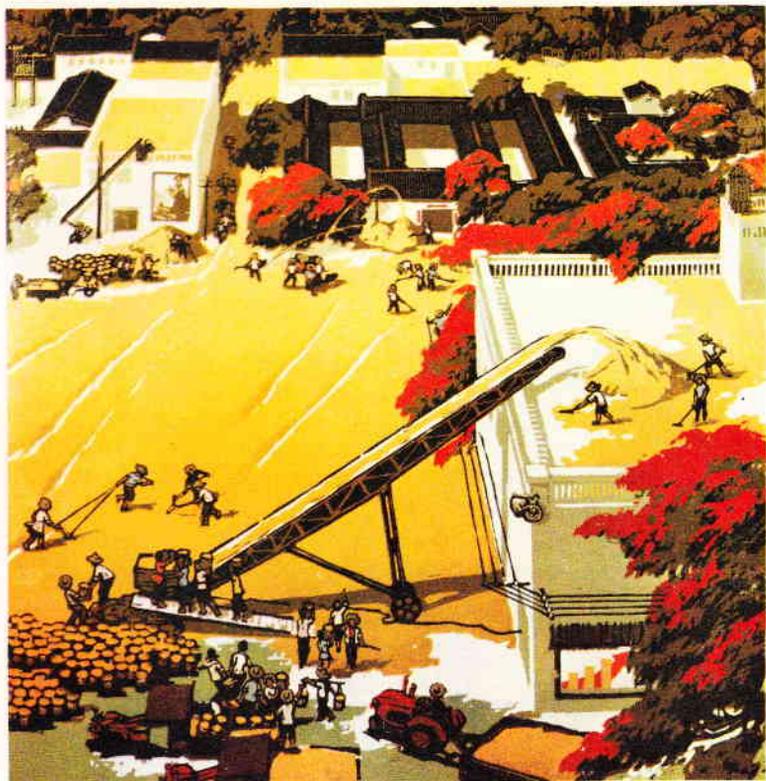


CHINESE LITERATURE



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1976 **10**

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Spring Shoots

Produced collectively by the Shanghai Film Studio

Script-writers: Chao Chih-chiang, Yang Shib-wen and Tsao Lei

Spring 1965.

Lovely Chaoyang Lake District south of the Yangtse.

Members of Lakeside Brigade of Chaoyang Commune are hard at work in the fields.

Silhouetted against the blue sky flecked with white clouds, fresh green paddy shoots are quivering in the breeze. Drops of water gleam and sparkle in the sunlight as a group of women scatter chemical fertilizer.

In the distance a boy calls: "Auntie Chun-miao!"

A girl scattering fertilizer looks up and passes a hand over her perspiring face. Seeing young Hsiao-lung running along the raised path between the fields, with her legs muddied she hurries towards the boy.

Hsiao-lung, approaching: "Auntie Chun-miao!"

"Well?" Chun-miao squats down. "What is it?"

Hsiao-lung, anxiously: "My mum wants you."

Sister Ah-fang hurries out from her house, in her arms a baby of less than one year. Her mother-in-law follows her.



The mother-in-law protests: "... But why ask Chun-miao? She knows nothing about medicine. Better get Chia Yueh-hsien to have another look at the child."

Sister Ah-fang: "Chia Yueh-hsien? It's all owing to her bungling that Hsiao-mei's in this state."

The mother-in-law, helplessly: "But Chun-miao's just the women's team leader; she's not a doctor."

Sister Ah-fang answers with exasperation: "At least she can advise us what to do." She hurries off with the baby.

Her mother-in-law watches her with a worried look.

In front of Chia Yueh-hsien's house.

A small faded yellow flag flutters in the breeze. Written in black on it is the word "Physician" and, in fainter characters, "Miraculous Skill in Curing Disease".

Lien-lien, a girl of about fifteen, raps on the window and calls: "Chia Yueh-hsien, go and work in the fields!"

Chia Yueh-hsien, reckoning up her fee with a patient inside, retorts: "Go to the fields? Then how about my patients? Mind your own business. Clear off..."

Lien-lien: "Your patients, eh? You cheat them."

Chia Yueh-hsien: "Cheat them? Accepting a present for curing a patient is only right and proper."

Lien-lien, not giving ground: "Have you forgotten the lesson Sister Chun-miao and all the rest of us taught you?"

Chia Yueh-hsien goes to the window. "Bah! Even the commune hospital counts me a qualified practitioner. Not even Chun-miao, if she comes, can interfere with me." She closes the window.

Chun-miao's voice is heard suddenly behind Lien-lien: "Not interfere? We will!"

Chia Yueh-hsien looks up with a start as the window opens, and sees Chun-miao standing there.



Chun-miao, firmly: "Whoever takes the capitalist road will find us blocking the way!"

"Chun-miao, Chun-miao!" Sister Ah-fang runs towards her carrying the baby.

Chun-miao hurries to meet her.

Sister Ah-fang, holding the crying baby: "She's running a very high fever."

Chun-miao lays her cheek against the baby's face.

Sister Ah-fang: "It's all her granny's fault for trusting Chia Yueh-hsien. She dosed her with something that looked like incense ashes. . . ."

Shocked and angry, Chun-miao glances at the small yellow flag over the door and runs over to pull it down.

"Cheat and witch-doctor!" Chun-miao snaps the flag-stick in two and throws the flag on the ground, then turns to take the baby from Sister Ah-fang. "Come on!"

Chia Yueh-hsien waits until they are gone before irately retrieving the flag. . . .

2

Outside Chun-miao's home. By a stream.

A small boat is moored at the end of the bridge. Sister Ah-fang gets into the boat; Chun-miao passes the baby to her, then turns to run home.

Chun-miao's mother takes off her apron to cover the baby, then hurries back inside too.

Chun-miao runs into their small courtyard, untics an oar hanging there and hoists it over her shoulder.

Uncle Shui-chang, an old poor peasant, runs up with Chun-miao's mother. "Chun-miao, Chun-miao!" he cries. "I'll take you there."

Chun-miao: "Not with that bad back of yours, uncle. I'll go."

Uncle Shui-chang: "I'm all right."

Chun-miao insists, "No, I'll go." In the gateway she turns to say: "Mum, go and tell Uncle Ah-chiang, quick."

She darts off with the oar, followed by Uncle Shui-chang calling: "Wait!"

Chun-miao's mother calls him back: "Old Shui-chang! . . ."

Ignoring her, Uncle Shui-chang runs to the bank outside the gate, only to find that Chun-miao has already rowed off.

Foaming waves break on the lake.

The oar moves swiftly.

Chun-miao rows hard.

The baby cries hoarsely.

Chun-miao rows with all her might, her forehead beaded with sweat.

Sister Ah-fang gazes anxiously ahead.

The small boat glides swiftly over the vast lake.

The town of Chaoyang.

Chun-miao moors the boat to the landing-stage by the bridge, then whirls round to take the baby and hurry ashore, followed by Sister Ah-fang. They walk quickly up the bridge.

They hasten through the gate of Chaoyang People's Commune Hospital.

3

An elderly nurse, Sister Tang, leads Chun-miao and Sister Ah-fang to the room for emergency cases.

Sister Tang calls towards an inner room: "Dr. Chien!"

Dr. Chien is watching a cage of white mice greedily eating. He answers casually: "Yes."

Sister Tang: "An emergency case."

Dr. Chien slowly turns the pages of a book entitled *Ways to Keep Fit*.

Chun-miao, the baby in her arms: "Doctor, please come and see to this child quickly!"

Chien, off-handedly: "Wait a bit."

Shocked by his attitude, Chun-miao calls out: "Doctor, the child is running a high fever."

Chien, indifferently: "Wait a bit." With that he walks off.

The hospital office. The walls are covered with banners and prize certificates.

On the desk is a handsomely bound edition of *Ways to Keep Fit* next to a case of expensive medicine.

Director Tu Wen-chieh is telephoning: "Ah, right, right. . . I'll send it over straight away, right. . ."

Chien Chi-jen opens the door and enters.

Director Tu, replacing the receiver: "Old Chien, Commissioner Liang just called up to ask us to send him our summary on 'Ways to Keep Fit.'"

"I've got it ready." Chien quickly takes a report out of a drawer and hands it to Tu, who takes it and says with satisfaction: "Good!" He pulls over the case of medicine. "Take these to the commissioner too, and this. . ." He fetches out another box containing tonics such as ginseng and root of antler. "He's been feeling rather run down. . ."

Chien takes the medicine and flashes Tu a glance of understanding.

The room for emergency cases.

Chun-miao, standing in the doorway, looks anxiously out then turns to watch the baby.

Sister Ah-fang is doing her best to soothe it, pacing frantically up and down.

The child's spasms grow weaker, her cries fainter.

Chun-miao is burning with anxiety. She looks at the baby, then up at the clock on the wall.

The clock's pendulum swings ceaselessly to and fro. The time is now a quarter past eleven.

Chun-miao reaches a decision and runs out.

The door of the office is flung open. Chun-miao marches in and up to Dr. Chien. "Doctor, go and examine the child, quick!"

Chien and Tu turn their heads to look at her with annoyance.

The telephone rings. Tu picks up the receiver. "Yes. . ."

An agitated voice comes over the line: "This is the Party branch of Lakeside Brigade. . ."

The office of Lakeside Brigade. Through the window can be seen streams of people carrying paddy to the fields.

Party secretary Li Ah-chiang is telephoning: "I'm Li Ah-chiang. A baby in our brigade is critically ill and has been taken to your hospital. Please do all you can to save her. . ."

The hospital office.

Tu puts down the phone and asks Chun-miao: "Are you from Lakeside Brigade?"

Chun-miao nods. "Yes."

Tu tells Chien: "You go and see what's wrong."

Chien puts away *Ways to Keep Fit* and walks out slowly and reluctantly.

The room for emergency cases.

The baby is dying in the arms of her anguished mother.

Chien puts on a white mask and coolly hangs his stethoscope round his neck, then slowly winds his watch and smooths his hair before finally starting to examine the baby.

Chun-miao watches with concern.

Sister Ah-fang tensely watches the doctor.

Chien: "Why didn't you bring her here earlier?"

Chun-miao: "We've been waiting here for hours!"

The doctor, silenced, takes up his pen and scribbles something on a sheet of paper.

Chun-miao watches him anxiously.

He tosses the paper to her then gets up and leaves.

Chun-miao, seeing what he has written, exclaims with dismay: "Take her to the county hospital?"

Sister Ah-fang passes her baby to Chun-miao, then races after Chien. "Doctor, doctor! . . . A mite like this — the delay would kill her!"

Chien, impatiently: "We've no medicine here; you'd better take her to the county hospital." He stalks away.

Sister Ah-fang stands there in despair. Suddenly she hears Chun-miao cry out in alarm: "Hsiao-mei!"

Sister Ah-fang turns round apprehensively.

Chun-miao, her eyes full of tears, cries: "Hsiao-mei, Hsiao-mei!"

Sister Ah-fang rushes back into the room and the two of them try to revive the child, calling: "Hsiao-mei!"

"Hsiao-mei!" Sister Ah-fang bursts out weeping. The apron covering the baby falls to the ground.

4

One end of the village of Lakeside Brigade.

Chun-miao has clenched in her hand the apron used to cover the baby. Sister Ah-fang sits stupefied on a bamboo chair. Hsiao-lung beside her, though only a child, understands how his mother feels and passes her a handkerchief. Sister Ah-fang clasps him tightly in her arms. Her mother-in-law sobs quietly beside them. Chun-miao's mother and old Granny try to comfort her while Uncle Shui-chang, Ta-chun and other commune members exchange indignant comments.

Chun-miao looks angry, there are tears in her eyes.

Uncle Shui-chang explodes: "Why should they treat the children of poor and lower-middle peasants like this!"

Others exclaim: "How could that doctor in our commune hospital be so callous!"

"Shocking!"

"Let's report him to the commune!"

"Do they still have our interests at heart?"

Suddenly a cry goes up: "Ah-chiang is back!"

Ah-chiang hurries out of the bamboo grove and through the incensed crowd. Deeply stirred he goes up to Sister Ah-fang.

Chun-miao steps towards him exclaiming: "Uncle Ah-chiang!"

Ah-chiang nods gravely.

Chun-miao: "Chia Yueh-hsien's a cheat who kills people, and the doctor in our hospital refuses to treat an emergency case. Uncle Ah-chiang, how can we let things go on this way!"

Ah-chiang puts one hand on her shoulder and looks with feeling at the crowd. He asks fondly: "Chun-miao, have you heard? Chairman Mao has issued a call!"

Chun-miao's face lights up.

Sister Ah-fang and the others turn their heads to listen.

Ah-chiang: "He says, **'In medical and health work, put the stress on the rural areas.'**"

Chun-miao listens raptly, raising her head to think.

Blue sky, white clouds, green bamboo grove.

Ah-chiang announces elatedly to the crowd: "Chairman Mao has issued the call! The stress in medical and health work is to be put on the rural areas!"

A buzz of comments.

Ah-chiang: "Comrades, our commune Party committee wants our brigade to recommend someone to go and study medicine in the hospital. Our Party branch has discussed it. We're going to send Chun-miao."

Chun-miao's excited face.

The commune members cluster eagerly round her, beaming.

Chun-miao is too elated to know what to say. Gazing with heartfelt feeling at Sister Ah-fang, she grips her hands tightly.

5

Night. Chun-miao's home.

Chun-miao is sewing a belt.

Her mother, packing up her things beside her, looks fondly at her daughter. "Tomorrow you're leaving to study in the hospital. You'd better turn in early."

Chun-miao assents, but goes on sewing.

Early morning.

Lien-lien runs through the bamboo grove to Chun-miao's house, crying gaily: "Sister Chun-miao, Sister Chun-miao!" Finding no one in the courtyard, she peeps through a window.

Chun-miao's mother comes out. "Lien-lien."

Lien-lien walks in. "Auntie, isn't Sister Chun-miao leaving today to study in the hospital?"

Chun-miao's mother: "Yes."

Lien-lien: "Where is she?"

Chun-miao's mother: "Didn't you meet her on your way here?"

Lien-lien: "No."

Chun-miao's mother: "Last night she made a belt for your dad. She's taken it to your place."

"Oh." Lien-lien glances at the things on the table which Chun-miao is taking with her: a mug, a soapbox and a stack of books. The topmost book is Chairman Mao's *In Memory of Norman Bethune*.

Outside Uncle Shui-chang's cottage.

Chun-miao looks around. As there is no one in sight, she puts the belt on a small stone table and goes away.

Uncle Shui-chang, a load of bamboos on his shoulder, comes out of the courtyard and spots the belt. Picking it up, he examines it appreciatively. When he looks up and sees Chun-miao's receding figure, his eyes grow moist.

Sister Ah-fang's house.

Chun-miao, by Hsiao-lung's bed, shows him a picture-book *The Story of Norman Bethune*. The boy jumps up eagerly to grab the book and leaf through it.

Sister Ah-fang gives Chun-miao a packet of cakes. "Chun-miao, take these to eat on the road. Study well and come back quickly."

Chun-miao nods.

Lien-lien runs up and calls through the window: "Sister Chun-miao!"

Chun-miao goes out to her.

Lien-lien beckons to some friends outside the courtyard. "Hey, Sister Chun-miao's here. Quick!"

Some boisterous youngsters rush in.

"Team leader, don't worry about things here."

"We guarantee our women's team won't lag behind in production."

Lien-lien: "Sister Chun-miao, mind you study hard."

Ta-chun: "If we have to go to hospital, we'll ask for Chun-miao!"

They laugh happily.

Ta-chun, to the others: "Come on, let's see Chun-miao off."

They all agree.

She hastily stops them. "No! There's too much to do in the fields."

"Auntie Chun-miao!" Two children run over.

"Chun-miao, Chun-miao!" Granny hobbles towards her.

Chun-miao goes to meet her, crying: "Granny!"

Granny takes her hand and looks at her. "Child, we'll be longing to have you back again."

Chun-miao, leaning towards her, loudly: "Granny, starting tomorrow, Lien-lien will fetch you water."

Lien-lien shouts ingenuously: "Yes, granny!"

Granny beams and nods.

On the village street.

Sister Ah-fang's mother-in-law is strolling along with another middle-aged woman.

Mother-in-law: "Chun-miao's a good girl, but is she up to this? Learning medicine isn't like mucking about in the mud."

Middle-aged woman: "She'll make out all right. For a doctor of our own, we need someone who really has our interests at heart."

A middle-aged peasant, Chao Tsai-sheng, is sitting outside his cottage mending a net. Chia Yueh-hsien comes along, a rice bowl in her hand.

Chia Yueh-hsien complains to Chao: "You know what? The hospital wanted *me* to go there to study, but the brigade insisted on sending Chun-miao. This is like what happened during the Big Leap Forward. But what came of it? Will the hospital accept a chit of a girl like that? Bah!"

Chao agrees: "Quite right. A carpenter must have clever hands; a doctor must have experience."

Chia Yueh-hsien, contemptuously: "Who ever heard of a barefoot girl becoming a doctor? Bah!"

The path by the bamboo grove outside the village.

Ah-chiang and Chun-miao's mother are seeing her off.

Ah-chiang, earnestly: "A barefoot girl going to study medicine must be a credit to all of us barefoot peasants! Remember how many eyes are watching you!"



Chun-miao's mother: "Carrying a load like this for a thousand households, you must be ready to have your shoulders rubbed raw."

Chun-miao is carrying her simple luggage on a shoulder-pole. When they enter the dense bamboo grove, Ah-chiang says significantly: "Chun-miao, look at these young bamboos. When the new shoots sprout, there may be stones lying over the hard earth; but slender and soft as they are the shoots break through the soil, overturning the stones, and grow up straight and tall."

Chun-miao gazes at the green bamboos, lost in thought.

Ah-chiang: "Chun-miao, the path before you won't be smooth. But with Chairman Mao backing us, you must have the guts to forge ahead."

Chun-miao nods with understanding.

Sunlight shines on the bamboos growing luxuriantly, and their tips sway in the breeze.

The inner room of the hospital office.

Tu, washing his hands, tells Chien who is sitting beside him: "Sending us a college graduate shows our higher-ups' appreciation of our hospital."

"Quite so," Chien agrees.

Chun-miao appears in the doorway, shouldering her luggage. "Comrades, is Director Tu here?"

Tu: "Yes, I'm Tu Wen-chieh."

Chun-miao puts down her load and produces a letter of introduction which she hands to him. "I've come from Lakeside Brigade to study here."

Tu takes the letter and says quite cordially: "Good, good. . . Did you come all by yourself?"

Chien walks past Chun-miao, who stares at him.

He glances uneasily at her.

Tu is reading the letter when someone outside calls: "Director Tu, the new doctor is here!" Tu hastily says to Chun-miao: "Oh, just wait a minute." He turns and beckons Chien to go out with him.

Chien follows Tu out.

Chun-miao left alone does not know what is going on, but seeing the two men have gone she steps to the door to have a look, then puts down her satchel and glances round the room.

Suddenly the telephone rings. As there is no one else to take the call, she picks up the receiver. "Hullo. . ."

An agitated voice comes over the line: "Is that the commune hospital?"

Chun-miao: "Yes."

"This is West Bank Brigade."

Chun-miao: "Yes? . . ."

Tu's voice outside: "Ah, welcome, welcome!"

Tu enters carrying a bag and beckons to someone outside: "Haha, come in, come in. . ."

Fang Ming, a young man dressed like a student, appears in the doorway. He looks eagerly round. Chien follows him carrying a bag.

Tu, warmly: "Comrade Fang Ming, we welcome your coming here to work with us."

Fang, modestly: "I hope you'll give me plenty of help."

Tu: "Don't be so modest. Take a seat, take a seat!"

Chun-miao is still listening to the phone.

Voice in the phone: "The patient's in a bad way. . . ."

Chun-miao answers with concern: "Yes, yes. . . ." She looks at Tu.

Tu pays no attention but pulls over a chair and sits down beside Fang Ming.

Chien passes the young man a cup of water and says affably: "Do have a drink."

Tu introduces Chien: "This is Doctor Chien Chi-jen; he's our head doctor."

Fang: "Glad to meet you, Dr. Chien."

Chien, politely: "We're very glad you've come."

Voice in the phone: "Please send a doctor at once to save the patient!"

Chun-miao: "Just a minute." She puts the receiver on the desk and approaches Tu.

Tu is telling Fang Ming complacently: "Though our place is small, we're doing some important research here. . . ."

Chun-miao interrupts: "West Bank Brigade has phoned. Someone there is dangerously ill. They want a doctor to go there at once."

Tu, off-handedly: "Tell them to bring the patient here." He turns back to Fang. "The provincial authorities give us full backing too. Your coming will strengthen us."

Fang: "No, really?"

Chun-miao looks anxiously at the phone, from which a worried voice continues calling: "Hullo, hullo! Doctor, doctor!"

Chun-miao, frantically to Tu: "The patient's in a critical state."

Fang Ming eyes her with interest.

Chien, irately: "Our doctors are busy."

Tu explains more patiently: "When our doctors are busy, they can't go out to see patients. This is our hospital's rule."

Chun-miao opens her mouth to speak, but Tu stops her and signs to Chien to answer the phone.

Chien picks up the receiver. "Hullo. . . . Send a doctor? *Aiya*, more than twenty *li* by boat; it's not all that simple."

He prepares to ring off.

Chun-miao hastily stops him, saying: "I . . . I'll row the boat."

Tu is taken aback.

Chien smiles sarcastically. "But where's the doctor?"

Chun-miao looks at Chien and Tu, then turns hopefully to Fang Ming.

Fang, feeling challenged, offers tentatively: "Well, shall I go?"

Chun-miao, elatedly: "Fine!" Picking up the phone she says promptly: "Hullo, a doctor's coming right away." She replaces the receiver.

Tu, flabbergasted: "That won't do! He's only just arrived."

Chien: "Quite. He doesn't know his way about yet. . . ."

Chun-miao, already at the door, turns to say: "I'll show him the way."

Fang Ming looks at Tu for his approval.

Tu is at a loss.

Chun-miao, encouragingly to Fang: "Come on!"

Fang Ming makes up his mind and hurries out after Chun-miao.

Chien follows them to the door. "But . . . but. . . ." He turns to Tu. "Look at this. . . ."

Tu: "Never mind. Let them go."

Chien goes on fuming.

7

A mountain village. A brook gurgles through a fine forest.

A cottage nestles by the brook.

Fang Ming and Chun-miao emerge from the cottage. Fang takes off his stethoscope while Chun-miao brings out a leather medical kit and puts it on the small table outside the house. After the tense struggle they have been through, both heave a sigh of relief.

Young Tu-ken who lives there brings them two bowls of water and says gratefully: "Doctor, I just don't know how to thank you both! If you hadn't come so promptly, my mother. . ."

A weak woman's voice calls from the house: "Tu-ken. . ."

He hurries in.

Fang tells Chun-miao: "With acute pneumonia like hers, the least delay would have been fatal."

Chun-miao, attentively: "Yes."

Fang Ming drinks the water brought through a bamboo pipe from a fountain, then leaps gaily down to the brook to wash his face.

A boy of about eleven runs up with a basket of herbs, crying: "Brother, brother! I've got the herb medicine!"

Chun-miao takes the basket and examines the herbs.

As Tu-ken comes out she asks him: "Do you have herbs like these here?"

Tu-ken: "We were afraid you mightn't come, so we asked old Grandad Shih for these to bring down her fever."

In pleased surprise Chun-miao puts a leaf in her mouth to taste it. "So this herb is good for fever?"

Tu-ken nods. "Yes."

Fang Ming, his face washed, climbs up the bank and says: "Chun-miao, we'd better be starting back now."

Tu-ken's younger brother goes off with the herbs. Tu-ken offers cheerfully: "Come on, I'll row your boat."

On Chaoyang Lake.

Tu-ken is rowing Fang Ming and Chun-miao back.

Fang Ming sitting in the prow is admiring the scenery. He exclaims: "How lovely! But too inconvenient for getting medical treatment."

Tu-ken: "It's already much better than before Liberation. In those days, my mother says, folk here never even set eyes on a doctor."

Chun-miao, helping him row, agrees: "Yes, it's the same in our village. Before Liberation, we had floods every year and epidemics every few months. Once, plague spread through our village so fast there wasn't time to bury all the dead. But had a single one of them

seen a doctor? Had a single one of them taken a tablet of medicine?" With mounting indignation she adds: "In those days, doctors had to be fetched by big sedan-chairs, and medicine had to be paid for with gold or silver. For centuries, one generation after another, we poor and lower-middle peasants longed to have our own doctors."

Fang Ming, listening, is deeply moved.

The lake ripples and sparkles.

8

The courtyard of the commune hospital. By the time Fang Ming and Chun-miao get back, it is growing dark.

The hospital staff are resting in the cool of the evening.

Tu, to Fang Ming: "That's your room, there."

Sister Tang, to Chun-miao: "Comrade Chun-miao, you can move in here."

Chun-miao nods and starts towards the stairs. She greets Tu: "Director Tu."

Tu: "Ah, yes. I've talked to Dr. Chien about your work. He'll assign you jobs to do."

Chien who is eating water-melon and watching a game of chess in the courtyard nods coldly.

The backyard of the hospital.

Basins are piled high with sheets. Chun-miao is washing them so vigorously that she keeps having to wipe the sweat from her face.

Medicine bottles of all shapes and sizes. Chun-miao is carefully washing them one by one.

Chun-miao is sweeping the stairs. She sees an old patient coming and hurries over to take his arm.

The workroom.

Chun-miao enters carrying a pile of clean sheets and finds Sister Tang preparing to sterilize hypodermics. She puts down the sheets, eager to help, and asks, "Will you teach me how to give injections, sister?"

Sister Tang, in embarrassment: "Don't touch them!"

Chun-miao stops, feeling rather puzzled.

Sister Tang: "Dr. Chien says you're here to do odd jobs, but you mustn't handle these needles."

Chun-miao, in surprise: "Mustn't handle them?"

Sister Tang whispers: "I'll come to your dormitory tonight and teach you."

Chun-miao's dormitory.

Sister Tang and a young nurse are showing Chun-miao how to determine blood pressure. . . .

The out-patients' department.

Chun-miao is inserting an acupuncture needle into her wrist under Fang Ming's directions.

Chien passes the door and says disapprovingly: "Chun-miao, go and clean up the physical fitness lab."

Twiddling the needle in her wrist she answers: "I've done it."

Chien: "The sheets in the wards need changing."

Chun-miao: "I changed them this morning."

Disgruntled, Chien spots a kettle boiling on a stove in the corridor. "Then . . . that water's boiling. Go and fill the thermos flasks."

Fang Ming is unable to suppress his anger. He signs to Chun-miao to stay put and goes into the corridor himself to fill the thermos flasks, saying as he does so to Chien: "Aren't your hands empty too?"

Unable to answer this, Chien leaves in a huff.

Returning to the out-patients' department Fang says sympathetically: "It's really hard for you to learn medicine this way."

Chun-miao concentrates on twirling the needle in her wrist, then answers firmly: "However hard it is, I must learn. The poor and lower-middle peasants expect it of me!"

9

The following day. The wards. Chun-miao follows Fang Ming as he makes his rounds. After he has examined a sick child he passes

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the stethoscope to Chun-miao, who listens carefully. Then she turns to tell him: "This isn't pneumonia; it seems more like bronchitis."

Fang Ming glances delightedly at her. "So you can already distinguish between the two! You're making very quick progress."

Chun-miao scribbles something in her notebook and passes it to him. "Look, are these the two medicines to use?"

Fang reads what she has written, then smiles and nods encouragingly.

The backyard of the hospital.

Chun-miao is filling a bucket from the tap when she looks up to see Chien, at the door of the physical fitness laboratory, surreptitiously passing a packet of medicine to Chia Yueh-hsien.

Chia Yueh-hsien stuffs it into her basket, gushing: "It's good to have you here in the hospital, brother!"

Chun-miao goes over to protest: "Dr. Chien, how can you give away the hospital's medicine like that. . . ."

Chien, contemptuously: "This is none of your business!"

Chun-miao, sharply: "No wonder when we poor peasants come for treatment you say you have no medicine. Apparently. . . ."

Chia Yueh-hsien steps forward angrily to speak, but Chien stops her.

Chien: "Director Tu's given her permission to practise medicine."

Chun-miao thinks for a moment, then turns away.

Chia Yueh-hsien watches her leave and snorts: "Bah! She's always butting in."

Chien, feeling caught out, signs to the quack and they go to the back door. Having made sure that nobody is about, he says to her: "My good cousin, you must learn something about these foreign medicines too. Otherwise, if Chun-miao has her way, she'll cut the ground from under our feet and then you'll have to go and work in the fields."

Chia Yueh-hsien curls her lip. "I just don't believe muddy-legs like Tien Chun-miao will ever get anywhere."

Chien: "Don't go underestimating these muddy-legs. Didn't they do for my father in the land reform?"

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Chia Yueh-hsien: "But now you're a white-coated, foreign-style doctor, you needn't be afraid of her."

Chien interrupts her impatiently: "All right. Better go now."

Chia Yueh-hsien slips out of the back door with her basket.

Watching her leave, Chien mutters: "Stupid woman!"

The staircase.

Chun-miao, coming down with a bucket and mop, meets Tu on his way up. She promptly accosts him: "Director Tu, do you know that Dr. Chien is supplying medicine to Chia Yueh-hsien of our village?"

Tu: "Well, traditional practitioners like Chia Yueh-hsien, who's learned some medicine from her family, should be encouraged to make use of their skills."

Chun-miao: "Skills? What skills?"

Tu: "For her to practise medicine is in accordance with the county regulations."

Chun-miao: "In accordance with the county regulations?"

Tu, soothingly: "Yes. Being new here, there are things you don't understand. I hear that you do your tasks quite well and work hard. That's very good. But Dr. Chien is our head doctor; you should show him more respect."

Chun-miao, dissatisfied with this answer, picks up her bucket and continues downstairs. Raising her head, she notices Chien coming through the back door.

Chien darts a glance at Chun-miao, then hurries after Tu into his office. He says ingratiatingly: "Director Tu, word's going round the county town that Commissioner Liang and others have recommended your being transferred to work in the county hospital."

Tu is very pleased but puts on a show of indifference. "Well, don't spread such talk. It's to your credit too that we're a red-flag unit."

Chien: "No, it's owing to your good leadership."

Tu: "Old Chien, Tien Chun-miao is rather critical of you. She comes from the poor and lower-middle peasants and was sent here

to study by the commune Party committee. You must try to keep on better terms with her."

Chien looks at Tu but says nothing.

10

Several days later.

The backyard of the hospital.

Chun-miao is hanging out sheets to dry.

Lien-lien runs over, calling: "Sister Chun-miao, Sister Chun-miao!"

Chun-miao exclaims: "Lien-lien, what brings you here?"

Lien-lien, rapidly: "My dad's back is troubling him again — he strained it saving a boatload of our brigade's rice."

Chun-miao grabs Lien-lien's arm and runs with her to the front court.

The out-patients' department.

Uncle Shui-chang is writhing with pain.

Chien, standing some distance away, beckons him over in a lordly manner. With an effort, Uncle Shui-chang pulls up his jacket.

Chien thumps the old man's back a couple of times, so roughly that he winces.

Chien, casually: "You've had this backache a long time, it's nothing serious. When you go back, take some nourishing food and stay in bed."

Uncle Shui-chang: "What? Stay in bed? You . . . you . . ."

Chien: "Yes, good food and rest will set you right."

Uncle Shui-chang: "But, doctor, everyone's going all out learning from Tachai's example. I can't just stay at home."

Chien: "In our new society, you ought to take it easy and have a good time."

Uncle Shui-chang: "Chairman Mao led us to stand up as our country's masters. Now that times are good how can I just lie down and sleep?"

Chun-miao and Lien-lien run in.

Chun-miao looks with concern at the beads of cold sweat on Uncle Shui-chang's forehead, and takes off her apron to wipe them, asking: "Uncle Shui-chang, is the pain very bad?"

Chien casually writes out a prescription and tosses it over.

Chun-miao glances at it then tells Chien indignantly, "This backache of his is chronic. What way is this to cure it?"

Chien: "What more can we do? A patient's backache is his doctor's headache. Even foreigners say there's no cure for it." He takes up a massive treatise in some foreign language and shows it to her.

Uncle Shui-chang, disgusted by his attitude, angrily closes the volume.

Chun-miao casts a contemptuous glance at Chien and says, "Uncle Shui-chang, let's go." She helps him out of the room.

Fang Ming's dormitory.

Chun-miao passes an acupuncture needle to Fang Ming, who gives Uncle Shui-chang needle treatment.

Uncle Shui-chang, feeling the effect: "Good, good, that's the spot, that's it."

Fang Ming withdraws the needle and hands it to Chun-miao to use.

Uncle Shui-chang looks encouragingly at her.

Chun-miao squats down beside the old man and carefully inserts the needle. Uncle Shui-chang beams and nods with satisfaction.

Chien peeps in through the door, then turns and goes downstairs.

The director's office.

Tu and several doctors are elatedly inspecting some newly bought specialized equipment.

Tu: "To speed up our experiments on 'Ways to Keep Fit', I went through certain channels and got hold of these early."

Chien hurries in. "Director, has our hospital still got rules or not? You'd better replace me with a different head doctor."

Tu is nonplussed. "What's happened?"

Chien: "Tien Chun-miao is actually treating an out-patient."

Tu: "Who gave her permission?"

Chien: "Young Fang."

Tu, annoyed: "I'll go and see. I won't be long."

Fang Ming's dormitory.

As Fang is giving instructions to Chun-miao, through the window comes Tu's voice: "Dr. Fang!" Fang Ming looks out of the window, then turns to Chun-miao. "I'll be back in a minute." He goes downstairs.

Chun-miao looks out of the window.

Uncle Shui-chang looks at her with satisfaction. "Good, Chun-miao! We're all hoping you'll soon finish your training."

Chun-miao, gravely: "Uncle Shui-chang, this is no place for the likes of us to learn medicine."

Uncle Shui-chang, sensing something left unsaid: "What do you mean?"

Tu's voice carries up from downstairs: "Dr. Fang, how could you let Tien Chun-miao give needle treatment?"

Fang's voice: "We should give her more chances to learn."

Chun-miao runs out of the room, followed by Uncle Shui-chang helped by Lien-lien. From the upstairs verandah they look down at the courtyard and see Fang Ming and Tu arguing near the steps. Chien is standing to one side. A crowd is gathering.

Tu berates Fang Ming: "What if an accident happens? You're too reckless. How can you take a risk like this, with a patient's life at stake?"

Fang Ming: "Director Tu, Tien Chun-miao came here to learn medicine. Is it right to make her do odd jobs all the time?"

Chien sneers: "Dr. Fang, you can't cut fine designs on coarse earthenware. Look at Tien Chun-miao's hands — can they give acupuncture?"

Chun-miao looks at her hands, too agitated to speak.

Uncle Shui-chang leaning on the railing of the verandah says loudly: "Just tell him, Chun-miao, we sent you here so that those hands of yours could give us acupuncture!"

Seeing the way things are going, Chien appeals "Director Tu!" and slips away.

Tu: "All right, all right. This shows Dr. Chien's sense of responsibility. Medicine is a science; handling needles is different from handling hoes." He turns to leave too.

Chun-miao runs downstairs. "You say that too? Is anyone born knowing how to do acupuncture?"

Lien-lien and Fang Ming help Uncle Shui-chang downstairs.

The director's office.

Tu walks in fuming. Chun-miao follows him to the door.

Tu, angrily: "Tien Chun-miao, remember who you are. How many days have you been in our hospital? How can you give acupuncture treatment? Who'll take the responsibility if there's an accident?"

Uncle Shui-chang charges in in a towering rage and says loudly: "We poor and lower-middle peasants are quite clear who takes a responsible attitude towards us. Come on, Chun-miao! Go ahead with the treatment." He sits down in the director's wicker chair.

Very moved, Chun-miao goes towards him.

Tu bellows: "What are you doing? This is the commune hospital. If you're studying here you must observe our rules, not behave in this lawless manner."

Uncle Shui-chang unable to control himself stands up, pointing a finger at Tu. "You..."

Chun-miao stops him, saying firmly: "Uncle Shui-chang, let's go home."

He looks at her with surprise.

Lien-lien asks anxiously: "Sister Chun-miao, are you giving up studying?"

Chun-miao, clearly and concisely: "During my stay here I've seen through this place. This isn't a hospital that serves the poor and lower-middle peasants. You never had any intention of training us barefoot peasants as doctors. You despise my hands, don't you? Well, we poor and lower-middle peasants have had hands like these for generations. Millions of other toilers have hands like these..." She thrusts out her hands with pride, saying forcefully: "With these



hands of ours we overthrew feudalism, imperialism and bureaucrat-capitalism. With them, we're transforming nature, and we shall certainly master acupuncture!"

11

Before the village. Under a big camphor tree.

Members of Lakeside Brigade are resting during a break. Chun-miao, at one side, is giving Granny acupuncture treatment, slowly turning the needle.

In the shade of a tree by the bamboo grove.

Uncle Shui-chang's powerful hands are planing a plank of wood. From time to time he makes measurements with his fingers.

Ah-chiang with a brush is carefully painting a red cross on a newly made medical kit.

Hsiao-lung and some other children lean on the table, eagerly watching the painting of the red cross.

Uncle Shui-chang puts away his saw, plane and other tools.

"Auntie Chun-miao!" Hsiao-lung notices Chun-miao coming towards them and bounds over to greet her.

Chun-miao, Sister Ah-fang and others arrive with farm tools. Hsiao-lung pulls Chun-miao to the table.

On the table is a new wooden first-aid kit, simply made but bright with the newly painted red cross.

Ah-chiang and Uncle Shui-chang look at each other.

Uncle Shui-chang takes the kit in both hands and presents it to Chun-miao.

She accepts it with deep emotion.

A song is heard:

As I hold the first-aid kit, my heart's in a tumult.

What a great task the working class has entrusted to me!

I shall carry this kit through wind and waves,

Taking the warmth of Chairman Mao's love to the peasants.

During the singing, Ah-chiang's eyes rest expectantly on Chun-miao.

Chun-miao, her face radiant, lovingly strokes the first-aid kit, then hangs it solemnly over her shoulder.

12

The first-aid kit stands on the table in Chun-miao's home.

Under a lantern Chun-miao is carefully going through her notes on the uses of different herbs; then she picks up some herbs from the table and tastes them.

Facing a model of the human body showing the points where needles can be inserted, Chun-miao needles her own hand.

The fingers of the alarm-clock point to midnight, but Chun-miao is still cutting up bamboo to make "fire-pots" for moxibustion. Feeling tired, she stretches, then goes on with her work.

It is late at night. Outside the window the moon is bright, the stars are fading. All is quiet on Chaoyang Lake.

The light in Chun-miao's room is still on. Through the window she can be seen asleep at the table. A section of bamboo has dropped

from her hand on to the table, which is scattered with other sections of different sizes and chips of bamboo.

Chun-miao's mother enters, her jacket thrown over her shoulders. Seeing the girl she exclaims fondly: "Good gracious! So you're making 'fire-pots' now." She tidies the table.

Chun-miao wakes and rubs her eyes. When she sees her mother, with a mischievous smile at her she hastily puts the finished fire-pots into her kit.

Evening. A wind springs up and clouds gather.

The site of a new well. Chun-miao's first-aid kit stands on a heap of rubble. On a placard beside it are the words: "Don't drink unboiled water."

Taking a rest, the peasants are scooping tea with their bowls out of a bucket.

Lien-lien runs along, calling from a distance: "Sister Chun-miao!"

Ta-chun beckons her to the bucket. "Sister Chun-miao has started a shoulder-pole hospital here."

Lien-lien: "A shoulder-pole hospital? What's that?"

Ta-chun passes her a bowl. "This is a decoction she's made to prevent us from catching cold working down in the well."

Lien-lien: "We're not worrying about catching cold; we're so frantic, we're burning!"

The peasants laugh.

"Lien-lien!" calls Chun-miao from the well.

Lien-lien looks down as Chun-miao clammers up, asking: "What's wrong, Lien-lien?"

Lien-lien: "Hsiao-lung's ill, but Sister Ah-fang has gone to town to fetch chemical fertilizer. . . ."

Chun-miao hastily runs to pick up her medical kit and hurries off with Lien-lien.

13

Sister Ah-fang's house.

Hsiao-lung is lying in bed.

His granny, torn in two directions, is urging the quack doctor: "Mind you diagnose correctly this time, Chia Yueh-hsien. We can't have another. . . ."

"You can depend on me!" Chia Yueh-hsien sidles up to her and whispers: "Some evil spirit's got into Hsiao-lung. Presently I'll burn a few charms for him to exorcize it. But you mustn't tell anyone, not after that socialist education movement." She holds up five fingers. The old woman sighs helplessly and takes out some money.

Some villagers outside comment: "Five dollars! What medicine can cost so much?"

Chao Tsai-sheng: "When you have the skill, you can eat your fill. Other people wouldn't be able to charge so much."

Chun-miao runs into the house. She glances at Chia Yueh-hsien who gives a start.

Chun-miao puts down her medical kit on the table and hurries to the bed. She leans her cheek against the boy's forehead and chest to gauge his temperature.



Chia Yueh-hsien sourly pushes aside the first-aid kit, protesting: "Granny, one patient mustn't take two different prescriptions."

Chun-miao squats before the bed and presses her ear against Hsiao-lung's chest and back, listening intently.

The grandmother, sceptically: "Do you know what you're doing, Chun-miao?"

Chun-miao takes the packet of medicine from her, looks at Chia Yueh-hsien suspiciously, then opens the packet.

Chia Yueh-hsien appears flustered.

The tablets in the packet have been broken into little bits. Chun-miao takes one and tastes it. "These are just soda tablets!" she exclaims. "How can they cure his illness?" She rounds angrily on Chia Yueh-hsien. "So you're up to your old tricks — cheating people and giving the wrong treatment again!"

Chia Yueh-hsien looks ashamed and angry at this exposure. "Bah! A fat lot you know, calling these soda tablets!" She tries to grab the medicine but fails, then blusters: "If you think you know better, you can take over." With that she starts off with her basket.

Chun-miao glares after her, while Hsiao-lung's grandmother looks on helplessly.

Chia Yueh-hsien walks out, grumbling: "Coming here to show off! Just open that kit of yours. There's nothing in it but iodine and mercurochrome." She turns and finds herself confronting Uncle Shui-chang, Lien-lien, Ta-chun and Granny, who have followed Chun-miao here. She beats a hasty retreat.

The old woman makes no further effort to detain her but says anxiously to Chun-miao: "Now you've driven her away, who's going to see to Hsiao-lung?"

Uncle Shui-chang: "Don't worry, granny."

Chun-miao: "Granny, did Hsiao-lung catch a chill?"

The old woman: "He got caught in the rain going to see his other granny, and came down with a cold. Chia Yueh-hsien says some evil spirit's got into him."

Chun-miao: "What nonsense! Hsiao-lung has got pneumonia."

The old woman in alarm: "Pneumonia?"

Chun-miao gets up and starts towards the door, then turns round. "I'll go and telephone Dr. Fang to come."

Uncle Shui-chang nods. "Right."

14

The courtyard of the commune hospital.

Fang Ming hurrying downstairs with a basin knocks into Chien who is carrying two bottles of expensive liquor in one hand and in the other some top-grade cigarettes. Chien drops a few packets of cigarettes and hastily stoops to pick them up. The two men exchange glances. Chien hurriedly dusts off the cigarettes and strides to the office.

Fang Ming watches him with disgust.

The director's office.

A round table is being laid with an elegant dinner service.

Tu, taking a telephone call: "Ah, well, wait a moment." He looks up and seeing Chien outside the windows asks: "Where is Dr. Fang? Lakeside Brigade has an emergency case and they want him to go."

Chien walks into the office. "He's out. Don't they have Tien Chun-miao in that brigade?"

Tu: "What use is she?"

Chien, helping lay the table: "Why not let her have a try, keen as she is on those poor and lower-middle peasants?"

Tu covers the receiver and retorts sharply: "Give her permission to practise? No, that would be a dangerous precedent!" He phones: "Dr. Fang is out just now. . . . Send some other doctor?"

Chien points at the table. "Director, Commissioner Liang is coming any moment now for dinner."

Tu nods, then says into the phone: "We've no doctors to spare. They're all busy. Just send the patient here. . . . What? There's going to be a storm? Well, it hasn't started yet." He rings off.

The brigade office.

Chun-miao angrily replaces the receiver. Taking out her notebook, she scribbles down a prescription while saying: "Send someone, quick, to fetch these medicines from the hospital."

Uncle Shui-chang: "I'll go."

Chun-miao shakes her head. "Not with your back trouble, Uncle Shui-chang. . . ."

Lien-lien volunteers: "I'll go."

"Fine." Chun-miao passes her the prescription and Lien-lien runs out.

"But. . . ." Uncle Shui-chang puts on a jacket and hurries after her.

The day grows dark. Lightning flashes, thunder rumbles.

Chun-miao runs to Sister Ah-fang's house.

Ta-chun comes forward to meet her and asks with concern: "Have they refused to send a doctor again?"

Chun-miao nods indignantly.

Hsiao-lung's grandmother comes out and says anxiously: "Then we'd better send him quickly to the hospital."

A gust of strong wind blows open the window. Chun-miao runs over to shut it.

"Hsiao-lung, Hsiao-lung!" Sister Ah-fang runs in crying: "How is he?"

Chun-miao takes her to the inner room, saying soothingly: "Sister Ah-fang, Hsiao-lung's caught pneumonia. Lien-lien has gone to the hospital for medicine. I've learned from Dr. Fang how to treat this illness. Don't worry."

Sister Ah-fang goes to sit on the bed, leaning forward to call: "Hsiao-lung, Hsiao-lung!" She whirls round frantically. "He's having spasms!"

The boy's grandmother leaves her seat by the stove and runs into the inner room.

Chun-miao opens her medical kit and takes out a needle.

The grandmother, anxiously: "Better send him to hospital."

Sister Ah-fang: "To hospital? No, no! Last time, Hsiao-mei. . . ."

Chao Tsai-sheng: "It's a better bet than waiting here to die."
Hsiao-lung is gasping for breath and having spasms.
His grandmother looks tensely at Chun-miao.
Sister Ah-fang looks tensely at Chun-miao.
Chun-miao resolutely inserts the needle to give the boy emergency treatment.

All watch with bated breath.

Anxious faces, intent and apprehensive eyes. . .

15

The window of the commune hospital's dispensary.

A hand tosses a prescription out of the window, then closes it.

Uncle Shui-chang takes the prescription and bangs on the window.
"Hey, there!"

The window opens to reveal Chien's face. "It's no use raising a rumpus. We can't give you this medicine. Director Tu says that Tien Chun-miao isn't qualified to make out prescriptions."

Uncle Shui-chang pounds the window in fury. "Ah!"

The dispensary's small wooden window bursts open. Uncle Shui-chang roars: "You've grabbed control of this dispensary to strangle us peasants. Who ordered you to do that?"

Sister Ah-fang's house.

Chun-miao is looking thoughtfully at some specimens of medicinal herbs. From time to time she glances outside the window where a storm is raging.

Ta-chun hurries in. Chun-miao's mother steps forward to ask him: "Did you get through on the phone?"

"We couldn't get Uncle Shui-chang. That fellow Chien said they couldn't issue the medicine." Ta-chun goes over to Chun-miao. "He also said you're not qualified to make out prescriptions."

Chun-miao, in dismay: "Not qualified?"

Her mother exclaims: "Not qualified to make out prescriptions?"

Sister Ah-fang's mother-in-law comes in from the outer room with a box containing a hypodermic. "What happened?"

Ta-chun: "The hospital won't give the medicine."

In dismay the old woman drops the box.

Chun-miao's mother helps her to a seat while Chun-miao picks up the box.

On the bed, Hsiao-lung is lying in a coma.

"This . . . this is hounding us to death!" Sister Ah-fang collapses on the bedstead and sobs.

Oppressive silence.

Chun-miao resolutely turns to go out. She takes down a bamboo hat and a lantern hanging on the wall, then goes out into the rain.

Chia Yueh-hsien's house.

Chia Yueh-hsien is peering out of the window. When she sees Chao Tsai-sheng approaching she beckons him over. "Brother Tsai-sheng, Brother Tsai-sheng! Come here. . . . How's the boy?"

Chao Tsai-sheng: "Chun-miao can't get the medicine. It looks as if they'll have to ask you to help."

Chia Yueh-hsien gloats: "If they want me to, I can; but Tien Chun-miao must come in person to ask me."

16

A lantern shines in the storm.

Chun-miao, equipped with a mattock and a bamboo basket, is digging up herbs by the river.

Her mattock swings to dig out the roots. Chun-miao tastes a leaf to make sure she has the right herb.

Chun-miao searches for herbs on the mountainside, climbing the slippery slope with difficulty.

The rain pours down. The lantern shines on the slope.

Sister Ah-fang's house.

Her mother-in-law stands before the bed looking anxiously at the sick child. Reaching a decision, she takes the electric torch lying by the pillow and starts out.

Chun-miao runs in wearing her bamboo hat and carrying the lantern and basket. As she puts the basket down in the outer room, Sister Ah-fang goes to meet her. Chun-miao tells her to boil the herbs. At this moment the old woman comes out and Chun-miao asks her: "Where are you going, granny?"

Continuing on her way the old woman answers: "I'm going to fetch Chia Yueh-hsien."

"You mustn't do that, granny!" Chun-miao steps towards her.

The old woman turns. "We can't send him to hospital, and you've no medicine. This is our only hope." She hurries out into the rain.

Chun-miao runs after her. "Granny!"

Lightning, wind and torrential rain.

The old woman turns to face her. "Chun-miao, this is the only grandchild I have left." She turns to go on.

Chun-miao, with deep emotion: "Granny!"

The old woman halts in the rain.

With tears in her eyes Chun-miao goes up to her. "Granny, Hsiao-lung's not only your grandson; he's the flesh and blood of all us poor and lower-middle peasants too. In the past we had no doctors or medicine, so Chia Yueh-hsien and Chien Chi-jen killed Hsiao-mei and there was nothing we could do. Now they're trying to do Hsiao-lung in too."

The old woman bursts out sobbing. Chun-miao helps her back into the house.

Sister Ah-fang, leaning on the door looking out, turns her face away in anguish.

Chun-miao helps the old woman into the outer room and makes her sit down. "Granny, they're not interested in curing us; they're only out to cheat us and trample on us!"

Ah-chiang's voice outside: "Granny!"

Chun-miao and the old woman turn round at the sound.

Ah-chiang comes in and takes off his raincoat. "What Chun-miao just said is right. We poor and lower-middle peasants have guts, we're not spineless. Chun-miao is our own doctor, and all of us here will help out. We're going to save Hsiao-lung at all costs, granny!"

Very stirred, Chun-miao looks at Ah-chiang.

Sister Ah-fang says with conviction: "Chun-miao, I trust you."

Chun-miao grips Sister Ah-fang's hands.

Ah-chiang, encouragingly: "Don't be afraid, Chun-miao. Just go ahead!"

Chun-miao: "Right!"

The doorway of Director Tu's office.

Uncle Shui-chang is arguing with Tu and Chien.

Lien-lien runs up with Fang Ming. "Dad!"

Fang Ming: "Uncle Shui-chang!"

Uncle Shui-chang steps towards them. "Dr. Fang, they told us you were out." He whirls round and shouts to the office: "What's the idea? What's your dirty game?"

Fang Ming to Uncle Shui-chang: "Let's hurry."

Watching them leave, Chien says to Tu: "Just look at that."

A small boat speeds across Chaoyang Lake through the storm.

Uncle Shui-chang and Lien-lien are rowing.

Fang Ming sitting in the prow stares anxiously ahead. Waves toss on the lake.

Uncle Shui-chang rows with all his might, his clothes wet through.

Rain pours down. Waves foam.

Sister Ah-fang's house.

By the sick child's bed.

Chun-miao, raising the boy with one arm, is spoon-feeding him with herbal medicine. Sister Ah-fang feels Chun-miao's drenched jacket and drapes a sweater over her shoulders. Their eyes meet, full of comradely love.

Chun-miao lays her cheek against the boy's forehead. He is sleeping quietly now.

In the distance a cock crows. She gently covers the boy with a quilt, then puts down the bed-curtain and turns out the light, seating herself beside the bed to keep watch.

Outside the window the sky is turning light. The lake is calm. Uncle Shui-chang, Fang Ming and Lien-lien hurry towards Sister Ah-fang's house.

People come out to meet them. Fang Ming darts into the room. Uncle Shui-chang, happily: "The doctor's here!"

Fang Ming examines the boy with his stethoscope. His eyes gleam with pleasure. "He's out of danger now!"

Hsiao-lung opens his eyes and smiles sweetly.

Ah-chiang, Lien-lien and Uncle Shui-chang smile.

Sister Ah-fang rushes to the child and clasps him in her arms.

Fang Ming asks her with surprise: "Tell me, what medicine did Chun-miao use?"

"Just a needle and some herbal medicine," answers Sister Ah-fang.

Ah-chiang, Uncle Shui-chang and Fang Ming look happily at the boy.

His grandmother comes in with two bowls of ginger soup fetched from the stove. She passes a bowl to Fang Ming. "Here."

He accepts the soup with thanks.

She asks gaily: "Where's the doctor?"

The others are puzzled. "What doctor?"

Uncle Shui-chang catches on. "Oh, she means our own peasant doctor Chun-miao."

The old woman nods. They all laugh heartily. . . .

Beside the lake.

The day is growing bright; a few rosy morning clouds appear in the east. The lake stretches green and vast.

At the landing-stage, Chun-miao has just finished washing a basketful of freshly plucked herbs. She wipes the mud from her bare feet and turns towards the house.

Ah-chiang, Uncle Shui-chang, Fang Ming, Lien-lien, Chun-miao's mother, Granny, Sister Ah-fang's mother-in-law and Ta-chun all go to the doorway to watch out for her.

Carrying her basket of fresh, newly washed herbs, Chun-miao comes back through the bamboo grove facing the morning sun.

Chun-miao's tanned face is radiant. She blushes faintly seeing all eyes fixed on her. Rain-drops drip from her glistening hair; her homespun clothes are still wet, her trousers rolled up to her knees. Her legs are caked with mud, her bare feet streaked with water.

Ah-chiang: "Here comes our own doctor, our barefoot doctor!"

Outside the window the red sun rises slowly above the lake. The sky turns bright with the golden rays of the sun.

The new title "barefoot doctor" re-echoes through the countryside.

The theme song is sung.

Green bamboos are bathed in the glory of the sun;
Spring shoots break through the soil to greet the dawn;
Withstanding wind and rain
They grow tall and sturdy,
Striking root in the hearts of the peasants
And drawing strength from the sun.

On their shoulders are red first-aid kits,
In their minds comrades love.
Their footprints can be found in every cottage;
The fragrance of herbs blends with the tang of soil.
Like green bamboos bathed in the glorious sunlight
Our barefoot doctors have the red sun in their hearts.

During the singing the following scenes appear:

Chun-miao, her medical kit over one shoulder, is carrying a cauldron filled with prophylactic herbal medicine. Hsiao-lung behind her carries a basket filled with bowls. They hurry towards the peasants who call out greetings.

At dawn Chun-miao leads other girls with farm tools through the thick bamboo grove to start their day's work.

With a lighted lantern Chun-miao goes out in a storm to see patients.

Chun-miao reads the newspaper to other brigade members by the bamboo grove.

Chun-miao, Lien-lien and others, carrying mattocks, climb a slope covered with maples. Meeting Tu-ken and other barefoot doctors, they chat and laugh together.

Chun-miao gives prophylactic injections to a group of sweet, lively children.

Late at night, Chun-miao knocks on the door of Granny's home. Granny lets her in and she passes medicine to Granny, who drapes a jacket over the girl's shoulders. Chun-miao looks at her fondly, then goes out again and disappears into the night. . . .

Under the big tree outside Uncle Shui-chang's cottage, Fang Ming is giving a lesson to the brigade's new barefoot doctors. Chun-miao listens attentively and takes notes.

Fang Ming closes his notebook and rolls up a chart. "We'll stop here today," he says. "Next time we'll talk about ways to prevent contagious diseases."

The barefoot doctors shoulder their medical kits and pocket their notebooks, then crowd round him laughing and shouting.

Tu-ken: "Dr. Fang, we can understand — and use — the things you teach us."

Other barefoot doctors: "If only Dr. Fang could come every day to give us lessons!"

Chun-miao: "Dr. Fang, would Director Tu agree to your coming more often?"

Fang: "I've been coming on my day off."

Chun-miao: "Tomorrow our brigade's opening its own clinic. Can you come?"

Fang: "I certainly will!"

Other barefoot doctors: "We'll be coming too to offer our congratulations."

17

In front of the clinic.

People are passing to and fro, in boats and on foot. The village is busy and lively.

Gongs and drums sound as Ah-chiang and Chun-miao put up the placard "Lakeside Brigade Clinic".

Ta-chun lifts Hsiao-lung up to put a big red paper flower on the placard.

Sister Ah-fang, her mother-in-law and other peasants crowd eagerly into the clinic.

Inside the clinic, Chun-miao pastes on the wall a large sheet of red paper with the words: **"In medical and health work, put the stress on the rural areas."**

Lien-lien comes in with some youngsters carrying big pots of herbs. Chun-miao takes these and places them on shelves in the inner room.

Fang Ming, a parcel in his hands, hurries in to offer his congratulations. "Chun-miao!"

Chun-miao turns and cries: "Dr. Fang!"

Fang Ming puts his parcel on the table and unwraps it. It is a wire vest.

Uncle Shui-chang's cottage.

Uncle Shui-chang examines the wire vest closely. "If I wore this, I'd feel like a hooped barrel!"

Lien-lien coming in with a crate of dried herbs scolds him: "Dad, Dr. Fang made a long trip specially to borrow this for you. Just try it on." She goes up to the attic.

Chun-miao helps Lien-lien carry things up to the attic.

Fang Ming explains: "Wearing this will help protect your back."

Uncle Shui-chang, frankly: "Young Fang, I appreciate your thoughtfulness, but this contraption. . . ."

Chun-miao, from the stairs: "If it stops him from working, he'll feel worse than when he has backache!"

Fang Ming begins to understand.

"Dr. Fang," continues Chun-miao as she comes down, "just now Tu-ken came to tell us that old Grandad Shih in the western hills knows of a traditional cure for backache. I've asked him to get the prescription."

Fang: "A traditional cure?"

Chun-miao: "Don't you think we can find a way, combining modern and traditional medicine, to cure Uncle Shui-chang's backache?"

Uncle Shui-chang: "I'll tell you what. Just go ahead boldly and try. Whether you cure me or not, you'll at least gain some experience. Then I'll have made a contribution too to curing backache in future."

Chun-miao remembers something. She takes out a small notebook from her kit and hands it to Fang Ming. "Look, this is Uncle Shui-chang's case history."

Fang Ming reads the notes.

Chun-miao goes over to Uncle Shui-chang and gives him moxibustion treatment.

The more Fang reads, the more impressed he is. "On windy days, in wet weather, by day and by night, when doing heavy work and when doing light work . . . you've kept such a detailed record."

Uncle Shui-chang says with feeling: "Those doctors who lord it over us find us backache cases a headache; but not our Chun-miao — it's her heart that aches for us."

Fang Ming, moved: "Uncle Shui-chang; Chun-miao, when I was in college and we went to take part in the socialist education movement in the countryside, I realized how poor the medical facilities were there. So I made up my mind that after graduation I'd work in the countryside. And my parents, both of them workers, encouraged me. Then I thought I was doing pretty well, serving the poor and lower-middle peasants. Now I realize I've never really understood their splendid qualities. In future you must give me more help."

Chun-miao approaches him and says warmly: "Dr. Fang, we'll work together."

Fang: "Fine."

Uncle Shui-chang: "Young Fang, you're always welcome here!"

Fang Ming packs up the wire vest, saying: "Director Tu takes a very dim view of my coming here so often."

Uncle Shui-chang: "Don't worry about that. We're thinking of writing a report to the health bureau in the county."

Chun-miao: "Yes, I've already drafted it."

At this moment Lien-lien comes downstairs. They read the report together.

Director Tu's office.

Chien comes in with a big envelope which he hands to Tu at his desk. "From Commissioner Liang."

Tu hastily opens the envelope and takes out Chun-miao's report to the health bureau.

Chien, hopefully: "Is this the transfer order?"

Tu's face darkens. He flings the report down on his desk.

Chien looks at him in surprise.

Tu stands up in a fury. "Tien Chun-miao has written a report denouncing us to the health bureau."

Chien, startled: "Denouncing us?" He snatches it up to read it. "What? She objects to our working on 'Ways to Keep Fit'? Well, Commissioner Liang is specially keen on that work."

Tu, pointing to the report: "Go on."

Chien reads on: "We suggest strengthening the Party leadership of the hospital."

Tu: "See? That's an attack on *me*."

Fang enters in high spirits with a sheaf of letters. "Director Tu, the setting up of a clinic in Lakeside Brigade has made such a big impression, many other brigades have sent in requests to do the same."

As Tu takes these letters from Fang, the telephone rings. Tu picks up the receiver. "Hello, this is the commune hospital. What. . . Oh, you want to start a clinic? Well, let me tell you: Lakeside Brigade's clinic was started without our permission. It's a farce!" He replaces the receiver.

Fang, puzzled: "But doesn't our commune Party committee support it?"

Tu: "Only a handful of people. The county health bureau will never okay it."

Fang, challengingly: "Why not?"

Chien behind him snorts, then starts out. Fang casts a glance at Chien, then turns to Tu. "But what's wrong with it? If each brigade has its own barefoot doctors, its own clinic. . ."

Tu: "If they all have their own clinics, what need is there for our commune hospital?"

Fang: "Of course the hospital's needed. In fact, there'll be more work for us to do. We can take it in turns joining mobile medical teams to tour the villages, helping the clinics there, sending medicine to the peasants' doors. . ."

Tu stands up to interrupt him: "We're not pedlars!"

Taken aback, Fang starts thinking.

Aware that he has gone too far, Tu tones down: "Dr. Fang, you're different from Tien Chun-miao. You were trained at great public expense in a medical college. What future is there for you in tagging after herbalists like her? You should learn from Dr. Chien and do some highly specialized research work."

Fang: "Frankly, Director Tu, I don't think his work on 'Ways to Keep Fit' is at all what's needed in the countryside. Our hospital should pay more attention to common diseases here. I'm thinking of asking Uncle Shui-chang to come here, so that we can co-operate with the barefoot doctors to find some way of curing him by combining modern and traditional treatment."

Tu hastily stops him. "All right, Dr. Fang. I just hope you'll take my advice and consider your own future." He stuffs all the letters into a drawer. "These requests aren't in line with our leadership's policy. I know how to handle them."

19

The bank of the stream in front of the brigade's clinic.

Chun-miao is plucking herbs by the river when Lien-lien runs over to her. "Sister Chun-miao, Director Tu's here, waiting for you in the clinic."

Chun-miao is surprised.

The clinic.

Tu is standing by the door, his jacket unbuttoned at the neck. As he mops his perspiring face his eyes dart this way and that. To him, this place seems very strange.

Chun-miao arrives with a basketful of fresh herbs. Seeing Tu she greets him: "Director Tu!"

Tu whirls round and forces a smile. "Ah, there you are at last."

Chun-miao invites him in and puts the herbs on the table, then offers Tu a seat and pours him a cup of boiled water. "Director Tu, please take a seat. We hadn't been expecting a visit from you." She is trying to size up Tu's motive for coming.

Tu smiles sheepishly. "I've come to see Ah-chiang, so I thought I'd look in on you too. Yes, in the past we didn't show enough concern for you, and there were some misunderstandings. As the man in charge, I should take the blame for that." As Chun-miao says nothing, he feels discomfited and changes the subject. "As a probationary Party member, you'll soon be granted full membership, I suppose?"

Chun-miao: "I've another month to go."

Tu: "Ah, you're making quick progress. But, you know, a Party member should have a high sense of Party discipline. As we always say: We must respect the higher leadership."

Chun-miao: "We poor and lower-middle peasants know very well what sort of leadership we should respect. Why not tell me straight out, Director Tu, what you've come for."

Tu: "All right. After you came home from the hospital you started practising medicine, and now you've opened this clinic, setting it up in opposition to our hospital."

Chun-miao: "I was forced into opposition."

Outside the clinic people begin to gather. Several children are playing there too.

A woman goes up to Chao Tsai-sheng. "Tsai-sheng, what's happening?"

Chao: "Director Tu has come."

The woman: "Why should he come here?"

Chao: "According to Chia Yueh-hsien, Chun-miao's way of doing things isn't in line with the leadership's policy."

In the clinic.

Tu: "Comrade Chun-miao, are you trying to cure diseases with these herbs?"

Chun-miao, vigorously chopping up the herbs: "Yes. As for you, you not only refuse to cure people, you want to stop others from trying."

Some inquisitive children open the door and look in. They stand in the doorway watching.

Tu hastily shoos them away and closes the door, then turns. "We're taking a responsible attitude, to you and to the masses. Don't you know that doctors hold people's lives in their hands?" He points at the pots of herbs. "Look there. Call that doctoring? It's unheard of!"

Chun-miao: "It's people who make fields by tilling them and roads by opening them up. Our way of doing things is welcomed by the poor and lower-middle peasants."

Uncle Shui-chang's cottage.

Uncle Shui-chang is resting on his bed.

Uncle Shui-chang: "So they won't let Chun-miao treat the sick. Why not? Come on!" He stands up abruptly, straining his back.

Lien-lien: "Dad..." Her father feels a sudden stab of pain. He totters and falls on Lien-lien.

Outside the clinic a crowd is gathering. Sister Ah-fang, Ta-chun and others squeeze through the crowd.

Sister Ah-fang: "What's happened?"

A peasant: "Just listen!"

Inside the clinic.

Tu: "Medicine is a special science. If you're really keen to study it, you can rely on me to train you into a proper doctor."

Chun-miao: "I'm used to going about barefoot. I'm not fit to be what you call a proper doctor."

Tu tries a different approach, saying pleadingly: "Comrade Tien Chun-miao, once you start this precedent in your brigade, all the brigades in our commune will follow suit. Then what will our hospital have to do? What shall I have to do as director?"

Chun-miao: "You've never served the poor and lower-middle peasants."

Tu: "How can you say that: Isn't our hospital in the countryside? Aren't the patients we get every day poor and lower-middle peasants?"

Chun-miao: "Do you want to know the masses' opinion of you?"

Tu: "Well?"

Chun-miao: "Your hospital is small but high and mighty. Though living in the countryside, you never come into contact with the peasants."

Outside the window a woman calls: "You're nothing but bureaucrats!"

Comments and jeers are heard from the crowd.

Tu flares up. "Tien Chun-miao, you're too outrageous. Let me inform you: Starting from today this clinic must close down. And you're to stop carrying this medical kit."

Sister Ah-fang calls through the window: "Director Tu, you..."

Tu cuts her short: "This isn't simply my personal decision. It comes from higher up."

Chun-miao: "Nobody, whoever he is, can make us turn back."

The brigade members outside, seething with anger, come trooping into the clinic.

Sister Ah-fang, running in ahead of the rest: "Did you consult us poor and lower-middle peasants before making this decision?"

Ta-chun: "Why can Chia Yueh-hsien practise medicine but not Chun-miao?"

They all criticize Tu at once.

Tu: "If you have criticisms, you can raise them later. Right now, as a member of the commune Party committee, I'm having a private talk with Tien Chun-miao."

Chun-miao: "Tell me this: As a member of the Party committee, on whose behalf are you speaking?"

Tu: "Opposing me like this will get you nowhere, Tien Chun-miao. I shall now formally announce our leadership's decision."

Tu takes out a notice from his briefcase.

He reads aloud: "In accordance with the regulations for health work in this province, the clinic set up by Lakeside Brigade without permission is illegal and must be closed down."

Tu places the notice on the table, pointing significantly at the signature on it: Liang Kuang-wen, county commissioner of health. He says: "Take a look at this, all of you."

"Chun-miao, Chun-miao!..." A middle-aged woman runs in, panting. "Chun-miao, my little Mei-hua's in a bad way. Do come and see what you can do for her."

Chun-miao at once reaches for her medical kit, but Tu clamps down on it.

Tu: "The clinic has been closed down. Tien Chun-miao can't practise medicine."

Mei-hua's mother: "But my daughter's ill..."

Chun-miao glowers at Tu.

The crowd seethes with indignation. Chia Yueh-hsien outside is gleefully fingering some herbs. Mei-hua's mother does not know what to do.

Chun-miao, not in the least intimidated, shoves Tu's hand away and opens the kit. From it she takes a needle. She then goes to the store-room to select some herbs and bottles.

Chun-miao, to Tu: "You can trot out regulations from your superiors, but you can't crush our determination to serve the poor and lower-middle peasants!" She walks proudly away.

Flustered and angry, Tu yells: "Tien Chun-miao! Do you still want to join the Party? If you defy me, you won't!"

Chun-miao eyes him scathingly, standing firm with raised head.

20

Chun-miao's eyes blaze with anger. It is dusk. In the doorway of her home she is whetting the small mattock she uses to dig up herbs.

Her mother comes out from the inner room. Chun-miao glances up at her as if about to speak, but says nothing. She goes on whetting the mattock.

Her mother understands her feeling. She picks up the lantern on the table and silently refills it with kerosene.

Chun-miao tries the edge of the mattock, then picks up a bamboo basket. Her mother passes her the lantern.

As Chun-miao takes the lantern, she once again suppresses the impulse to speak. Mother and daughter look at each other in silence, with mutual understanding.

Chun-miao goes out with the lantern.

Her mother watches her leave.

In front of Chia Yueh-hsien's house.

The small yellow flag is fluttering in the breeze again. Chia Yueh-hsien sees Mei-hua's mother out and whispers: "In future just call on me."

Mei-hua's mother assents.

Chia Yueh-hsien goes inside and greedily counts the money just given her, while Dr. Chien contentedly wags his head as he puts some live carp into a plastic bag. "Don't be too obsessed with money," he cautions her. "Give them some real medicine too. We're sailing with the wind now, sitting pretty. The only thing we lack is mass support."

Chia Yueh-hsien nods.

Chun-miao, carrying her basket of herbs and lantern, meets Mei-hua's mother on the road and greets her: "Sister-in-law, how's Mei-hua?..."

"Chun-miao, I don't want to trouble you." Mei-hua's mother lowers her head and hurries away.

Chun-miao runs a few steps after her, then stops. Turning round, she sees the small yellow flag up again over Chia Yueh-hsien's door and hears laughter inside. She suppresses her anger.

A voice calls: "Auntie Chun-miao!"

Chun-miao looks round and sees Hsiao-lung staring at her bamboo basket.

He asks: "Auntie, have they taken away your first-aid kit?"

Chun-miao looks at the boy and stoops down. Claspings his hands, with tears in her eyes, she fights down her emotion. "Hsiao-lung, would you like me to tell you the story of Dr. Norman Bethune?"

The boy nods. "Yes."

The light from her lantern shines on the path ahead. Holding Hsiao-lung's hand, Chun-miao leads him slowly through a thick grove of camphor trees.

Her lantern moves slowly further and further along the village road.

Uncle Shui-chang's cottage.

Uncle Shui-chang is leaning back in a bamboo chair. Sister Ah-fang, her mother-in-law and Ta-chun are seated around the lamp indignantly discussing the day's events.

Chun-miao and Hsiao-lung coming up hear Sister Ah-fang's indignant voice through the window: "That director even threatened that if Chun-miao goes on treating us when we're ill, she'll lose her Party membership."

Chun-miao stands outside the window, the lamplight from the room shining on her face. She is trying to contain her indignation.

Chun-miao leads Hsiao-lung into the room. At once there is silence. She approaches Uncle Shui-chang.

They watch her without a word.

Chun-miao quietly takes from her basket the moxibustion fire-pot and a needle.

Hsiao-lung, understanding, hands her a box of matches.

Chun-miao lights a match and then concentrates on treating Uncle Shui-chang for his backache.

The others are impressed by the resolute expression on her face in the flickering lamplight.

Sister Ah-fang goes on making a shoe-sole, pulling the hempen cord so hard that it whistles.

Her mother-in-law goes on weaving a wicker crate, pulling the wicker hard.

Uncle Shui-chang's face expresses conflicting feelings: love for Chun-miao and hate for Tu.

Fang Ming hurries in looking tense. He cries: "Chun-miao, Tu's confiscated the medical kits of all the barefoot doctors in our commune. . . ."

This announcement causes a stir.

Chun-miao, although shocked, goes on with her acupuncture. Her hands gripping the needle and her eyes blazing with anger show the tumult in her heart.

"Whose laws is Tu Wen-chieh following?" demands Uncle Shui-chang furiously. "Is it a crime for barefoot doctors to help us poor and lower-middle peasants?"

"They're the ones guilty of crimes," answers Ah-chiang who has just appeared at the threshold. "The day will come when we settle scores with them. Chun-miao, Chairman Mao is bound to back us up."

Warmth fills Chun-miao's heart. Through her tears she looks out of the window. . . .

Lightning cleaves the night sky.

Thunder shakes the earth.

21

The stirring strains of battle songs of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution are heard.

Chaoyang Lake, usually placid, becomes stormy.

Foaming waves dash against the shore.

The waves change into a swift, irresistible torrent on which appear the red characters: "Long live the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution!"

Outside the village.

Lakeside Brigade is holding a mass rally. Chun-miao is making an impassioned speech.

Chun-miao and other barefoot doctors carry posters through the street and to the end of the bridge.

In the commune hospital, Chun-miao, Fang Ming and others are writing posters.

Shots of titles of various posters:

"Uncle Shui-chang's Backache Shows the Crimes of the Revisionists."

"Thoroughly Expose the Class Struggle in Our Hospital!"
"How Did Hsiao-mei Die?"
"Why Does Tu Wen-chieh Favour Chien Chi-jen?"
"Strip the Mask Off 'Ways to Keep Fit'."
"Debunk the Revisionist Line in Medical Work."

22

The director's office.

Arms folded behind his back, Tu is pacing to and fro frantically. A crestfallen Chien stands beside him.

The silence is broken by the telephone ringing. Both men are startled. Tu takes the phone.

Tu: "Hullo, who is it? Ah, Commissioner Liang. . . . The situation here is out of hand too. That Tien Chun-miao has incited Fang Ming and others of our hospital staff to make trouble. They're putting up big-character posters and slogans everywhere. With all their exposures and denunciations they're stirring up pandemonium. . . . What? It's like this everywhere? But, commissioner, what's to be done if this goes on? I see. . . . All right."

Chien at the window is peering out through the bamboo blind. From time to time he turns to watch Tu's expression.

Tu puts down the receiver thoughtfully.

Chien immediately cranes his neck to whisper: "What instructions has Commissioner Liang?"

Tu: "He wants us to guide the movement more effectively. We're on the defensive now. We must hurry up and change this situation."

Chien points at the posters outside. "Look at them milling about! It's going to be hard to change the situation."

Tu does not answer Chien at once but goes to the window and lifts a corner of the blind. The title of a poster catches his eye: "Tu Wen-chieh Can't Be Forgiven His Crime of Attacking Barefoot Doctors!" He frowns thoughtfully, then beams as an idea strikes him. "Well, Dr. Chien, I think we might start a training class for barefoot doctors here, to lead these rebels back on to the right track."

"We're their targets right now," Chien reminds Tu nervously. "If we start a training class, I don't suppose Tien Chun-miao and the rest would attend it."

"Not necessarily. Just think, why are Tien Chun-miao and that lot making trouble? Isn't it just because they want to chuck away their hoes and become professional doctors? If we offer them what they're hankering after, of course they'll come." Tu adds confidently: "Go ahead and see to it."

Chien: "But my position's changed in the Cultural Revolution. I think we'd better let Dr. Fang take the lead."

Tu: "What have you to fear? I haven't been stood down yet. This time I'll take command myself, and you must enter the lists too by giving the first lesson for the training class."

"No! The first lesson for the training class must be given by us poor and lower-middle peasants!" Chun-miao strides out of the crowd and bounds up the platform. Tu is flabbergasted. Chien beside him is consternated.

The crowd: "Yes, that's only right!"

Uncle Shui-chang is sitting in the front row below the platform. The place is packed with barefoot doctors and revolutionary medical workers who clap enthusiastically. Some stand up, some press forward; some of the shorter ones climb on to the benches. The whole lively scene is one of revolutionary revolt.

"Comrades, suppose we first ask Director Tu and Dr. Chien a few questions?" proposes Chun-miao.

The others give shouts of approval, while Tu and Chien blench.

"Director Tu," cries Chun-miao from the platform, "in the past you trampled all over us barefoot doctors and tried to throttle us; but now you're starting a training class for us. Just tell everyone: What's made you swing round so completely?"

"Let's not have any misunderstanding," Tu rises to answer. "In the past we had some shortcomings, and our approach to the problem of training barefoot doctors was wrong. Now we want to take practical measures to correct our mistakes. This training class shows our concern for you all."

Chun-miao: "Concern? What sort of concern?"

Chien from his place beside Tu takes up a brand-new leather medical kit. Smiling all over his face, he takes from the kit a white coat and a stethoscope. "Each of you will get a white coat, a medical kit, and a stethoscope. Commissioner Liang has also granted special permission for us to subsidize each barefoot doctor during the training period. Those who do best will be kept on here as professional doctors; those who want to take up research we'll send to college. . . . All this shows Director Tu's deep concern for you." This said, he puts the things on the platform.

The crowd protest.

"So now you're showing concern for us. Fine talk! But it seems to me you have an ulterior motive," says Chun-miao incisively.

"Ulterior motive?" Tu leaps up. "Tien Chun-miao, what grounds have you for making such a charge?"

"The Cultural Revolution in our hospital has just started. You don't honestly accept the masses' criticism." Chun-miao picks up



the white coat as she speaks. "Instead you're trying to bribe us with these things. If that isn't an ulterior motive, what is?"

Fang Ming and the others demand an answer from Tu.

"You shouldn't be so suspicious," objects Tu. "We've started this training class on the instructions of Commissioner Liang. Don't let yourselves be fooled by agitators. Better sit down properly and study well to learn some skill. If you're not interested, Tien Chun-miao, you needn't join in."

Chun-miao: "As you've invited us here, we shan't leave."

Tu: "What are you up to?"

Chun-miao: "I can tell you that. This training class will be run by us. We're going to criticize the revisionist line in health work too and turn this bureaucratic hospital of yours completely upside-down!"

Tu: "Let me remind you: This hospital of ours is a red-banner unit in the county's health work. Revolt if you like, but you can't turn this red banner into a black one."

"My backache is the best evidence whether it's a red banner or black one." Uncle Shui-chang rushes forward, unable to suppress his anger. He staggers and Fang springs forward to support him.

Fang: "Comrades, Uncle Shui-chang was kicked out of this hospital by Tu Wen-chieh's gang. Now we propose inviting him back here for treatment."

The crowd clap enthusiastically. "Fine!" "We resolutely support Dr. Fang's proposal!"

Uncle Shui-chang is very moved.

Fang and Lien-lien help him out.

Sister Tang steps forward too to help Uncle Shui-chang through the door.

Tu hastily overtakes Fang. "Dr. Fang, you know how few beds we have here. If we accept this patient, where shall we put him?"

Fang: "Wouldn't the physical fitness lab be a good place?"

A roar of laughter goes up as they escort Uncle Shui-chang to the "physical fitness" ward.

Tu, in a quandary, hastily says: "Dr. Fang, the countryside is swarming with cases like his. If you create a precedent by admitting him, this small hospital of ours will soon be jammed."

Fang: "Uncle Shui-chang's illness was aggravated by coming out in that storm to get help for Hsiao-lung. Wasn't our hospital responsible for that?"

Chien interrupts: "*Aiya!* We've no efficacious drugs; how can we cure him?"

Chun-miao: "Even if you had, you wouldn't want to treat him." She takes out a sheet of paper and shows everyone the traditional prescription on it. "Old Grandad Shih in the mountains has this good cure for backache, but you shelved it. It's the Cultural Revolution that's brought it to light again. Now we're going to combine modern and traditional treatment to cure Uncle Shui-chang's backache." She goes off with Fang.

Tu-ken, Ta-chun and others move things out.

Seeing Tu blocking the door, Tu-ken says sharply: "Hey, don't stand in our way."

Tu and Chien are thoroughly crestfallen.

Lien-lien opens the window. Tu passes outside it. Chun-miao and Fang enter Uncle Shui-chang's room.

Uncle Shui-chang: "Chun-miao, Dr. Fang, just go ahead and experiment on me. As I've said before, whether you succeed or fail, as long as you get on the track of an effective treatment I'll have done my bit to help."

They are very stirred.

Tu wants to go and make a scene, but Chien restrains him.

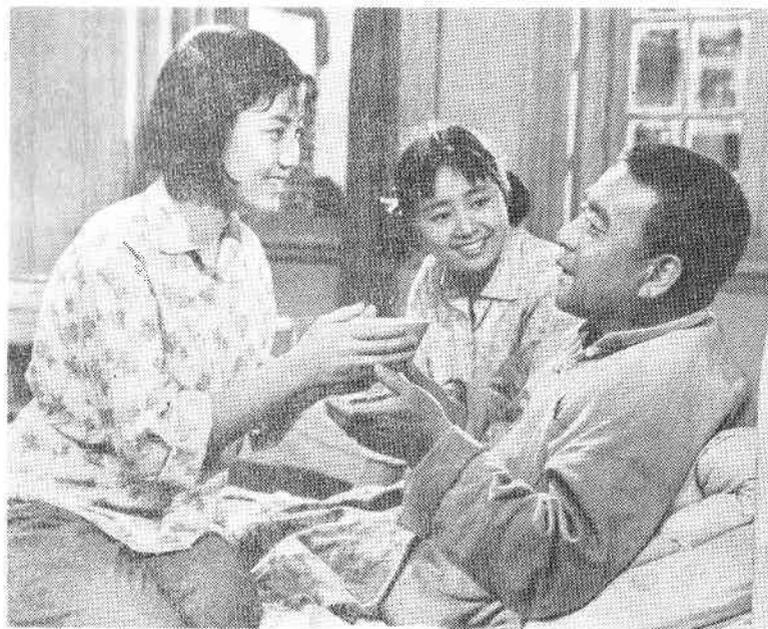
Chien: "Director Tu, let them kick up all the fuss they want to. They won't succeed in curing Old Shui-chang's backache."

Tu: "But you haven't seen through their scheme. Curing the old man is just a pretext to cover up a political objective."

23

Chun-miao and others take down the sign "Physical Fitness Laboratory" and replace it with a placard "Backache Treatment Team".

Uncle Shui-chang's bed. Chun-miao gives the old man a bowl containing a third of an ounce of herbal medicine.



Under the lamp, Chun-miao and some of the hospital staff are showing young trainees X-ray photographs and analysing Uncle Shui-chang's case.

New symptoms have appeared in Uncle Shui-chang's illness. Chun-miao, Fang Ming and Tu-ken make careful check-ups and tests.

A motorcycle speeds through the hospital gate.

A messenger flings open the door of the office and hands Tu an urgent letter from Commissioner Liang.

Tu signs a receipt. The messenger hurries off.

Tu hastily opens the letter. As he reads it his face brightens.

Chien opens the door and comes in. "Director Tu!"

Tu: "What is it?"

Chien: "Tien Chun-miao's had a fiasco."

Tu: "Oh?"

Chien: "She gave that old man some toxic herbal medicine so that now his illness has taken a turn for the worse."

Tu, elatedly: "This is a chance for us to hit back at them. . . . Old Chien, I've just had an express letter from Commissioner Liang. The situation's turning in our favour. It's now quite clear that Chun-miao and Fang Ming are political careerists. They're trying to overthrow me, the Party leadership, so our superiors want us to organize an immediate counter-attack."

Chien: "What a brilliant and timely instruction! Director Tu, we should go for the ring-leaders first. If we can crush Tien Chun-miao and Fang Ming, the rest will cave in by themselves."

Tu beckons him closer. "Get a few men together, then call Fang Ming and give him the works. As for Tien Chun-miao, use the old man's illness to discredit her."

Lakeside Brigade.

Chia Yueh-hsien, holding a big-character poster: "Here, Brother Tsai-sheng, I want you to sign this poster I've just written."

Chao Tsai-sheng reads the poster. "What? An attack on Chun-miao? No, I'm not signing this!"

Chia Yueh-hsien: "I hear Tien Chun-miao has made Old Shui-chang worse by her treatment. . . ." Chao leaves in disgust.

Sister Ah-fang's house.

Hsiao-lung is going out with a small basket of herbs. Ah-chiang, coming through the door, strokes the boy's head fondly. "Where are you off to, Hsiao-lung?"

Hsiao-lung, earnestly: "I'm going to see Auntie Chun-miao and Grandad Shui-chang."

Sister Ah-fang, carrying a roll of posters, tells Ah-chiang: "Our brigade members are all writing posters supporting Chun-miao."

Ah-chiang nods and takes them from her.

The ward.

Uncle Shui-chang is sweating with pain. He clenches his teeth; his legs twitch.

Chun-miao wipes his forehead and asks anxiously: "Is the pain very bad?"

Uncle Shui-chang: "Never mind. I can take it."

Fang Ming is trying paraffin therapy on the old man's legs. He says soothingly: "Uncle Shui-chang, try to go to sleep. We're going to have another consultation about your illness."

Chun-miao makes Uncle Shui-chang lie down.

Sister Tang gives him a transfusion.

Chun-miao, Fang Ming and Sister Tang leave the ward, followed by Lien-lien.

Lien-lien, anxiously: "My dad's back and legs have been numb ever since he came here. Why should they suddenly start hurting now?"

Sister Tang: "Chien's going round telling everyone that his illness is worse because Chun-miao has been giving him toxic herbs."

Fang Ming is worried. "I think we'd better stop using Grandad Shih's prescription for the time being."

Chun-miao: "But Dr. Fang, this pain isn't necessarily a sign that he's getting worse."

Fang: "Still, we'd better play safe now, not give Tu and his lot any handle against us. I'll go and consult some other doctors." He leaves.

Chun-miao thinks, then says: "Sister Tang, will you and Lien-lien look after Uncle Shui-chang while I make a trip to the mountain to see Grandad Shih?"

24

Halfway up the mountain stand a few cottages.

One cottage garden is full of flowers in bloom and all manner of lush herbs. Sturdy Grandad Shih is studying Chun-miao's prescription. "There's nothing wrong with this prescription, child."

Chun-miao: "Grandad, Dr. Fang and I added a few ingredients to your prescription, hoping to stimulate the nerves to function properly. Now, he feels a painful burning in his legs. Do you think that means the treatment is taking effect?"

"Yes, child, you're doing better than I could. His present condition shows he's on the mend. Yes, on the mend." The old man beams.

"Then what should we do next?"

"You must carry the treatment through. Give him larger doses."

Chun-miao points at one ingredient listed. "But we've already given the full dose of this, one third of an ounce according to your prescription."

"Ah?" Grandad Shih gives a start. "You've already given him a third of an ounce?"

"Yes, Uncle Shui-chang's had this backache for more than twenty years. We were afraid a smaller dose wouldn't be effective enough!"

Grandad Shih, dubiously: "This herb is highly toxic. I've never dared prescribe more than one third of an ounce."

"Mm." Chun-miao nods.

25

Chun-miao goes down the mountain, a crate of herbs on her back.

Her hair ruffled by the wind, she is chewing a leaf and gazing ahead lost in thought.

She seems to hear Sister Tang's voice: "... Chien's going around telling everyone that his illness is worse because Chun-miao has been giving him toxic herbs."

Then, Fang Ming's voice: "We'd better play safe now, not give Tu and his lot any handle against us."

Grandad Shih's voice: "He's on the mend. Yes, on the mend. . . . Give him larger doses."

Grandad Shih's voice again: "This herb is highly toxic. I've never dared prescribe more than a third of an ounce."

Deep in thought she hurries down the mountain, her expression resolute. Reaching a decision, she breaks into a run.

The hospital.

Chun-miao hurries through the gate, the crate of herbs on her back. As she approaches the hospital, she senses tension in the

air. Some people seem to be avoiding her. In the courtyard a crowd has gathered round the notice board. They are exchanging comments. Guessing that something has happened, she hastily squeezes into the group and her eye falls on this notice:

Incited by certain people, Fang Ming has repeatedly spread anti-Party rumours, opposed the leadership and infringed regulations, thereby causing a serious accident. We hereby announce that: 1. Fang Ming is to be suspended from work while his case is investigated. 2. The illegal backache treatment team must be disbanded.

Tu Wen-chieh, director of the
Chaoyang People's Commune Hospital

The lower right corner of the notice is stamped with the hospital seal.

When the people there see Chun-miao, they stop talking.

Some nod to her sympathetically.

Others shake their heads and sigh.

Chun-miao's heart is in a tumult. She glances at the other side of the board and sees the poster "Uncle Shui-chang's Backache Shows the Crimes of the Revisionists". Scrawled over this in black ink are the words: "Uncle Shui-chang's Illness Shows Chun-miao's Plot Against the Party."

She runs to the backyard. "Uncle Shui-chang, Uncle Shui-chang!"

Chun-miao calls loudly but gets no response. When she runs into the room where he stayed, he is no longer there but the instruments and models of the physical fitness laboratory are back in their original places. As she hurries out she notices that the sign on the door has been changed from "Backache Treatment Team" into "Ways to Keep Fit".

"Tu-ken, 'tu-ken!" Chun-miao rushes to the dormitory for bare-foot doctors.

There is no response. She sees that things are scattered everywhere in disorder.

Chun-miao's swift steps on the staircase.

Chun-miao runs frantically upstairs.

From the corridor she hears Uncle Shui-chang's agitated voice in Fang Ming's room: "Before Chun-miao comes, nobody can drive me out!" She darts towards the room.

"What can Tien Chun-miao do even if she comes?" Chien asks viciously.

The door is flung open. Chun-miao stands at the threshold. Chien is taken aback.

A short silence.

"Sister Chun-miao. . . ." Lien-lien rushes over to her.

Chun-miao puts her arm round Lien-lien, looking coldly at Chien.

Chien: "Tien Chun-miao, you're just in time. The sooner you all pack up and leave the better."

Chun-miao, indignantly: "Don't gloat too soon. Don't you know the Cultural Revolution is on? You'd better give some thought to your own problems."

"I've come at Director Tu's order to investigate this casualty." Having said this Chien turns to leave.

Chun-miao calls him to stop and says vehemently: "Director Tu? Whoever tries to suppress the mass movement and sabotage the Cultural Revolution will come to a bad end!"

"Preposterous!" Chien leaves, fuming.

Tu-ken and several other barefoot doctors as well as some revolutionary medical workers crowd round Uncle Shui-chang's bed and fulminate against Tu.

"Chun-miao, Tu Wen-chieh says our training class is to close down. He's ordered all barefoot doctors back to their brigades."

"Chien Chi-jen took all our backache treatment things and chucked them out of the room."

"Chun-miao," Uncle Shui-chang tells her, "Tu wants to topple you, using my illness as the pretext. That's his vicious scheme. Pah! The tide may ebb but it will rise again. You must stand firm against this attack. What a confounded nuisance that my backache should play up now of all times. . . . *Ai!*" In his rage and distress he pounds his leg, then winces with pain.

Chun-miao approaches the bed. "Uncle Shui-chang, it won't be so easy for them to crush us. According to Grandad Shih's analysis, your symptoms show that you're on the mend."

Sister Tang and the others, joyfully: "On the mend?"

Chun-miao suddenly notices someone missing. "Where's Dr. Fang?"

Uncle Shui-chang: "Tu Wen-chieh sent for him."

"Ah?" Chun-miao is dismayed. "I must go and find him." She leaves.

26

The director's office.

Chien is telling Tu the latest developments.

Chien: "Tien Chun-miao even said we would come to a bad end!"

Tu: "Come to a bad end? Seems to me she's the one who won't repent till it's too late. Old Chien, go and get things ready to send Old Shui-chang immediately to the county hospital for emergency treatment."

"Emergency treatment, director? You mean. . . ." Chien is puzzled.

Tu, sinisterly: "As soon as the ambulance bell sounds, I'll let the whole county know that Chun-miao and Fang Ming, for their own political advancement, have been experimenting on an old peasant."

Chien goes with Tu into the bedroom and closes the door, then sits down on the bed, "Director, that old man was in such pain when I saw him just now, he may die on the way. . . ."

Tu: "If he dies, the case will be even clearer! People will be able to judge what these rebels are up to."

"Yes, his death would make the case clearer. . . ." Chien mutters grimly. As he thinks the matter over his eyes gleam and a cunning smile appears on his wizened face. "Of course, their position would be more serious then; I'm only afraid they'd shift the blame to us and accuse us of doing nothing to save him."

Tu, thoughtfully: "Then . . . you mean. . . ."

"Let's send him to the county hospital, but first put up a show of giving him emergency treatment here. Then, no matter where he dies, we can justify ourselves and Tien Chun-miao won't be able to fault us."

"Fine. Do as you think fit."

A sudden knock on the office door makes both men start. Tu hurries out of the bedroom to open the door. He is taken aback to find Chun-miao in the office.

Chun-miao: "Where is Dr. Fang?"

Chien listens tensely in the bedroom.

Tu, coldly: "That's none of your business."

Chun-miao, indignantly: "This is the Cultural Revolution: you can't lord it over us any more, Tu Wen-chieh. Tell me: What has Dr. Fang done wrong? How can you suspend him from work and have him investigated?"

"Don't you know what he's done?"

"Yes, I do! He's treated poor and lower-middle peasants; should he be suspended for that? He's risen to criticize revisionism; should he be investigated because of that?"

Tu, flustered: "This . . . this is our hospital's business. We don't need outsiders butting in."

"Outsiders? Please don't forget, on this hospital gate is the name of our Chaoyang People's Commune. Yet in your eyes we poor and lower-middle peasants are all outsiders! I'm ashamed of you, Director Tu, for saying such a thing."

Tu snorts in protest.

Chun-miao: "Who is Chien Chi-jen? Surely you know? Yet you let him drive out Uncle Shui-chang. Is that the way a Party member should act?"

Chien stands by the bedroom door listening, a vicious scowl on his face.

Tu: "Don't make a wrong estimate of the situation, Comrade Tien Chun-miao. Things have already gone so far, you should take some thought for your own future. If you're labelled anti-Party, it's all up with you."

She looks at him with contempt.

Tu: "I can tell you: I, Tu Wen-chieh, wouldn't have taken action casually without instructions from the county and backing from the province. Just consider what you're up against."

Chun-miao steps unflinchingly towards him. "And you'd better consider, Director Tu, does what you're doing represent the Party?" With that she turns and goes out.

Tu glowers after Chun-miao's receding figure. The bedroom door opens and Chien peers out.

27

A small room on the ground floor of the hospital.

Herbs are brewing on a stove. The charcoal in the stove is blazing.

On a small table is a bowl containing half an ounce of powdered medicine. Chun-miao's cheeks are rosy in the glow of the flames. She is intently reading *Decision of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party Concerning the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution*.

Chun-miao's mother enters quietly and looks round.

"Chun-miao!" her mother calls fondly.

"Mother!" Chun-miao turns and smiles at her. "What brings you here?"

Her mother puts down her bamboo basket. "All the folk at home wanted me to come with Ah-chiang to see you. Someone's put up a poster right outside our door accusing you of making Uncle Shui-chang's illness worse."

"That's a rumour cooked up by Tu Wen-chieh and Chien Chi-jen. Where's Uncle Ah-chiang?"

"He has some business in the commune. He'll be here soon." Chun-miao nods affectionately.

Steam rises from the medicine pot boiling on the stove. Chun-miao quickly pours the decoction over the powder in the bowl and stirs it. She picks up the bowl to take a sip, but her mother stops her.

"Child, haven't you tasted the drugs in this local prescription before?"

"Mother, Uncle Shui-chang's on the mend, but to cure him completely we must increase the dose."



"But an overdose could be fatal!"

"That's why I want to try it first."

"How much will you drink?"

"Half an ounce," answers Chun-miao calmly.

"So much!" Her mother holds down Chun-miao's hand.

"Uncle Shui-chang is an old man. I'm not sure how large a dose he can take, so I'm going to take a bigger one myself. Don't worry, mother." Chun-miao makes her mother sit down.

"Child, with your father gone, there are only the two of us left, and now you want to take such a big risk. How can I let you. . . ." Her mother clasps Chun-miao to her.

Leaning against her mother, Chun-miao replies sadly but indignantly: "Mother, haven't you often told me that before Liberation, when my dad was dying, not a drop of medicine passed his lips?"

Flashbacks from Chun-miao's childhood:

Dark rain clouds lour.

On the lake a small battered boat tosses up and down on the waves.

At the prow, ragged little Chun-miao is holding a bag half filled with grain. Her eyes shine with grief and anger. She is going with her mother to town to buy medicine for her father who is dangerously ill.

At the stern, Chun-miao's mother is rowing hard, her haggard face showing her anxiety.

Mother and child enter the pharmacy owned by the landlord.

Outside the gate hangs a placard with gilded characters "The Hall of Benevolence and Virtue".

The silk-clad manager.

The click of an abacus.

The pharmacy has an oppressive atmosphere.

The mother timidly puts her half bag of grain on the counter while little Chun-miao stares at the manager.

He takes out a record of tenants' debts from his drawer and looks through it, then holds up five fingers and turns them over twice.

Chun-miao's voice: "They not only refused to give us medicine, they said my dad still owed them grain, that we were fated to be paupers, and our lives weren't worth a straw."

Her mother and the manager fight for the bag of grain.

Small Chun-miao angrily tugs one corner of the bag to help her mother.

The manager snatches up the abacus on the counter and swings it at her head.

Chun-miao's mother intercepts it with her hands. Chun-miao grabs the abacus from the manager and dashes it on the ground. Its beads scatter in all directions.

In fury, the manager knocks her over.

Little Chun-miao struggles to get up. . . . Her mother bends swiftly to help her. Chun-miao nestles up to her mother, blood flowing from a cut on her forehead. The little girl's eyes blaze with anger and hatred. . . .

Chun-miao's mother sobs: "When I carried you back to our ramshackle hut, your dad was already. . . ."

Chun-miao nestles up to her mother, her eyes blazing with hatred. "Mother, we've suffered enough from having no doctors or medicine. But now Chien Chi-jen, the faithful son of that damn landlord, is trying with Tu Wen-chieh's backing to trample over us again. Mother, I'm trying out this medicine for Uncle Shui-chang to show that we poor peasants have the guts to carry out the Cultural Revolution in our hospital, and to fight for the rights of barefoot doctors."

Her mother's eyes brim with tears. "Child, I understand." With trembling hands she passes her the bowl of medicine.

"Chun-miao!" Uncle Shui-chang calls from upstairs.

Chun-miao: "Will you go and see what he wants, mother?"

"I'll be back in a minute." Her mother takes a few steps, then halts. "Don't take the medicine, child, till I come back. All right?" She turns and leaves reluctantly.

Chun-miao resolutely drains the bowl.

Chun-miao jots down her reactions to the medicine.

The medicine is taking effect. Sweat streams down her forehead.

Her mother hurries back. "Chun-miao, Sister Tang says someone has come to give Uncle Shui-chang an injection."

"Ah?" Chun-miao shakily wipes the sweat on her brow and, with a sense of vigilance, struggles to her feet and goes out.

Upstairs. Sister Tang is blocking the doorway. "Who told you to come and give him an injection?"

A young nurse is standing outside the door holding a filled syringe. When she sees Chun-miao she explains: "Dr. Chien told me to give this emergency case an injection."

"Dr. Chien?" Chun-miao thinks this over, on her guard. "Give the syringe to Sister Tang. We'll see to this."

As the young nurse prepares to hand it over, Chien hiding round the corner gets alarmed. He hastily steps forward to stop the nurse.

Chien: "Er. . . . Old Uncle Shui-chang's condition is critical. Director Tu told me to come and take over, to try and save him. . . ."

Chun-miao: "To save him? I thought, to you, a patient's backache was your headache."

Chien: "That. . . that belongs to the past. All we're concerned for now is the good of the patient. . . ."

"Listen to me," says Chun-miao unflinchingly. "Uncle Shui-chang has taken a turn for the better. I'm afraid your kindness is wasted."

"Taken a turn for the better?" exclaims Chien in dismay. At once he changes his tune. "Ah, that's very good. In that case we won't stay." He turns to leave.

"What's that special medicine you have there, Dr. Chien?" Chun-miao steps forward. "Won't you let us see it?"

"This. . . ." Chien is at a loss.

The young nurse once again holds out the syringe. Chien panics and steps forward to grab it. His guilty look increases Chun-miao's suspicion.

"Well?" she presses her attack. "Are my hands only fit to hold a hoe but not this syringe of yours?"

"Tien Chun-miao, why bring that up? I'm a qualified practitioner; do I have to get your permission to prescribe medicine? Well then. . . take it!" Chien flings the ampoule hard on the floor, smashing it, then tramples on the broken glass, trying to mop up the liquid with his feet. "Take it," he bellows. "Take it!" He then hurries off.

Chun-miao, her face bathed in sweat, feels groggy from the medicine. She follows Chien with her eyes, then with difficulty stoops to pick up a fragment of the ampoule at her feet which still has some liquid in it.

"Sister Tang," she says hoarsely. "Chien Chi-jen's behaviour was so abnormal, I suspect some devilish trick. Take this for a chemical analysis, quick."

Sister Tang takes the broken glass and hurries away.

Chun-miao's legs abruptly buckle under her. She staggers, about to fall.

Fang Ming and Lien-lien have just rushed upstairs. Lien-lien catches hold of Chun-miao. "Chun-miao!" "Sister Chun-miao, what's the matter?"

In the office.

Chien, completely flustered: "Director, they wouldn't let me give emergency treatment."

Tu: "Why not?"

Chien: "They say he's recovering."

"Recovering?" Tu asks with surprise.

"Director, we must get the patient away as fast as possible, not let them continue their treatment. If, heaven forbid, that old man gets up from his bed, we shall be in a real fix."

Tu nods. "Hurry up and get the county hospital to send the ambulance here. At once! I'll go and have a look at the old man."

28

The small room on the ground floor.

Fang Ming tests Chun-miao's blood pressure and feels her pulse.

Lien-lien: "How is she?"

Fang: "Her blood pressure is all right, but her heart's beating very fast."

Lien-lien, anxiously: "What can we do?"

Chun-miao: "Don't worry. My mind's quite clear. . . . Dr. Fang, tell me quickly what they've been doing to you."

Fang is silent for a while, then he changes the subject. "You must rest well."

"Dr. Fang!" Chun-miao insists.

"Tu Wen-chieh sent for me and gave me a long harangue. He accused us of being political careerists and of opposing the Party. Commissioner Liang in the county is going to make examples of us as a warning to others." Fang Ming sounds very down-hearted.

"I'll go and fetch those bureaucrats," cries Lien-lien angrily. "Let them see how Sister Chun-miao's risked her life to cure my dad. Call this opposing the Party?" She turns to rush out, but Fang stops her.

Fang: "Chun-miao, there's one thing I can't figure out. I understand Chien Chi-jen being against us; but Director Tu . . . what reason has he? . . . He's a Party member and a leading cadre."

Chun-miao slowly explains her own feelings: "I've been mulling

this over the last few days too, Dr. Fang. At first, when Hsiao-mei died, I just felt it was the fault of doctors like Chien. But afterwards? It wasn't only Chien but Tu as well who drove us barefoot doctors out of the hospital. And when Tu closed down our clinic he had the backing of Commissioner Liang. I racked my brains for the reason. Aren't they Party members? Aren't they leading cadres? Then why do they never listen to Chairman Mao's instructions? Why do they never have the masses in their hearts? The Cultural Revolution helped me begin to understand: Tu Wen-chieh and his kind are Communists in name, but in fact they've become the spokesmen within the Party for scoundrels like Chien. They represent a black revisionist line at different levels in the Party."

Fang: "What infuriates me is their treating us like this even during the Cultural Revolution."

"It's because the power is still in their hands."

"The power?"

"Right. In the past, Commissioner Liang and Tu used their authority to put fellows like Chien Chi-jen in important positions and oppress us barefoot doctors and revolutionary medical workers. Now, they're using their authority again to suppress the mass movement and defend their revisionist line."

Fang Ming ponders this.

Chun-miao: "Dr. Fang, the *Decision of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party Concerning the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution* was formulated by Chairman Mao himself. And what does it tell us? 'The main target of the present movement is those Party persons in power taking the capitalist road.' As I see it, Tu Wen-chieh is just such a capitalist-roader. Today, unless we seize power from them, the dictatorship of the proletariat can't be consolidated, nor can the Cultural Revolution on the health front be thoroughly carried out. If that happens, we poor and lower-middle peasants will never be allowed to handle acupuncture needles."

Fang: "You're right, Chun-miao, but if we try to seize power from Tu Wen-chieh, he's bound to put up a desperate fight."

"Yes, it's a fight to the death. They may even use Uncle Shui-chang's case to hatch new plots. Only, the more tricks they play the

more they'll expose themselves. A boil that's suppurating will heal faster."

Fang Ming's face brightens.

The medicine boils over. Fang hastily takes the pot from the stove and pours out the decoction. Turning, he sees that Chun-miao's colour has come back and she is cheerfully studying her notes on her reactions to the medicine.

Fang, solicitously: "How do you feel?"

Chun-miao beams, her face radiant, and says excitedly: "The effect is wearing off. Larger doses of this medicine can be used!" She gets up to take the bowl, but Lien-lien beats her to it.

"You rest here, Sister Chun-miao. I'll take this to dad." She goes upstairs with the bowl.

Suddenly a fierce dispute is heard on the stairs.

"Let go!" cries Lien-lien. "What right have you to take my bowl of medicine?"

Chun-miao and Fang Ming are startled. They chase upstairs.

Tu, arrogantly and hoarsely: "Tien Chun-miao is not a doctor; she has no right to treat patients or to prescribe medicine."

Crash! The bowl is knocked to the ground. Bits of china roll down the stairs, the medicine is spilt. . .

Chun-miao and Fang Ming advance angrily on Tu, glowering. "Chun-miao!" Sister Tang's voice is heard behind them.

Chun-miao turns round. "Sister Tang!"

Sister Tang casts a furious glance at Tu, then ignores him. She tells Chun-miao and Fang Ming: "We've got the result of that chemical analysis."

Chun-miao and Fang look at it. They see the words: "Deadly poison."

Sister Tang: "People from your brigade have brought Chia Yueh-hsien here. Ah-chiang is talking to her."

29

The sound of the ambulance bell comes closer and closer. In the hospital the atmosphere turns suddenly tense.

72

Several small boats put in to the bank of the stream at the back of the hospital. Sister Ah-fang and other poor and lower-middle peasants from Lakeside Brigade step ashore. Tu-ken and members of other brigades arrive too, and the crowd surges into the hospital.

Chien comes running. "Director Tu, the ambulance is here!"

Tu: "Fine. Send the patient off immediately."

The courtyard of the hospital.

Chien and others are about to run upstairs when they are blocked by Chun-miao and Fang Ming, who demand: "What are you doing?"

Chien: "Old Shui-chang is critically ill. To save him, we're sending him to the county hospital."

Chun-miao: "Whose decision is that?"

"Mine!" Tu comes downstairs. "The patient is in our hospital. As the director here I have the authority to make this decision." He beckons Chien and the others to go up.

"Stop!" Chun-miao orders them sharply. "Tu Wen-chieh, you've played enough tricks. Now it's time to stop. You must consult the masses about this decision."

The crowd shout: "No! We don't agree to it."

"You. . ." Tu flares up and turns to face the crowd. "You've all heard what happened. Tien Chun-miao nearly killed this old peasant, then refused to let us save him with emergency treatment. . ."

Upstairs.

Uncle Shui-chang is lying in bed. From the courtyard comes Tu's voice: "Let's hear what you all think. What does Chun-miao's action mean?"

"I must go down!" Uncle Shui-chang rolls over in fury and tries to get up, but Lien-lien stops him.

The courtyard.

Chien: "Tien Chun-miao, you kept harping on curing Shui-chang, but when Director Tu wants to send him to the county hospital for emergency treatment, you oppose it. Aren't you afraid of being charged with deliberate murder?"

73

Chun-miao: "There *is* someone plotting to murder Uncle Shui-chang. However smart he thinks himself, he won't escape punishment at the hands of the people."

Chien, nervously: "You . . . what do you mean?"

"Why, feeling guilty?" Chun-miao probes.

"I . . . I protest. This is too much!" Chien shouts wildly.

"Stop play-acting, Chien Chi-jen, and confess your crimes to the masses, quick!" Chun-miao puts more pressure on him.

"This is malicious slander," Chien snaps back.

Tu: "Tien Chun-miao, what evidence have you for this slanderous allegation?"

Fang Ming leaps down the steps, pushing Tu aside, and grabs Chien. "You . . . you devil incarnate!" He gives him a hard shove, then holds up for all to see the report of the chemical analysis and a bottle containing the fragment of the ampoule. "Comrades, here's the evidence! A chemical test has proved that Chien Chi-jen put poison in the injection he prepared for Uncle Shui-chang. He's the one who plotted murder!"

The young nurse standing in the crowd is appalled.

Chien, in desperation: "Director, this is a false accusation!"

"You're the one who makes false accusations. I'd no idea you were so vicious. . . ." Furious, the young nurse squeezes through the crowd and holds up a plate. "Here's another ampoule he told me to inject Uncle Shui-chang with in the ambulance. . . ."

In a frenzy Chien rushes forward to grab the ampoule. Chun-miao and Fang Ming stop him.

The wrathful crowd surges forward. Chien backs away in fear. Catching sight of Ah-chiang and Ta-chun leading Chia Yuch-hsien into the dining-hall he grows even more panic-stricken.

The courtyard rings with angry denunciations:

"You're more poisonous than a viper!"

"Honeyed talk but arsenic in his heart, that's him!"

"Tu Wen-chieh, come clean! Why did you protect Chien Chi-jen?"

Tu, embarrassed and on the defensive, says to Chien: "How could you do such a thing?"

Chien, trying to save himself: "Director, director, I did this for you."

Tu: "For me?"

Ah-chiang, coming out of the dining-hall, to Tu: "Yes, he's been defending you — the representative of the capitalist road. Only by keeping you in power can people like Chien Chi-jen stay in the saddle." He holds up a diary. "Just hear what's written in his reactionary diary: 'With Tu Wen-chieh under my thumb I can control the hospital, stamp out the barefoot doctors and one day come to power again.'"

The masses, wild with rage: "So he wants to restore the old order!"

They shout slogans: "Down with the counter-revolutionary Chien Chi-jen!" "Enforce the dictatorship of the proletariat!"

With fear Chien shrinks back, but Ta-chun and other militiamen bar his way. Turning pale, he bows his head.



Tu: "I was taken in by Chien Chi-jen; but I didn't know about his criminal behaviour."

Tu's excuses enrage the masses.

Chun-miao: "You didn't know? In the past you gave Chien Chi-jen full authority to murder the labouring people with his black hands, but you kept slandering us poor and lower-middle peasants. You said these hands"—she thrusts her hands towards Tu—"are fit only to handle hoes, not acupuncture needles. It's only too clear whom you love and whom you hate. You've gone far enough, haven't you, down the revisionist road?"

Tu prevaricates: "I'm from a poor family too. As a boy I worked as an apprentice, and after Liberation I joined the Party. All these years I've worked damn hard. Not everything I did was revisionist, surely?"

Fang Ming rebuts this: "You've worked damn hard, eh? At what? To ingratiate yourself with a few bureaucrats, you used huge amounts of money, medicine and equipment supplied by the state on that so-called research on 'Ways to Keep Fit'; and you totally ignored the medical needs of the poor and lower-middle peasants. What's that if not revisionism?"

Sister Tang raises her hand, then runs to the platform. "I've something to add to that. Tu Wen-chieh, you appropriated funds for the prevention of disease among the peasants and used them to buy ginseng for Commissioner Liang. You kept trying to curry favour in the hope of being promoted."

A pharmacist in the crowd chimes in: "Comrades, I work in the dispensary. When barefoot doctors wrote prescriptions, these bureaucrats marked them with crosses, saying it was illegal for them to practise medicine and make out prescriptions. But that witch-doctor Chia Yueh-hsien was boosted by Tu, who said she had real skill and we should help her. He let her carry off huge amounts of medicine through the hospital's back door, to cheat and murder people, to sabotage socialism."

Sister Ah-fang with Hsiao-lung in her arms presses through the crowd. "But when peasant children fell ill, not a pill or a tablet of medicine would you give us. Cruel, callous bureaucrats!"

Chun-miao: "You were for ever ranting that anyone who opposed Tu Wen-chieh was opposing the Party, but there's nothing communist in your whole make-up. You say you're from a poor family, but you took the wrong line, siding against the poor. You're the head of a commune hospital, yet you have no use at all for the labouring people. You bullied and tried to crush the peasants' own barefoot doctors; you closed down and smashed the clinic set up by the peasants. You even dash the medicine from their hands and spill it on the ground! Comrades, what does this mean? It means that the bourgeoisie has been exercising dictatorship over us."

"Chun-miao's right!" Uncle Shui-chang's voice rings out loud and clear.

The crowd turn in surprise to look up at him with excitement.

Tu raises his head and sees with consternation the figure of Uncle Shui-chang towering above him.

Uncle Shui-chang, supported by Lien-lien, is standing on the first floor landing. He cries hotly: "Tu Wen-chieh, take a good look at me! You tried to stop us poor and lower-middle peasants from standing up. Can't be done!"

Tu bows his head in shame, reduced to silence.

Uncle Shui-chang walks down with an effort towards the crowd.

People make way for him to pass, watching him with breathless concern in absolute silence.

Chun-miao's mother, a bowl in her hands, makes her way through the crowd to Chun-miao. "Uncle Shui-chang's medicine is ready."

There is not a sound in the courtyard as Chun-miao takes the bowl from her mother and carries it carefully towards Uncle Shui-chang. The crowd immediately make way for her. Chun-miao slowly goes up to him, holding the herb medicine out to Uncle Shui-chang. With deep feeling she says: "Uncle Shui-chang, it's Chairman Mao's revolutionary line that has won this bowl of medicine back. Drink it! Drink it and you will be completely cured!"

Supported by Lien-lien and Fang Ming, Uncle Shui-chang slowly walks further down the stairs. He takes over the bowl with both hands with intense feeling.

The elated faces of the crowd.

Uncle Shui-chang raises the bowl with trembling hands. His tears drop in the bowl as he gulps down the medicine, and warmth seeps into his heart. Carried away by emotion he shouts at the top of his voice: "Long live Chairman Mao!"

Chun-miao and the crowd in the courtyard shout stirring slogans. Cries of "Long live Chairman Mao!" rend the air.

30

1967

Flowers are blooming in a riot of colour. Spring has returned to the earth.

In the fields of Lakeside Brigade, rice-planting machines chug cheerfully to and fro, electric pumps whirl and tractors turn over the soil.

Uncle Shui-chang vigorously turns on a motor. From the spry way he bends then straightens up it is clear that his backache is completely cured.

Chun-miao, Sister Ah-fang and others are working in the paddy fields.

"Auntie Chun-miao..." Hsiao-lung calls from some distance away.

"Here..." Chun-miao looks up.

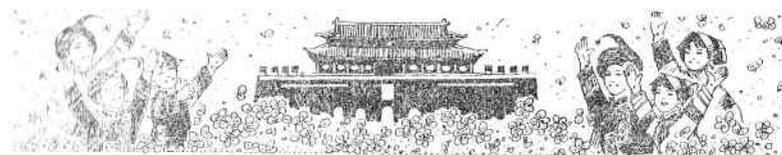
Hsiao-lung runs quickly towards her along the bank between the fields. He gives her a message and points with his small hand at the distance.

Chun-miao climbs out of the field, her bare feet muddy, takes her medical kit from the spade on which it is hanging, then goes off hand in hand with Hsiao-lung.

Chun-miao walks towards the morning sun, still with the same ingenuous face, the same bare feet, but after being steeled in storms she has matured. She goes confidently and gladly to plunge into another battle.

— *The End*

FOLK SONGS



A Long, Long Life to Chairman Mao

— *Yi folk song*

The lanterns on Tien An Men are a brilliant, blazing red;
Even ninety-nine flames at the Torch Festival* clustered together
Can't compare with them.
The light shed by these lanterns
Brightens the hearts of us Yi people.

How long and wide is the Chinshui River? **
Even ninety-nine streams converging into one
Can't compare with it.
The golden mist and rainbow tints over its water
Dye our Yi mountains with the splendour of spring.

*The Torch Festival is a grand traditional festival held annually by people of the Yi nationality in Szechuan and Yunnan Provinces, in the evenings of 24-26 in the sixth month of the Chinese lunar year when the Yi people, men and women, old and young, carry torches and gather together to dance.

**A canal in front of Tien An Men Gate.

The lights of Peking are dazzling,
Because Mao Tsetung's brilliant thought shines there.
The waters of the Chinshui River are sparkling,
Because his magnificent revolutionary line is victorious.
We dedicate our stirring songs to Peking,
We liberated serfs wish Chairman Mao a long, long life!



Standing Guard for the Revolutionary Committee (oil painting)
by Tai Pao-hua and Chin Ta-hu

Art Works from the Exhibitions “The Cultural Revolution Is Fine”



School-leavers Come to the Countryside (New-Year picture)

by Kuan Chien



School-leavers Come to the Countryside (New-Year picture)

by Kuan Chien



Carry the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution Through to the End (oil painting)



by Huang Chin-sheng and Chang Wen-hsin



We've Seen Chairman Mao! (oil painting)

by Teng Shao-yi



Beating Back the Right Deviationist Wind (gouache)

by the Shanghai People's Publishing House



The Seething Square (traditional Chinese painting)
by Chou Ssu-tsung and Chao Yen-chao



The Tai People Turn Their Hearts to the Red Sun

— *Tai folk song*

Our golden lotus flowers have a thousand petals,
Each nourished by the warmth of the sun;
Green dragon bamboo shoots spring up in their thousands,
Each one watered by the spring rains.

The thirty thousand huts beside the Lantsang River*
Are all lit by the brilliance of Chairman Mao's thought.
The sun's rays have dispersed the dark clouds of bitterness,
Now we build our bamboo huts right among the flowers.

Why is the light over our twelve thousand fields so golden?
It's because the Communist Party has sent the cleansing rain.
Watered by dew, Tachai's red flowers are in bloom;
All along the borderland there's a bumper paddy harvest.

*The Lantsang River in southwest China flows from eastern Tibet through western Yunnan to the Hsishuangpanna Tai Autonomous *Chou*, then crosses the national frontier.

Let's pick ninety thousand lotus flowers
To bind in a fragrant bouquet;
Let's cut nine hundred dragon bamboo stems
For a flying boat that will pierce the skies.

Our bamboo boat will fly to the capital,
Looking towards Peking our sons and daughters will sing.
We'll present our bouquet to dear Chairman Mao;
The hearts of our Tai people will ever turn towards the sun.



The Ahchang People Are Devoted to Chairman Mao's Leadership

— *Ahchang folk song*

We Ahchang people do not treasure pearls or agate,
Nor are we enamoured of gold or jade carvings;
But we are devoted to Chairman Mao's leadership,
And are taking the big wide road of socialism.

Even if from the Ahchang Mountains* we cut
Ninety-nine golden bamboo stems to make a flute,
We could never play or sing praise enough
For Chairman Mao's kindness overtops the sky.

Even if from our great mountains we cut
Ninety-nine green bamboo fronds to make a brush,
We could never, never write enough
About the beauty of our socialist motherland.

*The Ahchang Mountains in Yunnan Province are the home of the Ahchang people.

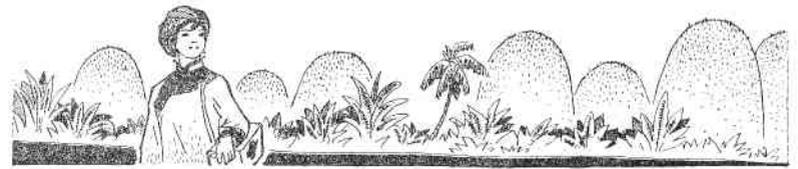


Song of a Pipe-Organ

— *Laku folk song*

Gourds are picked in winter,
Golden bamboo is cut on our mountains.
On the pipe-organs we make from them,
We play songs straight from our Laku people's hearts.

When in the deep mountains my grandad blew upon his pipe-organ,
It was a bitter, bitter tune he played.
But when my father joined the guerrillas,
He played the battle song of liberation.
Now with my pipe-organ I go to Peking University,
Standing by the side of Chairman Mao,
I sing in praise of the Cultural Revolution.



A Thousand Songs, Ten Thousand Tunes

— *Tuchia* folk song*

My mouth-organ is made of twin bamboo stems,
On it I play the latest, newest tune;
The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution is fine!
My dulcimer is made of sandalwood,
On it I pluck a stirring tune:
All new socialist things are fine!
A thousand mouth-organs, ten thousand dulcimers,
A thousand songs, ten thousand tunes,
Every one expresses our deepest feelings:
We warmly praise Chairman Mao's wise leadership.

*People of the Tuchia nationality live in Hunan and Hupeh.



In Deep Winter a Thousand Hills Turn Green

— *Han folk song*

For ten *li* carrying-poles weave like a shuttle,
For ten *li* red flags fly in the wind,
For ten *li* our hammers sound like thunder,
For ten *li* work chants shatter earth and sky.
The morning star fades as we welcome the sunrise,
We shovel off evening clouds and carry back moonlight,
Together army and people work shoulder to shoulder,
Till in deep winter a thousand hills turn green.



Golden Flute Music Stirs Our Hearts

— *Miao folk song*

When the spring breeze from Peking reached our Miao mountains,*
New bamboo shoots sprang up from the soil.
In the ten years of the Cultural Revolution,
These new bamboo on the peaks now touch the sky.

Each golden bamboo is like a fine flute,
Its golden music stirs our hearts.
The Cultural Revolution is very fine indeed,
New things will grow for ten thousand generations.

*The Miao mountains lie in southern Kweichow Province.

Shu Hsin

A Song in Praise of the Cultural Revolution

In this issue we publish the scenario of *Spring Shoots*, a new colour feature film which has as its theme the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. The heroine Chun-miao, whose name means "spring shoot", is a barefoot doctor in the countryside. By presenting her story the film gives praise to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in public health work, to the new socialist phenomenon of barefoot doctors, and to the Cultural Revolution. It reflects one important facet of the Cultural Revolution: the struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie and between the revolutionary and the revisionist lines in medical and health work in the rural areas of China.

The action starts on the eve of the Cultural Revolution and continues into the early period of it. Before the Cultural Revolution, owing to Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line in medical and public health work, the situation prevailing in the old society was not much changed and China's vast countryside had few trained doctors and very little medicine; thus local charlatans were able to cheat people and cause irreparable damage. As medical facilities were in the hands of

capitalist-roaders, the poor and lower-middle peasants could not get proper medical treatment, and innovations such as the training of local barefoot doctors were often suppressed and discouraged. During the tempestuous Cultural Revolution the poor and lower-middle peasants, guided by Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, seized power from the bourgeoisie and transformed the health services in the villages. New barefoot doctors appeared everywhere like spring flowers blooming all over the countryside.

This film unfolds round the contradictions and conflicts between Chun-miao and Tu Wen-chieh, director of the commune hospital and a member of the Party committee who represents the interests of the bourgeoisie, as well as the counter-revolutionary Chien Chi-jen, a doctor in the hospital, and the village witch-doctor Chia Yueh-hsien.

Lakeside Brigade to which Chun-miao belongs has no medical facilities. When the film begins, the baby daughter of a poor peasant woman is dangerously ill; Chun-miao takes the baby by boat to the commune hospital only to be refused treatment by Tu and Chien, so that the baby dies. Chun-miao makes up her mind to fight for the right of the poor and lower-middle peasants to get medical treatment. In order to carry out Chairman Mao's great call "**In medical and health work, put the stress on the rural areas**" the brigade Party committee sends her to study medicine in the commune hospital so that the villagers can have their own barefoot doctor.

Then Chien takes advantage of his position as head doctor to put many obstacles in Chun-miao's way. He assigns her various menial tasks but forbids her to touch medical instruments. She realizes that these bourgeois bureaucrats do not want barefoot peasants to study medicine and train their own doctors, so the peasants must take matters into their own hands. With the support of the local poor and lower-middle peasants, Chun-miao's brigade sets up a clinic and she begins to cure common diseases and to give injections and acupuncture treatment. Tu and Chien see this as a threat to the position they have usurped and fly into a panic. They use their authority to close down the brigade clinic, confiscate Chun-miao's medical kit and forbid her to give medical treatment to the peasants. But Chun-miao refuses to knuckle under to them.

At this point, like a clap of spring thunder shaking the earth, the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution begins. Its clarion call inspires Chun-miao with the courage and strength to fight on. She knows that unless the peasants seize the power over the health service, the proletariat cannot exercise dictatorship over the bourgeoisie. Under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, she studies Chairman Mao's works and documents from the Central Committee of the Party and gradually understands why the chief target of this movement is those capitalist-roaders within the Party who have the power in their hands. So together with the revolutionary masses in the commune hospital she attacks the revisionist line in public health and medicine.

Confronted with this revolutionary tempest, Tu resorts to counter-revolutionary double-faced tactics. He pretends to support socialist innovations and arranges to start a training class for barefoot doctors, offering each a white coat, a new medical kit and a subsidy in the hope of luring these peasant doctors down the wrong path. However, the revolutionary medical workers with Chun-miao as their spokesman oppose this open bribery. The training class for barefoot doctors becomes a platform to criticize the revisionist line, and Uncle Shui-chang, an old poor peasant who suffers from chronic backache, is invited to the hospital for medical treatment.

When Tu sees his revisionist stronghold collapsing, he attacks Chun-miao and tries to push through a reactionary bourgeois line; meanwhile Chien makes a vicious attempt to poison Uncle Shui-chang, intending to pin the blame for this on Chun-miao. She becomes a seasoned fighter during this struggle, leading the other medical workers to counter-attack Tu's reactionary line, expose the plots of this capitalist-roader and the hidden class enemy Chien, and defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. Finally they win back the right for barefoot doctors to practise medicine, and this socialist innovation gains strength in the stormy struggle.

Taking class struggle as the key link, this film presents Chun-miao as a true proletarian heroine with the courage to stand up to and fight against capitalist-roaders. She is the central figure, the focus of all the contradictions in the film between her and Tu Wen-chieh, Chien

Chi-jen and Chia Yueh-hsien; but the main thread is the struggle between her and the capitalist-roader, Tu.

Early in the film, when Chun-miao sees how the witch-doctor Chia Yueh-hsien is cheating people again, she declares resolutely: "Whoever takes the capitalist road will find us blocking the way!" Then she tears down the small yellow flag over Chia Yueh-hsien's door. This striking incident shows her strong character and fighting spirit.

When Chun-miao first goes to study medicine in the commune hospital, an urgent telephone call comes from a brigade asking for a doctor to go there. Tu says this is against their "rules" and refuses to send a doctor, but Chun-miao offers to row one there by boat. This is her first challenge to the revisionist line in medical work.

Later, when Tu arbitrarily closes down Lakeside Brigade's clinic, Chun-miao snatches her medical kit back from him and continues to treat the poor and lower-middle peasants. Her action here, rebutting the attack by the revisionists, shows her selflessness and daring to swim against the tide. And when Tu frenziedly follows a bourgeois reactionary line, doing his utmost to discredit her, she stands up to him unflinchingly and vigilantly seizes the evidence of Chien's attempt to poison Uncle Shui-chang.

All these characteristic actions show convincingly that Chun-miao is a brave vanguard fighter with high political consciousness who perseveres in making revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat and in strengthening proletarian dictatorship. She hates all that is evil, dares to fight against the authorities who represent the bourgeoisie, and has deep feeling for the poor and lower-middle peasants. She goes up the mountains at night, in pouring rain, to find herbs to cure little Hsiao-lung's illness. And she risks her life by taking a large dose of the herbal medicine which she hopes will cure Uncle Shui-chang. Fearing neither hardship nor death, working neither for fame nor profit, she devotes all her energies to serving the poor and lower-middle peasants. In this way she exemplifies the nobility of fighters for the proletarian revolution.

Chun-miao's heroic character represents the new strength of the revolution. In her we see the basic characteristics of the barefoot doctors in our countryside, who are steeled and tempered through

the class struggle and the struggle between the two lines in our socialist period.

To sharpen the presentation of the conflict and clashes between the revolutionary masses and the capitalist-roaders, this film gives a successful portrayal of the negative character, capitalist-roader Tu Wen-chieh. Throughout, he is depicted as the main enemy. This member of the commune Party committee and director of the commune hospital, although in name a Communist, carries out the revisionist line in medical work under Liang, the county health commissioner. He suppresses the mass revolutionary movement and persecutes revolutionaries, but trusts and relies on reactionary Dr. Chien and protects the village witch-doctor. He is keen on "ways to keep fit" but will not send his doctors out to the villages, encouraging them to do medical research work in the office instead. He is thus a typical representative of the bourgeoisie within the Party.

The dramatic struggle between Chun-miao and Tu Wen-chieh tells us that in the historical period of socialism there will always be class contradictions and class struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie; the proletariat must exercise overall dictatorship over the bourgeoisie and carry on a resolute struggle against capitalist-roaders within the Party.

Since the release of this film, it has been enthusiastically acclaimed by our revolutionary masses and revolutionary cadres as a stirring song in praise of the Cultural Revolution. However, although this fine film has inspired worker-peasant-soldier audiences, Teng Hsiao-ping, the arch unrepentant capitalist-roader within the Party, was greatly incensed by it. Not waiting to see the whole film he marched out in the middle, angrily dismissing it as "ultra-Left". This only confirms that this film which exposes the reactionary nature of the counter-revolutionary revisionist line has dealt a serious blow to the capitalist-roaders. It is good teaching material from which we can learn more about the class struggle and struggle between the two lines in our society.

Pictures Depicting the Cultural Revolution

Ten years have passed since the start of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. During this decade the face of our country has undergone tremendous changes marked by great achievements and growing prosperity on all fronts. At present, the glorious task of revolutionary writers and artists throughout the land is to use all manner of literary and art forms to depict and extol this grand revolution.

The plates in this issue and the illustrations to this article are works from the art exhibitions "The Cultural Revolution Is Fine", which present a glowing picture of different phases of the revolutionary struggle. For instance, the New-Year picture *Bombard the Bourgeois Headquarters* vividly conjures up the impressive scene as the revolutionary masses move into action. This happened in 1966 when our great leader Chairman Mao chaired the Eleventh Plenary Session of the Central Committee of the Eighth National Party Congress and made public his big-character poster "Bombard the Bourgeois Headquarters!" to debunk Liu Shao-chi's bourgeois reactionary line.

Earlier that year the Party Central Committee's May 16 *Circular*, drawn up under the personal guidance of Chairman Mao, had sounded



Bombard the Bourgeois Headquarters

the bugle call for the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. But a bourgeois headquarters headed by the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi was then exercising dictatorship over the masses and pushing a reactionary line to suppress their revolutionary movement. The appearance of Chairman Mao's poster triggered off vigorous bombardments on the bourgeois headquarters by the broad masses. In the picture they are seen under fluttering red flags, with the poster *Bombard the Bourgeois Headquarters* set up high in the centre



as an inspiration to millions upon millions of revolutionaries throughout the country to struggle courageously against Liu Shao-chi's bourgeois reactionary line. They use the big-character posters as their weapons to denounce the capitalist-roaders within the Party, who were under the aegis of Liu Shao-chi. This typical mass scene exemplifies the intense fighting spirit, burning enthusiasm and tremendous strength of the revolutionary people.

The oil painting *Carry Through the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution to the End* depicts another lively episode. One day Chairman Mao went in person to the reception station of the Party Central Committee's Cultural Revolution Group. There he issued the great call to the people: **"You should concern yourselves with affairs of state and carry through the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution to the end!"**

Radiating strength and geniality, our respected and beloved Chairman Mao comes to meet the masses. Bathed in sunshine, their faces lit up with joy, workers, peasants, Red Guards and Little Red Soldiers listen raptly to his soul-stirring instructions, while those standing farther away shout from the bottom of their hearts: "Long live Chairman Mao!"

This work highlights the close ties between Chairman Mao and the revolutionary masses. Chairman Mao has explicit confidence in

and the utmost concern for the people, fully supporting their revolutionary spirit and actions; while the masses have boundless love for their own great leader. The worker holding a newspaper, the Red Guard wearing a red armband, the peasant in a straw hat and the Little Red Soldier gazing up at Chairman Mao — each has his or her own characteristics but all share the same joy, the same determination to carry the Cultural Revolution through to the end. This painting flooded with sunshine, with strong colour contrasts, conveys a fervid, buoyant atmosphere.

During the Cultural Revolution our great leader Chairman Mao received Red Guards from all parts of the country at Tien An Men Square as many as eight times. *We've Seen Chairman Mao*, another oil painting, recaptures a touching incident after the first reception on August 18, 1966. In a telephone booth by the square three Red Guards from distant places are eager to make long-distance calls to their comrades-in-arms and families back home to tell them how thrilled they were to see Chairman Mao. One in a green uniform, a water flask slung from her shoulder, has the receiver in her right hand and holds up a leaflet with the left. She is talking excitedly, finding it hard to express her happiness after seeing our great leader. The young fighter next to her is equally stirred as she waits eagerly for her turn at the telephone. While the atmosphere inside the booth is electric, outside is a scene of great jubilation. Soon after being received by Chairman Mao the Red Guards set off on expeditions to different parts of the country, emulating the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army who kindled the flames of revolution wherever they went during the historic Long March. They fought bravely alongside the workers, peasants and soldiers storming the various strongholds of the bourgeois headquarters.

The fierce struggle between the two lines gave birth to many new socialist things. Among them were the revolutionary committees, three-in-one combinations of old, middle-aged and young cadres — a gain in the united fight of the proletarian revolutionaries to seize power from the capitalist-roaders within the Party. The oil painting *Standing Guard for the Revolutionary Committee* recaptures the heroic image of a PLA guard on duty. A spruce young soldier holding a well-

polished gun is standing guard under the glowing signboard: Revolutionary Committee. His grave, resolute expression reveals his high sense of responsibility at this glorious post and also his ability to weather any storm. The sky is blue after a rainstorm, but the traces of wind and rain still evident suggest that the fight is not yet over. This evocative presentation of a single ordinary sentinel helps us to realize that the Cultural Revolution is not yet finished, that the new socialist things need to be defended by the exercise of proletarian dictatorship.

Tempered in the Cultural Revolution, our younger generation are growing strong and sturdy. In response to Chairman Mao's call, after leaving school they have gone to the countryside and up the mountains, dedicating themselves to opposing and preventing revisionism, gradually narrowing the gaps between brain work and manual labour, between city and countryside, and between workers and peasants, and building up new socialist villages. *School-leavers Come to the Countryside*, a New-Year picture with fine strokes and rich colours, presents young intellectuals fighting Liu Shao-chi and Lin Piao's counter-revolutionary revisionist line in education and demonstrating the kind of verve shown by their predecessors in the revolutionary war periods. Breaking with old traditions and ideas, they are determined to take the road of integration with the workers and the peasants. This picture shows the welcome given to batch after batch of school-leavers come to settle in a state farm. In a field of golden maize three girls wearing red flowers are warmly shaking hands with the older settlers. Elderly cadres bring in the bedding-rolls of the newcomers on their shoulders, and the children who have come to greet their new elder brothers and sisters have red flowers pinned on their chests as well, indicating that they too will settle in the countryside in future. Other people are hurrying up the ridge sounding drums and cymbals to welcome the newcomers. In the bright spring sunshine the fields have a festive look. The red banners unfurling in the breeze symbolize the younger generation's determination to grow to strength tested by storms in our vast countryside.

The great victories of the Cultural Revolution smashed the bourgeois headquarters of Liu Shao-chi and Lin Piao. Teng Hsiao-ping,

the arch unrepentant capitalist-roader within the Party, was subjected to criticism by the masses too. He swore "never to reverse the verdict" passed on him, but no sooner was he reinstated in a responsible post than he went back upon his word, doing all he could to overturn the verdict. Pushing a counter-revolutionary revisionist line, he condemned the Cultural Revolution and its socialist innovations in a vain attempt to restore capitalism in China. Seeing through Teng Hsiao-ping's plot, Chairman Mao initiated and led the struggle to beat back the Right deviationist trend, a struggle which is in effect the continuation and deepening of the Cultural Revolution. *Beating Back the Right Deviationist Wind*, a gouache, reflects this new struggle. It presents a criticism meeting where a woman worker, full of proletarian indignation, is denouncing Teng Hsiao-ping's criminal attempt to sabotage the proletarian dictatorship and restore capitalism. Her fist clenched, she flings out her left hand as if to sweep away all pests. She has plunged into the thick of class struggle to defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. The group of people in the background are poring over Marxist-Leninist works while on the left of the picture are demonstrators holding high red flags and shouting slogans to bring about a new upsurge in the struggle to hit back at the Right deviationist wind.

In the course of this struggle, early in April this year, a handful of class enemies unwilling to take their defeat lying down engineered a counter-revolutionary riot in Tien An Men Square. Premeditated, planned and organized, it was aimed at deflecting the struggle against Teng Hsiao-ping and to hit back at the Right deviationist wind so that they could realize their dream of restoring capitalism in China. However, at the order of the Party Central Committee, this counter-revolutionary plot was immediately smashed by Peking's worker-militia, the people's police and PLA guards. Then the Party Central Committee passed two resolutions, appointing Comrade Hua Kuo-feng as the First Vice-chairman of the Central Committee and Premier of the State Council, and dismissing Teng Hsiao-ping from all his posts both inside and outside the Party. This act pronounced the bankruptcy of Teng Hsiao-ping's counter-revolutionary revisionist line. The traditional Chinese painting *The Seething Square* recaptures

the moving scene of the revolutionary masses' ardent support for the Party Central Committee's two resolutions as well as their acclamation for this great victory of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. The workers and PLA fighters are depicted in high spirits, marching briskly shoulder to shoulder in the forefront while other paraders surge forward in their wake. Songs of triumph fill the air over Tien An Men Square, a tossing sea of red flags. The ingenious composition, bordered with trucks speeding past the dense columns of demonstrators, gives it an added dimension and emphasizes that here is a revolutionary force strong enough to shake heaven and earth. The painting reflects the Chinese people's revolutionary indignation over a handful of class enemies' futile retrogressive plot as well as the grand triumph of the current struggle that is the continuation of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

A SYMPOSIUM

This year is the tenth anniversary of the start of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Chinese writers and artists, in their different ways, have enthusiastically celebrated the achievements of the Cultural Revolution and summed up their own experience in the struggle to carry out Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art. Here we publish a few of the statements they have made. Tuan Jui-hsia is a worker-writer in Shanghai; Chi Yu, a young poet from Shantung; Li Ping-shu, an opera singer of the Shanghai Peking Opera Troupe; Li Wen-hua, a director of the Peking Film Studio; and Kim Bong Hao, a young composer of the Korean national minority in Kirin Province.

— The Editors

Tuan Jui-hsia

New Shoots Welcome the Morning Sun

The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, like the warm breeze of spring, made many flowers blossom in our garden of socialist literature and art. Amateur writers from the ranks of workers, peasants and soldiers are products of this revolution. Most of them only began to write during it; so they are enthusiastically hailed as new shoots in our garden of literature.

In my own case, it was almost by chance that I started writing short stories. Soon after I came to work in our factory, I joined a group writing articles to criticize Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary re-

visionist line, including his revisionist line in literature and art. Later I became our shop-floor reporter and wrote items about our workshop for the factory to broadcast and for the blackboard newspaper. Then the Industrial Bureau set up a training class for writers of short stories and the factory leadership sent me there to study.

The comrades in this training class included veteran workers who had dozens of years of experience, as well as youngsters like myself who had been Red Guards during the Cultural Revolution. One thing we had in common was that practically all of us were reporters for our factories' blackboard newspapers. We were more used to holding soldering irons than pens, but our attitude to study was very serious. Naturally our first attempts at writing were rather crude. Some people made sarcastic remarks about them; others, though making no comments, looked sceptical; but the comrades in charge of our class encouraged us and helped raise our political and ideological level. They never lost faith in us because what we wrote was naive and crude; instead, they urged us to consider writing as a weapon against the bourgeoisie. They were busier than professional editors, day and night poring over our half-baked compositions which ordinary people wouldn't have bothered to finish, and passing on this rough material to leading comrades of our Party branch and other workers, who were our most enthusiastic readers. They also organized all sorts of discussions. Their greatest joy was seeing each young writer growing to maturity, for the bureau Party committee had decided to build up a contingent of worker-writers. This, they said, would serve as one force on the ideological front to conquer positions in the superstructure and enforce our dictatorship over the bourgeoisie.

Nowadays, after the Cultural Revolution, it seems quite natural for an industrial bureau while grasping revolution and promoting production to think at the same time of training a literary contingent. In those days, though, it was no easy task. More than forty years ago our great revolutionary, thinker and writer Lu Hsun said: "We urgently need to build up a large contingent of new fighters." "Unfortunately among our Left-wing writers there are still none of worker or peasant origin." After Liberation some workers did start writing

in their spare time, but under Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line on literature and art most of them were denied the right to do this on the grounds that their "level was too low"; others, lured by the promise of fame and profit, gradually cut themselves off from their own class. By the eve of the Cultural Revolution there were very few left who persisted in fighting for the proletarian cause. It wasn't till after the Cultural Revolution, when Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line was completely smashed, that it became possible for new working-class writers to appear and flourish like bamboo shoots after rain.

Smashing the black revisionist line in literature and art which had prevailed for seventeen years before the Cultural Revolution was in itself a tremendous revolutionary upheaval. When we first tried our hands at writing, the model revolutionary operas — like the first flowers of spring — set a glorious practical example for us, supplying us with fresh and valuable experience. My first short story *Not Just One of the Audience** was written while I was studying these model theatrical works. The story itself was about workers in our factory who had learned from the heroic characters in those revolutionary operas and spared no pains to improve the sound-amplifying system used in theatres. I revised this story several times, knowing that one important thing to learn from the revolutionary theatrical works was how to write about typical heroic characters of the proletariat, and how by all means possible to paint a glowing picture of the chief hero. After this, every short story I wrote was an attempt to learn from the experience of the model theatrical works, as well as the fruit of this study. Teng Hsiao-ping, the arch unrepentant capitalist-roader in the Party, attacked the model theatrical works, alleging that "only one flower" was allowed to bloom. This aroused the indignation of many people, especially amateur writers like us with a worker-peasant-soldier background. His attack has made us even more determined to use our pens as weapons to fight the bourgeoisie to the end. It has also made us see more clearly that literature must reflect the strug-

*Published in *Chinese Literature* No. 9, 1973. Other stories by Tuan Jui-hsia published in previous issues are: *The Ten-Year Plan*, No. 5, 1975, *Sentinel for the Revolutionary Committee*, No. 5, 1976; and *A Severe Test*, No. 8, 1976.

gle between the proletariat and the capitalist-roaders within the Party, and this is an important task.

Since the Cultural Revolution, although there is a new contingent of proletarian writers and artists, we know very well that we are immature both in political understanding and artistic technique. We still fall far short of what is required of us by the Party and the proletariat. New shoots welcome the morning sun. This contingent, led by the Party, must be further tempered and tested in the storms of class struggle.

Tempered and Steeled in the Cultural Revolution

I only began to write poems during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. In these ten years, Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yanan Forum on Literature and Art* has been the ever-shining beacon guiding me forward.

Ten years ago I was only a middle-school student of eighteen when, like a clap of spring thunder, the Cultural Revolution awakened me. Responding to Chairman Mao's call, my fellow-schoolmates and I rose to fight against Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line. In August 1966 we went to Peking, the capital of our great motherland which we had been longing to see. And there, on August 31, we were overjoyed to be inspected by our great leader Chairman Mao. This was an experience which I shall never forget as long as I live. When Chairman Mao appeared, wearing a green army uniform and in vigorous health, I leapt for joy and tears flowed from my eyes. That evening, as I stood in Tien An Men Square lit up by many lights and gazed at Tien An Men Gate, my heart was in a tumult. I felt suddenly filled with infinite strength, as if I had grown older and taller.

Later, in my diary I wrote: "The eagle's joy is to soar to the blue sky, for it has wings to scale the clouds; the horse's joy is to gallop over the plain, for it has hooves which thunder over the hills; our young people's joy is to take part in this unprecedented great revolution, for our path is strewn with the sunlight of Mao Tsetung Thought." The day after seeing Chairman Mao we set up our Red Guards organization and made a solemn vow before the monument to the people's heroes that we would follow Chairman Mao for ever and carry the Cultural Revolution through to the end. From then on, the flaming red flag and scarlet armband of the Red Guards spurred me on to do battle.

In April 1967 I wrote a long poem *The Hurricane* in praise of the Cultural Revolution. Immature as it was, it elicited very favourable reactions at the time. Red Guards from all over the country wrote letters to encourage me and made many valuable comments.

The struggles of the Cultural Revolution tempered me and my poetry too. After I started work in a factory, the fine qualities of the working class taught me additional lessons. In my workshop, veteran workers studied the works of Chairman Mao with me and told me the history of their families and our factory. This record of blood and tears reminded me of my own family's past. For generations my people were poor peasants. Before Liberation my whole family went hungry and cold: often the unlit stove was covered with snow, the unused cooking pan with rust. My parents were too poor to have any schooling. Now the Party and Chairman Mao have given me an education, so I must fight for the Party with my pen. History is created by the labouring masses, but in the old society they were exploited and oppressed while the literature of the past vilified and belittled them. Today, we must set right this reversal of history. I am determined to be a spokesman for the working class, to remain integrated with the workers and peasants, and to make my small contribution by writing new literature for the proletariat. Taking the revolutionary theatrical works as my model, I have written more than a hundred short poems in praise of the workers who have created our motherland's ship-building industry and opened up new

communication lines over the seas. I tried to write them in a form which the masses would welcome. My first collection of poems, *Golden Voyage*, I dedicated to the Cultural Revolution and to Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. It is a paean to the Cultural Revolution; for without the Cultural Revolution, I would not have become what I am and this volume of verse would never have been written.

In the movement initiated and led by Chairman Mao to criticize Teng Hsiao-ping and hit back at the Right deviationist wind, I have joined in the struggle whole-heartedly and written poems like *Long Live Our Motherland* and *Wind and Thunder* to pay tribute to the Cultural Revolution and attack the Right deviationist wind. This year in early April, the counter-revolutionary incident in Tien An Men Square made my blood boil. I remembered the scene of great rejoicing there when we were inspected by Chairman Mao in the early days of the Cultural Revolution; I also remembered how I saw a model of Tien An Men made with loving care out of tiny shells by the garrison troops on an offshore island. Carried away by emotion, I dashed off lines of verse as if firing a burst from a gun, writing *We Hold Tien An Men in Our Hearts* to denounce the dastardly crimes of that handful of counter-revolutionary hooligans.

I am a new soldier on the literary front who grew up in the Cultural Revolution. My life and all I have written are closely linked with this great revolution, and so I want to praise it with all my heart. I am determined to follow the direction pointed out by Chairman Mao, to plunge into the fiery struggle to combat revisionism and to advance with the times, always singing new battle-songs for the Cultural Revolution.

Debunking Teng's Theory That Class Struggle Has Died Out

Thirty-four years ago, in his *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*, our great leader Chairman Mao pointed out: **"In the world today all culture, all literature and art belong to definite classes and are geared to definite political lines."** During the last ten years and more, by taking part in the revolution on the literary and art front I have come to have a deeper understanding of this brilliant maxim.

Literature and art can never transcend class; they have always served as tools for class struggle. In socialist society, the proletariat uses literature and art to create revolutionary public opinion for the consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat; whereas the bourgeoisie and capitalist-roaders within the Party use them to create counter-revolutionary public opinion for the restoration of capitalism. Thus, a struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie for domination of the cultural field is inevitable. From the very first day when the revolution in Peking opera started, Liu Shao-chi and his agents on the

literary and art front did their utmost to sabotage it. "Old operas must still be staged!" they fulminated. At the same time Teng Hsiao-ping ranted, "We should show on stage the wisdom of past emperors and princes, past generals and ministers." They set up various obstacles in the vain hope of nipping in the bud the revolution in Peking opera. Their attempts revealed how much they feared and hated this new revolution in literature and art.

However, new socialist things are invincible. Guided by Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art, we overcame all obstacles and put up a fierce fight against the capitalist-roaders within the Party; so that now the model theatrical works dominate our stage, and we have succeeded in establishing the dictatorship of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie in literature and art.

The fruits of victory are won through struggle, and each victory is followed by new struggles. Now the proletariat dominates the arena of literature and art and that is a great victory for our revolution, but the struggle in this field is by no means over. The biggest unrepentant capitalist-roader within our Party, Teng Hsiao-ping, blatantly alleged that the model theatrical works were the "only flower allowed to blossom". He made other wild charges too in an attempt to negate the revolution in literature and art exemplified by the model theatrical works, in order to lead our socialist literature and art back to the old revisionist path. He was in fact creating counter-revolutionary public opinion to sabotage the dictatorship of the proletariat and to restore capitalism.

Through my own experience in the revolution I am convinced that in order to make literature and art instruments for the consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat, our writers and artists must strive to reflect class struggle; because in this period of socialism there still exist classes, class contradictions and class struggle. As instruments of class struggle, literature and art must reflect the reality of our present-day society. If they fail to reflect the chief contradiction of this historical period — that between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie — and fail to reflect class struggle, then they cannot play a militant revolutionary role and will take the wrong direction, gradually slipping into revisionism. I deepened my understanding of this crucial

problem during the Cultural Revolution by studying the works of Marx, Lenin and Chairman Mao and by going repeatedly to live among the masses in order to integrate with the workers, peasants and soldiers and remould my own world outlook. To cite one example: When we started rehearsing the revolutionary Peking opera *Song of the Dragon River*,* I found it hard to portray the heroine Chiang Shui-ying's high sense of vigilance against the enemy; later, after living with the peasants in the countryside, I began to have a deeper understanding. Once, when we were pruning cotton plants for the brigade, a bad character lopped off some stems with flowers on them. This aroused the suspicion of the local woman Party secretary; so she got the masses to make investigations, and when it was discovered that this was deliberate sabotage this class enemy was severely criticized. It seemed to me at the time that the matter was hardly so serious; but this woman cadre told me, "Unless you struggle against him, a class enemy will keep making trouble. This man was trying to sabotage our production." Her high degree of vigilance made a deep impression on me, helping me to understand Chiang Shui-ying's class consciousness.

Again, in the Peking opera *Investigation of a Chair*,** the contradictions and conflicts are closely linked with the main class struggle. I played the heroine Ting Hsiu-chin, a brigade leader whose character is delineated in the storm of class struggle to project her high degree of political vigilance. The action, centring round a wooden chair, reminds us of the Marxist truth that we must never forget class struggle. Mass audiences have acclaimed this opera, saying: Ting Hsiu-chin is a model for us, and this opera is good teaching material for the criticism of Teng Hsiao-ping's revisionist programme. These facts show that proletarian literature and art must depict class struggle and proletarian heroes and heroines: this is required of us by the proletarian revolution, and reflects the wishes of the masses.

Teng Hsiao-ping's opposition to literature and art expressing class struggle means that he opposed literature and art serving as a weapon

*See *Chinese Literature* No. 7, 1972.

**See *Chinese Literature* No. 9, 1976.

against the bourgeoisie, and he made a futile attempt to use our stage to create public opinion favouring his frantic anti-Party activities. The revolutionary artists who have been steeled and tested through the Cultural Revolution will never allow such attempts to succeed. We are determined to adhere closely to the Party's basic line. Taking class struggle as the key link, we shall strive to reflect class struggle and the struggle between the two lines, strive to reflect more profoundly the special features and laws governing the class struggle in the socialist period, in order to make our art a powerful weapon for the proletariat to exercise dictatorship over the bourgeoisie.

Li Wen-hua

Strive to Depict Heroic Characters of the Proletariat

I am a film worker. Some time ago my comrades and I were entrusted by the Party and the masses with the task of making the film *Breaking with Old Ideas*.^{*} This film reflects the fierce struggle on our educational front between two conflicting classes and two lines, the struggle between the proletariat and the capitalist-roaders within our Party during the period of socialism.

The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and the present movement to criticize Teng Hsiao-ping, the arch unrepentant capitalist-roader within the Party, and to hit back at the Right deviationist wind whipped up by him have made me clearly aware of the tremendous immediate significance as well as the far-reaching historical significance of the Cultural Revolution. The sharp and complex class struggles of the Cultural Revolution have convinced me that the

^{*}See *Chinese Literature* No. 6, 1976 for the scenario of this film.

greatest danger under the dictatorship of the proletariat is revisionism, and the main target of the revolution is the capitalist-roaders within the Party. Those bourgeois characters who have sneaked into the Party pose as Communists and have power in their hands, so it is easy for them to deceive people. The more power they have, the greater damage they may cause to the revolution. They can use their authority to propagate a revisionist line and change the dictatorship of the proletariat into the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie.

At present I am working on a new film, one passage in which has made a strong impression on me. The hero of the film is a Communist who adheres to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. Since he struggles unflinchingly against some capitalist-roaders in the Party, they use their authority to persecute and imprison him. But even in jail, this courageous Party member writes a letter exposing the crimes of the capitalist-roaders. He writes: "Under the dictatorship of the proletariat, who can put a Communist in jail? Neither the Kuomintang reactionaries, nor the landlords and the bourgeoisie can do this. It can only be done by capitalist-roaders inside the Party." These thought-provoking words are a penetrating exposure of the serious threat such capitalist-roaders constitute to the proletarian revolution.

Throughout the historical period of socialism, contradictions and conflicts between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie will continue, as will the struggle between the proletariat and the capitalist-roaders, the representatives of the bourgeoisie within the Party. This poses the new problem to us literary and art workers of how to express this important theme: the struggle between the proletariat and revolutionary masses on one side and the capitalist-roaders on the other during this socialist period. As film workers, it is our task to reflect this major and complex struggle on the screen. This means that in practice we must take class struggle as the key link and create heroic images of the proletariat who are keenly alert to class struggle and the struggle between the two lines and determined to continue the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat. Then these heroic images will educate and inspire the revolutionary masses to plunge

yet more eagerly into the great struggle to change the old world and build a new world.

The main task of socialist literature and art is the depiction of worker-peasant-soldier heroes. This is the orientation pointed out for us more than thirty years ago by Chairman Mao. But owing to Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary line in literature and art, during the seventeen years preceding the Cultural Revolution our cultural field was overgrown with feudal, bourgeois and revisionist weeds. Black revisionist films were particularly rampant, some of them even openly peddling such reactionary themes as capitulationism and national betrayal. Worse still, some films depicting workers, peasants and soldiers completely distorted them, presenting them as spineless, short-sighted middle-of-the-roaders; and this had a widespread pernicious influence.

Like a clap of spring thunder, the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution smashed the counter-revolutionary revisionist line promoted by Liu Shao-chi and his followers, and won a great victory for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art. The model theatrical works have set us a brilliant example of how to create heroic images of workers, peasants and soldiers. However, Teng Hsiao-ping wildly attacked the Cultural Revolution and spread all sorts of revisionist ideas in an attempt to change the Party's basic line in order to restore capitalism. He slandered the revolution in literature and art exemplified by the model theatrical works, and tried to stop writers and artists from depicting current class struggles. He even condemned the fine film *Spring Shoots*, the first film dealing with the Cultural Revolution, as "ultra-Left". We too, while filming *Breaking with Old Ideas*, met with obstruction from Teng Hsiao-ping's gang who spread all sorts of wild allegations about us. But led by the Party we learned from the hero of the film who dares to fight wrong trends, and we fought back, resolutely resisting the evil wind which aimed at restoring capitalism and reversing correct verdicts.

It was brought home to me while shooting this film that to praise new socialist things and portray proletarian heroes effectively we must first make a serious study of Chairman Mao's works and the theory

of the dictatorship of the proletariat, strive to remould our world outlook as well as our outlook on literature and art, and integrate ourselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers. Only so can we achieve a deeper insight into those proletarian heroes and heroines who dare to fight against evil winds and waves; and only so can we find the appropriate artistic means to depict such glorious characters.



Kim Bong Hao

Write Ever More New Songs for the Revolution

After being steeled in the Cultural Revolution I love it from the bottom of my heart, and I realize the towering stature and wisdom of our great leader Chairman Mao who personally initiated and led this revolutionary movement. In recent years I have composed several songs in praise of the Cultural Revolution.

My creative practice during these years has shown me that revolutionary songs are produced during a great revolutionary movement and they also help to impel the movement forward, just like the battle-drums sounding a charge or bugles sounding a march. They are effective weapons to unite and educate the people, to attack and destroy the enemy.

Taking class struggle as the key link, the model theatrical works have amassed experience in the successful depiction of heroic characters and in other respects as well. Can songs also depict heroic images

For an introduction to the song writer Kim Bong Hao see *Chinese Literature* No. 11, 1975.

of the proletariat? My answer is affirmative, on the basis of my own experience and that of many others who have composed fine revolutionary songs. Not only can we conjure up heroic images of workers, peasants and soldiers, but also of the whole working class.

My mother used to work as a cook in a lumber-mill under the forestry bureau of Holung County, Kirin Province; so as a child I lived among lumbermen. The heroic exploits of the raftsmen fighting wind and waves to ship timber down the river fascinated and impressed me enormously. From an early age I longed to sing songs about them, to depict those heroes punting rafts downstream through mountains and valleys, circumventing hidden reefs and dangerous shallows, to depict the heroic image of the whole working class under the leadership of our Party and Chairman Mao. After studying and living among the lumbermen, I composed the music for the song *I Ship Timber Down Stream for the Revolution*, working out with the comrade who wrote the words the theme "I send down rafts for the revolution, advancing bravely through the rapids". In this music, I drew on folk songs of the Korean national minority in Yenpien, then added features from modern revolutionary songs to create something new, trying to use the strongest music of our age to express the heroism of the lumbermen. In another song *A Hundred Flowers Bloom in Our Great Motherland* I praise the excellent situation prevailing, creating an impassioned melody to convey that the people of all nationalities in China love the Cultural Revolution and support new socialist things, to hit back at the Right deviationist wind whipped up by class enemies who slandered the Cultural Revolution.

The present movement to criticize the arch unrepentant capitalist-roader within the Party, Teng Hsiao-ping, and to hit back at the Right deviationist wind to reverse correct verdicts is a fierce struggle between the two classes and two lines. We revolutionary writers and artists must stand in the forefront of this struggle and resolutely oppose Teng Hsiao-ping's counter-revolutionary revisionist line. Using our art, we must go all out to create revolutionary public opinion and write ever more new songs for the revolution.

CHRONICLE

Korean People's Army Ensemble Tours China

During its tour of China in June this year, the Korean People's Army Ensemble performed in Peking the full-length revolutionary opera *A True Daughter of the Party* which was warmly acclaimed by the Chinese audiences.

A True Daughter of the Party, adapted from the film *The Story of a Nurse* by the Korean People's Army Ensemble, depicts the heroic deeds of Kang Yon Ok, a young nurse in the Korean People's Army who fights bravely for the liberation of her motherland during the Korean Liberation War. She overcomes innumerable difficulties to escort wounded soldiers to the rear and finally dies a heroic death during a bombing raid by enemy planes. Through its successful portrayal



of the heroic image of Kang Yon Ok, the opera praises the sterling qualities of the members of the Workers' Party of Korea and the dauntless heroism of the Korean people who defied all difficulties and were ready to give their lives to defeat U.S. aggression.

After the performance in Peking, the Korean People's Army Ensemble toured Nanking, Wuhan and other parts of China.

The Philippine Cultural Mission Performs in Peking

The Philippine Cultural Mission, composed of the Bayanihan Dance Troupe and the Pangkat Kawayan Bamboo Orchestra, visited China recently and performed in Peking.

The youthful Pangkat Kawayan Bamboo Orchestra played Philippine folk music on all kinds of bamboo instruments. Its highly proficient performance was marked by harmonious orchestration and rich national flavour.

The artists of the Bayanihan Dance Troupe presented classical and folk dances such as *The Dances of the Mountain Region* and *Mindanao Tapestry* to introduce to the Chinese audience the traditional customs of the Philippine people. In *Samtaguita*, a dance dedicated to the national



flower of the Philippines, the rose, the dancers stepped gaily down from the stage and presented garlands of roses to the audience to express the Philippine people's friendship for the Chinese people. The lively *Bayanihan Dance* showed Philippine peasants at work from sowing to harvesting.

New Films

In celebration of the 55th anniversary of the founding of the Chinese Communist Party, a number of new films were released in China.

Lovely Hsiaoliang River, a colour feature film produced by the Shanghai Film Studio, has for its theme the current movement "In agriculture, learn from Tachai" and shows the struggle waged by the revolutionary people against capitalist-roaders.

Maple Tree Village produced by the Pearl River Film Studio is a screen adaptation of the modern drama of the same title. It depicts the armed struggle waged by the peasants of a mountain village in eastern Hunan Province under the leadership of the Party during the First Revolutionary Civil War Period. It is a graphic manifestation of the great truth that **"political power grows out of the barrel of a gun"**.

Also released were documentaries including *May Day* and *Chinese Art Troupe on Tour in Korea*.

Archaeological Finds in Kwangsi

Since the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, there has been a rapid development in archaeological surveys and excavations carried out in the Kwangsi Chuang Autonomous Region, and many new discoveries have been made there. Nearly 300 ancient tombs of different historical periods have been excavated, as well as Neolithic sites and more than ten kiln sites of the Sung Dynasty (960-1279). Many of the 5,000 new objects are rare relics discovered for the first time in this region.

Neolithic sites have been found all over Kwangsi. In the limestone caves around the beautiful city of Kweilin several dozen sites of Neolithic caves have been excavated, and many stone, bone, shell and pottery relics have been unearthed, together with human bones.

Prior to the Cultural Revolution, no relics of slave society were found in Kwangsi. But during the Cultural Revolution, a Shang Dynasty (16th-11th century B.C.) bronze vessel and a bronze vessel of the Spring and Autumn Period (770-476 B.C.) were excavated, providing new material for the study of Kwangsi's history in those times. Relics of the Chin and Han Dynasties (221 B.C.-A.D. 220) were also found. A Western Han Dynasty (206 B.C.-A.D. 8) tomb in Hsilin County yielded more than 400 relics, including four bronze drums, gilded figures of horsemen, bronze figures of seated men, tablets with goats carved in relief, and jade vessels. This is the earliest example yet found in our country of bronze drums used as funeral urns, and it supplies valuable material for studying the history of minority nationalities in south China in ancient times.





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