialism which occupied her north-eastern provinces; but the Kuomintang government headed by Chiang Kai-shek compromised with the invaders and cruelly suppressed the revolutionary people. While trying to wipe out the revolutionary bases under the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party, they launched a savage campaign against progressive writers and artists. This was the time when the Kuomintang

hired a host of hack-writers — members of the Crescent Moon Society, the self-styled "third category" or "free agents" and the staff of the humorous magazine *The Analects* — to make venomous attacks on the revolutionary movement in literature and art headed by Lu Hsun, who fought back fearlessly. This is the political background to these two essays.

On the basis of his knowledge of China's long history and the history of her literature, as well as his own rich experience in years of struggle against diehard men of letters, Lu Hsun made a profound analysis of such types in *The Art of the Number-Two Clown*.

Comparing the number-two clown with the clown, Lu Hsun states explicitly: "His social status is higher than the clown's, but his character is baser." Though he is also a servant and slave, he is different from stupid yet loyal servants and from simple-minded bullies. While diverting his master with reading, chess or poetry or abetting him in crime, he often turns to the audience to point out his master's faults, this "last trick" of his showing that he is not really on his master's side. Wanting to hide the fact that he is a flunkey to avoid being involved in his master's ruin, unlike the loyal servant or simple-minded bully he is always ready to face about and hoist a different banner. In this way, if the situation changes he can find himself a new patron. Such a character is like Iago in Shakespeare's *Othello*, a servant with two masters who would work for Othello as well as running errands for the Venetian merchant Roderigo. While flattering both to their face, he informs the audience in an aside that they are "credulous fools". Thus in one soliloquy Iago says:

... Others there are
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and when they have lin'd their coats
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself. . . .

This reveals the thoughts and feelings of number-two clowns.

Lu Hsun in this essay not only gives a true portrait of such hack-writers, but also shows the true character of their writings, the art

of the number-two clown. When we understand the true character of the number-two clown on the stage, we can see through these men in real life. Whether they adopted a pose of aloofness, innocence, surprise, anger or humour, all their writings were just tricks to curry favour, spread lies or glorify themselves.

Thus Hu Chiu-yuan, who claimed to be a "free agent" and loudly criticized the "nationalist literature" of the Kuomintang, later became a censor for their reactionary regime, acting as their spy to suppress proletarian literature and art. Then there was the Crescent Moon Society which demanded "freedom of speech" and "human rights", as if acting as a spokesman for the people; but all the time its members were ingratiating themselves with Chiang Kai-shek, so that one after another they got high posts as advisers, professors and college presidents. Similarly Lin Yu-tang who edited *The Analects* sometimes poked fun at Chiang Kai-shek to show that he had the courage to criticize the government, when in the main he was helping to white-wash it. In essence, the art of the number-two clown is to make a show of disparagement while actually helping his master.

This particular variety of flunkeyism had deep roots in the semi-feudal, semi-colonial society of old China. Foreign imperialist powers supported and bought over different warlord cliques in order to extend their own influence in China. The imperialists' contest for the control of China resulted in long-term fighting amongst the warlords, who kept falling from power or ousting one another due to the rise of the people's revolutionary strength and the contradictions among the imperialist powers. This meant that the hack-writers could find no permanent master and therefore were always ready to switch their allegiance. Just as Lu Hsun pointed out, since the situation was so unstable, these lap-dogs felt precarious and lost all confidence in themselves — they could not even be loyal flunkies. They had to change with each shift in the situation. But no matter what tricks they used, the common people saw through them and had long since "presented this type on the stage".

The Secret of Being a Joker supplements *The Art of the Number-Two Clown*, in which Lu Hsun dissected those hack-writers. In this second essay he reveals their function. If the first is a caricature of their

typical features, the second is a dissection of their innate savagery. The first essay shows the class origin of such creatures; the second sums up the reactionary role they play.

The gist of this essay is an exposure of these men's innermost soul. They may appear as fair-minded and cultured gentlemen, but in fact they are hatchet men. Thus Lu Hsun says: "When there is a job to be done, they help out; when their masters are bent on crime, they become accomplices. But they help in such a way that in case of bloodshed no bloodstain is found on them, nor any reek of blood."

This is a trenchant and brilliant analysis, a powerful blow against such hacks as Lin Yu-tang who wrote about trivia or classical lore to distract attention from the atrocities of the Kuomintang regime. When this essay was first published, the above passage was cut. Lu Hsun, speaking about the censorship of his essays, said that sometimes the editors made minor alterations or omitted phrases which might land them in trouble, but they kept the logic consistent; whereas the official censors did not care about logic but would cut or change whole sentences quite irresponsibly. So it seems that this essay was mutilated by the official censors or their hired hatchet men. And this shows how they dreaded having their secret exposed.

Hack-writers who played the fool to cover up crimes turned murder into a joke, and in this way helped the murderer to escape, while they themselves became men of letters. Then by cracking jokes they could discredit the one who had protested against an abuse, and pose as moralists. Such writers did not just cover up one particular crime or help one specific murderer — they were protecting the whole reactionary class, endangering the whole nation. When the Kuomintang writer Liang Shih-chiu complained, as if his feelings had been hurt, that he did not know who his master was supposed to be, Lu Hsun pointed out sharply that he was the very picture of a running dog of the capitalists. Though a dog was kept by a certain boss, it belonged to the whole class; so it would fawn on all the rich and bark wildly at all the poor.

These two essays of Lu Hsun's not only expose the chief characteristics and reactionary nature of hack-writers in the twenties and thirties in China. They also point out this infallible rule: "So long

as there are powerful families, so long will there be despotism, then there will be number-two clowns and the art of the number-two clown."

These two essays are compactly and skilfully written. *The Art of the Number-Two Clown* starts by describing a stage character and ends on the same note. *The Secret of Being a Joker* opens with a humorous anecdote and ends with laughter. Yet in a few hundred words Lu Hsun fully exposes the secret of these hatchet men, enabling readers to see the true savagery of the old society in which men preyed upon men.

Essays

Fang Chih-min

Beloved China

When I was a little boy, I attended a private school in the countryside. I had no idea then what imperialism was or how it had invaded China. Neither did I know the meaning of patriotism. Later on when I entered a higher primary school, I acquired more knowledge and began to understand what loving one's country means. The patriotic movement of 1918 affected our school and we students held a rally.

There were several hundred of us students at the rally, all filled with hatred for the insatiable aggressive designs of the Japanese imperialists and even stronger hatred for such shameless traitors as Tsao Ju-lin and Chang Tsung-hsiang.* Even the young teachers (the old ones paid little attention to the patriotic movement) were as infuriated as the students. After the opening of the rally was announced, a young teacher took the floor to read and explain the Twenty-one Demands** put forward by the Japanese imperialists

*Two pro-Japanese officials in the Peking warlord government.

**In January, 1915, when other imperialist powers were fighting the First World War, the Japanese secretly presented the Twenty-one Demands aimed at obtaining exclusive control of all China to Yuan Shih-kai, who had usurped the presidency of the Republic.

in an attempt to subjugate China. He started quietly, but then his voice rose until very soon he was shouting. His flushed face turned livid, his neck swelled as if about to burst, and his head was beaded with sweat as he pounded the table. Carried away by his fervour, we youngsters clamped our lips together and our eyes flashed fire. Some of us burst into tears. If there had been a Japanese or a traitor standing before us at that moment, we would certainly have smashed him to smithereens! The meeting adopted a resolution to boycott Japanese goods — we would first destroy Japanese goods in our own possession, then search the shops for them and make speeches calling on the people to be patriotic. Every dormitory started seething after the meeting as students opened their drawers, trunks and bamboo cases to pick out everything made in Japan.

"This is Japanese. Smash it!" A bottle of Japanese tooth-powder was thrown on to the stone steps and shattered, covering the spot with pink powder.

"This is Japanese too. Bash it!" A Japanese enamel basin was overturned on the floor and trampled on to chip off the enamel. When finally a student kicked it away, the basin rolled disconsolately to a corner.

"Look here! This mat wasn't made in Japan, was it?" A student held up a mat, obviously reluctant to throw it away.

Others gathered around to look and found the words "Made in Japan" on one end of the mat. They cried:

"Are you blind? Can't you read? Are you so attached to this mat that you're willing to be a slave?" Not giving him a chance to speak, they tore the mat to pieces.

I was a poor village boy who had come to attend school in town bringing with me only countrified clothes and bedding. It hadn't been easy for me to get the money to buy a Japanese tooth-brush, tooth-powder and wash-basin, as well as a mat for my bed. I knew quite well that if I destroyed these things I couldn't afford to replace them. But, out of love for my country I destroyed them without a shadow of regret. At the same time I told my schoolmates that next time I fell ill I wouldn't buy Japanese medicine, not even if I was dying.

After that, my mind was filled with childish dreams: I would enter a military academy after my graduation, become an officer, then lead thousands or tens of thousands of soldiers to fight against Japan and trample down those three islands! Or I'd go into business and work hard to make a fortune, then donate it to the army and navy to help repulse the invaders. When reading Western history, I aspired to be another Napoleon; when reading Chinese history, I determined to become a second Yueh Fei.* How laughable they seem in retrospect, these contradictory notions. But at that time I considered them as splendid aspirations. I was so carried away by these grandiose schemes that sometimes I couldn't sleep for several nights in a row.

A school-boy's love for his country is as pure a passion as that of a girl when she falls in love for the first time.

Do you know what happened, my friends? Instead of entering a military academy or going into business after high school, I went to Nanchang to study. Nanchang, being a provincial capital, was quite different from a county town. There I saw many foreigners and had various unpleasant experiences. Let me give you a couple of instances.

In any stroll through the town you were likely to come across several foreigners. Of course, we are not anti-foreign. There are many well-informed and principled foreigners who sympathize with the Chinese people's movement for national liberation and oppose imperialist aggression, and who are our friends. But some who come to China to make money and enjoy an easy life, or to spread spiritual opium by preaching, are quite detestable. They consider themselves as a civilized, superior race and us as a barbarous inferior race. It invariably incenses me to see the way they swagger around, so obviously looking down on all Chinese. I used to ask myself: "Are we Chinese really an inferior race? Do we deserve to be scorned?" I was positive that this was not the case.

*Yueh Fei (1103-1142), a Sung Dynasty general who resisted the northern Tartars.

One day I was walking with lowered head in the street when I heard shouts of "Make way! Make way!" I looked up to see four men in green postal uniforms marching two abreast, each carrying a rectangular lantern bearing the red inscription: Postmaster-General. They were followed by four empty-handed green-uniformed postmen, behind whom trotted four others carrying a big green sedan-chair. On either side of the chair were two postmen to hold it steady, and behind it marched four others — all in green. I craned forward to have a look. Seated in the chair was a bottle-nosed Westerner with blue eyes and brown hair. In his mouth was a big cigar, on his face an expression of smug arrogance. "Who's he trying to impress?" I couldn't help exclaiming. Is postal administration something so tricky that only foreigners can run it well? Why should China have a foreign Postmaster-General?

Later on I went to Kiukiang to study and there the situation was different again. There were so-called concessions in this Port, and we had to watch our step if we didn't want to get beaten up or arrested. Foreign settlements on Chinese soil, where Chinese must knuckle under to foreigners — wasn't this too disgraceful?

When I stood by the river-bank, I often saw foreign warships and merchant ships sailing or anchored in the Yangtse. Why should we allow foreign vessels in China's rivers? Are there any Chinese warships and merchant ships in the inland waterways of other countries? If not, it is obvious that the foreigners are bullying China. Why should we bow our heads and allow them to ride roughshod over us?

I was then studying in a missionary school where the foreigners used to preach such Christian virtues as "equality" and "universal love". Logically the teachers there, all being disciples of Christ, should have been treated on an equal footing. But the Western teachers received a salary of some two to three hundred dollars a month, while the Chinese teachers had less than a hundred. The salary of those who taught Chinese was even lower — they were paid a beggarly twenty dollars a month. Is that Christian equality? Are the Westerners God's pampered favourites and the Chinese vile wretches rejected by Him?



Fang Chih-min in Prison (woodcut)

by Ku Yuan

Just think, friends! So long as you are not a walking corpse or a coward who is willing to be a slave, when provoked daily by such injustice, wouldn't you rise up to fight for our poor country? Not to say I was then a hot-blooded, young man with high ideals!

When I could no longer afford to continue my studies, I drifted to Shanghai, the place where China's blood is siphoned off. My worst experience there was at the French park. I had gone to Shanghai in the hope of getting some part-time work which would enable me to go to college. But to find a job in Shanghai with all its unemployed was harder than climbing up to heaven, and all my applications were turned down. I was so depressed that some friends, who were equally hard up, suggested going for a walk in the French park. When we reached the gate, however, we saw the notice "No Admittance to Chinese or Dogs". My blood boiled and I flushed crimson. Never had I felt so insulted! They were allowed to build a park in Shanghai — our territory, but Chinese were refused admittance and bracketed with dogs. How could people from so-called civilized countries insult us in such a way? What place was there for us on this earth? How much longer could China survive? I turned and hurried back to my lodging-house.

I was told later, friends, that this insulting notice was subsequently removed because some patriotic writers denounced it. Has it really been removed, or is it still there? One thing we can be sure of, friends. Whether that notice is still there or not, the vicious contempt of those lordly foreigners for Chinese is unaltered.

My friends, in Shanghai it is best to stay cooped up quietly in some little attic. If you like to run about outside or stroll through the foreign concessions which are "states within a state", you will find too much to provoke you. Everywhere you can see arrogant foreign "gentlemen" striking rickshaw men and coolies with their sticks, drunken sailors brawling in the street, or policemen beating poor wretches with their clubs. If you go near one of the so-called Western jails, you can hear the groans and cries of our fellow-countrymen being tortured by the police, who use their extraterritorial powers to punish those patriots who dare to oppose them. Such is the

wretched fate of the people in a semi-colonial country, of our unhappy nation!

As I couldn't keep myself in Shanghai, friends, I returned to Kiangsi Province.

I took a Japanese ship. Before I went aboard, my friends who had come to see me off warned me to be very careful, otherwise I was liable to get into trouble. I was travelling in the crowded, stuffy steerage. As you know, friends, I had T.B. so that frowsty atmosphere was very bad for me. Still, a poor student had to count himself lucky to get even a steerage berth. I felt dizzy lying there. I was just dozing off after the ticket inspection when I suddenly heard the sound of blows and cries for help from the hold. I got up and asked the attendant what was happening. He told me that they were beating some stowaways and advised me to mind my own business. Instead, I went to the hold to see what was happening. From the doorway, I saw three ragged figures crouching on the cargo — piled up sacks of sugar. One of them was a sturdy soldier in his twenties who was wearing a worn-out army uniform. Another, who looked like a worker of over forty, was so thin that he seemed to be suffering from some illness. The third, a swarthy young woman with a black head-dress, looked like a refugee from the countryside. All three were shielding their heads with their hands from the lashes of the whip as they cowered there, trembling with fright. They kept stealing glances around as if searching for some refuge from the merciless blows that were raining down on them. If they could have found some hole, even a cesspool, they would have ducked into it. Confronting them were seven men. The one standing slightly behind the rest was a stout man with a pot-belly and small moustache wearing a Western suit. His hands in his pockets, he just stood there watching, a vicious smile on his puffy, greasy face. You could tell at a glance that he was the boss. The other six men looked like sailors or attendants. On his orders, they were beating the three stowaways with whips or bamboo canes.

"Give them a good thrashing! Teach them to buy tickets next time!" growled the fat man.

At once fresh strokes rained down, each followed by a heart-rending scream. The fat man and his thugs burst into laughter.

"Hark at that singing! Keep it up," the fat man chortled.

As the whips and canes slashed down savagely again, the cries of the poor stowaways became more piercing.

"Stop!" ordered the fat man. "Fetch a rope!"

Like well-trained monkeys those thugs knew what was to be done. One of them trotted away at once and came back with a rope.

"Tie him up and throw him into the river to feed the fish!" ordered the fat man, pointing at the soldier.

The thugs pounced on the soldier and dragged him off the sugar sacks. They hauled him on the deck and in no time had bound him hand and foot. The rope was so long that several yards of each end dangled loose.

The soldier seemed to have lost consciousness.

The worker and the woman were still shielding their heads with their hands, and trembling in the hold. The woman's lips had turned purple with fright.

More and more passengers had come to see what had happened. They crowded round the door of the hold, a look of indignation on their faces.

Now the soldier recovered consciousness. In a weak voice he protested:

"I'd no money to buy a ticket, that's all. How can you kill me for that?"

Smack! His face was slapped by the huge hand of a tall bully. "Shut up!" he shouted. "We can kill a hundred worthless dogs like you, let alone one!"

They carried him to the gunwale, tied the loose ends of the rope to the rails and threw him overboard. Dangling a foot or so above the water he was pelted by the spray.

The excruciating pain in his hands and feet made the soldier scream for help.

On hearing that, the devils only laughed and gloated.

After five or six minutes they hauled him up, dumped him on the deck and roughly untied the rope, at the same time jeering:

"Have you had enough?"

"Thought you'd travel free, eh!"

"Will you buy a ticket next time?"

"Do you want a repeat performance?"

"What a fool, to stow away on a foreign ship!"

Lying prostrate, rubbing his badly chafed wrists and ankles, the soldier closed his eyes and made no answer.

"Hang that one overboard too!" The fat man pointed at the worker.

The worker struggled to his feet and knelt down on the deck.

"Don't, for pity's sake!" he pleaded. "Let me drown myself instead. I'm too ill-fated to live!" He began to crawl to the rails.

"Stop! Truss him up!" ordered the fat man.

The thugs grabbed the worker, bound him, fastened the loose ends of the rope to the rails, then slung him overboard. He went through the same agony as the soldier, screaming for five or six minutes before he was dragged up, thrown on the deck and unbound. But instead of rubbing his bleeding wrists and ankles, he burst out sobbing, tears streaming down his cheeks.

"What about the woman?" a thin, stunted thug asked.

The fat man only smiled.

"Don't truss her up. Let's have some fun with her."

The fat man nodded.

The fellow went forward to strip off the woman's trousers.

That threw the others into convulsions of mirth.

"Beat him!" I yelled with fury.

"Who's that shouting?" bellowed the fat man, turning to glare at us.

"Beat him!" shouted all the passengers who were watching.

Taken aback, the fat man moved away, snapping:

"We won't charge them but put them ashore at the next port."

Assenting in unison his thugs followed him away.

"What heartless brutes they are, tormenting the poor in that way!"

"The cruel devils!"

"He should have his fat head chopped off!"

"Those running-dogs of his are even worse!"

"We should have given those bastards a good beating!"

When the passengers had exchanged these angry comments they gradually dispersed, going back to their cabins.

Back in the steerage I flopped down on my bunk. My head was aching as if I had a fever and I almost broke out crying. I shall never forget that tragic scene, my friends. For it was not only the three stowaways who were so cruelly humiliated by those thugs at the fat man's bidding — it was the whole Chinese nation. Is a Chinese really lower than a beast? Don't you feel outraged, friends, when you hear this story?

Well, later on I witnessed even worse atrocities. It would take several days to describe them all, and I can't bring myself to speak of them. In a word, China as a semi-colonial country has to put up with countless wrongs, unable to redress her grievances. But, friends, each experience of this kind strengthens my resolve to fight for the liberation of the Chinese nation. I would gladly give my life for this great cause.

China is our mother, friends, and I'm sure that you must love her just as I do. Her temperate climate, neither too hot nor too cold, is like motherly warmth tempting her children to nestle close to her. Her vast territory is like a matronly figure, not a slender Japanese girl. Her many high mountains and great rivers are like the contours of her healthy figure; her lakes, large and small, like the dimples on her skin. China has immense productive potential — a wealth of minerals not yet mined and natural resources not yet utilized — symbolizing our mother's abundant milk and full capability to bring up her four hundred million children. I can think of no other mother in the world who has brought up so many children. As for natural beauty, our lofty Omei Mountains, our charming West Lake, our enchanting Yentang Mountains and our superb Kweilin landscape have won everyone's admiration; and I believe there is no place in China, whether town or village, hill or stream, which could not with some care be made into a scene of beauty. This is like our mother by nature beautiful and adorable in every part.

But our beautiful mother whom we love so dearly has been oppressed and exploited for so long that she is too poor to buy herself handsome new clothes or even a cake of soap. That is why she is looking so haggard, shabby and dirty. Yes, our poor mother, born a dazzling beauty, has now been reduced to beggary. She cannot compare with those fine ladies from the West and even feels put to shame by the Japanese girl.

Listen, friends! Our mother is crying bitterly. I seem to hear her lamenting: "Have I born four hundred million children in vain? Has some spell been cast on them to keep them asleep? Why don't they unite? For then they'd have the strength to fight the enemy ravaging and exploiting their mother. Don't they want to rescue her and make of her one of the most distinguished, most highly reputed mothers in the world?"

Have you heard our mother's lament, friends? She is quite right to reproach us. We can't blame her for lamenting. We have only ourselves to blame, because there are degenerates among us who oppress our people, so that we can only look on while our kindly, beautiful mother is humiliated and cruelly down-trodden. We, as her children, are at fault, unable even to protect our own mother!

See friends, what devils those imperialists are! No monster or demon in Chinese folklore was as savage as these hairy orang-outangs. When they open their bloody mouths, like bottomless pits, they can swallow up thousands of people. Their sharp, protruding fangs have a fearsome glint. Instead of hands they have claws as hard as iron. How hideous and revolting these devils are! And now, friends, five of these devils* are closing in on our mother. See that? Confound them! They have taken her in their arms to press their bloody mouths against her lips and cheeks, pawing roughly at her breasts and lovely skin. And see what that devil in a white mask is doing! He has thrust a golden pipe into her heart and is desperately sucking out her blood. Her lips have turned pale with anguish.

*Referring to the five imperialist powers, the United States, Britain, France, Japan and Italy, who had invaded China at that time.

And the other devils are going to follow suit. Look! They've all produced pipes or tubes of gold, iron or rubber, and plunged them into the wounds they themselves have made to suck her blood with might and main. Surely they will soon have drained all the blood from her veins!

Hey! That dwarfish devil has pulled out a butcher's knife! What is he going to do? Damn him! Is he carving up our mother's flesh? Is he going to kill her? The savage brute has slashed at our mother's shoulder, slicing away her left arm and breast. Already he has cut off one fifth of her whole body! Mother's blood is gushing out, but not a cry comes from her trembling lips as her tears stream down with her blood. Friends, brothers! Save our mother! She is dying!

That dwarfish devil, after swallowing so much of our mother's body, is still glaring at her like a ravening tiger. Do you want to dismember her completely, you devil, to devour her utterly? Brothers, we must stop him at all costs! This beast of prey is tearing our beautiful mother limb from limb, reducing her to a maimed creature stained with blood. Brothers, come what may we must stop him! Charge the devil and beat him with our iron fists till he disgorges our mother's flesh! He must on no account be allowed to digest it and draw nourishment from it! We must rescue and heal our mother, not let her be dismembered!

And those Chinese, are they not her children too? Why then do they help that devil to kill their own mother? Just look! When his knife slashes down, they grab the hacked flesh, thrust it into his bloody mouth, then pat his throat to help him gulp it down. Now they are rubbing his belly to help him digest it. Why are these so-called upper-class Chinese at the devil's beck and call? These disgusting toadies are shameless, utterly shameless! They are puppets and traitors — the filthiest kind of garbage. What good will it do you to help the devil kill your own mother and brothers? I can tell you puppets, traitors and running-dogs: when the devil has digested our mother's flesh he will shit on you shameless creatures!

Look, friends! The other devils have drawn out knives too and are looking greedily at our mother's body. Are they going to

carve her up like the dwarfish devil? If they do, she is surely done for — they will kill her, and we shall be motherless orphans. In that case, we should have to put up with even worse bullying and humiliation. Friends, brothers, rise up quickly to save our mother. We can't let her die!

My friends, do you think that I'm raving? No, no! I'm calling upon you to save our mother. It can brook no delay, otherwise she will die.

Friends, save China from collapse and destruction! Save our dying mother from the clutches of the imperialist devils! It admits no delay. But, how to save her? Should we elect some of our finest writers to draw up a tactful and convincing statement or letter to dissuade these devils from invading us? Or should we choose a few most tactful and eloquent diplomats to go and reason with them, so that they will put down their butcher's knives and stop dismembering China? Suppose we pick some people good at crying to form a delegation to kneel before the devils and cry for seven days and nights in succession, to appeal to their better nature to spare China? Or perhaps... but it is no use going on, because none of these methods would work. To entreat the imperialists not to conquer China is like begging a tiger to stop eating meat. There is nothing more ridiculous than this. Pleading, kneeling and crying cannot possibly win our nation independence and liberation. The only way out for China, the only way to save our mother is to arouse the people of the whole country to take up arms and wage a sacred national revolutionary war to drive the imperialists out. Don't you agree, my friends?

Because China has been defeated in several wars, we have lost faith in ourselves like those people who are always in some kind of trouble. Some of us have even lost all faith in our country, thinking that China has fallen into a bottomless abyss and can never save herself, that in front of the imperialists she is as helpless as a new-born babe. Three months ago I met a Mr. X, a well-mannered pale, weak-looking man with his hair slicked down. A secretary

in an army unit, he had come to see me because he was worried about the fate of our country. We had the following talk:

X: "Our country is in a most critical situation."

I: "Yes. If things go on this way, our country's doomed."

"Doomed? I agree. Sooner or later China will perish. I see no way out for us." He shook his head despairingly.

"What makes you say that?" I asked. "How come there is no way out?"

"China's too weak! Just think how powerful the imperialists are. They have thousands of planes, and bombs the size of a man; poison-gas too which can kill no end of people. What has China got to resist them with?" He looked really panic-stricken.

"The imperialists are powerful, it's true, but don't underestimate the fighting strength of our people if we're united. What's more..."

"No! No!" he cut me short. "The strength of our people can't stand up to planes and cannons. China's done for. We have no way out, no way out at all!"

"According to you, sir, all we can do is sit back and wait to become slaves. Don't you think that's cowardly?" I had grown so heated that he just stared in bewilderment, unable to make any answer.

This pitiful fellow represents those poltroons who see only the planes and cannons of the imperialists, not the great fighting strength of their own nation. According to him, China is doomed to follow the road of India and Korea.* Can such be the fate of China?

Is it true that China cannot save herself? No, absolutely not! I'm convinced that China is able to save herself. Haven't our people shown in recent decades that their strength is not to be despised? The nation-wide May 30th Movement** dealt a telling blow to the

*India and Korea had not won independence at that time, but were under foreign rule.

**A great anti-imperialist movement led by the Chinese Communist Party. On May 30, 1925, Shanghai students demonstrated in support of the workers' strike and called for the abolition of the foreign concessions. When the British imperialists suppressed them, arresting some and massacring others, the people of many cities throughout China went on strike. Classes stopped and shops were closed in protest.

imperialists and showed that the Chinese are not dogs and swine that they can slaughter at will. The Kwangchow and Hongkong Strike,* supported by the revolutionary government of the time, closed down the Hongkong port so that even British imperialism had to submit. When the Northern Expeditionary Army** reached Hupeh and Kiangsi, didn't our forces take over those foreign concessions in Hankow and Kiukiang? Didn't that dampen the arrogance of the imperialists in China?

Now let me tell you another story, friends. At the time when the Northern Expeditionary Army came to Kiangsi, I happened to be working in that province. One day I boarded a Japanese ship in Kiukiang to go to Hankow on business. As chance would have it, it was the same ship on which I had travelled to Kiukiang from Shanghai. But to my surprise, the officers and crew who had been so truculent and overbearing had now become much more friendly. I went to the hold to have a look, but there were no stowaways crouching on the cargo. I saw a few dozen people lying on the deck outside the steerage. Some looked like workers, but most of them seemed to be peasants. An attendant was serving them a meal. To satisfy my curiosity, I went over and talked with this man.

"Excuse me, but can you tell me whether these people have bought tickets or not?" I asked.

"No, they haven't," he answered. "They are all poor people."

"And you let people aboard without a ticket?"

"What else can we do? There are plenty of passengers who have no tickets. Look over there! None of those soldiers has a ticket." He pointed to the steerage, where I saw more than a dozen revolutionary army men seated around one of the attendant's wooden boxes on which were some peanuts, preserved eggs, dried bean-curd and several enamel bowls of wine. They were enjoying themselves, drinking and chatting.

*The workers in Canton and Hongkong went on strike for three and a half months to protest against the May 30th massacre.

**In 1924 Sun Yat-sen, a bourgeois revolutionary, reorganized the Kuomintang and co-operated with the Communist Party to set up the National Revolutionary Army based in Kwangtung. To wipe out the feudal warlords, the army set off on the famous Northern Expedition in July, 1926; hence it is also known as the Northern Expeditionary Army.

"They really have no tickets?" I asked.

"I'm not fooling you," he answered. "As soon as the Northern Expeditionary Army reached Hankow, they began to travel free."

"Could anyone do that before?" I probed.

"Not on your life! In the past, a stowaway would be beaten up and thrown into the river."

"Thrown into the river? Drowned? Wasn't that against the law?"

The attendant explained with a smile: "We didn't really drown them, just hung them over the waves to teach them a lesson — and it really hurt!"

"Why has your boss stopped doing that?"

"He's scared, with the revolution going so strong."

"Do you mind explaining that a bit more clearly?"

"Isn't it clear enough? If he beat or threatened to drown a Chinese today, there would be a general outcry, the workers would stage a strike and his ship would be stranded. That would cost him more than the price of a few tickets."

"You mean to say that foreigners have got a bit scared of the Chinese?"

"I'm not sure, but the way they're behaving now does look like it." He chuckled.

I nodded goodbye to him and went back to my berth, laughing up my sleeve. I only wished I could have seen that fat man to take a dig at him.

When I strolled to the dining room to have a look, in addition to the scrolls of calligraphy and paintings on the walls, I saw a bulletin board. The characters on it were big enough to read at quite a distance.

Proclamation of the Commander-in-Chief of the National Revolutionary Army

Recently some army men and civilians have travelled on foreign ships without paying their fare. This is most reprehensible. I hereby declare that all passengers must buy tickets before going aboard in future. This regulation must be strictly observed.

So the day had come when a foreign ship had to hang up a Chinese proclamation! When the Chinese people rise up with the soldiers and workers to resist, whips, bamboo canes and ropes lose their former power.

But unfortunately, friends, after that China suffered more setbacks and the situation went from bad to worse from the 'Tsinan Massacre* down to the September 18th Incident when the Japanese imperialists openly occupied our four northeastern provinces — when the dwarfish devil hacked off and gulped down one fifth of our mother's body. These setbacks to China's national revolutionary movement were due to the "policy of non-resistance" and the fact that the people had not been aroused to fight to save their motherland. But then came the nation-wide movement to resist Japanese aggression and save the country, the unflinching resistance put up by the volunteer army in the four northeastern provinces, and the well-known Battle of Shanghai.** These dealt a telling blow to the overbearing Japanese warlords and proclaimed to the whole world: The patriotic people and armies of China are willing to fight and give their lives to safeguard their motherland. The Chinese nation has a history of four thousand years and a population of four hundred million people. We shall fight to the last man against all aggressors!

My friends, although there are traitors and puppets among us who make up to and abet our enemy, these shameless creatures are in the minority. They are opposed and spurned by the Chinese people and are approaching their despicable end. The majority of our people are patriots with a conscience who love their motherland heart and soul. Aren't there thousands upon thousands of people fighting in a life-and-death struggle? They will never let China be destroyed by the imperialists or their descendants be slaves. I am confident, friends, that by fighting we shall save China — and this is no empty boast.

*Also known as the May 3rd Massacre. On May 3rd-4th, 1928, the Japanese invaders raided Tsinan in Shantung Province, killing, wounding or raping more than five thousand Chinese.

**On January 28, 1932, Japanese troops raided Shanghai and the army and people in Shanghai resisted courageously.

It is true that China today is being torn asunder, the government is corrupt and the people are poor. But who can say with certainty that China has not a bright future? We firmly believe that the prospects for our country are excellent. Our forbears long ago built the Great Wall and dug the Grand Canal, showing the tremendous creativity of the Chinese nation. Once we have smashed the shackles of imperialism, weeded out the traitors and collaborators among us and won freedom and liberation, this creativity will gain unlimited scope. When that day comes, we shall transform China completely. All the hateful legacies of the imperialists — poverty and natural calamities, confusion and strife, hunger and cold, disease, superstition and ignorance, as well as opium which has been used to benumb and kill the Chinese people will be wiped out together with the imperialists. I am confident, friends, that when this day comes rapid progress will be made in building up the whole country. Lamentations will be replaced by joyful singing, sad looks by smiles, poverty by prosperity, suffering by health, ignorance by intelligence, enmity by fraternity, grief over death by the happiness of life, and wasteland by lovely gardens. At that time our nation will be able to hold up her head before the rest of mankind. Our mother, beautifully arrayed, will be able to clasp hands and stand on an equal footing with all the other mothers in the world.

This glorious day is not far away, but in the near future. We are sure of this, friends!

Honest Poverty

It is over ten years now since I started fighting for the revolution. In the course of this long-term struggle, I have lived simply without ever indulging in extravagance. Millions of dollars have passed through my hands, but every cent of this money collected for the revolution was spent on the revolution. To Kuomintang dignitaries this must seem very strange, and they may think I am exaggerating. But honesty and selflessness are two of the qualities of every Communist. So if asked what savings I have, I would like to tell an amusing anecdote.

The day I was captured — curse the day! — two Kuomintang soldiers found me in the forest and guessed my identity. They frisked me, sure they were going to make a haul, expecting me to be carrying a thousand or so silver dollars or else some gold bracelets and rings. They searched me from head to foot, probing my clothes from my collar right down to my socks. But not a single copper did they find, nothing but a watch and a fountain-pen. This infuriated them. They suspected that I had hidden the money somewhere. One of the soldiers raised a grenade with a wooden handle in

his left hand and with his right pulled out the safety pin. Taking a step towards me he glowered and threatened:

“Bring out your money, quick, or I’ll blow you to smithereens!”

“Stop putting on that ludicrous act,” I answered with a smile. “I haven’t a single copper and that’s a fact. You’ll get no big pickings from me.”

“You’re lying! A big shot like you is bound to have money!”

“Of course you have money,” the other soldier chimed in. “You must have hidden it somewhere. I’ve knocked about long enough not to be taken in.” He bent down hopefully to finger the hem of my jacket and then the seat of my pants.

“Take my word for it and you’ll save yourselves trouble,” I said. “I’m not rich like all you Kuomintang officials. I really haven’t got a single copper. We don’t make revolution in order to make our own fortunes.”

They gave up searching me then to hunt around the place where I had been hiding, but again without any result. Great was their disappointment! The soldier who had threatened me with the grenade pounced on my watch and pen and the two of them agreed to share the proceeds from selling these between them. Then, having looked me up and down with suspicion and amazement in their eyes, they shouted together: “Get going!”

Do you want to ask whether I have any property at home? Wait a moment, let me think. Yes, now I remember. I have, though it’s nothing much. I left in the care of my wife a few old shirts and pants which I wore last summer, as well as a few pairs of socks. She promised to hide them in a cave to keep them from being stolen in case of a Kuomintang raid, so that I could wear them again this summer. These things are all the property I have. But if I were to speak of them as the “legacy” I’m leaving, wouldn’t that make those rich men split their sides laughing?

It is honest poverty, a simple immaculate life, that enables us revolutionaries to overcome so many difficulties!

Written in jail

May 26, 1935

Fang Chih-min's Essays Written in Prison

The two essays *Beloved China* and *Honest Poverty* by Fang Chih-min were written in prison in 1935, shortly before his death, then smuggled out by friends.

Fang Chih-min was born in 1900 in a peasant family in Yiyang County, Kiangsi. While studying in a technical school in Kiangsi, he came in touch with Marxism. In 1923, he joined the Chinese Communist Party. Between 1925 and 1927, when the people were fighting against the feudal warlords and imperialist forces, he led the revolution in Kiangsi. After the betrayal of the revolution by Chiang Kai-shek in 1927, Fang Chih-min organized peasant uprisings in northeast Kiangsi and built up a contingent of the Red Army as well as a revolutionary base in the Fukien-Chekiang-Kiangsi Border Area, which formed part of the Red Army and revolutionary bases led by Comrade Mao Tsetung.

In 1933, on the orders of the Party Central Committee, Fang Chih-min led his contingent northwards to resist Japanese aggression. He was captured in a battle with Kuomintang troops and taken to

Nanchang, the capital city of Kiangsi. The Kuomintang reactionaries, thinking his capture a great victory, held a rally in a park to celebrate it and display their prisoner. However, Fang Chih-min seized this chance to make an impassioned speech calling on the people to oppose the Kuomintang diehards and foreign imperialism. This threw the reactionaries into confusion — they had to call off the rally and send him back to jail.

Knowing that he had a mass following, they tried repeatedly to persuade him to recant, promising him an official post and wealth if he would denounce the Party. But Fang Chih-min sternly refused these offers. When told to write a confession, he fearlessly wrote: "All my political views coincide with the proposals of the Communist Party. I am convinced that the revolution will triumph in the end. I am willing to sacrifice everything, to give my life, for the soviets and our revolution. . . ."

In prison, he never stopped working for the revolution by means of propaganda and by helping fellow-prisoners. He also wrote summaries of his experience, expressing his revolutionary ideals. Among them were these two essays.

In August 1935, Fang Chih-min was murdered by the reactionaries. He had entrusted these essays to some sympathizers in jail, who managed to smuggle them out and have them sent to Lu Hsun. Though Fang Chih-min had never met Lu Hsun in person, he knew he was to be trusted. And Lu Hsun faithfully carried out his wishes by passing on these writings to the Party.

In 1949, New China was born. In 1951, these essays by Fang Chih-min were published. They had a great impact especially on young readers. Many school-children were moved to tears when they read them.

These essays were written at a time when our nation's survival was at stake following the Japanese invasion of northeast China in September 1931. This was a challenge to all Chinese unwilling to be slaves, and the people launched a great resistance movement; but the forces of reaction headed by Chiang Kai-shek tried to capitulate and sell out the country. *Beloved China* exposes the rottenness

of Chiang's reactionary regime besides reflecting the Chinese people's gradual awakening and eagerness to join in the struggle.

Both essays are powerful and moving because they were written with the author's life-blood, embodying his love for our country and our people. Fang Chih-min gave his life for the revolution, and in his writings he lays bare his heart. His dream of a new China has now come true, and we today must emulate the revolutionary spirit expressed in these essays, further building up our country in that spirit.

Notes on Art

Ma Hai-teh

Ashes of Revolutionaries Mingle Together

— After seeing the film "Dr. Norman Bethune in China"

This issue of *Chinese Literature* has a story script for a film on the life of Dr. Norman Bethune. The film is now being shown throughout China and has been acclaimed widely both by the public and China's medical workers. Many memories of those days in Yen-an flooded my mind when I saw the film.

Forty years ago I was among a group of medical and other comrades come together to welcome Dr. Bethune and his Canadian medical team composed of Canadians and Americans. We were gathered near the ancient South Gate of Fushih, a walled county town in the northwest of China, later known as Yen-an. It served as the capital of the Shensi-Kansu-Ningsia Border Region as well as the centre of the Chinese Communist Party Central Committee and Eighth Route Army Military Headquarters. The banners and slogans decorating the

Ma Hai-teh (George Hatem) is an outstanding dermatologist of American extraction. In 1936, he came to Yen-an where the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party then was, to join the Chinese revolution and become a Chinese citizen.

road spoke of the "great internationalist anti-fascist fighter", "veteran of the Spanish Civil War", "world famous surgeon and Canadian friend of the Chinese people". Crowds along the street held little paper flags inscribed with further welcoming sentiments. Little did I realize that this was an historic occasion.

1938 found Yen-an in springtime glory. China had been fighting against Japanese aggression for nearly a year; the Kuomintang government of Chiang Kai-shek and its armies were retreating on all fronts. Chinese Communist armies infiltrated into the occupied areas to organize and mobilize the people for a protracted struggle.

When Dr. Norman Bethune arrived at Yen-an, he was warmly received. The people and the welcoming committee escorted him to his quarters in the centre of the city. The best available compounds of the Eighth Route Army Quartermaster's Corps were turned over to his team. As foreigners were extremely rare, there were no guest houses in Yen-an in those days. Later on, as the war continued, many medical workers from abroad followed in Bethune's footsteps . . . medical doctors and surgeons, nurses and technicians from Austria, Canada, Germany, India, Indonesia, Japan, Korea, Malaya, the Philippines, the Soviet Union and the United States of America. But Bethune was among the first.

Internationalism was the central feature in help coming to the embattled Communist-led anti-Japanese bases from various parts of the world. Bethune, together with Dr. Brown and his operating-room nurse, Jean Ewen, felt at home because of the warmth and concern of the Chinese comrades. When Bethune was told to take a rest, after his arduous journey, he was unashamedly unco-operative: "I have come to fight side by side with your courageous army, and I can rest when this is over." "Time is precious, we must hurry. . . ." In a hurry to put his team into action Bethune had decided to go directly to the front. Instead of going through Yen-an from the Kuomintang areas he crossed the Yellow River at Fenglingtu in Shansi in an ill-advised move. The Japanese bombers struck at his convoy and the surrounding area, destroying his carts and wounding some of the local people. Unharmed, he treated the local wounded and received his first taste of the China war.

He told me about this as we talked that first night, sipping tea and sitting on a *kang* in his room. The welcoming speeches and the "banquet" of millet and a few meagre wartime delicacies were over. We were now alone. We had his whirling thoughts for company. He spoke of his bombing experience, showed me some of the gruesome pictures he had taken, spoke angrily about the bestiality of the fascist enemy, just like in Spain. He was beginning to draw lessons from this, saying he had to plan better and be more disciplined. He recognized the need for close team work.

He also recounted some of his Spanish Civil War experience. He described his innovative blood transfusion service, wondering if something similar could be used behind the lines in China. Anxious to get to the front, he asked about conditions in our areas; how were the first-aid stations set up; how far from the rear hospitals; what equipment was used in the field and how were supplies brought in. He also asked about the training of medical workers and doctors.

Bethune's experience in wartime medical work was extensive. He had served in the First World War and the Spanish Civil War. From our talk on the Eighth Route Army medical work he could appreciate that there was quite a difference. This was further brought home to him during the medical briefings given to him about the guerrilla need for speed and mobility, the use of and dependence on the peasantry for transport of the wounded and the use of peasant homes as hospitals, including the use of local people for auxiliary nursing staff. We showed him our rear hospitals in caves and the peasant homes as wards. He saw the relatively primitive conditions and equipment, the lack of water and electricity. We also showed him our underequipped training school for army doctors who had to mimeograph or hand-copy their own text books and make simple laboratory instruments.

Bethune did his first operation in our cave hospital just below the famous Yen-an Pagoda. All of us recognized that he was an extremely able surgeon, competent, skilful and speedy in his operations, concerned and considerate about the patients.

His political understanding encompassed the universal anti-fascist struggle. He spoke passionately on how the world in general was

unaware of the dangers of the Tokyo-Rome-Berlin Axis. The lessons of the Spanish anti-fascist war, the need for a world-wide united front against the forthcoming fascist onslaught had yet to be learnt, he said and recounted his own experience in Spain, U.S.A. and in Canada. The people would suffer more bitter lessons before they rose in might and anger to wipe out fascism. He recognized that China was now in the forefront of the anti-fascist struggle. He quickly noted that although poorly equipped and supplied the Chinese Communists were marshalling the people of their country to resist the Japanese fascist invaders. The Eighth Route Army made up of battle-hardened Long Marchers had won the first vital victories in the resistance war at Pinghsingkuan in which they destroyed a crack Japanese brigade and in another fight they burned more than 20 planes on an enemy airfield. This had happened in the early days of the war and given the people confidence in final victory — especially the people in Yen-an.

Bethune rapidly grasped the political situation in China. His understanding of the methods of the war being waged and the medical organization needed to serve it became clearer as he began to participate in concrete work. He later found that the Eighth Route Army had drawn on the experience of its Red Army fighting days when it was cut off from all supplies and equipment except for what it could capture from the enemy; these were incorporated into a flexible medical service suited to the guerrilla and mobile warfare being waged.

Chairman Mao Tsetung had a warm and lengthy talk with Bethune before he left for the front. Much of the ground covered was political. The Chairman outlined the future difficulties and conditions that Dr. Bethune would be working under, the policies, programmes and plans of the Chinese Communist Party for the period and stressed the protracted nature of the struggle. He asked Bethune about his Spanish experience, his previous medical work and his ideas for work at the front. Agreeing to Bethune's request to leave quickly for the front with his medical team Chairman Mao ordered some Eighth Route Army medical personnel to accompany him, gave him encouragement and asked to be kept informed of progress. He urged Bethune

to voice his opinions about the medical situation at the front. The reports Bethune sent back were full, vivid and constructive.

One afternoon, a month later, Bethune's expanded surgical team was given a warm send-off. A number of experienced medical personnel from the Eighth Route Army Rear Hospital joined the convoy to the front. I was sorry that I was not given permission to be part of the group, but I had returned from the front only recently.

In the course of work in the Hopei-Shansi-Chahar Liberated Area (the part described in the film) Bethune saw for himself how Chairman Mao Tsetung's development of Marxism as applied to the concrete conditions in China was carried out. Bitter fighting and struggles in the mountains and plains of north China tempered Bethune; he learned how to be an effective surgeon in such conditions. Bethune was deeply affected by the bravery and courage of the ordinary Eighth Route Army fighters and commanders. He was struck by the army's selflessness and self-reliance, by their militancy and commitment to serving the people. As he operated on their wounded bodies with the limited anaesthesia available, he marvelled that they never complained of the pain, never made demands. How Spartan their life, how warmly concerned about each other as only class brothers are; how eager and spirited they were; how they hated the enemy and loved the people — all this with clear understanding of the world-wide implications of their struggle. And he deeply appreciated how they accepted him as one of their own.

Under Spartan conditions in the barren mountains of the Hopei-Shansi-Chahar Base Bethune and his companions fought the powerful foreign invader who had already occupied so much of China. The army he served was poorly armed, clothed and fed. Medical supplies were inadequate and medical facilities woefully insufficient. Dr. Norman Bethune's greatness lay both in his unflagging confidence in the victory of the Chinese revolution, which would mean so much to the world of the future, and in his capacity to learn how to serve the Chinese people in that resistance under all conditions.

He died a martyr at his post, for lack of a few grams of penicillin that now China produces by the ton. All efforts to save his life at that time were of no avail. Bethune was buried among the people

he loved; his final resting place today is a memorial park for martyrs and heroes at Shihchiachuang, capital city of Hopei, and famous all over China. Dr. K. S. Kotnis of India who took over the work of Dr. Bethune also died later in the Wutai Mountains and he lies in the same memorial park with the Canadian hero. In his famous article *In Memory of Dr. Norman Bethune*, Chairman Mao Tsetung called him a true Communist and a true internationalist, and said that all Chinese Communists should learn from his example.

Bethune's life is well known in communes, factories and amongst the people's armed forces — indeed everywhere in China. Today when I travel to various parts of the country with our medical teams I am automatically taken as a fellow countryman of Bethune. The people inquire about my family in Canada and want me to send "greetings to the Canadian people" on their behalf. My denials that I am not a Canadian do not register. How could a Western doctor working among the people in China not be one from Canada? I gracefully accept the reflected glory.

Numerous books, paintings, stories, commemorative stamps, articles and pictures of Dr. Norman Bethune have spread to all corners of China over the years. The writers of this film script have gone over wide areas in north China where Dr. Bethune lived and fought, called on many old army veterans and former guerrilla fighters who had known Dr. Bethune, and collected and studied large quantities of reference material. The film script has five parts; the first part describes how in Canada in 1936 before Bethune came to China, realizing that fascist brigands were invading Spain he had led a medical team to the Spanish front to serve the people resisting aggression. This part is undoubtedly a significant chapter in the life and character development of Dr. Bethune, but owing to certain limitations in its making, this film only describes Dr. Bethune's experience in China. However, this does not prevent us from seeing the most glorious page in the life of this Canadian doctor. The film vividly and honestly shows this life, the struggle in China, and successfully creates a moving image of this man. It not only helps Chinese medical workers to visualize their own traditions, history and the contributions of their forerunners, but will also inspire the Chinese people to keep alive the

traditional qualities of self-reliance and serving the people which are the hallmarks of former revolutionaries in the war days.

As his ashes have mingled together with those of past Chinese revolutionaries, Dr. Bethune has already become an inexhaustible source of inspiration for the Chinese people. They will always remember with the warmest affection and gratitude those comrades from abroad who have so selflessly served the Chinese people. The enthusiastic acclaim of this film forcefully testifies to this.

The Sculptures at The Chairman Mao Memorial Hall

Mounting the stone steps and entering the memorial hall, one sees a 3-metre-high white marble statue of Chairman Mao seated in an armchair. Behind this is a huge mural tapestry 7 metres high and 24 metres long, entitled *Our Motherland*.

A great proletarian revolutionary, Chairman Mao dedicated his whole life to the Chinese people. He kept close links with the masses, whom he loved. The artists designing the statue tried to convey these qualities as well as his great intellect and warmth. They gave much thought not only to presenting a dynamic pose, but also to the smallest facial details, combining realism with traditional Chinese sculptural techniques.

On either side of the north entrance to the memorial hall are two groups of sculptures 15 metres long and 8 metres high, representing the glorious struggles through which our great leader Chairman Mao led the Chinese people from victory to victory for over half a century. Under the flag embossed with Chairman Mao's head are 36 figures,



about 3.5 metres in height. Three scenes on the east side illustrate the struggles in the Chingkang Mountains and during the Anti-Japanese War and the War of Liberation in the period of China's new democratic revolution (1921-1949). They embody the concepts of taking up arms to win political power, of surrounding the cities with revolutionary bases in the countryside, and of people's war. These scenes are in tiers, the topmost one — a worker, peasant and soldier standing proudly erect — symbolizing the Chinese people's struggles for independence. The west side shows the progress since Liberation and embodies the concept of continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat: peasants collectivizing agriculture and learning from the model brigade, Tachai; workers learning from the example of the Taching oilfield in industry; and stirring scenes from the Cultural Revolution.

The south gate is flanked by sculptures 6 metres high and 7 metres long, showing 36 more figures expressing the determination of the people of all nationalities of China to carry out Chairman Mao's behests and carry the cause of the proletarian revolution through

to the end. The west side portrays members of the three armed forces and militiamen of different nationalities, who have turned their grief into strength to guard our motherland and who are prepared to liberate Taiwan. It also depicts workers and peasants studying Chairman Mao's works; a national minority youth looking in the direction of the memorial hall; and an old cadre and a young Red Guard gazing earnestly back as if vowing to be true to Chairman Mao. The east side presents people of all nationalities who, under the leadership of Chairman Hua, have resolved to implement the strategic decision, "grasp the key link of class struggle and bring about great order across the land" and make China a powerful socialist country.

Much attention was paid to the themes and composition of these sculptures. They are unambiguous and positive. The traditional Chinese style combining three-dimensional sculpture with relief was adopted effectively; and the upper part of the figures is carved in greater detail than the lower, to harmonize with the surroundings.

The statue of Chairman Mao inside the memorial hall and the four groups of sculptures outside were carved by 103 artists and took more than half a year to complete. Professional and amateur sculptors throughout the country submitted over 100 clay models for Chairman Mao's statue, and about 300 for the other sculptures. The final selection was made after consultation with workers, peasants and soldiers.



A Woman Commune Member of the Chuang Nationality

The Sculptures at The Chairman Mao Memorial Hall



The Struggle in the Chingkang Mountains

Red Army Fighters on the Long March



Joining an Agricultural Co-op



Learning from Taching in Industry and from Tachai in Agriculture



Taking Part in the Cultural Revolution

A Miao Cultural Worker





A Tibetan Militiaman

Chronicle

Forum on Story Writing

A forum on the writing of short stories was recently held in Peking, sponsored by the editorial board of the magazine *People's Literature*. Among the old and young writers and literary critics who took part in it were Chou Li-po, Sha Ting, Liu Pai-yu, Chang Kuang-nien, Wang Chao-wen, Wei Chun-yi, Ma Feng, Li Chun, Wang Yuan-chien, Ju Chih-chuan, Chang Tien-min, Kao Ying, Chang Ching-tien, Lin Yu, Hsiao Yu-hsien, Yeh Wen-ling, Chao Yen-yi and Tsou Chih-an. Veteran writer Mao Tun warmly addressed the forum.

The participants recalled the great achievements made on the literary front under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art since the publication of *Talks at the Yen'an Forum on Literature and Art* in 1942, especially during the 28 years after the founding of the People's Republic of China. They criticized the "gang of four's" counter-revolutionary line in culture which did such damage to our literature. They also discussed how best to eradicate the influence of the "gang of four", to carry out the policies of letting a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend, and to raise the political and artistic level of short stories. It was a lively and stimulating forum.

Exhibition of Traditional Paintings Held in Peking

An exhibition of landscapes and flower-and-bird paintings was held recently in Peking. The 110 works on display covered a wide range

of subject-matter and styles. Some landscapes reflected the new progress made in our socialist construction; others portrayed our capital Peking and localities hallowed in revolutionary history as well as the magnificent mountains and rivers of our motherland. The lovely and spirited flower-and-bird paintings conjured up a picture of prosperity. Guided by Chairman Mao's policies of letting a hundred flowers blossom, weeding through the old to bring forth the new, and making the past serve the present and foreign things serve China, our artists have made discriminating use of traditional Chinese techniques as well as certain techniques of foreign painting to create original works.

The painters of these works included professional artists and amateurs. Among them were veteran painter Pai Hsueh-shih and worker Li Teng-ao who together painted *Spring Comes to the Chuma River* and the 2-metre-long *Sunshine over the Great Wall*, to show the new look of the outskirts of Peking. *Mountains* and *The Lichiang River* are new paintings by the old artist Li Ko-jan. The former, based on some of Chairman Mao's poems, is a magnificent landscape, while the latter is fresh and evocative. Kuo Yi-tsung's *Mountains and Rivers in Spring* is vividly painted with meticulous strokes. Some workers painted striking scenes of industrial construction in Peking. And *Commune Members Are Sunflowers*, a painting brimming with vitality, showing the love of the poor and lower-middle peasants for the Chinese Communist Party, is the work of commune member Liu Wen-ho.

Revised Edition of Chu Teh's Poems

A revised edition of a collection of poems by Chu Teh, the late Chairman of the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress, was issued recently by the People's Literature Publishing House.

The first edition of *Chu Teh's Poems* appeared in 1963. The revised edition comprises more than 80 poems written between the spring of 1939 and early 1976. It has fairly detailed notes, three photographs of Chu Teh and a facsimile of a manuscript in his handwriting.

Selection of Kuo Mo-jo's Poems Published

A selection of poems by Kuo Mo-jo, well-known Chinese writer, has been put out recently by the People's Literature Publishing House.

The selection contains more than 270 poems written between 1949 and 1977. Some of them were never previously published. On the frontispiece there is a facsimile of a poem in the poet's own handwriting. Five of these poems are printed in this issue.

Preservation of Cultural Relics

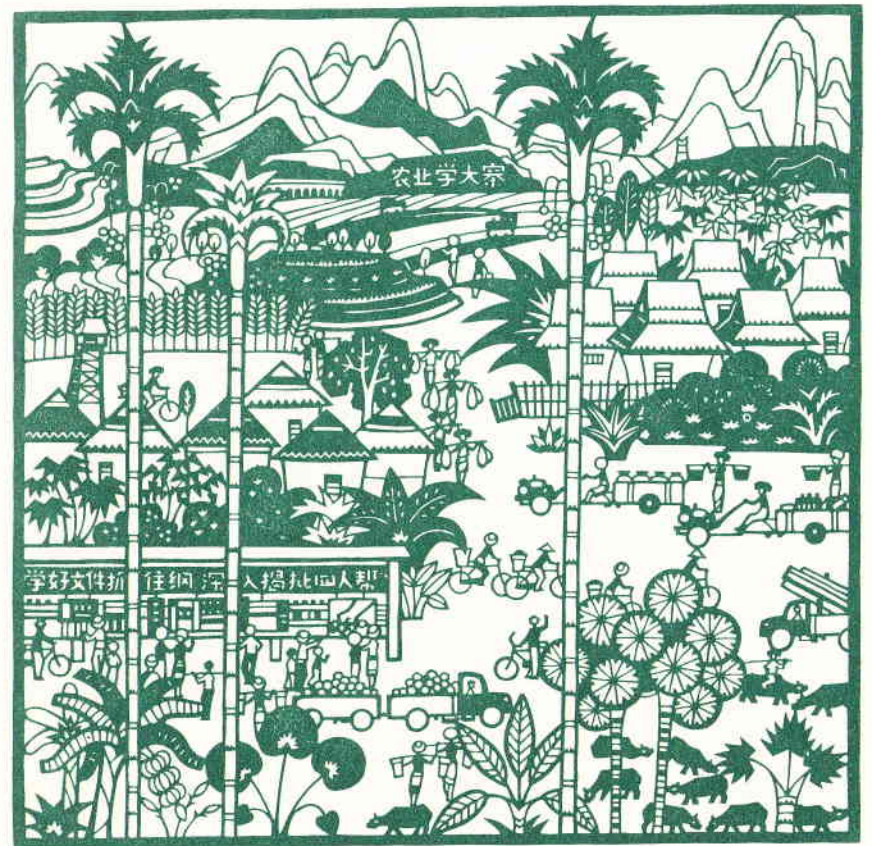
In recent years fresh progress has been made in China in preserving cultural relics. Our country formerly produced a worm-repellent paper to preserve books, but the secret of its manufacture was lost many years ago. Now the Museum of Chinese History has succeeded in producing this paper again. Two sheets of it, inserted in the front and back covers of a book, will keep worms away.

Nanchan Temple on Wutai Mountain in Shansi Province was built about 1,200 years ago during the Tang Dynasty. Weathering and earthquake damage weakened the wooden framework of the main hall and the beams were sagging 11 centimetres. After studying the situation technicians strengthened the woodwork by infusing it with chemicals, thus restoring the temple without changing its beams.

The Yunkang Caves in Tatung, Shansi Province, and the Lungmen Caves in Loyang, Honan Province, are important repositories of ancient Chinese sculpture. To preserve these caves, high polymers were used to cement cracks and strengthen images which were disintegrating. As a result, the two groups of caves, each with a history of more than one thousand years, are in better condition.

To preserve frescoes, our archaeologists use a special adhesive tape to strip them from the wall, then restore them and display them in museums where good care is taken of them. This was done, for instance, with frescoes more than eight hundred years old which were rescued from Liao Dynasty tombs in Liaoning Province where they were being damaged by alkalies. They are now in the Liaoning Museum.

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



A Thriving Li Village (paper-cut)

by Chen Yung-tsai



中国文学

英文月刊1978年第2期

本刊代号2—916

FOR SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION
CONTACT

CB *China Books
& Periodicals, Inc.*

2929 - 24TH ST. • SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94110

415-282-2994

San Francisco • New York • Chicago