

Document 11.9: Excerpts from “New Faith,” a short story by Ding Ling, 1939

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Beyond the meager stands of trees, on the farthest reach of the plain, the village of Xiliu lay serenely. Leafless branches of the willows along the embankment outside the village whipped madly in the blasting winter wind. Under the willow trees, a whitewashed, mud-brick wall glimmered in the frozen slush, the sickly ashen white augmenting the bitter, forbidding gloom. A tall pagodalike building stood alone at the village gate. It looked like a lonely old man, wrapped in black garments sheened with age, standing at dusk gazing forlornly into the distance.

It really was dusk. The village rested in an evening haze. Yet virtually none of the mist came from dinner fires.

One after another, flocks of crows circled above the village, then flew off to the jujube grove on the hillside. Little birds that had already found their roosts in the grove chirped uncertainly, startled by the new arrivals.

What really alarmed them was the looming shadow of a man walking heavily down the hillside. At each step, his old, black, wadded-cotton shoes made a crunching noise as they shattered the thin layer of ice frozen on the tufts of grass. A wild hen with beautiful plumage fled in fear toward the grove.

Like a prisoner on his way to execution, Chen Xinhan used all his strength to keep from falling down. His listless eyes stared blankly at the sky; seemingly terrified that he might catch sight of something horrible, he hardly dared glance around. His footsteps slowed still further as he rounded the bottom of the hill.

The village was no longer deadly silent, but, like a patient just waking from a coma, moaned tiredly. It was already dark. What was that tapping noise? It sounded like a hoe striking the frozen ground. He couldn't tell from the women's voices whether they were calling or sobbing, so much did they sound like choruses of doleful, starving wolves howling late at night on the empty mountaintop. Urgent, wincing terror gripped Chen Xinhan as he heard these sounds clear as a bell. He couldn't stop a shudder from running through his body. He stood stupefied. Then, mustering courage once again, and drawn by desperate hope, he walked down the hill

toward a village now encompassed in an iridescent mist that left only the vague outlines of rooftops visible.

Two human shapes moved out of the village through the evening darkness, soundlessly, single file, carrying something. When Chen Xinhan realized that the object they were carrying between them was a human body, he felt stricken. His steps became increasingly hesitant. He felt a rekindled anxiety. He walked to a spot close by and watched them, carefully noting every move they made.

Digging fitfully into the earth beside the body, the two men soon rapidly, vigorously tossed loose soil back into the pit, gradually filling it up. Then they packed it down, leaving a raised earthen mound in the shape of a *mantou* bun. After a few final pats, the two men turned back to the familiar path and headed for home. By mutual consent not a word had been spoken. Only as they left did one of the two sigh deeply.

“Hey, hey, tell me. Who’s in that hole? Who is it?” Chen Xinhan grabbed at them. The moaning timbre of a sick animal sounded in his voice.

“It’s Mister Zhang. We found him in his grandson’s house. He’d probably been dumped there,” one of them answered.

“His granddaughter-in-law was lying stark naked right next to him,” the other continued. “She was stuck to the ground by her own congealed blood. Look. She’s right over there sleeping so peacefully now. The one on the right.”

Chen Xinhan let them go and fell in behind them. There was something lodged in his throat that he dared not say aloud. The younger of the two men broke the silence: “Where’d you run off to the last couple of days, Uncle Chen. Better get on home fast. Your brother’s already back.”

“Erguan? When did he get back?” Chen didn’t wait for the answer. His legs had found new strength, his stride lengthened; he raised his head as one scene after another ran through his mind. Though trivial, these incidents still moved him deeply.

By then they’d entered the village proper. The darkness made it impossible to tell if any major changes had occurred, so his fearfulness changed to hope. Chen Xinhan left the gravediggers behind. He rushed off toward his house.

He’d left it five days before. Around dawn he’d heard a burst of gunfire coming from just outside the village. He’d leaped out of bed. His wife was already up, and his fifteen-year-old

daughter, Jingu, ashen faced, came bursting into the room. Everybody knew what was happening. “Run!” he said. “Get to Granny’s house by the back route on the other side of the hill.”

“Daddy, oh, Daddy! If we have to die, let’s die together.”

“Where’s my sheepskin vest?”

“Don’t worry about your things now! The Japs are nearly here...”

He’d dragged out his bound-foot wife with one hand, his pretty young daughter with the other. Jingu ran crazed with panic. Her face looked hideous, disguised with smears of soot and dirt. They ran ahead of the crowd and soon reached the top of the hill. But then his wife started sobbing. Had their second daughter and their son gotten away? And what about Chen Xinhan’s fifty-seven-year-old mother? So leaving the women to flee with the crowd, he slipped off and went back toward the village. People grabbed him, saying, “Don’t turn back! Run for your life!” but he didn’t know the meaning of fear because his only concern was to rescue his mother. He searched the sweeping tide of people shouting her name...

His sister-in-law, Erguan’s wife, limped up to him, lugging her one-year-old daughter.

“Mama? Have you seen Mama?”

“A little while ago. She got out before me. She’s got Yingu and Tongguan. Where’re we going?”

“Granny’s. Hurry!”

But he couldn’t flee with her. Instead he headed for home. The village was in total chaos. Bullets flew around his head, people screamed for help. The outlying houses were in flames, and white smoke rolled into the village. There wasn’t a soul at his house, just a few chickens darting around the courtyard screeching. He nearly walked right into a hail of bullets. With a shout, he dodged back. He could hear hoofbeats bearing down on him but couldn’t risk the time to glance at his rear. The skies were falling, the earth splitting behind him. Crushed, people hadn’t the time to draw their next breath; only the sounds of a sharp cry, gasps.

Nor did he find any of his family along the road back. He traded inquiries with several people from the village he came across, but nobody could give any satisfactory answers.

He walked over to look at two old crones sitting at the top of the hill whining and sobbing with grief, but neither of them was his mother. Exhausted children straggled along, none of them his Tongguan. And now he couldn’t even find his wife and daughter. If only he could find

Erguan's wife, everything would be fine. But not a trace of her was to be seen. He rested and waited around a bit, as refugees streamed past, yet not one of them was a member of his family.

"It was a whole regiment!"

"They hacked farmhands to death!"

"Will our Xiliu Village be destroyed this time?"

"I kept telling you they'd come!"

"So now we're all going to get it."

"This... This was preordained."

Panic was more contagious standing there in a crowd, so he went off by himself. He walked to the village of Zhangjiawan, about twelve miles away. Only twenty or thirty families lived there. It had always been a very quiet place without much coming and going, and the people there had few connections with outsiders. Their existence resembled that of primitive people. His wife's parents lived there.

No one else came that evening after he arrived to join his wife and Jingu [his fifteen-year-old daughter]. He spent the whole next day searching and hearing nothing but bad news about the village. On the third day, he sent word to his brothers. On the fourth, he got a return message. They reported that they'd be going home before long—beyond that nothing was certain. On the fifth day, he went out again and had good news by afternoon. The guerrillas had retaken Xiliu, and people had already begun moving back. So he did too, just to see how things stood. He was very frightened. He couldn't bear thinking about what might have happened to his family there, but he had to go back. Harried and anxious, he had left for home.

Now he was already feeling better. He's seen nothing unpropitious, perhaps because nothing bad had happened. The two gravediggers, however, had neglected to tell him one thing: that very afternoon they'd buried a boy named Tongguan. His only son....

Chen Xinhuan, his wife and his daughter are devastated by the little boy's death at the hands of Japanese soldiers and anxious that Chen's mother and another daughter are still among the missing.

Nightfall brought snowfall, and the darkness pressed down on the snow. Thick, interminable, nebulous layers of clouds wafted slowly to the ground. The wind tore madly at the paper windows and poured in through the cracks. Inside, twilight turned to darkness. People's feelings changed too, from anxious resentment to deep grief. Their sobbing subsided. They groaned as they mourned the dead....

They began to wait in hope for their pitiful white-haired granny and innocent young daughter.

3

The north wind, swirling the silent snow, swept mercilessly across the plains and the hills on a rampage. Excruciating, bitter cold and the ravaging darkness ruled the universe of night. Walls and roofs were scarce in this land laid waste. People huddled together like dogs. And the dogs curled up in the ruins, tails between their legs, so worn down that even when they saw something move, they'd just close their eyes again.

Chen Xinhan's family had spent most of the night in a fervor of hope. Now only Jingu was still on her feet, feeding the fire, adding more water to the steaming wok. Again and again she asked, "Second Uncle, do you think Granny will come back?"...

A bleak day dawned. The endless blackness turned slowly to pale gray, and from the remote sky snowflakes came raining down thick and fast, whirling ever downward. No birds sang. No cocks crowed. Even the dogs did not bark. The snow covered the destruction, the tattered mess; frozen, the ordure, animal bones, and feathers all became invisible. The entire blood-soaked land disappeared under the frozen snow. The only things left were black words on a white wall: "Extirpate Communism! Support the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere!" written over the scrubbed out, faded inscription "Drive Japanese Imperialism out of China!" Now the darker words were being disfigured too, by rivulets of melting snow running like snot and tears down a weeping face.

There was only one living thing moving about on the plain. Then it too collapsed. Covered with snow, had it not begun instinctively to crawl forward again, it would have been impossible to spot. Gradually this living thing moved into the village. It was human. But no one was around once more to drive off a curious dog. Weakly it waved its arms, tried to straighten its

bent back. Fearfully, listing, it staggered toward a familiar house. The dog no longer recognized this human being. Listless, yet unwilling to leave it, the dog tailed it. A simple desire had brought the thing to Chen Xinhan's yard, but once there it lay immobile, like a broken tile, on the ground. Two greedy yellow eyes gazed down; it was too weak to drive the dog away again, too weak even to cry out. It could only moan and close its dry and withered eyes. Another dog came through a hole in the courtyard wall and barked twice. The first dog leaped forward, barking back. The body on the ground groaned again.

"Father!" cried newly awakened Jingu. "I hear something outside!"

"Dogfight."

"I hate that disgusting noise. I'll go chase them off."

Jingu slipped off the *kang* and picked up a lump of coal. Both dogs barked menacingly at her as she stepped through the doorway. She threw the coal at them and they ran off barking.

"She can't even leave the dogs alone," grumbled her mother under the quilt.

"Second Uncle! Hey, there's something in the yard!"

The girl stepped closer as the dogs barked furiously. Jingu drove them off then kicked at the body. It opened its eyes a little and moaned. Then Jingu uttered a horrified, inhuman shriek like a bamboo rent in two.

Following a lot of frantic activity, the body, now dressed in dry cotton-padded garments, lay unconscious on the warm *kang*. Strands of wispy hair glued onto the sockets of her empty, sunken eyes. Second Sister-in-law fed her hot rice gruel. Jingu threw herself down next to her mommy's feet and wept. The baby, who didn't recognize the granny who'd always carried him around and kissed him all the time, sat in a corner of the *kang* afraid to make a sound. Chen Xinhan had already gone for a doctor. His wife was sobbing uncontrollably as she thought of her vanished daughter. She wanted her back!

"Ma, do you recognize us now?" Chen Zuohan asked repeatedly. But the old woman could not give him a satisfactory answer. She couldn't even gesture to him.

He watched her protectively, her terribly aged face, two dead, fishlike eyes inlaid in a piece of burnt wood. His hatred fanned into a great flame. "Ma." He directed each deliberate syllable toward that wooden face. "Ma! You can die in peace now. Your son will give his life to revenge you. I live on now only for Jap blood! I'll give my life for you, this village, Shanxi

Province, the nation of China! I want Japanese blood so I can cleanse and fertilize our land. I want Jap blood!”

Like the intoned chant at an exorcism, his spell brought her slowly back to life. The old woman on the *kang* moved. Her lips quivered. “Japs!” she cried a moment later in mortal terror. She’d recovered consciousness. She looked speechlessly at her daughters-in-law and grandchildren, as tears streamed from her eyes; then, like a duck with its throat cut, wings flapping convulsively, neck writhing, she bent her head down and sobbed like a child.

“Granny! Granny! Granny!” The room was suffused with sorrow, to be sure. Yet new buds of warmth and hope had also begun to flower.

4

The strength of her desire to live quickly restored the old woman’s health. A few days later she was sitting in the yard sunning herself, surrounded by the other women in the family. She was telling a story.

“Oh, that girl screamed and yelled, pounding her legs like the sticks on a big drum, her pale white belly writhing...”

“Don’t, Granny, don’t. I’m scared!” Jingu hid her face in her hands.

“Three Japs climbed on her at the same time.” She seemed to enjoy intimidating her granddaughter. “She couldn’t even scream anymore; her face turned purple...Unh... Unh... unh... she moaned like a cow. Even childbirth isn’t as painful as that. She looked at me, so I told her, “Bite your tongue off. Bite! Hard! I figured she’d be better off dead.”

“Oh, Granny, Granny!” The women’s faces blanched.

“She died too. But not from biting off her tongue,” the old woman continued smugly. “Her naked carcass lay in a big pool of blood; more than if she’d had a baby. Her chest was all bloody too, blood running down her midriff, down her shoulders. They’d chewed off her little nipples.” With demonic eyes she stared like a witch at her granddaughter’s face. “Nipples no bigger than yours! Her sweet little face was all chewed up as well, like a maggoty apple. And she still kept looking at me with those big round eyes.”

The old lady had changed. Didn’t she love her own family anymore? Why was she always terrorizing them? When they sighed or cried, she’d become incensed and shout, “Go right

ahead, cry your eyes out! Nothing but a pot of worthless piss. Just wait. The Japs will be back...” And if she saw their faces blaze red with anger, she’d feel quite satisfied at the fire she’d started.

At first she’d stop telling her stories when she saw her sons. She was afraid of their searching glances, and besides, the personal shame and sorrow she felt kept her from going on when they were around. She described how her other granddaughter had died. The thirteen-year-old child had served as a “comfort girl.” Half dead of terror from being crushed under the heavy soldiers’ bodies, she kept screaming for her mommy and grandma. She only “comforted” two soldiers before they threw her into a corner. She lived a day longer, tears visible on her ashen face. Just before the old lady was sent to the “Home of Respect for the Aged,” they dragged Yingu off, still alive. Her grandmother said that they probably threw her to the dogs alive.

She’d also witnessed Tongguan’s death. She described it in detail without a thought to the unbearable grief it would cause her daughter-in-law. She said Tongguan was a good child because he wouldn’t obey them. He kept on even with a bayonet pointed at him; when he tried to get away, the Jap skewered him and even then he didn’t cry. He died well.

She’d seen too much. In the last ten days, she’d seen more evil than she’d witnessed before in her whole life. When the neighbors came to ask about their relatives she would tell them truthfully how their parents, wives, and children had been sacrificed under the butcher’s knife and how, while alive, they had suffered endless pain.

The old lady had never been much of a talker, but now, seeing the effect her stories had, she felt a lot more comfortable. She got sympathy and understanding from telling stories, and it made her realize that other people shared the hatred she felt. For that reason, she just forgot to be timid. At first she tended to stutter and hesitate, and then she’d cry. But by watching her listeners’ faces, she’d learned how to phrase her tales most effectively.

She told them about her own humiliations too, about what she’d had to do at the “Home.” She’d washed their clothes, stitched their little Japanese flags, endured their whippings. Whenever she reached that point, she’d pull back her sleeves and unbutton her collar to show where her scars were. She’d also had to sleep with a man. An old Chinese man had been forced to do it to her while the Japs all stood around watching. “Please don’t hate me,” the old man had sobbed, as his tears fell on her face.

She began touring the entire village, crowds following behind her pointing out all the places where specific atrocities had taken place.

“You’re not going to forget this now, are you?” she’d shout at them belligerently....

Soon the grandmother was telling and retelling her story constantly to anyone who would listen. Her family didn’t know how to handle it. Chen Xihan promised revenge; another son suggested perhaps keeping her tied up at home so she couldn’t go out.

5

When her third son, Chen Lihan—her youngest and best loved—got back, he stroked his mother’s white hair and stammered, “I apologize, Ma. You wouldn’t have fallen into Jap hands if I’d been home that day. But you can’t always have things your own way once you join the army.”

“And what good would you be to me if you hadn’t enlisted?” she looked her son over. He was a young man of twenty or so, wearing a short jacket, a pistol strapped to his waist. The sight of him seemed to satisfy her. “It’s a world of guns now, Sanguan. Just tell me, how many Japs have you killed?”

She didn’t need to complain to him about how she’d suffered, because he didn’t need to be told. She vastly preferred listening to stories about fighting the Japanese, feeling more comfort from that.

“Well,” her son said, “since you are not afraid of hearing about such things, I’ll tell you.”

Chen Lihan’s face lit up immediately. He stood straight and tall and launched into his story: how they’d counterattacked and occupied this village, Xiliu, killing more than twenty Japs, and then moved on to retake Dongliu Village and Li Village; how they’d breached the Jap line at Sanyang Village, had had to retreat, but now held it once again. It was impossible to remember for sure how many Japs they’d killed. They had captured a lot of war materiel, including rifles, bullets, and rations. He went on to say that among his group of men was the famous hero Zhang Dachuan, who’d gone to town on his own, with a light machine gun hidden under his jacket. There were too many Jap soldiers around, so he didn’t use it there. But later, on his way out of town, he’d run into a dozen of the bastards, all just begging to die; so he’d shot the hell out of them. Chen Lihan also told about the time they’d caught a Jap soldier and how he and a bunch of the locals were carrying him between them on a pole. But this Jap was really fat. Somehow he’s

gotten away from them along the way, and even with a dozen of them trailing him, they never did get him back.

The old lady stuffed herself full of these stories and couldn't wait to find someone to retell them to.

The grandmother went to neighboring villages and there, too, she told of the terror she'd witnessed and experienced. She also told of the heroic action of the Chinese Communist forces. Many who heard her stories joined the guerrillas.

Sometimes she'd lead a small group back home and hand them over to her son. "Take them," she'd say. "They all want to be like you. They all want guns."...

When her sons talked to her about fighting Japs, she actually felt her love rekindle and was intensely pleased that the hardships she'd suffered rearing them had been worthwhile.

Slowly her daughters-in-law also stopped looking at her askance. Painful recollections and hopes for the future brought the women closer each day, harmonizing their relationships. When the women were alone, they always returned to the same topic of conversation. The frequent bickering that had afflicted the family before disappeared now, replaced by a new love founded on a common idea. The family found a closeness and a unity it had never known before. And none of them ever realized that it was all the doing of the old lady.

6

The sons came home with unusual news. Some people wanted to talk to her. More than likely it was because of her conduct. Little Jingu held her Granny's hand tightly as her Granny reassured her.

"Don't be scared, Granddaughter. Who could treat me worse than the Japs already did? I've taken the worst a body could. If I'm not even afraid of Hell anymore, what's there to be afraid of?"...

But why did they want to see her? Her son couldn't say for sure. All he said was that someone had come from the Association looking for him, asking if she were his mother and what

their address was, but that's all anyone knew about it. He wasn't real clear on what was going on, but he was pretty sure it was nothing to worry about.

The news made them rather uneasy. No stranger had ever come to call on her in her entire life. But she didn't lose any sleep over it that night. She really didn't care much about that sort of thing anymore.

The next day two women came over, one wearing a short jacket like the old woman's, the other, hair bobbed, in a uniform. They were both quite young. Without even a nod to conventional politeness, the old woman asked them in. They spoke first.

"Well, Mother," one of them addressed her in terms of special respect, "you may not know me, but I've known you for a long time. Twice I've heard you giving speeches."

"Speech." She didn't understand the word "speech" and just grunted glumly.

"When I heard you speak, really, I couldn't help crying. Mother, since the Japs got hold of you, you must have seen everything you talk about with you own eyes, right?"

Her expression got friendlier. She thought, "Aha! They've finally come for news." And she began talking in an unending flood of words. They listened patiently to the greater part of the story. "Oh yes, Mother, we're with you on everything," they said when they were able to get a word in edgewise. "We too hate Japs with everything we've got. We try like mad to get people to join up and avenge the Chinese people, but we simply can't speak the way you can. Join our Association, Mother. Our Association tries to tell people these things in order to strike a blow against the Japs."

"Jingu." Without waiting for them to finish, the old lady called her granddaughter, "Jingu, they've come to invite us to join their 'Association.' What do you say to that?" Without waiting for Jingu's reply, she turned back to her visitors. "I don't understand all that stuff," she said. "If you want me, I'll join. I'm not afraid you're just playing tricks on me, either. Two of my three sons joined the guerrillas and the other's in the Peasant Association. So it's all right if I join an association too. I won't lose anything by it, no matter what. Only if I join, my granddaughter has to join too."

They gave Jingu an enthusiastic welcome on the spot and offered the same to the two daughters-in-law.

The Women's Association expanded its membership rapidly after the old woman joined it. She went around every day recruiting, and once women learned she was a member herself,

they all wanted in. And so the women began to do quite a lot of work. Because of this, the old lady felt happier and seemed younger physically and in spirit. One day they decided to hold a big meeting in honor of the victories won by the guerrillas during the last three months. The meeting would take place at the same time as the celebration of International Women's Day on the eighth of March, and women's groups from nearby villages were invited to participate.

On the day of the rally, the old lady led several dozen women from Xiliu Village. Some carried their children; others led them by the hand. But they had not gathered to chat about children. They talked about their work responsibilities. A large number whose feet were bound had walked all the way, only barely aware of their pain and fatigue.

Quite a few had already arrived at the meeting place. The old woman's sons had come too, and many of her acquaintances waved to her from here and there. Gradually all the attention gave her a new feeling, a kind of uneasiness. It resembled shyness but was, in fact, the pride of accomplishment. After a little while, she felt calm again.

Slowly the crowd swelled. To the old woman it looked like a wave rolling in, and she was filled with happiness. So! They've got this many people!

The meeting began. Someone was speaking from the platform. The old woman listened raptly. It seemed to her that the speaker didn't waste a word. Who, listening to this speech, would not be moved by it? How could anyone listening fail to be concerned about the nation? Then they wanted her up on the platform.

When she heard their invitation, she was seized with unspeakable shyness and embarrassment. But her courage returned at once, and tottering a little, she walked to the podium on a wave of applause. Standing on high gazing downward, all she could see was a great mass of densely packed heads stretching out as far as the distant village wall, each with a face looking up at her. She felt rather stunned and giddy: What should I say, she thought. So she began by talking about herself.

"I am an old woman who was molested by the Japanese Imperialist troops. Look, all of you..." and she rolled up her sleeves to show her scars. "What are you scared of?" she said, hearing a murmur of sympathy from below. "This? This is nothing..." Then she described the circumstances of her humiliation in plain, cold language, not trying to save her own face or hide her pain or spare their sensitivities. Her gaze roamed over their faces. They looked miserable! So she shouted, "Don't pity me! You should really pity yourselves! And protect yourselves! Today

you think that I am the only one to be pitied. But, today, if you don't rise up, stand up to the Japs... Ha! Heaven! I really don't want to see you suffer the way I did... I'm old after all. A little more suffering is nothing to me: when I die, that's that, and so what. But look at you, how young you are! You should go on living. You haven't enjoyed what life has to offer. Can you have been born just to suffer, just to get pushed around by Japs?"

"We want to live!" Hundreds of voices shouted in anguish, "We weren't put here for the Japs to degrade and humiliate!"

She took over the burden of pain from those voices. She felt overwhelmed by something. At that instant she had only one desire: to sacrifice herself for their gratification. "I love all of you the same as I love my own sons," she shouted, "I'd die for you, but the Japs would never be satisfied with just me. They want you. They want every place, everywhere. Even a million me's wouldn't be enough to save you. You've got to save yourselves. If you want to stay alive, you'd better find a way to do it... Before, I wasn't even willing to let my sons go out the door, much less fight. Now they're all guerrillas. They might get killed one day, but if they hadn't joined up, they would die even sooner. As long as there are those who can drive away Japs for everyone's sake, I wouldn't mind even if my own sons got killed. And if one of them dies, I'll remember him, you'll remember him, because he did it for all of us!"

Words gushed out of her like a wellspring. She couldn't think of how to stop them even when her excitement began flagging, and she couldn't stand straight any longer; her voice hoarsened, making it hard to shout. But the roar of applause went on and on. They wanted more.

At each shout the sea of heads broke into billows, like waves on the shore. Finally the old woman gathered all her remaining strength: "We must fight to the end!" An enormous roar answered her, the sound of a tidal wave crashing on the beach in a storm.

Leaning against arms that had come to prop her up, she gazed at the seething mass below. She felt an intimate awareness of something very powerful. Slowly she raised her eyes and looked above their heads to the cast open space, the endless blue sky. She saw the collapse of the old, the radiance of the new, and though tears blurred her vision, it was a radiance that sprang from her own steadfast faith.

Source: Ding Ling, "New Faith," trans. Jean James and Tani E. Barlow. Barlow, Tani E. and Gary J. Bjorge, eds. *I Myself Am a Woman: Selected Writings of Ding Ling*. Boston: Beacon Press, 1989. 281-297.