Yuk-lan: a translation and commentary on a Chinese story of the Cultural Revolution period

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Yuk-lan: A translation and commentary on a Chinese story of the Cultural Revolution period

by

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QUOTATION

"We have published *Cries of Anguish: An Anthology of Post-Cultural Revolution Literature* by Chinese Youths as an attempt to let the readers trace the thought development of the younger generation in Mainland China, and, at the same time, to leave a little memory to the future."\(^1\)
INTRODUCTION

One of the major functions of literature is to reveal the social and historical situation of the times. It is, however, dangerous to look at a certain type of literature and then generalize that the aspects presented there totally and truly reflect the situation of the time. The works of Ernest Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald are good examples. Though Hemingway and Fitzgerald are contemporaries, their works represent two different life styles of the people who had lived through the First World War. While both of them are excellent writers, neither of their works should be read as a complete representation of the life of the Americans after the First World War. It is only by reading both their works and works by their contemporaries, such as Faulkner, that one can start to develop a "general" picture of the time.

In the case of modern Chinese literature, while the Peking Press and the Foreign Languages Press of the Chinese government have published literature in both Chinese and translations which reveals the promising side of the new society, literature which voices the disillusionment of the young people is relatively rare.

In 1974, Cries of Anguish: An Anthology of Post-Cultural Revolution Literature by Chinese Youths appeared
in Hong Kong in its original Chinese language. Having been published outside of Mainland China, it reveals the people's attitude in a different light—it is full of disappointment, disillusionment and reproach. More importantly, as Mr. Hu of the Chinese University of Hong Kong has pointed out, unlike the other Chinese anti-communist literature published in the past, *Cries of Anguish* is not a politically oriented publication. At the same time, as the editor of *Cries of Anguish* points out, "Due to the political background in Mainland China, the authors of these works never expected them to be published. These works were written, primarily, for the authors themselves, or, at most, to be circulated only among a few readers. And yet the authors still tried to be discreet while they wrote. . . . Naturally, most of the authors of these works are self-analytical, seeking to prove their own existence and their grief" ("Introduction," p. 7). Because of its independence from political background, *Cries of Anguish* has uniquely and honestly presented some of the true feelings of Chinese youths who had undergone the Cultural Revolution.

Since *Cries of Anguish* has not previously been translated, my translation is an attempt to introduce to the Western readers a representative selection from this anthology which effectively reveals the impact of
the Cultural Revolution on the young Chinese people who grew up in Mainland China and lived through the Cultural Revolution.

*Cries of Anguish* is composed of three sections--I: Poetry, II: Prose (letters and journals), and III: Fiction. "Yuk-lan," a story by Yu Suet, is taken from the Fiction section. It is the story of a girl, Yuk-lan, who lived between the mid 1940's and the late 1960's, a period in which the Communist Party started to take over and gradually established its power in the country.

Yuk-lan was the eldest daughter of a traditional, feudalistic and superstitious family. Because the family had been deteriorating since her birth, she was considered as a "star of misfortune" (灾星). In order to change her fate and to drive away her destructive power, the family made her undergo a series of religious rituals once every year. This early initiation haunted her childhood memory and planted a deep impression in the girl's mind. She believed that she was an unlucky person and that she would bring misfortune to everybody who got near her. Consequently she was shy and timid.

Yuk-lan had a simple heart. She was always eager to serve, to help, to contribute her share, to bring people happiness. Her childhood experience had made her firmly believe that she was destined to suffer. Her
life, she felt, was insignificant and the only way to make her life and her existence meaningful was to surrender herself and bring happiness to others.

At home, being the eldest daughter, she took care of the four younger children of the family. In school, she kept a close eye on her friends. Because of her selfless, loving nature, she caught a high fever while trying to protect her friend from the flaming sun. Then, when her family was forced to move to a dingy warehouse, she developed a rheumatic heart disease while protecting her younger brothers and sisters from getting wet during the rainy season. After a heart attack, she dropped out of school and her dream of being an elementary school teacher vanished. And yet she never complained. For a long time she contentedly stayed at home and took care of the household while her parents worked and her younger brothers and sisters attended school.

Yuk-lan had three love experiences. Her first love appeared when she was eighteen. At that time Yuk-lan's family had moved out of the warehouse to a room in an old building. There young people of different families made friends with each other. Among them Yuk-lan secretly admired the fourteen-year-old Chi-fong, who was as gentle and kind-hearted as Yuk-lan herself. Their friendship, however, never really developed into love.
Yuk-lan's second love was Ma Siu-ning, a neighborhood boy who was two years younger than she. His father, old Mr. Ma, was a high-school teacher. His mother, Siu-ning Ma, was an officer at the Kaifong association. Being conscientious of his knowledge and breeding, Siu-ning always behaved in a proper, educated way.

Having failed the university entrance examination, Siu-ning was shifted to the countryside. Then Siu-ning Ma, who had never been willing to let her son go, had finally managed to shift him back.

After the year's country experience, Siu-ning had changed. He had given up his "educated" manners and grown reckless. Upon return, he was attracted by the beauty of Yuk-lan. Being unemployed and having plenty of free time, he lingered around Yuk-lan. He claimed that he loved her. He kissed her. He promised to marry her. Yuk-lan was pleased. Gradually the affair was known in the neighborhood and everybody considered them as a pair. The two families, too, treated each other as in-laws.

It was the time of the Cultural Revolution. Yuk-lan's parents' wages were reduced to half. Annoyed, Yuk-lan Ma left her job. She kept complaining that the government was not practicing what it said: "High wages will not be reduced; low wages will be gradually raised."
Consequently, everybody avoided her and her family. One day Yuk-lan received an unsigned note which put her second love to an end: "Being an intellectual, my father is in a dangerous position. If I keep coming and seeing you, he would be in trouble. I wouldn't want that. I'm a filial son. I know you will understand" (p. 222).

Since Yuk-lan was neither working nor going to school, she was going to be shifted to the countryside. The only way to avoid this was to find a job in one of the factories. With the help of her younger sister, Yuk-tse, she finally got a job in a factory. There she met Ah Chuen. They liked each other; they loved each other. Then they lived together. When Yuk-lan was pregnant, the young couple went to the District Committee to register for a marriage certificate:

The clerk looked at Ah Chuen suspiciously.

"She's four years older. Have you considered that?"

Ah Chuen nodded.

"She's got rheumatic heart disease. Your financial situation isn't that sound either. Have you considered that?"

Ah Chuen nodded again, eagerly. (pp. 243-44)

Thus they were legally married and waited hopefully for their first child.
Because of her heart disease, Yuk-lan had great difficulty in delivering her baby. Finally, to save her life, the doctor suggested to Ah Chuen to abort the baby. Ah Chuen agreed.

Yuk-lan never recovered—neither physically from the abortion nor psychologically from the loss of her baby at the last moment. She felt her baby had been murdered. Two months later, she died, saying to Ah Chuen, "We will have our babies, won't we?"

As Yen Fu has pointed out, "Translation involves three requirements difficult to fulfill: faithfulness (信), compressibility (達) and elegance (雅)." In the translation of "Yuk-lan," I have tried to meet these three requirements. In cases where these three elements are in conflict, I have sacrificed elegance for the sake of faithfulness and compressibility.

Since the names of the characters in "Yuk-lan" do not have symbolic functions or carry any implications, I have chosen to transliterate them phonetically instead of translating them. The Western reader, however, may find the transliterations confusing.

Since Chinese is a tonal language, the same Roman alphabet transliteration may be applied to three or four Chinese words which are similarly pronounced but
in different tones. "Ma," for example, can be the transliteration of "駒" (horse; this is also a surname), "媽" (mother), "麻" (jute) and "罵" (to reproach). Another example is "Siu," which can be applied to "兆" (omen), "小" (small), "笑" (to laugh) and "簧" (flute). To reduce confusion, I have both used footnotes and reproduced the original Chinese characters to supplement the non-tonal transliterations.

Although the Chinese spoken language is composed of numerous dialects, written Chinese can be read phonetically in any dialect. Among the dialects, Mandarin (Kwo Yu [国語]) is considered to be the standard spoken language. Consequently the phonetic forms of names are usually transliterated according to the Mandarin. However, since a large part of "Yuk-lan" takes place in Canton, I have chosen to transliterate the names according to the Cantonese dialect. Apart from retaining the Cantonese pronunciation—"Yuk-lan" instead of the Mandarin pronunciation "Yu-lan," and "Yam Kan" instead of "Yin Chien"—this approach also allows me to retain some of the particular features of the Cantonese dialect in the ways people address each other. The use of "Ah" (阿) is one of them.

"Ah" can be added to every name in addressing one's peers or juniors, as in the cases of "Ah Chuen" (阿全)
and "Ah Cheung" (阿祥). Unlike the first names "Yuk-lan" (玉蘭) and "Yu-ho" (如好), which are composed of two Chinese characters, "Ah" is an extra sound added to the single names "Chuen" (全) and "Cheung" (祥). Moreover, unlike the words "Tse" (姊)--elder sister, "Mui" (妹)--younger sister, and "Suk" (叔)--uncle, "Ah," like "Siu" (㖧)--young or small, is sexless. Furthermore, its function is entirely phonetic. Calling somebody "Chuen" or "Cheung" sounds abrupt and impolite in Cantonese; the extra prefix sound "Ah" eases this abruptness.

To distinguish the truly double names such as "Yuk-lan" from the single names which have been prefixed or suffixed with an extra sound, such as "Ah Chuen" and "Ha Tse," the hyphen is used in the former but not in the latter cases. Furthermore, in cases where family names are given, I have chosen to transliterate them in the Chinese order of family name first, then given name.

The translation of selected major portions of "Yuk-lan" follows in the next chapter. Further commentary on the story appears after the translation, as epilogue. The Roman numerals which head the translation sections indicate the sections into which the original story is divided.
Time hurried by. Life was somewhat tense and yet there was always a vague sense of hope in everybody's heart.

"Get rid of the sparrows; yield a better harvest!" The government was organizing a campaign to increase the food output. The whole city was excited.

On the Action Day, all the students, equipped with every possible item to produce noises—all sorts of utensils and containers, copper chains, iron plates—rushed to the rural areas. Banging and striking and hitting and drumming all these metals, they filled the air with a series of harsh, deafening sounds.

The citizens and workers in the city joined the students. On every road, people filed along both sides. The young and strong ones, either walking along or standing high on top of the roadside embankments, were laboriously striking their equipment in hand. At the same time, women, children and the old people, having carried all the cleavers, pans, tins and the like from their kitchens, sat on the balconies and joined the banging. A biking
team rode down the middle of the road. On some of the bicycles were huge drums. The drummers, half-naked, with long white towels across their shoulders, were drumming so hard that they really sounded authoritative—it was the workers' team.

It was indeed an exterminating campaign. In fact, all the sparrows and the little birds fainted in the midst of the thundering roar of metal. Children rushed onto the streets and picked up the poor little birds, tied up their legs, lined them together and took them to the Judging Platform for reward. These little creatures, all of a sudden, all fell silently from the sky onto the fields and became part of the soil.

For a while, the result of the campaign remained the headline of the news—beyond 50,000 already: the number of killed sparrows had surpassed 50,000 already!

Yuk-lan's assigned spot was situated on a nearly barren hill-top. Standing between the flaming sun and the heated, barren earth, the people on duty there not only felt hot, they were practically burning and steaming.

"Hey, Siu Sum! The sun's getting so hot, why don't you put on your hat?"

Yu Sum was assigned to a spot a few feet away from Yuk-lan; the two girls sat next to each other in school. Though Yu Sum was much taller, she was thin and slim,
with a small, round but excessively pale face. Yuk-lan, on her assigned site, had been keeping an eye on her pale friend. It was her habit; she was used to taking care of her friends.

"I dropped it during the maneuver yesterday," Yu Sum replied, embarrassed. They had travelled a long way from school to this hill. Last night, they walked for thirty Lis.

"But the sun's burning!" Yuk-lan walked towards her and placed her own bamboo hat on Yu Sum's head.

Yu Sum tried to refuse.

"I have another one," said Yuk-lan. "My mother packed for me; oh she really takes every detail into consideration!" From her school-bag, Yuk-lan took out a little white cap and put it on. Worrying that the small white cap would not be sufficient to protect Yuk-lan from the burning sun, Yuk-lan Ma had made the girl take along with her the large bamboo hat when she was about to leave.

Having returned to her own place, Yuk-lan turned to Yu Sum again.

"Come to me when you're thirsty. I have water," she told her friend, noticing that the pot which Yu Sum hung on the twigs was extremely small.

The thundering clang of metal was pouring out from every hill around. Meanwhile, country children ran along
the hill slopes with sling shots made out of twigs, diligently shooting the birds. The more they got, the prouder they felt. Besides, their mouths watered as they thought of the roast sparrows. Imagine that: cover the sparrow entirely with mud, throw the whole thing into the stove—fifteen minutes—then, take it out, simply get rid of the mud and the feathers will go off with it. Throw away the insides and you get a delicious roast sparrow. How they loved roast sparrows!

People became more and more excited and Yuk-lan forgot about herself. The little cap was heated like fire, the small brim of it leaving a large part of the back of Yuk-lan's head exposed to the flaming sun. Her face was thoroughly tanned and heated; her whole body was burning, all wet with sweat, and yet she did not pay attention to the discomfort. For a while, she thought of Siu Sum. Worrying that the bamboo hat had been heated, she wet a towel and put it on Siu Sum's hat. Other than that, she never left her assigned spot. She was completely involved in the campaign and exhausted herself striking the metal basin.

Night came. Everything was in complete darkness, only a dim light was reflecting from the water of the pond and a ditch nearby. The path along the hill was like a long, white belt, stretching and whirling its way
down to the villages. Numerous tiny little dots were moving along the path. The noisy day was over; nature, once again, had recovered its solemnity and serenity.

In spite of the chilling night breeze, Yuk-lan was sweating and she felt a burden in her head. And yet she kept silent and managed to struggle her way back to her camp. After dinner, she even joined the Campaign Review meeting.

After the sleep whistle was blown, Yuk-lan lay down in her bedroll; gradually she lost consciousness.

Siu Sum was assigned to sleep next to Yuk-lan. She turned around and took Yuk-lan's hand. It was as hot as red-hot iron.

"Yuk-lan! Are you all right?" She pushed her, gently, but there was no answer; she pushed again, still there was no answer.

Suddenly she realized that something was wrong.

"Yuk-lan! You've fainted! Oh help! Coach! Help! Help! . . . ;" she shouted, loudly, although she usually was shy to speak loudly in public.

The lamp was lit. The skin on Yuk-lan's face and lips was cracking; her whole body was soaked. The other students gathered around her and watched. Yu Sum, with her trembling hand, was applying some medical ointment onto Yuk-lan's forehead. Tears kept rolling down her
cheeks and dropping onto Yuk-lan's face. She was, indeed, in bitter sorrow.

The coach got a stretcher from the Health Section. In the village they could not find a car, so eight male students took turns carrying the stretcher. Night and darkness made the procession in the hilly paths more difficult. While the carriers unsteadily made their way, Yuk-lan was tossed about vigorously in the stretcher but she remained unconscious all the way. After two solid hours of a rough journey, they arrived at the Chung Shan Hospital.

The next morning, as a ray of sunlight shone into the basement ward, Yuk-lan wearily opened her eyes. Finding the sunlight a little too strong, she slowly half closed her eyes. She felt itchy at the nose and tried to scratch it, only to find that a rubber tube passed into one of her nostrils. She turned her head and found that her right hand, too, was adjoined to a rubber tube. A bottle of medicine was hanging upside down on an iron stand.

An old doctor came near her.
"She's awake!" She heard a strange but confident voice.

"Close call! Three more minutes' unconsciousness would have been fatal!"
It was a young woman's voice, whispering at the
door. She was the nurse on night-duty and had been
worrying herself about Yuk-lan's life and death for
a whole night.

Yuk-lan had caught a high fever. Without thorough
treatment, the temporarily inactive germs could bring
about various diseases. From then onwards, Yuk-lan's
misfortunes were planted.

In her ward, now and then, Yuk-lan could hear
faintly the clanging and clinging noises of metal coming
from the street. Through the window, she could see people
running about. The campaign was still going on. In fact
it lasted until the very end of the harvesting period.

The slogan of the following year was changed:
"Protect the sparrows; keep our areas green!" Once the
sparrows had been purged, the farmers had a worse time
because of the insect problem, which used to be reduced
by the sparrows.

Again and again, the Party made the people believe
that they were doing something extremely great, making
people supervise each other and stimulate each other,
rendering their greatest effort, blindly, to participate
in the Party's policies, miraculously turning ridiculous
ideas into large scale campaigns. This, alone, was a
miracle.
Perhaps Yuk-lan was destined to suffer. During her last year in junior high school, the government decided to restore the residential area where she was living. Yuk-lan's family, together with the families around, had to move out in a month. In such a hurry it was hard to look for an appropriate place and yet they could not delay. Finally, through the help of some influential friends, they found a deserted warehouse. On a Sunday, the family paid their first visit to their new residence, and planned, at the same time, to clean it up.

The apartment was situated at the rear part of an old building. The front door of the building opened directly into the main hall, which was actually a working area of a rope factory. Big, heavy wooden wheels were everywhere—on the floor, half way up in the air—producing shrieking sharp sounds as they spun around. Several male workers, half-naked, wearing nothing but shorts, were hurrying and busily moving among the spinning wheels. Female workers were braiding the ropes into rolls; their shirts, all wet with sweat, stuck next to their skin. Following their father, Yuk-lan and her younger brothers and sisters made their way among the machinery and the
people, but nobody paid the least attention to them. Passing through the hall, then a kitchen, they saw a narrow entrance right at the left corner of the kitchen. It was completely dark, horrifying and chilling.

Tse-ping, the youngest boy, eyes firmly closed, clutched Yuk-lan tightly and said, "Go home! Sister, go home. I'm afraid!" Yuk-lan, too, felt helplessly lost.

Father lit a candle. The narrow door was the entrance of a room. It was deadly dark, with not even one window on the four solid walls; even the once bright ceiling tiles were darkened and dimmed, with spider-webs dangling about. In the dim candle light they could see numerous tiny moving creatures gliding about in the muddy ground: piggy-bugs, cockroaches, centipedes ... and other creatures unknown or nameless.

"Am I dreaming?" Yuk-lan pinched herself really hard. However, she felt the pain. She thought she was in one of her younger dreams. When she was small, she used to dream of the Yama King summoning her back to hell, where it was as dark, filthy and horrifying as this.

"It's indeed a little too dirty," father said; but he was a weak-willed person and was always ready to compromise. "Let's clean it up a bit. Gotta settle down
anyhow. We'll see what we can do once we settle down. What can we do, after all?" Father murmured, partly comforting himself, partly hinting to the children of the difficulties.

The muddy ground was entirely covered with a thick, pasty layer of soil. The room could receive neither breeze nor sunlight; the air inside was humid and reeked with decay. Working together, the family shoveled away the thick layer of stinking, decaying soil, sprinkled the room thoroughly with insecticide powder and then made a new floor by laying boards on top of the ground. They brightened up the walls; they cleaned up the roof. Light, finally, shone into the room.

The children were pleased. To them, moving was exciting after all.

Campaigns, in those years, came and went like the tide. The Party was calling forth the people to refine iron and steel. Yuk-lan's parents were sent to the rural areas. The girl, being the eldest daughter, took care of the four younger ones.

The children named their new apartment "Yam Ken." On rainy days, the room was all stuffy and air did not ventilate it at all. The roof dripped, water first gathering on the kitchen floor and gradually moving into the living area, all oily and slippery. It was like
living in a watery field; the only dry spot was their bed. At night, the four younger ones squeezed together and slept while Yuk-lan would sit up all night beside them, soaked through and through. During the rainy season, most of the time her body was damp.

Classes were suspended. Students participated in the campaign by picking up useless iron pieces and transporting coke. Yuk-lan, delicately built and small as she was, was not exempted from carrying heavy loads. Staggering and struggling her way under the flaming sun or in the pouring rain, her body was always soaked through and through with sweat and rain, drying up and getting wet again and again. Pain started to develop in her body. Gradually, whenever the weather changed, she could hardly even move.

Fortunately, the campaign gradually slowed down. So much attention had been paid to steel making that every trade and business came to a halt. The people, nevertheless, could not survive with iron and steel alone. Parents returned home. The refining furnace built in Yuk-lan's school was pulled down. Everybody, adult or child, was reduced to a skeleton. And yet everybody's eyes beamed with pride. "Our furnace, you know," everybody started to boast, "can produce several hundred catties of steel!" They had, they believed, contributed a part
to the Building of Socialism. What had happened to all their toil and blood and sweat, they did not care. In fact nobody cared. Everybody felt proud and glorified and that was enough.

It so happened that one of Yuk-lan's teachers died in an accident. He was in his fifties. In his exhaustion, he fell into one of the furnaces. The whole city mourned for him. Yuk-lan cried bitterly every time she thought of him, even long after his death. Sometimes she would wake up in a dream, calling her teacher's name. The sympathetic ones, trying to comfort her, would say, "Your teacher died for the good of the people and that's great. You should be proud of him." But Yuk-lan would only cry more bitterly, sobbing as she replied, "But he's such a good man! I know his elder daughter; she's in my class. His younger girl is that small, just learning to walk. . . ."

IX

The situation had changed. The masses rose up. The authorities who once held the power had now become homeless dogs.

"Go! March to the District Committee! We want work!"
Several young men, clenching their fists, laying bare their chests, some blowing whistles, were marching through the streets. As they marched further, the crowd behind them grew bigger. In a moment, they had formed a large troop.

"Dammit! All those bloody guys playin' tricks 'n pullin' relationships got jobs in the factories. What the hell they think we are? Leftovers? Go! Go get Wan Devil! It's all that devil's fault!"

"Shit! I ain't been able to get a job for two years. Well, I don't really care about it that much anyhow. The big thing's to get Wan Devil 'n give her a tough good beating. That bitch!"

As the troop grew bigger, the rage of the people also grew higher and higher. Foul words and angry, inflammatory sentences started to fill the streets. Some began to bang the doors and shouted loudly to the people inside, "C'mon! Join us to the District Committee! Anybody who would tolerate this any longer better die!"

Yuk-lan joined the troop as it passed her house. As it turned around the corner, a girl with bangs on her forehead joined in. She was tidily clad in clean, new clothes. Yuk-lan moved close to her and asked, "Do you live in this lane? We never met before."

The girl nodded hastily. "When Pa was home, he
never allowed me to go out."

For a moment she examined Yuk-lan carefully and felt close to her. The world was too new, too strange to her; she needed somebody to rely on. And yet she despised this gang of people: they were so wild, so undisciplined. But Yuk-lan was different. She was as pure as a piece of white jade.

She told Yuk-lan that her name was Chan Yu-ho. Her father once was a Senator and he still clung to his bureaucratic principles. Yu-ho was his only daughter. He loved her excessively but caged her in like a bird, never allowing her to go out to see the outside world.

Then there came the revolution. The Red Guards shifted him to the villages; it was only then that Yu-ho broke away from the house and merged into society. And yet she was reluctant to mingle with the wild mobs.

The two girls, talking, were at the end of the marching team. The noise before them was getting louder and louder. Some people had already marched into the District Committee office.

A middle-aged woman was sitting at the last desk. Her long, hooked nose, together with her protruding cheekbones, made her fierce looking features even more horrifying. She sat there, staring firmly and stubbornly at the outraged crowd. This was Wan Devil. She was
appointed to this district by the Labor Department and was in charge of the job appointments.

"Comrade Wan, now that we are all here, you better make yourself clear. We're all qualified to stay in the city. Why do you keep delaying assigning us jobs?" A tall young man in the front line was speaking. He had just been appointed by the crowd to be their representative. He pointed at the woman, his finger nearly touching her nose. Although he worded his demand for explanation politely, his tone carried such a bitter hatred that people could nearly hear him grinding his teeth.

"We've got to assign jobs according to the quota." Wan Devil sneered, still sitting there, motionless.

"Why not march to the Congress? How dare you!"

The annoyed crowd poured towards her and yet she did not even look at them.

"So you're not going to assign us jobs? I'll get you killed! Right here, today!"

In the midst of angry outcries and curses of hatred, a coarse, strong voice rose out, "Listen, you fools. We've been told to stop employing workers. You can wait forever, if you have the patience. There's been deficit in wages in these past two fiscal years!"

This cold, indifferent voice only deepened the hatred and further aroused the rage of the mass.
"Dammit! You damn bitch! Gave all our jobs to your goddamn sons and goddamn chicks and goddamn men! You bitch!"

The thin young man could hardly control himself any more. Burning in his rage, he grasped Wan Devil's hair firmly and tightly.

"Dare you beat me? I'm not the authorities. I'm one of the masses, like you!"

In this critical situation, Wan Devil still tried to remain calm. She took a red armband out of her pocket and placed it on the table. Her hand, however, still grasped one end of the armband firmly.

In a moment, the young man's firm grasp lost its force; his tightly held fingers spread apart. Grasping the opportunity, Wan Devil quickly pushed open the door behind her and dashed out.

"Don't let her go! She gave all our job opportunities to her friends. Don't let her go!"

"We want jobs!"

The room was really crowded. A lot of people had to stand on the desks, shouting, roaring, clenching fists.

"Jobs! We want jobs!"

Yuk-lan joined the cries. In the crowd, she was pushed back and forth again and again, And yet she
kept crying.

"Jobs! We want jobs!"

"**Yuk Tse,** let's stay outside. It's so crowded here." Yu-ho, clutching a corner of Yuk-lan's shirt, said wearily.

People were banging at the door so violently that it was really deafening. Finally the door opened. A short, small man stood there; he looked defeated and worn out. His thin arms below his short sleeves were marked with scars caused by ropes. Obviously he had been tied up.

"Hey! He's the senior clerk!" somebody shouted.

"So what? Just one of those bulls! Amazing that the Service Agency workers didn't struggle* him to death!"

"Hey, you know what? This pig swallowed a large amount of money from the Service Agency account. Isn't that drinking the workers' blood? They finally got him..."

"At least they got jobs. We're even cheated out of the chance to get a job!"

In their increasing rage, the crowd kept shouting and cursing, but nobody took a lead to start a fight. After all, unlike the Service Agency workers, they were unorganized. In fact, they were a little scared by the
title "senior clerk." Moreover, their deadly enemy had always been Wan Devil, not this man.

"Please calm down; please calm down! Let's talk everything over!" Mr. Ho nodded and bowed at the mass continuously. "There's got to be a solution. I'm sure. We can get a solution. . . . "

The mass gradually calmed down. Since Mr. Ho was a senior clerk, they expected that he could solve the problem.

"I have a suggestion," he said, testing, casting short, quick glances on the mass to catch their reactions. "You can think it over."

"We don't mean to cause trouble. We only want jobs! Jobs!" the young, thin man said.

"We want jobs! We want jobs!" the crowd echoed, but soon they calmed down again.

Mr. Ho felt a little more confident now. He started talking about the national problems and the difficulties that the government was facing, then again he agreed that the District Committee should assume the responsibility of helping the unemployed youths. Finally he suggested that the District Committee would recommend anyone who could find himself a job. According to law, when a factory had used up its employment quota but still needed some more workers, it could make use of its
profit excess to employ extra workers through the Service Agency. Formerly, even the number of such workers allowed in each factory was strictly limited and they had to be nominated by the District Committee. In making this suggestion, Mr. Ho was, to a certain extent, offering a compromise.

In desperation and helplessness, the unemployed youths accepted the suggestion, though not very happily. Somehow, it seemed to them, there was a chance.

But where should they go to look for a job? Where to?

The crowd, once gathered together by a similar rage and urgent need, scattered along the streets. And yet in every heart there was still a problem. A new problem.

X

Early summer in Canton. The heat under the flaming sun was suffocating. Currents of dust kept whirling and whirling on the wide, long yellow sand road, as if they were moving along with the steam. There were no sheltering places; not even a balcony could be found along the long, narrow paveways. This area was crowded with huge industrial buildings. The numerous chimneys,
long and short ones, kept puffing and puffing out steaming breaths of charcoal particles and black smoke.

Yuk-lan and Yuk-tse had been trying their luck in this area for two days, but they received the same simple reply everywhere: "Contract workers, temporary workers, Service Agency workers are all employed according to the government's central system." Some staff on duty did not even bother to answer them.

Finally they came to a match factory. The old messenger there was a friendly person.

"Seems that you really need a job awfully soon. Poor wretch! Don't waste your time hanging around here. You wouldn't get a chance. These are all national factories. Go ahead to the side streets and try your luck in the small factories there. Lots of factories need help badly these days. They may hire you."

Taking his advice, the two sisters decided to try their luck separately. Yuk-tse stood at the road junction and watched Yuk-lan's figure moving further and further away. In a moment her accumulated anger and discontent burst into rage.

Yuk-tse could not understand her sister—she never complained; she never looked disappointed.

How come?
There was a broken tin lying on the road. She gave it a hard kick. How come? The tin hit at a pedestrian's ankle. He angrily stared at the girl. Seeing that she was but a small thin girl in a man's shirt, he did not even bother to reproach her. He walked on. He thought Yuk-tse was only one of those uneducated wild kids, and it did nobody any good to reproach such lawless kids.

She knew her society. Two years ago it was a glorious, energetic society in which people were sympathetic, helpful and obedient. But what had gone wrong? Why was it like this today? Now it was full of sin; now it was full of discontent; now it was full of rage. Now there was rebellion; now there was hatred. And yet it was the same society. Why were there all these differences? What was wrong? Or who was wrong?

In those days, before she had any actual contact with society, her mind was full of beautiful ideals. All of a sudden, she witnessed the disheartening side of reality and was totally disgusted. Those, like Yuk-lan, who had long been making their living in society, knew their society—its rights and its wrongs, its virtue and its vice. They buried the disheartening realization and their grievance deep in their hearts. Their knowledge of society grew with the accumulation of their realization.
and grievance. All these, however, were buried deep down at heart instead of bursting out into outcries for vengeance. Yuk-tse, being young, lacked the experience.

Life, she suddenly realized, was more complicated than she had expected.

She felt disgusted. Disgusted at the injustice of life. She felt angered, angered by the injustice that had been imposed upon her sister.

Two years ago--it was September, 1966--a Student Disciplinary Team was organized. The Team patrolled along the roads, trying to recruit young people and shift them to be farmers in the rural areas. All the team members wore armbands of different lengths. Leaders wore armbands which were wide and at shoulder's length while ordinary members wore narrower armbands which were about only three inches long.

A ranking system was common in this period. The armband, clothing and power of the kids were all strictly graded according to their fathers' positions and ranks.

One morning, a gang of student disciplinarians broke into their room and took Yuk-lan away, practically by force.

The people caught by these disciplinarians were all taken to an open playground and ordered to stand there
under the burning sun. Some young people were kneeling on the platform, their heads bent so low that they were nearly licking the ground. Most probably these were the less submissive ones.

"You damn fools! What the hell are you doin' here? Git you out of your old Pa's way into the villages. I give you one week. If you let me see you next week, I kill ya!"

On the platform, a number of students wearing long armbands were roaring by turns.

The roarings were too loud, too horrifying. Under the flaming sun, Yuk-lan stood among the crowd; her heart pounded rapidly, her forehead was soaked with sweat. Several times she nearly fainted and yet the tension around her and her fear at heart were so great that they kept her awake for more than ten hours—till the end of the gathering.

Once arriving home, she fainted and was completely unconscious. Her name was already on the shifting roster. Fortunately, because of her sudden illness, she was excused.

Lately, numerous young people who had been shifted to the villages several years ago were rebelling. They returned to the cities and put up all sorts of posters on the main streets: FAMINE—INHUMAN LIVING ENVIRONMENTS—
DISEASE--PHYSICAL TORTURE--FARMERS AND SHIFTED YOUTHS
CONFLICT--"THE SEA OF PEOPLE POLICY" IS NO SOLUTION TO
THE BACKWARD SITUATION OF THE VILLAGES.

Once they were full of dreams; once they were full
of hopes; once they were full of enthusiasm. The reality
of life, however, drove them to question: Are we the
reformers of the villages? Or are we the victims of
surplus workers in the cities?

Numerous undesirable facts, crimes and ugliness
had cast a gloomy shadow over Yuk-tse's original ideal.
The once beautiful, colorful flowers were all shattered.
The petals had fallen and drifted apart; the beauty
was lost, forever.

Two days ago, she witnessed the struggle of a group
of shifted youths. It was, indeed, a struggle of blood.
They placed two symbolic coffins in front of the City
Government Building and sang their battle march.

"... today I'll die bravely in the battlefield,
today!" Fearlessly, scornfully, spitefully, they sang,
"... today, I'll die bravely in the battlefield,
today. ... "

No, it was not the government who took the first move
to stop them. It was a group of students with "idealism"
in their minds. They beat the "rebels;" they drove them
away; they tainted their own hands with their brothers' blood.

All these, Yuk-tse witnessed. She stopped one of the killers and demanded, "Do you have a conscience at all?"

For a moment he was startled by this girl's abrupt rashness.

"These people back-flow into the city. They are betrayers of the revolution. They deserve punishment!" Several killers rushed forth and shouted contemptuously and scornfully.

"Didn't you read their appeals? Didn't you read them? Aren't they human beings too?"

These killers, like herself, were wearing armbands of the Reactionary Party. Revolution! But what was it for? She looked at these "comrades"—without sympathy, without conscience, incapable of human love and emotions—they killed their own people; they harmed their own brothers—what were all these for? She felt a pain at heart. She was disillusioned. And yet this party was the party she once chose to join, with hope, with love, with ideals at heart.

Yes. Ideals. Ideals against reality; political propaganda against actual society; all running in
opposite directions. Society was hypocritical; history was hypocritical; even the "revolutionary masses" were deceiving themselves, unconsciously, unaware, but still they were deceiving themselves.

"Our today is your tomorrow. The day will come!" the victims uttered, their tone full of warning and revenge.

... 

XII

Ah Chuen's room was small but nicely and neatly decorated. The tiny little flowers of the wallpaper surrounded the room. Right below the window was a tea-stand with a vase of white Yuk-lan flower on it.

Electricity supply to the factory had been cut off for many days. The regular employees still reported as usual and were paid. The contract workers, temporary workers and Service Agency workers, however, were excluded from the welfare policy. On days without electricity, they could only wait at home, unpaid.

"Hey, Ah Chuen! Are you really that satisfied? Just because you have a girlfriend, you can't ignore the whole world, can you?"
Ha Tse pushed open the door and walked in.

Following her were Ah Cheung and several other co-workers at the factory.

But how could they expect this young couple, so preoccupied with love, to share their anxiety about work and livelihood?

"Workers of other factories are all bugging the Revolution Committee, you know!" Ah Cheung said.

"Don't you know the Hiu Bing case? He's fasting for our sake. He's a newspaper reporter but he's put up posters to criticize the contract worker, temporary worker and Service Agency worker system. Twenty whole pages. Took two big walls to post them all. An intellectual, you know. He might get fired doing all these but he does these all for our rights. How come we ourselves got so numb?"

Speaking, Ha Tse pushed Ah Chuen out of the room.

"Oh am I confused. What're you shouting about? Many unemployed people got shifted to the villages and here we are—got our jobs, got enough to eat. What's the big deal about work stopping for a few days and not being paid . . . ?"

Ah Chuen was known to be helpful and generous. He took some bills out of his billfold and said,
"Whoever needs money urgently, take this!"

"Who cares about your money? You dummy!" Ha Tse was annoyed. "We're fighting for equal rights!" She grabbed the bills and threw them all onto the floor.

"Don't be annoyed like that, Ha Tse," Ah Chuen said, with an innocent but idiotic smile on his face. He took the red armband from Ha Tse's hand and pinned it to his sleeve. "Since you all decided to go, I go. I go."

The small team of workers, all wearing their hastily made Reactionary Party armbands, were ready to go.

"The property of a country belongs to the people. We're working for the country too, why shouldn't we enjoy equal rights?"

Ha Tse and Yuk-lan walked at the front line, discussing and commenting on the way. Ha Tse looked even tougher ever since the movement had started.

They were not alone. On the way, they kept running into the other teams coming from all directions—teams of all sizes, ranging from groups of five or six to thirty or even fifty persons. Teams waving flags or wearing red armbands were all marching towards the City Government Building. The number of teams increased as they got closer and closer to the Building.

Among the people Yuk-lan met Yu-ho. After much
manipulation and effort, Yu-ho had finally found a job in an electric plating society governed by a Service Agency.

Arriving at the City Government Building, the unrelated teams automatically joined together and formed a huge protesting troop, pouring towards the square in front of the Building.

There was a black, black team stinking with the smell of machinery oil. It was the team of the lowest rank workers. For the first time, they emerged in the movement. This team, indeed, had in it an overwhelming force which the students' teams lacked.

On behalf of the Revolution Committee, Mr. Kwan of the Production Section met the worker representatives. After hearing their appeals, surprisingly, he was completely on the workers' side.

"You're right," he said. "I agree with you. I'm on your side. All workers are masters of the country. Why should there be ranks among them? Whose idea was that? I never heard that before. Liu Shao-chi. It must be Liu Shao-chi. All right, you all go back and keep learning. You'll be paid during the electricity black-out period."

"We've won!"
The worker representatives announced this piece of incredibly good news.

"Dare that son-of-a-bitch factory supervisor bug me anymore, ugh!" Ah Cheung spat into his palms and, rubbing his hands aggressively, said, "See me crumble his goddamn head!"

"See? I've told you before. The heads are good. It's the cadres under them who're bad," Ah Chuen, shaking his head, told Yuk-lan seriously.

Yuk-lan, Ha Tse, and Yu-ho were busily discussing among themselves; none of them heard Ah Chuen.

The workers' teams, now loaded with hopes and dreams, scattered into all directions.

Ha Tse, leading a small group of workers, headed towards the Daily News.18

Finally, they saw the Fasting Platform a long way away. Two ping-pong tables were piled upon each other to form the platform. The hero, who was fasting "for the good of the people," was sitting on a chair in the middle of the platform. At first he was standing there, later on somebody brought him the chair.

A large crowd was gathering in front of the platform. People were squeezing in and pushing against each other, trying to get to the front. Some climbed onto the
bamboo scaffolding by the roadside; some even climbed onto the protruding cement sills of the houses. Everyone—people who applauded, people who were sympathetic, people who came for fun, several students who were against the action—was red and hot and sweating. The crowd was getting bigger and bigger, blocking a large section of the road.

Squeezing and elbowing and pushing, Ha Tse and her followers finally managed to get to the front. They threw their own Chairman buckles and Sayings onto the ping-pong table. Yuk-lan, too, carefully and respectfully placed her own palm sized buckle onto the table which was already heavily loaded with buckles and Sayings. Several bunches of flowers lay scatteredly on top. Among them were also banana skins, rotten tomatoes and small stones.

"Comrades! Today we are all here, together. Let's join together and twist together into a cable; let's fight with our lives against this capitalistic system. Our country is a Socialist country, but what about our economic system? It's blood and brother to the Capitalistic economic system. Contract workers, temporary workers, Service Agency workers. What are these? Aren't they the very naked essence of Capitalistic exploitation?" In
his feeble strength, the fasting practicer struggled to stand up and shouted to the public with his dry, hoarse but angry voice. He was Hiu Bing. This was his second day on fast, and just recently he had decided to go without water.

Instantaneously the whole crowd applauded. Hiu Bing, however, fell back to the wooden chair helplessly. His clothes were pinned all over with buckles and full of the dirty traces of rotten fruit skins.

Somebody jumped onto the platform and handed him a loud-speaker.

"Exactly! We are the exploited! We are the exploited!" Ha Tse shouted. Echoes arose immediately.

Applause, shouts, cries, arose and were echoed among the crowd. Everybody was shouting at the top of his voice. All were discussing loudly with each other. Everybody, it seemed, was seeking to pour out the discontent, the rage, the anger that had been leaping and jumping at the bottom of his heart and yet had been, for a very long time, suppressed.

"We contract workers do the same amount of work, how come we're paid less than the regular workers? How come we aren't protected by the welfare policy? Aren't we human beings too?" Ah Chuen said.
"We Service Agency workers are even worse off! With that little pay, we've gotta pay Service Agency tax!" It was Yuk-lan.

"You only pay 20% tax! How about us? We small factories governed by those Service Agencies gotta pay 60% tax once the income exceeds a hundred Yuans! Where did all our blood and sweat flow? What's all our toil for?"

"Can you imagine that? We beg and beg like dogs just to be registered in the Service Agency. When luck goes hard, ugh! Don't even get the right to be exploited!"

All these were facts, facts that everybody knew well enough but nobody had spoken out about before. Now, though spoken out, nothing was changed except a chance for the people to release their heart-felt discontent.

"Remember, brothers!" The dry, hoarse voice was speaking through the loud-speaker. The crowd was a little shocked by the sudden interruption. "This is not a provincial system. It is legally set up and backed up by the Congress. A strong opponent indeed! If we want to win, we must have the determination and courage to fight, fight to death!"

The crowd became restless again.

"Yes! Fight to death! That's right!" Ah Chuen, clenching his fist, said.
"You reactionaries!" An arm grasped Ah Chuen's collar from behind and tossed him aside vigorously. A team of workers wearing Conservative Party armbands dashed through the crowd and headed towards the platform.

"Down with Economism! Beware of the enemies! Don't be used by the class enemies!" A man wearing black spectacles jumped onto the platform and waved to the crowd like a commander.

"Son of a bitch! He gave the Reactionary Party a bad name! Pull him down!"

Some students wearing Reactionary Party armbands started to fight against a group of Conservative Party workers. Two students dashed onto the platform and knocked down the man with glasses.

"We are workers of the Reactionary Party! We will support our contract and Service Agency worker brothers! We will! We will!"

The crowd was stirred. The teams of different parties were disorganized. Whenever people ran into people of the other parties, quarrels and fights began. Several fights were already going on. Some people were struggling to get out of the crowd; others, however, fought their way to move further into it.

Yuk-lan saw Yuk-tse a distance away, somewhere close
to the platform. The sleeve of her once white but now yellowish shirt was torn. She was struggling and struggling to move forward.

"Yuk-lan!"

A familiar voice called her, nearly next to her ear.

"Oh?"

She turned around, shocked; then she drooped her head.

"Go, hurry. Go away. Once the Police Commissioner's car arrives they'd start arresting people. You're so weak. Take good care of yourself."

It was Siu-ning. As he was pulling down his red armband, he said breathlessly, "The fasting spirit is good, but it's against the policy, you know. Now the Revolution Committee is set up and situations are different. Fasting means going against the government and that's against the revolution. Bad enough to get people into jail. . . ."

The loud honking disrupted his voice. The Police Commissioner's car moved slowly and warily into the crowd. Immediately it was surrounded by the mass.

"Go! C'mon, let's go! I saw you over there, had to struggle real hard to come over here to you. . . ."

He grasped her hand, and nearly dragging her, pushed
their way among the people to get out of the crowd. Yuk-lan kept turning back to see. Ah Chuen, Yuk-tse, Ha Tse, Yu-ho, all had disappeared. She could not even see one familiar face. The Police Commissioner's car was turned over and lying at the roadside.

The following day, she heard that Hiu Bing was arrested: it was done at night when there were only a few people around. Then it was said that he died of starvation. In the detention room, he still kept on fasting.

The factories, taking the opportunity of the workers' failure, fired a number of Service Agency workers. Since Yuk-lan was weak and sick, the woman on the Personnel Committee grasped the chance and fired her. Ha Tse, at the same time, was fired for organizing the workers to cause trouble.

"Hiu Bing was once mentally sick. He was poor and his education, you know, was provided by the government all the way through to university. His mother died of starvation when we were having economic depression. He then turned mad. Well, she was the only person close to him. . . ."

Stories about Hiu Bing flowed among the masses. The general public referred to him as a mad person.
Only those who, for their own benefits, had fought on the same line with him, would remember him, forever.
The complete story of "Yuk-lan" consists of fourteen chapters written in approximately 20,000 words in Chinese. In the chronological narration of the life of a simple, kind-hearted young girl, the author has drawn heavily on the social and political changes and unrest that had taken place in Mainland China during the early stages of the Communist government.

By placing Yuk-lan's birth a few years before the Communist rule and by placing her in a traditional family, the author has powerfully expressed her anger against the undesirable aspects of the old feudal society—widespread illiteracy, superstitions, prejudice against women—which no longer exist in China today. Meanwhile, by placing Yuk-lan in a well-to-do family, the author has been able to trace the changes that a bourgeois family undergoes in the changing society. Also, in the presentation of different incidents, the author has touched on the educational system, the welfare policy and the labor system. The story, in short, is not only the portrayal of the character Yuk-lan, but also a chronological report of the evolution of modern China. I must stress, however, that this is a report which has drawn heavily on the
hardships of the people and omitted the achievements of the Communist government.

The characterization of Yuk-lan is mostly developed through her childhood experience, her love experiences, and her strong sense of motherhood. In the narration of these incidents, the author has drawn on social hardships, interpersonal relationships and values of judgment in the old and the new societies, the educational system, the welfare policy, and the medical development in Mainland China up to the time of the Cultural Revolution. Some of these elements, however, are not contained in the portions selected for this translation.

Out of the fourteen chapters, I have chosen to translate the chapters which deal specifically with particular campaigns or movements that the country underwent. Such a selection, inevitably, has stressed the documentary function but sacrificed the other excellences of the work.

In his speech "On the Ten Major Relations" given on April 25, 1956, Chairman Mao stressed the importance of industrial and agricultural development and carefully analyzed the interrelationship between the two. The sections in "Yuk-lan" on the purging of sparrows and on the steel refinery campaign reveal dramatically some
of the measures that had been taken to promote industrial and agricultural outputs.

The climax of the story lies in the chapters on the workers' uprising and the "Hiu Bing case." In these chapters, the author has not only presented the social and economic unrest, but also analyzed the labor system at that time. Then again, the vivid picture of the masses is one of the master strokes of the work.

The language of the workers is an important element in picturing successfully the anger and discontent of the masses. In a realistic presentation of such episodes, foul language is inevitable. In translating such language I have tried to convey the mood of the masses by retaining their coarse expression. In the original, the workers' language both preserves the characteristic Cantonese expression and reveals some of the moral concepts of the traditional society:

I have translated this conversation as follows:

"Dammit! All those bloody guys playin' tricks 'n pullin' relationships got jobs
in the factories. What the hell they think we are? Leftovers? Go! Go get Wan Devil! It's all that Devil's fault!"

"Shit! I ain't been able to get a job for two years. Well I don't really care about it that much anyhow. The big thing's to get Wan Devil 'n give her a tough good beating. That bitch!" (p. 22)

A translation that attempts to follow closely the literal content of the Chinese characters would read like this:

"Damn! Those who flattered, those who took the back-doors, one by one got into the factories, as if we're sons of the concubines. Go get Wan Devil! She's responsible."

"I got tucked in the 'cold palace' for two years already. Getting a job is secondary. We must give Wan Devil a tough good beating. Only that can reduce your old Pa's anger!"

Concubines, undoubtedly, no longer exist in China; "cold palace," a term referring to the fate of the concubines deserted by the emperors, has been extended to refer to any ignored persons. Occurring in this anti-communist story, these terms ironically highlight a great achievement of the Communist government—the improvement of the status
of women in the Chinese society. "Old Pa" is often used in times of anger to address oneself as an insult to one's opponents. This expression, most probably, evolved from the ethical system of the traditional Chinese society in which the elders were respected because of their ages.

In my translation, I have chosen to convey the anger and frustration of the workers rather than the historical and etymological background of their words. I have tried to be faithful to the sense and situation rather than to the old implications of the Chinese characters.

Apart from the documentary function, the five chapters included in this translation embody the spirit and pattern which are present in all the other works collected in Cries of Anguish—there is a great change of attitude between the earlier and the later chapters—a change from enthusiasm to disillusionment, from co-operation to distrust, from obedience to disorder.

Like all the other writings in Cries of Anguish, "Yuk-lan" reveals the author as a young person who once built her dreams and ideals on communism but was gradually lost in the midst of disillusionment. This sense of disillusionment is most deeply presented in the character of Yuk-tse, Yuk-lan's younger sister. Having witnessed
inequality, hatred and disorder, Yuk-tse realized that her beautiful dream of an ideal society of love and equality was broken. The theme of the broken dream is also expressed through the words of the fasting practitioner, Hiu Bing: "Our country is a Socialist country, but what about our economic system? It's blood and brother to the Capitalistic economic system" (p. 40).

The particular spirit of the works collected in Cries of Anguish is best expressed in the title of a poem by Yi Tung (意通) in the Poetry section: "I'm Afraid That What I Love Is Only the Beauty in My Heart" (p. 26). Because of this spirit, the editor, Ng Mong, has proposed to name this type of literature "Awakening Literature" (觉醒文学), which, I feel, is appropriate. I hope that more of the "Awakening Literature" will be translated in the future so that its uniqueness and its spirit will be more fully revealed.
NOTES

1 Ng Mong (吳聲), ed., "Introduction," Cries of Anguish: An Anthology of Post-Cultural Revolution Literature by Chinese Youths (故有激鬱動盡言 文化大革命後中國青斗詩文選), (Hong Kong: The Seventies Biweekly [t+i.f]i insomnia], 1974), p. 1. Hereafter, citations from this anthology will be indicated in parentheses in the thesis text.

2 "Cries of Anguish: An Anthology of Post-Cultural Revolution Literature by Chinese Youths should not be considered as one of the 'anti-communist' writings published in the past. During the fifties and the sixties, many 'anti-communist' writings were published in Hong Kong. Most of them were supported by organizations with strong political background. The publication of this anthology, however, is entirely the effort of the young people themselves. In spite of the great difficulties that they had encountered in promoting funds for the publication, they despised making use of these writings to obtain any money from sources with a special background. They are perfectly correct. And here lies the meaning of the anthology--for the first time, the young people of Mainland China and Hong Kong, out of their own will, co-operated. This had never happened before." Hu Ku-jen (胡菊人), "Sketches of Thought" (集思錄), Ming Pao Daily News (明報日報), Sept. 8, 1974, p. 6.

3 Yu Suet (雪玉), "Yuk-lan" (玉蘭), pp. 191-248 in Cries of Anguish. At present nothing is known about
the author. Because of the political circumstances, this name is probably a pseudonym. Judging from the word "Suet" (雪 [snow]), which has a strong implication of femininity in the Chinese language, and, judging from the style, the tone and the emphasis on the portrayal of women in the two stories by this author, "Yuk-lan" and "A Sorrowful Soul: The Journals of a Schizophrenic" (悲傷的靈魂: 一個精神病者的自記), I assume that she is a woman.

4 Siu-ning Ma (兆 警): "Ma" (妈) means "mother." This form should not be confused with the "Ma" (馬), a surname, in the case of "Ma Siu-ning" (馬 警). "Siu-ning Ma" means "the mother of Siu-ning." In Southern China, particularly among the lower class people, it is a common practice to address one's neighborhood women as "the mother of" their children.

5 Kaifong (開坊): "Kai" (開) means "street;" "Fong" (坊) means "a small area." Both terms are units of area in an ancient system; now they are often combined to mean "close neighborhood."

6 Shifted to the countryside (下乡): It is the principle of the Communist Party that one should learn from the peasants and out of one's laboring experience. During the Cultural Revolution period, young people graduating from high schools were required to work with the peasants before entering the university. This experience, supposedly, would bridge the gap between the intellectuals and the peasants. In this text the
author attempts to reveal another policy which has evolved from this principle. In order to redistribute the population and to develop the rural areas, the Communist Party shifts the people from the cities to the undeveloped areas. The shifted people will have to settle in the new area forever and are responsible for ploughing the land and developing the area.

7Yen Fu (嚴復), "General Remarks on Translation" (天演論譯例言), trans. C. Y. Hsu, Renditions, No. 1 (Spring 1973), 4.

8Yu Sum (余素,): Same as Siu Sum (朱素). "Sum" (素) is her first name. Yuk-lan calls her "Siu Sum" because "Siu" (朱) literally means "young" or "small." "Siu" is usually used as a familiar way to address one's peers or people of a younger generation.

9Li (里): A Chinese unit of measure, equal to about one-third of a mile.

10Yam Kan (陰閻): In some ways equivalent to "hell." "Yam" (閻) is the Cantonese pronunciation of the word "Yin," as in "Yin-Yang" (陰陽). "Yam" means "dark" and connotes "damp." "Kan" (閻) means "location" or "place." I have chosen to use the Cantonese expression because the children named the place not in the sense of "hell," but in the literal sense of "Yam."

11Wan Devil (溫鬼): A pun is played on "Wan." "Wan" (溫), a surname, is pronounced exactly the same
as another word, "Wan" ( Wan ), which means "epidemic disease."

12 Yao Tse ( 毛 ) : Refers to Yuk-lan. "Tse" ( 帥 ) means "elder sister." It is used to address young women, women a little older than oneself, or among peers. Unlike "Siu," which implies the care and concern of an older person for a younger one, "Tse" implies respect. To express intimacy, Yu-ho has dropped the second character, "lan" ( 蘭 ), of Yuk-lan's name and addressed her as "Tse."

13 Struggle ( 斗 ) : Here used as a Communist term. It refers to all the planned and persistent activities, demonstrations, and violence of the revolutionary class conflict. In this specific context in this story, it is used in a much narrower sense, as a transitive verb. "To struggle a person" means to put a person under a series of severe criticism, accusation and revelation of the crimes committed. Violence and torture are often involved.

14 Yao-tse ( 毛 水 ) : Yuk-lan's younger sister. This should not be confused with "Yao Tse" (Note 12) in which Yu-ho has dropped the last part of Yuk-lan's name and called her "Tse." In Cantonese the "Tse" ( 師 ) of "Yao Tse" and the "tse" ( 戶 ) of "Yao-tse" are similarly pronounced but in different tones.

15 Ah Chuen ( 阿 ) : Yuk-lan's husband. At this time they were living together but not yet married. The couple did not register for marriage until Yuk-lan was pregnant.
Yuk-lan flowers: The transliteration of Magnolia.

Ha Tse (鬼)：A woman working at the factory where Yuk-lan and Ah Chuen worked. She was a protective woman and treated Ah Chuen like a younger brother. It was also through her help that Ah Chuen and Yuk-lan were brought together.

Daily News: In the original the exact name of the Daily News is represented by "XX." The author sought to preserve anonymity of persons and places.

Chairman buckles and Sayings: Buckles engraved with Chairman Mao's image and books of Chairman Mao's sayings.

Yuan (元): The currency of the People's Republic of China. In the summer of 1972, the exchange rate was approximately US$2.5 to one Yuan. In Chapter VIII of "Yuk-lan," the author has mentioned that Yuk-lan Ma's wages had been reduced from eighty Yuans to forty Yuans a month. According to Tai Chung Kang (台中港), a monthly Chinese magazine published by a group of Chinese students at Iowa State University, in 1974, the average income of a family in which both spouses were working was about 154 Yuans while the monthly expense was about 113 Yuans. For further details, consult: Cheung Ming (張明), "Life in Peking: A Sketch" (北京生活一覽), Tai Chung Kang (台中港), No. 14-15 (April-May 1977), 1-4.
21Siu-ning (鈴): Yuk-lan's second lover. For a brief account of their love see pp. 5-6 of this thesis.

BIBLIOGRAPHY


