Political Unconsciousness: Reading Yan Geling's *The Ninth Widow*

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[Introductory note] As the title may inevitably strike certain readers, *The Political Unconscious*, the monumental work in the area of cultural studies by Fredric Jameson, an introductory note is now a necessity. Some may doubt that this allusive title is employed to achieve the immediate eye-catching effect, but to be honest this is indeed the first words occurring to me after I finished the last page, and this title is put down purposefully but simultaneously.

Jameson argues in his book the priority of the political interpretation of literary texts, whereas I apply the words *literally* to designate the most distinctive characteristic of the female protagonist in the fiction. During the turbulent years in last century China, when various political movements were launched and carried through intensively, the female protagonist was always criticized as having no political consciousness, and this comment did hold water. To a certain extent, however, the book is indeed about “the destiny of a particular individual” and my reading coincides with Jameson’s proposition about the anagogical interpretation (Jameson 30-31).
The appearance of *The Ninth Widow* by Yan Geling, a Chinese woman writer residing in the United States, arouses a big wave of critique in 2006 China. Some scholars highly commend it as one of the most important publications among the contemporary Chinese literary productions (Chen 305), while some critics rebuke it sharply for the historical nihilism reflected in the novel (Zhou 80).

For students who have finished middle school and college education in the Mainland China, like me, the Chinese history, especially the revolutionary history in the 20th century, is a formalized and fixed framework of narratives. Owing to the publication and widespread distribution of the "red literary canons" like Ding Ling’s *The Sun Shines over the Sanggan River*, Zhou Libo’s *The Storm*, Liu Qing’s *Builders of A New Life* and Zhao Shuli’s *Three Mile Bay*, the historical events like the land reform campaign in the late 1940s, the following cooperative transformation of agriculture, as well as the extreme years of the Great Leap Forward, etc., have been resolved and settled.

Based on these narratives, the revolutionary actions and political movements launched by the Chinese Communist Party were forcibly supported by the ordinary grass-level masses, especially the poor peasants, and carried through enthusiastically; and therefore, these movements are "historically progressive" and their revolutionary significance is beyond any doubt.

In *The Ninth Widow*, however, all these established concepts and ideas are suspended and request further examination. Labeled as writings of the new historicism, the book dates back to the 1940s China and depicts in details the life changes of a village woman from her teens to her forties. In this paper, the image of the protagonist, a young woman both complimented and censured, the historical perspective embodied by the figure, as well as the politics of the author’s writing will be explored fully.

**The Alternating Legs—the History in the Eyes of a Woman**

In the eyes of Putao (literally means grape), the female protagonist in the novel, history, especially the period of the Chinese history from the anti-Japanese war to the establishment of the People’s Republic of China, is the alternating legs outside of their closed gate.

In the 1940s, as a harum-scarum teenager, she often got down on her knees, peeping through the crack of their closed gate. “外头腿都满了（The outside are all legs）” (16). This is what she usually reported to her father-in-law. She had no idea
of the difference between the Kuomintang army, the Japanese troops, the local forces, the civil corps, and the Communist army. The only distinction she observed was the color of their puttees, sometimes in grey and sometimes in yellow; in her heart of hearts, however, all these legs were the same and they were merely brief visitors of the town.

It may sound strange to readers of the present time, but during the many years of war times in China, when “A batch of soldiers fight off the other batch, and several days later, another batch fight back and become the occupier of the place” (17), the civilians, especially the grass-level masses in the countryside, did know little about the political situation of the country. It is quite plausible that in the eyes of Putao, the history of the town is a series of farces of “hit and run”. She was not intelligent enough to tell the justice of the war, and her simple standard of judging the various troops was whether the soldiers were neatly dressed and whether they sponged from or looted the local residents.

As a matter of fact, Putao is not the only one with this logic of thinking. Upon the public denunciation of the landlords, an old townsman, named Shi San-ye (史三爷), expressed his deep concern, “I am old and I have seen a lot. Isn’t it a fact that you come and I go, I go and you come again? Nobody takes root in this town” (47).

Years later, after she went through the anti-Japanese war, the three years’ civil war, as well as the various campaigns following the establishment of the P. R. China in 1949, Putao concludes, “Nobody (i.e., the outsiders of the town) stays here for long” (218). Her testimony is abundant: “in the past, No. 14 troop[2] came, stationed, and left; the Eighth Route Army[3] came and left; the Land Reform Work Team came and stayed for a year, and finally left. ... What remains is still this village, this group of people, doing the same things: farming, going to the fairs, and strolling around the street” (219).

To put it simply, Putao firmly believes that the non-local-accent speakers, i.e., the forces from the outside world, would not station for long, and the history of the town is a series of farces of fighting against each other. As she comforted Old Pu, the out-of-luck writer who was sent down to labor in the village, “It happens a lot. They get different persons to accuse and denounce. The one on the stage may become an audience while the one among the audience may be taken to the stage. One day you will also become an audience. You can also put up your fist and shout slogans” (234-35). The stage was the same; the difference was the central figure, changing from time to time.
Based exactly on this logic, Putao developed, by instinct, a kind of practical strategy or philosophy of life during the years of turbulence, which is to hide whenever the disaster comes. She even imparted her experience to the younger generation around 1980s, "Go and hide, and all will be OK" (301). The living witness that proves the success of her philosophy is her father-in-law.

Her father-in-law, a rich and influential landlord operating a family workshop, was publicly denounced upon the entrance of the People's Liberation Army work team as a despotic landlord-cum-puppet-leader of the town during the Kuomintang Regime. At the end of the Land Reform Movement, he was shot, but alive by sheer luck, among the hundreds of "reactionary" elements.

Risking her neck, Putao sneaked the deadly body from the execution ground under cover of darkness and later hid him in a cellar for sweet potato. The hiding lasted until the late 1970s when the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party began to admit and try to put right their left-leaning errors committed during the Land Reform Movement.

Putao's view of history, or to a certain extent, the author's historical perspective, has led to the critique of the historical nihilism reflected in the novel. A critic points out that the history in Putao's eyes is repeated and circled, as is against the social theory that history has its own route and its own motivation (Zhou Shuitao 82). He further asserts that all works labeled as new historical writings in China, including The Ninth Widow, display a kind of bias against or absence of the "right" perspective about historical development.

Obviously, for this critic, the "right" perspective about historical development is the dominating Marxist-Leninist teaching in the Mainland China that the masses are the promoting forces of the history, and that the radical behavior or, to put it another way, the fierce class struggle between the peasants and the landlords during the Land Reform Movement is understandable and should not be censured. For this critic, the series of revolution and political events in the past has promoted the social development of China and their progressive forces should not be denied or underestimated.

Literary works are products of the authors' reflection about a period of time or a particular event. In many cases, especially under the high-handed political persecution, however, literary productions will be more often than not influenced by the dominating ideology of the times. This is exactly true for the literary production in the Chinese Red Regime.
Chairman Mao (1949-1976) proposed in the early 1940s that literature and arts should serve the workers, farmers and soldiers, and this teaching evolved later into the political dogma, “Literature and arts should serve the politics.” For this reason, the central themes of literary works produced at that time are almost all in compliance with the guiding lines and policies of the Party. After the end of the political movements, many works highly praised before were dumped out of the forum of literary study, and even the authors themselves feel ashamed for their works following the wind.

The appearance of the new historical writings in the middle 1980s China is exactly a proof indicating that the writers, or to be exact, the conscientious intellectuals, began to reflect seriously on the past events and the narratives about them. They try to return to what actually occurred in the history and reveal the historical masks covering the various political events. Among them, Mo Yan, the author of the series of “red sorghum,” and Han Shaogong, the author of A Dictionary of Maqiao (2003), are representatives of this trend of literary production.

About the alternating legs, Putao is right but not without some reservation. It is true that none of the outsiders stays for long, but what remains is never the same village. To some extent, these alternating legs constituted the intruding forces for the self-contented world of the civil society. Their comparatively orderly life had been violently and rudely interrupted.

For Putao, for instance, without the intervention of the land reform working team, her father-in-law would not be publicly denounced and executed and she might have had a totally different life route. As the townsmen pondered,

People in Shitun [name of the town] could have a better life without the coming of people from the outside. Once this army or that troop comes, the peaceful life will come to an end. ... The non-locals seem to come specially to sow discord: they incited them to feuding with Sun Huaiqing; instigated them to allot/distribute the property and livestock of the rich; forced them to make a clean break with the Crippled Tiger [a retired officer who was transferred to the village because of minor economic errors]... (248-9)

When Comrade Pu, the writer who was transferred to work in the village during the “Four Clean-ups” Movement[4], joked about whether Putao would like him to live in her house, she retorted, “When you come, have you ever asked us whether
we welcome you or not?” (219) This sounds like a joke, but truly reflects Putao’s complicated mentality towards the reality around her, reluctant but having no alternatives.

During the extreme famine around 1960, the villagers even missed the grand wedding banquet held by the Sun’s family for Putao and their third son. They could not help thinking, “if only Er-da [local dialect for the second uncle, here refers to Sun Huaiqing] is alive. He knows how to get food” (174). When someone reminded people of the fact that Sun was a “despotic landlord”, the villagers stared blankly at each other, “到底‘恶霸’是个啥哩？ [What on earth does ‘despotic’ mean?]” (174)

Ironically but understandably, the villagers do not understand the meaning of “恶霸”, but they have sent Sun Huaiqing, the protecting power and their backing during the peaceful time, to the guillotine for this title. In the name of revolution, some of them put up their hands to avenge personal wrongs, while many of them just follow suit to avoid drawing fire against themselves. As for the victim of the mass movement, nobody is responsible for.

It is exactly in this sense that the alternating legs are not only the epitome of the village history in the eyes of the woman, but also a symbol of the invasion of the outside forces for the self-contained civil society.

The Innocent vs. the Alienated Prisoner of the Revolutionary Ideology

Putao came to the town as a seven-year-old orphan, along with other refugees losing their home because of the Yellow River flood, and was adopted later as a child-bride (future daughter-in-law) by Er-da, i.e., Sun Huaiqing, the gentry of the town.

For Putao, there is nothing under the heaven that is worthy of a fuss (2). She is not totally illiterate, but has no idea about the politics and the revolutionary ideology of the times. When heard of the news that Luocheng (the central city near the town) had been occupied, she focused only on the sound of the word “沦陷” (a formal word, meaning “to be occupied by the enemy”), which, for her, was a word from a faraway big place. As for the consequences of the occupation and who after all occupied the place, she paid no attention to.

Completely different from Putao, Cai Hupo, one of the eight “hero widows,” who, in front of the knife-edge of the Japanese soldiers, was so brave as to take an Eighth Route Army soldier for her husband at the cost of her genuine husband’s life, is political advanced in every way.
In the eyes of Cai Hupo, Putao has no political consciousness at all. When people criticized her for claiming her husband, instead of the Eighth Route Army men, in front of the Japanese soldiers, she countered immediately with this question, "Tie-nao is my husband. If I did not claim him, who would claim him?" (43). In her simple mind, to comply with the Japanese soldiers’ order and to claim her husband, is perfectly justified and not surprising at all. She could not understand the action of the eight “hero widows,” and even feel some sympathy for them as she knows, they suffered for it.

To view the event from the present time, there is nothing wrong to save one’s husband, instead of somebody else that one does not know well. The problem is under the agitation of the revolutionary ideologies, the heroic actions of the village women had been glorified and all villagers were educated to follow suit. The doubt whether these heroic actions were out of their revolutionary ideal and their enlightened political consciousness had been ignored. The individual consideration and the genuine cause leading to their actions were unimportant according to the revolutionary ideology of the times.

Take the case of Cai Hupo, for example. Her first born, a boy, was killed in an accident when she was drawing water from the well. The handgrip of the well pulley hit her belly and the pre-mature boy was miscarried. Her second child was a girl and her torment hence began. Her parents-in-law ordered her to pull the stone grinder while the donkey was grazed idle in the field. It is not difficult to imagine how her hatred grew against them and her determination to take revenge.

Thanks to her background of being a beggar at the beginning, the PLA (People’s Liberation Army) work team finalized Putao’s class status as the lowest, “people”, instead of “the enemy of the people”. To their great disappointment, however, Putao fails to act in conformity with their good intention.

Assuming her as a second “Xi’er,”[5] the work team inspired her to expose and denounce her father-in-law’s offences towards her, but she was totally muddled and failed to straighten out whom they were talking about (42-3). They spared no effort to enlighten her political awareness, aiming to “change the backward proletariat into a revolutionary pioneer” (44), but she was stumped by the meaning of “political consciousness” and other literary languages like “exploitation” and “oppression” (45). She showed no understanding of the times, and refused to launch a public denouncement against her father-in-law.

This is exactly where Putao is different from the other persons in the town. Those
who once benefited from her father-in-law began to stand against him since they understood well the philosophy of playing safe. They would rather conceal their conscience letting him down than taking a risk to absolve him from the accusation; whereas Putao, as obstinate as a mule, could not think of the wrongs she received in the Sun’s family and refused to act against her natural conscience.

In this respect, the educated Shaoyong, the second son of the Sun’s family, who joined the underground Communist Party when he was a college student, is much better than Putao. He called the name of his father straightforwardly, as is against the Chinese taboo that descendants should avoid mentioning the names of their forefathers, in order to show his estrangement from his father. To demonstrate his revolutionary determination to break completely with his landlord family, he lifted up, on his own initiative, the stone slabs topping the backyard of his ancestral estate, aiming to find the silver dollars hidden by his father. To strive for further political progress, he wrote to appeal the local government to execute his father as soon as possible (55).

At this moment, he forgot how his father furnished him with a golden Parker pen upon his graduation from the medical college (206). He merely pondered over the fact that the existence of his father had become a blemish hindering him from further political promotion. He was no longer the same Shaoyong, who decided to study medicine because of the dying boy of the neighborhood. He used to be such a kind boy that he gave the money he saved from his boarding expenses to a relative when this relative complained of being hard up (295).

A former kind-hearted young man, Shaoyong degenerated into a co-murder of his own father, as could only be contributed to the dominant ideological education of the times. As Putao pondered over,

He authorized the villagers to divide the estate and the land of his father, voluntarily handed over his father’s silver dollar for distribution, and finally appealed the government to execute his father. As it turned out, to distribute the silver dollars is not simply distributing; it is named “progress”. To kill his father is not simply killing, either; it is named “progress”. Look at him! He has “progressed” to such a person beyond her recognition (76-7).

Comparatively speaking, Putao is a green egg, and she is a person with a one-track mind. If she is good to someone, she will be good to him forever (55). She showed no understanding of the times, and did not change even under the
strong brainwashing education about the class awareness and class struggle.

It is exactly because of this attribute that Putao, without the second thought, sneaked the half-dead body of her father-in-law and hid him for about two decades. Putao knew how much effort Er-da had spent to accumulate his wealth, and she was reluctant to submit the money to the PLA work team. After being told that to hand over the fortune might be able to exempt her father-in-law from being executed, however, she took the initiatives to hand over the silver dollars he saved in his life. In her mind, “The dollar is silver, while the human body is made of meat. The life of a human being, unlike the silver dollar which can be redeemed after losing, cannot return if it is lost” (55).

Putao knows some characters, but she has great difficulty understanding those genteel words, like “(social) class, class stand, liberation, collective, etc.” (51 & 59). She has no concept of political awareness and consequently, yet fortunately, she is exempt from the crazy and inhumane behaviors resulting from those concepts. She insisted to call Er-da “Father” though the woman team leader warned her again and again that Er-da was “a reactionary element,” “the enemy of the people.” She responded, “No matter how the social class is stressed, I have to have a father anyway. No matter he is good or bad, father is a father. Without this father, I have nothing in this world” (50).

During the campaign of the “Great Leap Forward”, the young pioneers took down the extra large iron wok Putao used to prepare the pig feed and sneaked off with it. To prevent the wok from being thrown into the simply-built steel-making furnace, she jumped into the wok and sat inside it, letting it spin like a top. She could not understand the significance of the nation-wide steel making movement and the villagers’ extreme enthusiasm for it, but she firmly believed that without the wok, the piglets she was in charge of would die from hunger. For the twenty or so piglets, she was fully resolved to fight it out, regardless of the consequence of being condemned for “destroying the ‘Great Leap Forward’ movement”.

Famous for her achievement, Putao was chosen to be a model worker, but she refused to attend the commendation meeting in the provincial capital. Her reason is simple, “How could I know what you will do here? Today you want to move the wok to make steel; tomorrow you want to take photos of my piglets. Once I leave, you may kill them and sell for money” (163). When people from other counties came to learn from her experience, she told them directly that her experience could not be learnt, as she believed, “they do not treat people as people. How could they
treat pigs as pigs?” (170) Seeing her too busy, the leader of the district suggested her to find a helper, she replied, “Who works hard? All are movement-like. How dare I to ask them to come here for a movement? The pigs know nothing about movements. Once there is a movement, they will suffer, and die of hunger” (171).

For many occasions, Putao is said to be unchanged for decades, as is true in some sense. The unchanged is her humanity. The more she experienced the world, the more she believes in her own instinct: the movement is like a gust of wind; what we can do is to lie down until the wind blows over (109). Like Shi Chunxi, the general secretary of the commune, said, “Putao is indeed a very rare person, who lives truly to herself” (170).

**The Simple Woman and the Light of the Humanity**

Yan Geling, the author, asserts in her lecture that her standard of rights and wrongs has been blurred (“American Dream” 47). This may sound strange at the first hearing, but taking account of her more than ten years’ residence in the US, it is perfectly plausible. The invisible framework of the concepts that she had been enforced and accepted was doubted and challenged, and she began to step out of the limit set by her times and experiences in China. The training of fiction writing she received in Columbia College must have contributed to her change.

When she first heard the legend-like true story, she was deeply touched, but did not think of putting the story into her work. During the twenty years after that, however, the story popped out again and again, and she began to believe that the story must have some unknown relationship with her.

Preoccupied with the question of how human values are destroyed by the various concepts and ideologies, she began her trip of exploring the female protagonist. Putao is the final achievement of her commitment of literature “to rescue and promote the destroyed primordial and benign humanity” (Zhou Yuepei 92). She is a green egg who has no political consciousness, no concept of the various terms popping out during the political campaign.

She does not know the meaning of “打老虎” (as a matter of fact, few villagers understand the term, but they just follow suit), and therefore she is the only person in the town who speaks with the man suffering for it. She sympathizes his fate as a crippled man who has to carry water on his shoulder, and helps him draw water from the well. Lao Hu the crippled, the down-and-out (his original name, Chen Jinyu, has been forgotten), as a normal man, thinks, “It seems to be true that Putao
is unsophisticated. The sophisticated should treat me with disdain/be mean to me” (101). He even wonders why there is such a person without any political awareness.

Actually, this is exactly the finest quality of Putao, who is never snobbish. She treats people as they are and never hit a person when he is down. Lao Pu, the out-of-luck writer, chose to go to Shitun when he was attacked since he believed that he would not be hurt beside Putao.

In the book, Putao has affairs with several men, including Shaoyong and the two brothers, Dongxi and Chunxi, who were promoted as high as the communist party secretary of the commune. She is happy about the relationship, and she has a clear separation between her heart and her body. Even when she was forced to have an intercourse with the rascal, who discovered accidentally the secret and threatened to make it public, she did not feel so disgust as to hate and be eager to take revenge later. Though with a little reluctance, she felt sympathy to the 50-year-old bachelor and did not torture herself with the traditional feudal teaching. If she were equipped with the concept of “chastity and virginity”, definitely she would not feel easy in this situation.

Putao feels at home whenever she is. She does not trouble herself, nor people around. The critic, Chen Sihe, highly praises the characteristic of Putao for her universal love and all-embracing generosity, saying that she is the legendary image of the Goddess of the earth who has gone beyond the shackles of humanity (307-8).

For me, Putao is not such a lofty image, and I would not like to glorify her as a Goddess. She fails to accept concepts and ideologies, and therefore she has no necessity to go beyond. She is only a half-illiterate, simple-minded village woman. She is not contaminated by the dominated ideologies, and therefore avoids the extremely malicious behaviors of the human beings during the special times.

Though the author emphasizes that she is not interested in the political issues and has no ambition to achieve anything in the area (“Dialogue” 5), she is establishing her own historical narratives through the image of her protagonist and the historical perspectives embodied in this figure.

The author admits that she would like her female characters to be like a Buddhist, with an infinite compassionate and merciful mind for the people around (Cao). Putao does show some characteristic of a Buddhist. Her love is universal, even the sent-down country female youth, who was raped and pregnant. She gave her some dried persimmon, knowing that she was in need of some food at the last stage of
pregnancy.

She tried to comfort Cai Hupo, the former secretary of the town, when Hupo was removed from office and publicly denounced, though Hupo never looked up upon her and always took her as a typical example of people lagging behind. At that moment, Putao forgot all the words Hupo once used to criticize her.

**Tenet of Writing—the Politics of the Unpolitical**

The author mentions in several lectures that her legend-like story is based on a file in the local archives she heard in the late 1970s. She said,

“I was touched deeply when I heard, but I had never thought of writing a novel out of it. Twenty years later, however, the story still popped out again and again in my imagination, especially after I went to study in the United States. I pondered over, believing that I must have some unknown relationship with the story.” (“Dialogue” 4)

She went to the province (Henan, a densely-populated area in the middle of China) where the story happened and even paid a visit to the cellar used to hide the person. “We experienced several decades of serious shortage in the supply, and what we are rich in are stories, various legend-like stories,” she wrote (2nd cover). The problem is how to make the legend true to the readers.

In response to the accusation that she is reversing the verdict about the Land Reform Movement, she said that as a woman, “I am not interested in the Chinese politics and history, which are not my primary concerns. I am aesthetic, and the history only provides me a background. I am not intending to pass any value judgment about the rights and wrongs of the past” (“Dialogue” 5).

There is nothing wrong for her to highlight her pursue for universal humanity, but to view it from the tenet/politics of an author’s writing, I guess, there must be something beyond that claim. Herbert Read depicts at the beginning of his article “the politics of the unpolarial” as “the politics of those who desire to be pure in heart: the politics of men without personal ambition; … of those who have always striven, whatever their race or condition, for human values and not for national or sectional interests” (1), but concludes affirmatively, “to be unpolarial does not mean to be without politics: every attitude that is more than egoistic is to that extent social, and a social attitude is a political attitude” (11).

Obviously, the author may pretend to be apolarial, but she must have her own
politics even beyond her own recognition. In the novel, the woman without a tiny sense of political consciousness is highlighted, and this, to some extent, may indicate the author's norms of writing. Compared to Putao, all the other figures being actively involved in various political movements changed or pondered over their past experiences. Putao is the only one who never changes, as is unbelievable but possible, at least, as a literary figure.

Furthermore, if without the invasion of the alternating legs, the civil society of the village will change, but definitely would not change as radically and violently as during the revolution. The revolution ideology has hurt and even destroyed completely the ethics of the folk life, which could never be reversed otherwise. If people can live well only when she or he is not influenced or dominated by the certain ideology, the ideology must be something negative and should be censored.

Noticeably, the author creates a world of dwarfs, a sub-civil society that are usually forgotten by the normal-sized people. Thanks to their being ignored, they are able to stand by and keep their integrity. Appearing at the upper reaches of the river every summer, worshipping the temple built for the god of dwarfs, they have the opportunity to witness the slaughter and persecution taking place in the world of the normal people.

Significantly, however, it is exactly the group of dwarfs, the handicapped in the eyes of the normal-sized people, who take on the role of the redeemer, clearing up the mess. The second year after the execution of her father-in-law, Putao gave birth to a boy. Knowing that Shaoyong, the young father of her son, cannot stand the existence of his father, Putao can only harden her heart, cutting off her connection with Shaoyong and leaving her two-month-old illegitimate son to the dwarfs coming to worship the temple. If without the hiding of her father-in-law at home, Putao should have had a happy marriage and her son a happy family.

Similarly, it is Putao, the village woman in a great need of enlightenment and education in the eyes of PLA working team and town cadres, who commits herself to save the innocent. In this sense, the dwarfs and Putao are the same. They seem to be physically or mentally handicapped, but actually take on the role of a savior.

To conclude, though preoccupied with the commitment to rescue and promote the destroyed primordial and benign humanity, the author spares no effort in highlighting the political unconsciousness of the female protagonist and her happiness beyond the control of various concepts. The politics of the author's
writing must have gone beyond that, and therefore, her claim of being apolitical might be a kind of revealing of truth, but more possibly a kind of self-protection, or negotiation.

Notes:

[1] “红色经典”, a term used to describe the literary works produced akin to the Chinese Communist Party policy about the political struggle or movements launched by the Party.

[2] The designation of the Kuomintang army, who came to the town to accept the surrender of the Japanese troops.

[3] The designation of the armed forces led by the Chinese Communist Party during the anti-Japanese war, which was combined with other military units to form the Chinese People’s Liberation Army at the beginning of the civil war (from 1946 to 1949).

[4] A nationwide movement to “clean things up in the fields of politics, economy, organization and ideology”, 1963-1966.

[5] The female protagonist of the musical drama, The White-Haired Girl (1945), who was subjected to the persecution of a landlord and was emancipated upon the coming of the Communist Army.

[6] A colloquial term for the action during the movement against corruption, waste, and bureaucracy within the Party, government, army and mass organizations from 1951 to 1952.

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