Headquartered in Nanjing, Jiangsu, Phoenix Publishing and Media Inc. (PPM) is not only a leading enterprise in the publishing and book distribution industry, but also a benchmark enterprise for listed companies in China. In 2016, PPM’s revenue totaled over RMB 10.55 billion ($1.56 billion), with a total profit of over RMB 1.23 billion ($182.32 million).

Under the banner of PPM, we have in total 224 wholly-owned subsidiaries and substantial holdings in other companies, and 1,066 sales outlets with a total area of 800,000 square meters. Nine of PPM’s leading publishers each focus on subjects such as social sciences and humanities, STM, education, children’s books, fine arts, Chinese classics, Chinese literature, foreign literature, and audiovisual publications. Six publishing houses are ranked among China’s Top 100 Publishing Houses. We are proud to have published many representative works by such distinguished scholars and writers as Zhang Daoyi, Feng Jicai, Qian Chengdan, Bi Feiyu, Su Tong, Cao Wenxuan, Bei Dao, Gu Cheng, Han Dong, Liu Cixin, Ge Fei, Chi Li, etc.
Since 2013, PPM has taken firm steps in going global, developed its rights trade and achieved strong export results. PPM strives to make a media enterprise with diversified business concerns.

As the controlling shareholder of the listed Phoenix Publishing and Media Inc., Phoenix Publishing and Media Group (PPMG) is China’s largest all-round publishing group. Engaged in the fields of publishing, printing, distribution and logistics, film and television, hotels, cultural real estate, financial investment, artwork management, and cultural trade, the group reached a total of operation revenue of RMB 23 billion ($3.41 billion) in 2016.
Contents

1 FICTION 〉 01

2 NON-FICTION 〉 23

3 FINE ARTS 〉 45

4 CHILDREN’S & YA BOOKS 〉 61

5 Phoenix Books in Foreign Editions (Selected) 〉 81
FICTION
Guixiang Street
◆ By Fan Xiaoqing

A realistic novel that reflects modern society with a touching romance story. The story centers on Lin Youhong, a woman who quits her job as an executive at a foreign invested company to work as a community coordinator on Guixiang Street. The novel evidences Lin’s struggle between personal ambitions and her sense of social responsibility. Her selfless decision catalyzes a pursuit for meaning in life, one which seeps into both the quotidian and unusual aspects of Lin’s existence.

• Fan Xiaoqing, winner of the Lu Xun Literature Prize in 2007, chooses to describe the lives of ordinary people using extraordinary language.

Turbulent Land
◆ By Zhang Xinke

This historical novel is set during the first half of the 20th century in China, a turbulent period of time in the country. This is the first saga about those who die a martyr at Yuhuatai.

The novel follows the contours of history through Kuomintang-Communist cooperation, the Northern Expedition (1926–27), the April 12 Counter-revolutionary Coup, the resistance against Japanese aggression, and the War of Liberation (1946–49). It sees Xu Zihe, after receiving a doctor’s degree in Germany, become a firm revolutionary and hope for the rejuvenation of the nation.
The Returning Soul
◆ By Chen Yingsong

This is a story of a ghost who returned to “the born place” and died again. It is written by Lu Xun Literature Prize Winner Chen Yingsong, who applies magic realism in his work and pushes the boundaries of genres with this work of hallucinatory realism. The reality of village and absurd existence has been narrated by his poetic and musical language.

- A ghost wandering back to hometown – a wasted village.
- Lu Xun Literature Prize winner creates a Chinese magic realism.

Dream and Insanity
◆ By Zhou Meisen

The novel represents a perfect combination of critical realism and idealism. It portrays people’s struggle to choose between wealth and morality in this capitalist era of constant change.

It’s a classic by Zhou Meisen, a renowned Chinese writer of political novels. The TV drama In the Name of People adapted from his novel of the same title has been dubbed by Chinese media as “the country’s most daring TV series about anti-graft efforts.”
Long Poems by Luo Fu
◆ By Luo Fu

This book marks the first publication devoted to Luo’s most influential long poems. Luo Fu is widely acknowledged as a great poet in contemporary Chinese poetic circles. He has made great contributions through his long poems, which have served to promote the development of contemporary Chinese poetry. His collection of long poems includes Death in a Stone Cell and Floating Wood. Luo was a nominee for the Nobel Prize for Literature in 2001 for his long poem Floating Wood.

Blossoms Like Fire and Loneliness
— Selected Poems and Paintings of Gu Cheng
◆ Composed by Gu Xiang

This book stands as the most authoritative collection of Gu Cheng’s works and illustrations.

Composed by Gu Xiang, the elder sister of world-renowned Chinese poet Gu Cheng, the book collects 80 lyric poems as well as dozens of illustrations by Gu Cheng, and includes two essays on poetry.
Night Watchman
— A Selection of Poems by Yu Kwang-chung

By Yu Kwang-chung

This collection includes more than 80 poems written by Yu Kwang-chung spanning from 1959 to 2014. His poems combine Chinese classical literature and Western modern literature, and have been translated into English by the author himself.

As a poet and writer, the Nanjing native is highly regarded on account of his prolific writings that have spanned more than five decade.

A Cat with Nine Lives

My enemy is not any of the rats, but the whole night,
An attempt to paint everything black
And nibble at the one remaining light.
In the haunted space, listen, twelve strokes
The ancient bronze bell slowly strikes
At the startled heart of midnight, when a sudden blast
With the immensity of a monk’s sleeve flaps my face
And down come tinkling the stars, as Death
Puffs out all the birthday-cake candles with one breath.
But Death can’t put me out all at once:
My nine lives keep burning nine lamps,
Each casting nine shadows. So I
Am reading a book without an end.
Darkness is an engaging book
I purr alone, from cover to cover.
Nostalgia

When I was young,
Nostalgia was a tiny, tiny stamp,
Me on this side,
Mother on the other side.

When I grew up,
Nostalgia was a narrow boat ticket,
Me on this side,
Bride on the other side.

But later on,
Nostalgia was a lowly grave,
Me on the outside,
Mother on the inside.

And at present,
Nostalgia becomes a shallow strait,
Me on this side,
Mainland on the other side.

(Translated by Yu Kwang-chung)
When We Were Young
♦ By Jiu Yehui

This is a novel of youth. A group of children grew up in the alleys of Beijing; they missed and misunderstood each other when they split for different schools and residences; they faced different situations as everyone became adult and involved in affairs and career. No matter how intimate they used to be, they had to deal with their own problems independently.

About the Author

Jiu Yehui is an excellent writer and playwright. All of her novels have been adopted into films or TV series. With a natural and humorous narrative style, she is good at writing the affection and growth of young adults in contemporary China.

Qianxi said, you must say it out if you are fond of a person and hidden love is an undeserved curse both on him and on yourself.

It was late fall that day, my favorite season at B University. I walked side by side with Qianxi. She was half a step ahead and I could see her profile with a ponytail, head up and full of courage.

“Qiaoqiao, one can err in her life but cannot regret. Life is only that long. If you make a mistake, so be it. Who can always live without mistakes? But you cannot regret. You can never go all over again.”
“But, what if I am turned down?”

“Then bid farewell with good grace. Nothing in the world sees a hundred percent success. And there is not a word for nine hundred and ninety-nine per ten thousand. We only say one out of ten thousand, which means “in case”. All cowards do not fear facing others but they cannot accept themselves. You are afraid of being turned down, simply because you worry about being hurt, worry about being embarrassed and worry about the future. But if he really doesn’t like you, that is it and it’s only pretense not being hurt or embarrassed, and then there is no future after all.”

Qianxi suddenly took off her red cotton yarn glove and grasped my hand, “Warm?”

I nodded blankly.

“How about this?” She backed up a step, maintaining her grip on my hands, but no longer my palm.

I shook my head.

“Look, however warm, the temperature cannot arrive if there is no communication. What a shame.”

I am grateful to Qianxi; although principles transpire freely from her, they will be driven from pillar to post on me. I think that someone must have said the sweetest nothings to her so she became so proud, so unrestrained and so pretty. I may not be able to do what she does. But in my short life I made a decision.

I wanted to tell He Xiaozhou that I liked him.

I could accept the consequences, because now I would have the answer to all the years when I was old enough to accumulate memory, when I had blindly followed him to the alley mouth, when I held him in faith when bullied in junior middle school, when I studied hard for him when I was lonely in senior middle school, and when I had loved him for so many years at this very moment.

Qianxi had gone to the library and I returned to the dorm. There was no one there. I took out a 201 phone card and made a call to Qin Chuan. There was no computer in the dorm and I was reluctant to log on QQ chat watching the head flashing here and there, bearing the name of “Mr. Chuan forever loving Baojia.” International long distance was expensive and I was stingy and normally waited for his call. But this time I was so impatient to ask him how he had proposed to them, whether to Liu Wenwen or to Chen Baojia. At least in this
aspect, he could be counted as experienced.

The call went through but out of my expectations it was Baojia instead of Qin Chuan who answered. We were both silent for a moment and I said first,

“Is Qin Chuan there?”

“Out shopping.” Baojia was a bit cold. “That must be Xie Qiao.”

“Ah yes, how are you.”

“How are you.”

We were silent again.

“What do you want him for?”

“Oh, nothing really. Something I need to ask him about. When he is back, could you tell him to call me back.”

“I probably won’t.”

“Well….what?” I couldn’t reply.

“I am not happy that you call, send emails and pass messages every day. I feel you’re interrupting our lives. This isn’t good. I hope you won’t call him later if it’s not important. That’s it. I’m hanging up. Bye.”

In the phone receiver Baojia’s voice sounded like the tone from a Taiwanese soap opera. Before I could say anything, she hung up. I was choked there holding the phone, exasperated.

I don’t know if it can be counted as predestination. I never seem to get along with Qin Chuan’s girlfriends.

I angrily hung up the phone, believing I would ignore him for a while.

(Translated by Wang Zhiguang)
Bell Tower and Drum Tower
◆ By Liu Xinwu

As Liu Xinwu’s first novel, *Bell Tower and Drum Tower* tells a story which takes place within one day – from 5 a.m. to 5 p.m. on 12th December, 1982. Shuttling between past and present, the novel presents a vivid picture of secular life in Beijing.

Everything begins in an archaic quadrangle dwelling in Beijing, where Xue Jiyue’s mother gets up early to prepare for the son’s wedding banquet. Other characters show up one after another. After narrating their behaviors during the day, the author goes back and tells about their past, with a special concern about the influences from vicissitudes of time, especially how the Cultural Revolution changes those individuals’ courses of life. The Bell Tower and the Drum Tower stands there still, witnessing all of those earthshaking changes.

1. With the Bell and Drum Towers as their witnesses one family is getting ready for a grand occasion. Who could it concern the most?

After having washed herself up, Aunty Xue solemnly tore a leaf off the calendar with her soap-scented hands, thereupon revealing on a new, red page the awesome date she both longed for and feared, for which she both rejoiced and worried. Although she seemingly understood, having been influenced by years of conversation with children, that days, according to standard chronometry, were twenty-four-hour long, and that according to that same conceptuality
they all began at midnight, her mental habit was nevertheless to consider
daybreak – that is, the moment morning light fell upon their courtyard – as
the beginning of a new day.

Today marked a grand occasion for her youngest son, Xue Jiyue.

Aunty Xue stood dumbstruck for quite some time in front of the
calendar on which the hazy daylight shone. Like any other older citizen in
Beijing, she was in no way truly superstitious, as she knew that in the end
all superstitions were nothing but gossip and nonsense, and if she’d heard
someone tell of an old woman who’d made a scene because she believed in
gods and ghosts, she’d slap her knee with an earnest laugh and sneer some
words of mockery; then again, just like any other older citizen, deep within
her heart, she still nestled the idea of praying for luck and auspiciousness.
No more fortuneteller roamed the streets of Beijing nowadays, and even on
such grand occasions as today nobody ever devoted any particular attention
to traditional horoscopes anymore. If, by chance, it was heard that in the
countryside, some astrological reading had led to some catastrophe between
whose son and daughter, people like Aunty Xue couldn’t help but let out a
sigh. But, when it came to choosing a date for grand occasions like today,
even in present-day Beijing there irrefutably existed some sort of ceremony.
Who had started it? Who had spread it? Who knew. But it wasn’t just senior
citizens like Aunty Xue who attached importance to such things; younger
citizens like Xue Jiyue were quite serious about it, too. What did it entail?
One had to choose a day that fell on even-numbered months and dates
in both lunar and solar calendars. This, of course, was a most primeval
superstition: the fear that an odd-number date would ominously result in
the death of a spouse. So are the ways of the world: society is easily ridden
of its overelaborated superstitious practices, yet the primeval superstitions
indwelling within our hearts are hardly eradicable. Aunty Xue had sold
vegetables at the grocer for over twenty years and had only retired last year.
She was just literate enough to read fluently through the calendar. Standing in
front of the red page she repeatedly read out the even numbers to appease her
mind. She felt somewhat indisposed by a small annotation at the bottom of
the page, which not only included the number “11”, quite unpleasant to look at,
but also forecasted the coming of the “winter solstice”, not so buoyant a
solar term. But that indisposition was fast dispelled by the red color in which
the calendar page was enveloped.

Aunty Xue stepped away from the calendar and glanced at Xue Jiyue, still sound asleep on the bed. She’d wanted to wake him up but was
overcome by pity before she’d even shifted her feet. Let him sleep a little more, there’s no saying how today will tire him!

She walked out the door. The courtyard was quiet, not a soul in sight. According to the old chronology partitioning night and day with the twelve Earthly Branches\(^1\), it was now the double-hour of Mao. Aunty Xue occupied the two western rooms of the quadrangle. Even though they’d built themselves a kitchen a long time ago, the small cookhouse would not suffice for such a grand occasion, and therefore yesterday they’d made a shack out of a car tarpaulin so that the cook who’d help today would have space to exert his skills.

Aunty Xue had supposed her old husband had been in the tarpaulin shack until she walked inside and saw that he wasn’t; then she knew he’d gone out for a stroll along Shichahai and Houhai, possibly to practice Bagua Quan\(^2\). Couldn’t he give it up just for today? She couldn’t help but grumble. In the shack Aunty Xue examined the pre-prepared ingredients and semi-finished products – cabbage, rape and radish, all washed and chopped; small yellow croakers, already battered and fried once; black fungus, daylilies and bamboo shoots steeped overnight… The cook they’d hired had reputedly handled the meat station at Tong He Ju\(^3\), nobody would dare nit-pick the four-four tables\(^4\) he’d prepare today!

Aunty Xue felt restless. That the cook had not arrived was understandable – the sky had just brightened up, perhaps he lived somewhat far, it would take him a while; but why hadn’t her daughter-in-law, Zhaoying, showed up yet? Just half a year ago her eldest son Xue Jihui and her daughter-in-law Meng Zhaoying still lived with her. Back then, Aunty Xue, her husband and her youngest son, Xue Jiyue, shared a room, whereas Xue Jihui and Meng Zhaoying shared the other with their baby daughter, Little Lotus. Xue Jihui was a trucker and drove a BJ130, and Meng Zhaoying was a cashier for the same company. They’d been asking their employer for living accommodation ever since the day they’d married and they’d finally gotten it last spring – the technicians who’d previously lived in the old house they’d been handed down

---

1. The twelve Earthly Branches are: Zi, Chou, Yin, Mao, Chen, Si, Wu, Wei, Shen, You, Xu, Hai. The double-hour of Zi corresponds to the time of night from 11:00 PM to 1:00 AM, and so forth.
2. A traditional Chinese martial art.
4. A traditional Chinese meal configuration composed of sixteen courses, including four hors-d’oeuvres (usually sweet deserts or nuts), four cold meat dishes, four stir-fried dishes, and four larger dishes (chicken, duck, fish, pork).
had transferred to an apartment in the company’s new residential district. They’d moved out, and so a room had been vacated for their little brother Xue Jiyue to settle down. That’s the way things went in the city of Beijing: to each his own and none is spared. Xue Jihui and his wife hadn’t moved all too far: they lived in Gongjian Hutong, about two stations away. It had been agreed that they would come early to give a hand, and now look: dawn had come and the day was growing brighter and clearer and still they were nowhere to be seen. In her head Aunty Xue put the blame on Meng Zhaoying; that was part of her psychological constitution. Whenever the young couple came with her granddaughter, she wouldn’t care whether her son called out to his parents or not, but if her daughter-in-law forgot, or if she was slow to acknowledge them, or if her voice didn’t sound sweet and compliant, Aunty Xue would be very upset; generally speaking she wouldn’t lose her temper, but to her daughter-in-law she certainly wouldn’t show the slightest hint of a smile. She walked out the tarpaulin shack and towards the courtyard gate muttering to herself: oh, Zhaoying, isn’t your little brother-in-law’s wedding of any importance to you? We’re waiting for you to go fetch the bride, couldn’t your help come any earlier?

Aunty Xue walked out the festooned doorway between the inner and outer courtyards and ran into Xun Lei. Xun Lei was a charming young lad, twenty-two years old, three years younger than Xue Jiyue. His family lived in the small side yard to the right of the main gate. His father Xun Xingwang used to work at a big factory situated in the eastern suburbs. After retiring last year he’d gotten his self-employment license and set up a cobbling stand near Houmen Bridge. Xun Lei was nothing like his big, tall, tanned and rough father; he was actually white, slender and delicate, truly a phoenix flown out of a chicken coop. And if good looks didn’t matter, he’d also been a good student as early as in grade school, and upon graduating from middle school, to the surprise of all those in the quadrangle, he’d been directly hired by the Department of Foreign Affairs and sent overseas for training. After his return this summer he’d be assigned as a translator to some important department, and people said that in the future there’d even be opportunities for him to go work abroad!

Xun Lei was carrying two big Chinese characters for “happiness” he’d minutely cut out of red paper and stuck on a yellow base. He greeted Aunty

---

5 *A hutong is a type of narrow alleyway common in northern Chinese cities and most prominent in Beijing.*
Xue with a big smile, and said: “Aunty, what do you think, if it’s alright I’ll put them up right away!”

Aunty Xue was suddenly overcome with joy. She’d been preoccupied with so many things that she’d neglected that part of the program. Last evening Mr. Xue had put up a couple of red characters on the courtyard’s gate, but just as he was done, Xun Lei, coming back from work, had commented, tilting his head to the side: “They don’t look very symmetrical, and the base is not so good-looking either. I’ll make another pair for you tonight. I’ll show you tomorrow morning first, and if you think they’re good enough, I’ll help you put them up.” And would you know it, he really had made another pair.

Aunty Xue took a good look at the characters Xun Lei held high. They were nice, really: even strokes, bursts of red and yellow, there was even a traditional frame with magpies and plums, the execution of which left Aunty Xue in awe.

“Oh, good! Very good! How wonderful!” praised Aunty Xue, clapping her hands, “Lei, my boy, what a prodigy you are!”

“Then I’ll go fetch some paste and put them up!” Xun Lei happily turned around and went back inside to get paste.

As she walked out the courtyard gate Aunty Xue felt much more at ease.

The courtyard was located in one of Beijing’s hutong. As she then stood at the gate she caught sight of the outline of the Bell and Drum Towers against the silky pale green skylight. The beast busts on the southwest ridge of the Bell Tower had been shook down during the 1976 earthquake, leaving only those on the eastern ridge, with their iron whiskers warped up in the sun; one of the pillars of the wooden structure of the Drum Tower hall was also obviously standing out, adding a light touch of charm to the otherwise imposing silhouette.

Aunty Xue looked up at the Bell and Drum Towers, such an insoluble part of her life and soul. It seemed as if the buildings were also looking down on that ancient hutong she lived in, that old courtyard and her own person. In what had been more or less half a minute, history and destiny had so speechlessly, almost indifferently stared at one another.

But fast enough, Aunty Xue shifted her gaze toward the entrance of the hutong. Why wasn’t Zhaoying coming?
Look Forward to Spring Wind
◆ By Ge Fei

Zhao Village is a simple yet scenic village in Jiangnan, known as the ancient home of wealthy and distinguished families. This novel uses the perspective of a youth to record this town’s gradual change from simplicity to complexity. With individual fate and town crises, it depicts more than a half century of history, revealing its possible future. As “Avant-garde” author, Ge Fei attempts to explore new ways of narration. This book pays attention to the beauty of human relationships in the powerful current of times and grants a new perspective on the ethics and historical development of modern villages. This book says farewell to the China village of over half a century before, in meditation over the history, a broad and delicate structure, as well as a highly experienced and matured writing style.

About the Author

Ge Fei is one of China’s foremost writers of experimental fiction and currently serves as Professor of Literature at Tsinghua University in Beijing. Frequently referred to as the “Chinese Borges,” he is considered to be a founder of the 1980s era of literary and artistic revival. He is the fiction winner of the 2014 Lu Xun Literary Prize and 2015 Mao Dun Literary Prize.
Chapter One

The 29th of the last moon was a clear day on which wind blew from the north. My father and I went to Bantang to take care of business.

Bantang was a small fishing village on the shore of the Yangtze that owed its momentary fame to a recent fire disaster. Carrying a faded blue bundle over his shoulder, my father was walking briskly alongside the Fengqu’an watercourse. I gradually started dragging behind, unable to keep his pace. I saw his figure rise atop a slope and go down little by little, going down, until it had completely disappeared. Not long after, my father was growing bigger, rising higher, inch by inch, as he walked up another slope.

Finally, he stopped below the big poplar on top of that slope, smoking a cigarette and waiting for me.

Bits of ice still floated in the ditches on both sides of the road. Patches of snow covering the grass growing on shaded side of the rolling hills had yet to melt. There was no one around. A grew hawk had followed me down the road, now steeply rising in the sky, then gliding among clouds with its wings immobile. Whenever it abruptly dove down, almost grazing the top of my head, I could clearly see its beautiful, spindle-like abdomen, as well as the white patches on its wings. In the blink of an eye, it would turn over and lift itself back up with the whistling northern wind, becoming a little grey spot in the sky, like iron scurf, almost invisible among clouds white like cotton.

My father was a good-natured man. Then and again I would stop to look at the hawk in the sky, and not once did he urge me to press on. After I’d caught up to him, he naturally broke a poplar branch and helped me scratch the mud off my soles and laces of my shoes, and then crouched down and said while squeezing my hand: “We have to walk quicker some. In a while the sun’ll come out, the frosted ground will thaw, and the road’ll be bad.” Then he winked at me, patted my face lightly, smiled and said that if I gave him a kiss he would let me ride on his shoulders for a while. I was a little surprised by my father’s words (after all I was already nine at the time) but I did as I’d been told promptly and
happily. I straddled his neck with both hands clasped on his head. Sometimes I’d get the sudden and mischievous urge to cover his two eyes. Even then, my father wouldn’t get angry. It only made him chuckle, and he’d pretend to dance and stagger along the road like a drunken man, and then he’d threaten: “If you don’t let go we’re going to fall in the pond.”

Where I come from, such intimate father-son relationships are looked down upon, and some would even say they are unethical. In general, a father expresses love to his sons and daughters through reproach, beating and conniving silence. Nevertheless there are always exceptions. In our village, as long as it was of no encumbrance to anyone, my father could act as improperly as he wished and people would let it slide, happy to pretend they hadn’t seen. That’s not to say that my father was of a distinguished social status or had been given the privilege to be arbitrarily outrageous. If villagers disdained the idea of arguing with my father it was precisely because he’d long been given a shameful reputation, almost as if he wasn’t eligible to the consideration of a “normal person”. In the past, they all called him “Zhao the Idiot”. Once people started calling me affectionately “Little Idiot”, my father was given the honorary title of “Great Idiot”, or “Zhao the Great Idiot”. Of course, some would also occasionally call him the “Great Immortal” – half because my father’s name, “Zhao Yunxian”, contained the character for “immortal”: xian; and half because of the event I am about to recount.

The sun finally appeared from behind the high chimney of the brick kiln. That fireball of molten lava was shuddering slightly, emerging from in between the wild trees of Yaotouzhao Village bit by bit, and momentarily, the world was gorgeous, everything was born anew. At the same time, I heard the faint sound of gong and drums. For a while, as the rat-a-tat of the instruments died under the blow of the raging northern wind, I could still hear cocks crowing from the village. Hearing the sound of gongs and drums when the end of the year drew near felt absolutely different from normal. It instilled a festive atmosphere, painting the originally lifeless nature, river and cottages in joyous colors. I reminded my father that people of the Yaotouzhao Village, which belonged to the same production brigade as us, might be celebrating the Singing Flower Festival. My father pondered it over and came to a completely different conclusion: “The brigade cadres have come to offer seasons tidings to revolutionary families. It’s
almost the new year!"

I knew all that “seasons tidings” entailed was a couple of New Year scrolls and a letter of consolation printed and distributed by the commune. The brigade cadres beat their gongs and drums as they walked up to the doors of the families of servicemen or revolutionary martyrs, they pasted up the scrolls, gave them the pink letter, made short-lived small talk, banged their gongs some more and that was it. It was just the same every year.

Sure enough, after a short while, a few people were seen walking from the pond before Yaotouzhao Village. They appeared from in between the man-tall, withered reeds, walking in a single line on the state road to beyond the village. The two brothers, Gao Dingbang and Gao Dingguo, were leading. One was beating on a gong and the other small cymbals. Behind them, a huge drum was hanging in front of the chest of the young carpenter Zhao Baoming, the red silk attached to his sticks flying up and down as he methodically beat the drum with the same artistry he put to his acclaimed carpentry work. Behind Baoming followed Zhu Huping. He was the director of the brigade’s fire company — it was well known that in his woodhouse lied a mystical water dragon. It was said that whenever there was a fire, that old dragon would emit lamenting cries. In his hands Zhu Huping carried a small gong, which he didn't really beat on at all, but instead looked back every now and then to smile at the girl in the red cotton-padded jacket behind him. Even though I thought I recognized her, I couldn't recall her name, almost as if she was from some other village.

Needless to say, that person at the very back was Mei Fang.

As far back in my childhood as I can remember, if I’ve ever deeply bore any grudges against anybody, then it was against Mei Fang. My father had cleverly hastened up his pace yet it appeared unavoidable that we would meet at the crossroad. The sound of gongs and drums came to a sudden stop and Gao Dingbang exclaimed in his toneless, stately voice:

“The Great Immortal!”

I felt my father’s body all of a sudden shivering as he came to an immediate halt.

(Translated by Nicolas Berthiaume)
A Yi’ Short Story Collection: The Man who Lost His Past Love

By A Yi

Eight profound stories about the reality of people from bottom of the society. The short story Fat Duck narrates the toxic relationship between a teenage girl and her grandmother in an otherwise ordinary family, and their distinct, bizarre deaths. Such “banal evil” fully embodies the inherent wickedness of Chinese domestic culture and family life. The Worm-eaten Outlander tells of the extraordinary cruelty and greed of a group of villagers, who, having seen themselves bestowed the power to seize and kill, swell up with inane primitiveness; it is barbarism amid civilized society, a crisis buried deep within humanity. The Author’s Enemy is the story of a famed and wealthy veteran writer, whose inspiration and skill are worn down by his vanity; he thus suffers from the discovery of an extremely talented tyro, whom he conspires to nip in the bud… Alternatively, in The River of Forgetfulness and other pieces, A Yi engages in stylistic and thematic experimentation.

About the Author

A Yi’s unique experience with life brings exceptional lucidity to his portrayal of the different faces of society. His craft, sophisticated and almost brutally, viciously accurate, pierces like a dagger to the heart of the reader, who will find such a quality most vividly manifest in his book.
Grey Story Collection
◆ By A Yi

A policeman’s diary recorded an explosion on Valentine’s Day. Two lovers who are fed up with mediocre daily life decided to seek self-destruction by making a bus explosion. They died and several victims and policemen died too but liars and thieves survived. What is the meaning of life?

Taking his writing to new heights, A Yi expands on the common Chinese identity and mentality to reveal a ubiquitous, primal state of survival, one detached from and overlooked by the cultured many: that of the masses.

Seal of Heaven
◆ By Pei Kuishan

A historical mystery novel with the writing style similar to that of *The Da Vinci Code*.

Zhou Hao, a graduate student majoring in history, was invited by his mentor Ding Jingzhi to attend a cocktail party hosted by a Japanese Otani Yuzi. Unexpectedly, Ding was murdered at home that night after receiving a set of strange signs. In Zhou’s investigation of the cause of Ding’s death, he constantly received hints and reminders through strange mails as well as assistance from National Security Department. Mysterious guys emerged incessantly and bizarre deaths took place one after another...
Blue Bird Short Story Collection
◆ By Li Jingze

This is a collection of proses and reviews, a verification and analysis of history and also an imaginary fiction. Li Jingze explored into the historical texts like an archaeologist, collecting their traces and fragments and composed a picture of China’s complicated past. He looked for people hidden in history who bridged communications between Eastern and Western civilizations.

About the Author

Li Jingze, respected Chinese literary critic, vice-president of Chinese Writers’ Association and former chief-editor of People’s Literature magazine. He has edited many influential literary works, and discovered and promoted many excellent authors. He has authored nearly ten volumes of essays and literary criticism, and is the recipient of the Lu Xun literary prize, the Chinese Media literary prize’s Annual Critics Award, and the Fengmu literary prize’s Young Critics Award.
NON-FICTION
900 Quotes from Chinese Classics
◆ By Li Honglei

Recommended by experts, this book is a good guide to Chinese culture. The book includes excerpts from the Four Books and Five Classics, the authoritative books of Confucianism in China, and ancient philosophers’ famous sayings. With themes of moral cultivation, family harmony and governance, the book caters to people’s need to learn about the essence of Chinese culture, to inherit traditional culture and to improve intellectually. The book is an excellent guide to Chinese culture for young and old as it is concise and informative with translations in modern Chinese.

- With 900 witty quotes from 18 Chinese Classics, the book offers a glimpse into the wisdom of ancient sages and the profundity of traditional Chinese culture.

History of Chinese Aesthetics
◆ By Ye Lang, Zhu Liangzhi

The series explains the development history of aesthetic ideology in China by discussing important aesthetic concepts, categories and topics from different eras. It explains aesthetic ideology in philosophical and religious works, art theories and criticisms and social life in different periods of China’s long history. Besides digging up new material, the authors sought to make new discoveries in historical materials. The series reflects the current focus points and development goals of aesthetic theories.

- The first publication in China to present a general history of Chinese aesthetics.
- The books have been nominated for the Fourth Chinese Government Award for Publications.
Appreciation of Chinese Culture in 24 Aspects

This book series introduces and analyzes traditional Chinese culture in 24 aspects, displaying the characteristics, structure and spirit of that culture. The books are readable and informative as they explain the profound in simple terms, making them a good guide to traditional Chinese culture.

Famous scholars Rao Zongyi and Ye Jiaying served as the series’ consultants, while scholars from more than 10 universities, including Peking University, Nanjing University and Nankai University, helped to compile the series.

Foreword (Excerpt)

Since culture exists in never-resting human activities, human culture is colorful and ever changing. Different cultures have different orientations, different qualities and different forms. Due to these differences, some cultures declined and even extinguished while other cultures self-renewed. People even think that the term "culture" is more a verb than a noun. The World Culture Report 2000 remarked that with the process of globalization and revolution of information technology, “Culture will never be the one which we regard as a static, isolated, fixed container. Actually, culture has changed to a cross-cultural creation by means of media and the international internet. We must regard it as a process rather than a finished good.”
After knowing what culture is, we must also formulate an understanding of the view of culture, that is, people's cognizance and attitude toward culture. A view of culture must first answer the following question: Where did our culture come from? The view of people of different nations, religions and cultural communities vary. But since ancient times, human beings have one common belief, that is, culture is not created by us ordinary people.

Some think it was endowed by gods, for example in ancient Greek mythology the gods' descendant Prometheus not only created humans, but also taught humans astronomy and geography, and how to make boats and vehicles and grasp written language. He also provided the spark of civilization for humans. In Old Testament representing Hebrew culture, God spent one week to create the world; on the sixth day he created humans according to his prototype and taught human how to obtain food and endowed upon them the cultural mission to manage the world.

Some think culture was created by sages. In this respect the ancient culture of China is representative: fire was discovered by Suiren, the Eight Trigrams were drawn by Fuxi, boats and vehicles were built by Huangdi, written language was made by Cang Jie… But sages did not create culture out of imagination; they were instead enlightened by the universe and their own bodies. In China’s I Ching sages created by: “Looking up, he contemplated the brilliant forms exhibited in the sky, and looking down he surveyed the patterns shown on the earth. He contemplated the ornamental appearances of birds and beasts and the suitability
of the soil. Near at hand, in his own person, he found things for consideration, and the same at a distance, in things in general.” The same book gives us the earliest definition of Chinese “culture” and “civilization”: “The strong line above ornaments the weak ones, and hence this is illustrated in the appearances that ornament the sky. Elegance and intelligence regulated by the arrest suggest the observances that adorn human society. We look at the ornamental figures of the sky, and thereby ascertain the changes of the seasons. We look at the ornamental observances of society, and understand how the processes of transformation are accomplished all under heaven.” In the Chinese conception, the forces of strong and weak interact, lifting the universe from chaos, to form a heavenly order, whose brightness is modeled upon by humans to get rid of barbarity, thus creating humanity. Sages by observing a heavenly order predict the change of nature and by observing humanity civilize human society. I Ching also tells us: “The successive movement of the yin (inactive) and yang (active) operations constitutes what is called the dao. That which ensues as the result is goodness; that which shows it in its completeness is the natures (of men and things). The benevolent see it and call it benevolence. The wise see it and call it wisdom.” There is the dao operating in the universe, which embodies the driving forces of yin and yang, which evolve all things in nature as men and women give birth to children, endowing them with inherent qualities. Only sages and superior men can find benevolence and wisdom by getting inspiration from the dao and this awareness or consciousness corresponds to “cultural awareness” in modern theories of culture.

Why are the sages capable of this? Because common people do not have a “cultural consciousness”, being on the dao (road) without knowing it. So the Book of Changes (I Ching) sighs: “The common people, acting daily according to it, yet have no knowledge of it. Thus it is that the dao as seen by the superior man is seen by few.” This means that culture is not prosperous, waiting for the sages of enlightenment to educate the people. The cultural mission in Chinese culture is borne by the sages. Mencius said, Heaven’s plan in the production of mankind is this: that they “who are first informed should instruct those who are later in being informed”, and they “who first apprehend principles should instruct those who are slower to do so”. Whether culture is given by the gods or created by the sages, it is noble and sacred, so people in each cultural community will identify
and praise their own culture, look at nature, society and themselves according to their own cultural values, adjust the relationship between the individual mind and the environment, and develop a harmonious behavior.

China is now in an era when it can discuss culture. Everyday Chinese are concerned about tea culture, wine culture, food culture, and health culture, illustrating that we hope to find some value and significance in ordinary daily life. The society and the state are concerned about political culture, moral culture, customs and culture, traditional culture, cultural heritage and innovation, promoting outstanding traditional culture – all in an effort to show how we hope to seek spiritual strength for the country and the nation. The era of sages and divine rule to educate the world has become history, so only when our ordinary people have a “cultural consciousness”, recognizing that each of us is a cultural successor and creator, can society and the country possess a “cultural confidence”.

(Translated by Wang Zhiguang)
Learn About and Make Good Use of Socialist Political Economics with Chinese Characteristics

By Hong Yinxing

The book cites the problems government employees encounter in promoting economic development and carrying out reforms. It explains from the perspective of political economics the problems hindering China’s economic development since the 18th National Congress of the Communist Party of China (CPC) in 2012 and the Third Plenary Session of the 18th CPC Central Committee in 2013. The book provides a theoretical basis for adopting new policies and approaches to push forward economic reforms and promote economic development.

Based on rigorous theories, the book is scientifically informative and its language is easy to understand. As the book combines theories with practices, it is a good guide for government employees to learn about and make good use of socialist political economics with Chinese characteristics.
Values with Chinese Characteristics  
— Origins of Core Socialist Values in Pictures

The book was compiled by 30 experts in literature and history as well as painters and calligraphers. They chose 60 classic stories representing the core socialist values from the essence of Chinese culture over the course of 5,000 years, and created more than 300 pictures in comic strip form. The 12 values, which are written using 24 Chinese characters, are prosperity, democracy, civility, harmony, freedom, equality, justice, the rule of law, patriotism, dedication, integrity and friendship. The book uses words and pictures to interpret the values from three perspectives – the nation, society and people. It helps readers trace the origins of the values in traditional Chinese culture, which is a good way to make the past serve the present.

- Based on 60 classic stories, the book interprets the 12 core socialist values with 300 exquisite pictures in the form of a comic strip.

---

Jiangsu People’s Publishing Ltd.  
Queenie Liu  
E-mail: swallowliu_nnu@163.com
Symbols of Jiangsu (Pocket Edition)

*Symbols of Jiangsu (Pocket Edition)* selects the most representative and symbolic Jiangsu special cultural resources, via Chinese-English booklets with picture and literature explaining the profound in simple language, to analyze the connotation of the past and the present, to illustrate the richness of Jiangsu’s cultural humanity, to expand Jiangsu’s cultural influence and to form Jiangsu’s cultural brand.

Through brief language and refined pictures of different symbols, the booklets compendiously introduce each Jiangsu symbol’s origin, development, current situation and unique cultural value. By combining storytelling and practicability, these booklets may allow Chinese and foreign readers to quickly have a broad and general knowledge of Jiangsu’s symbols and to acquire further information on each symbol. The booklets are designed by famous book designer, binded in an internationally popular pocket size in accordance with the aesthetic needs of international readers and blended with every symbol’s meaning. The booklets are printed in full color and can be seen as portable “introduction of Jiangsu’s symbol”.

Rights sold to U.K. and Australia. English translation available.

Phoenix Fine Arts Publishing Ltd.
Susan Shi
E-mail: susanshe@vip.sina.com
· Third Collection (10 volumes):

  Republican Nanjing Architecture
  The New Year Woodcut Prints of Taohuawu
  Huai Opera
  Jinshan Temple
  Mount Huaguo
  Sun Yat-sen Mausoleum
  Suzhou Furniture
  Jintan Paper Cutting
  The Grand Canal
  The Moon over a Fountain
The Fall of Empires

A series of readable history books that help readers learn about the decline of an empire as well as the empire itself. It reveals that the decline of Chinese feudal empires follow the same route.

The Sun Sets Down the Hill
— The Fall of the Han Dynasty
By Xu Xingwu

The book provides a panoramic view of Han Empire’s whole process of decline, and explains those contradictions that together destroyed the powerful empire.

The Sun Sets in the 9th Century
— The Fall of the Tang Dynasty
By Zhao Yi

The book thoroughly uncovers the mysteries and truth of political struggles for more than 150 years during the late Tang Dynasty.

The Wind Blows off Tree Leaves
— The Fall of the Song Dynasty
By Zhao Yi

The book interprets the fate of the Song Dynasty over 300 years.
Night Wind on Jingshan Mountain  
— The Fall of the Ming Dynasty

By Xia Weizhong

The book describes the tug-of-war between the emperors and their civil officials during the Ming Dynasty.

Doomed Destiny  
— The Fall of the Qing Dynasty

By Jin Manlou

The book reveals the circumstances in which the last royal families and Manchu bannermen, kinsfolk of the emperor, lived, before and after the 1911 Revolution.

Excerpt from “The Sun Sets in the 9th Century — The Fall of the Tang Dynasty”

This was an age shifting from brightness to darkness.

One day during the fifth moon of the fourteenth year of Dali’s reign in the Tang dynasty (779AD), dusk. The setting sun of early summer was on the verge of collapse into the depths of blown sand, casting its last gloss on Changan City with its layers of roofs. Looking northeast from the imperial city, far away on the height the Palace of Great Brightness with its red walls and green tiles was like a giant sitting quietly alone, draped in flowing light and color and meditating silently in its last glory.
Important officials of the empire were all waiting anxiously in the imperial city. Three days before, his majesty had been too sick for the affairs of the state and for several days there had been no signs of recovery. Only a moment ago came the message that his majesty had issued an imperial decree for the Crown Prince to temporarily govern the state. Everything seemed to show that the moment had come for the emperor to pass away.

Darkness gathered gradually. All kinds of moods rose in the red candlelight and wisps of smoke. Just by this moment today’s emperor had governed the country for seventeen years. During the Emperor Xuanzong’s reign (reign of Tianbao) over three decades ago, a soul-stirring incident took place on the Central Plains, which was historically called “An Luoshan-Shi Siming Rebellion”. This duel between the central government and rebellious forces lasted as long as seven years and in fact the repercussions and wars they caused had effects that lasted far more than seven years. Emperor Xuanzong was succeeded by Suzong, and then Daizong. Between Suzong and Daizong the reality of the country was fatigue from the disastrous results brought by this struggle. Looking back on the past, everything seemed like yesterday and caused everyone to sigh with emotion.

At this moment, the inner palace Zichen in the Palace of Great Brightness was suddenly all lit up and mourning cries broke the silence of the dark night: Li Yu, Daizong Emperor of Ruiwen Xiaowu stopped breathing at the age of 58. In a panic, it seemed that only the Crown Prince remained unmoved and still knelt quietly before the couch of his father with extraordinary solemnity and dignity. He looked deeply forward, his firm sight seeming as if penetrating all obstacles.

Eight days later, Crown Prince Li Kuo was enthroned to become the 12th emperor of the Tang Empire. Later his dynastic title was Dezong. That day was June 18, 779 AD, 21 years short of the turn of the century.

In ancient China, any kind of political struggle began with an emperor and concluded with another. As long as a Son of Heaven existed standing high above, this cycle would continue without end.
The Chronicle of Lin Sanzhi  
◆ By Shao Chuan

Lin Sanzhi (1898–1989) was one of the most important Chinese calligraphers of the 20th century. The book is a detailed record of Lin’s life experiences over more than 90 years, charting his studies, travels and compositions. The book is informative and collectible as it provides a comprehensive understanding of Lin’s artistic talents and life as well as contemporary Chinese art history.

- China’s first comprehensive, detailed and accurate record of the artistic life of Lin Sanzhi, who was honored in the 1980s as a “Contemporary Saint of Cursive Calligraphy”.
- Winner of the annual “Good Book in China” in 2016 by China Central Television.

54 Types of Loneliness  
◆ By Pu Xuan et al.

In a rapidly aging society, solitary elders’ experiences, living conditions and mental health are important materials of important social values.

The book is the result of a survey conducted by the Chinese Writers Association and the writers association in Hubei about the living conditions of solitary elders. The project is aimed at raising public awareness of this group. Through interviews with elders from social welfare institutions, the book analyzes why they live on their own and reveals their living conditions.
The Longest 14 Days — Oral Records and Documentary of the Nanjing Massacre

◆ By Chen Qinggang

The book collects the testimony of survivors of the Nanjing Massacre, memories of Japanese soldiers involved in the massacre, and diaries of foreign nationals in Nanjing. It reproduces the horrible scenes and details during the 14 days when Japanese soldiers carried out the massacre. It is one of the most readable and touching books about the Nanjing Massacre.

• The latest documentary work by Chen Qinggang, winner of the prestigious photojournalism contest World Press Photo in 2009.

True Stories of Nanjing Massacre

◆ By He Jianming

This book comprehensively reveals the whole history of the Nanjing Massacre from the perspective of the Chinese people. The author uses detailed truth and first-hand data to reveal a history teeming with the tears and blood of the Chinese, including some shocking historical facts that are little known. The book raises many thought-provoking questions and urges readers to reflect on the history of the brutal massacre and its influences on society.
Ancient Recipe for Medicinal Alcohol with Special Effects

By Yang Li

In this book, Professor Yang Li, a special lecturer on Lecture Room – a famous educational TV program produced by China Central Television – introduces more than 200 recipes for nutritious medicinal alcohol recorded in ancient medical books such as The Divine Farmer’s Materia Medica Classic, Synopsis of Prescriptions of the Golden Chamber and Compendium of Materia Medica. Readers can learn how to choose proper recipes for medicinal alcohol in order to drink the right alcohol to get rid of diseases.

- More than 200 recipes for medicinal alcohol that can help people in modern society solve 100 common physical or mental problems.

Magic Code of Wine for Health Maintenance

China is a large alcohol-consuming country and Chinese people have loved drinking since ancient times. Her alcohol culture is a long history. Inscriptions on bones or shells from the Shang and Zhou dynasties included the character for “alcohol”. Alcohol has since been played its role during ceremonies, sacrifices, rituals, friendships and farewells. Alcohol can improve health and cure disease, and there were records of alcohol use in The Yellow Emperor’s Canon of Internal Medicine
written 2,500 years ago. Of the 283 prescriptions of *Fifty-two Prescriptions* in the silk manuscripts of Mawangdui Han-dynasty Tomb, 33 use alcohol as medicine. In Li Shizheng’s *Compendium of Materia Medica*, there are 69 alcohol prescriptions and over 200 kinds of attached prescriptions with alcohol.

Why do alcoholic beverages have these seemingly magical properties? Alcoholic beverages warm *yang* and stave off chill, promote *qi* to activate blood, regulate bodily functions, disperse stagnated liver *qi* to relieve depression, nourish the spleen and stomach, ward off evil and prevent corrosion. Among China’s five-colored wines, red grape wine can enhance beauty, dredge heart vessels and soften blood vessels too; yellow rice wine can nourish the spleen and stomach; white rice wine can moisten the lungs to lessen phlegm; black rice wine can nourish the kidney and strengthen the essence; and blue wine can nourish and detoxify the liver. All kinds of cereal wine, fruit wine, vegetable wine, drug wine and herb wine can dredge blood vessels, enhance drugs, warm the stomach, stave off chill, ease tiredness and prevent senility.

However, the water that bears a boat is the same that swallows it up. Wine is an essence of food and water. If you drink it right, it can maintain health. Otherwise, it can do harm. So however good the wine is, you must grasp a limit when drinking and never go over it. Otherwise it will bring more harm than good.

(Translated by Wang Zhiguang)
A Guide to Vegetarian Diet

By China Vegetarian Society

A vegetarian diet can make people feel young and energetic. It is also conducive to health, longevity and beneficial for the immune system. This book provides a comprehensive vegetarian diet for every member of the family. Children on a vegetarian diet should take in more micronutrients, while the elderly should pay more attention to calcium supplements to keep their bones strong. Women should enrich the blood and restore vital energy to maintain beauty and youth, while men should tonify the kidney to keep strong.

The book also teaches you how to prepare a delicious and nutritious vegetarian meal. For example, you can learn how to cook mouth-watering vegetarian meals, how to cook vegetables without sacrificing nutrition, and how to make vegetarian dishes in five minutes.

- The book caters to all groups of vegetarians such as the elderly, children, men, women, pregnant and lying-in women, patients and obese people.
- The book includes 40 recipes for popular vegetarian meals shown in full-color photographs plus a digital map of vegetarian food in China.
Select Regimens in Traditional Chinese Medicine for People Afflicted with Spleen and Stomach Diseases
◆ By Chen Diping, Ding Liang

This book introduces various practical and easy-to-remember regimens for people who suffer from spleen and stomach diseases. The book has three sections. The first two sections give an overall introduction to the regimens and frequently used acupoints. The third section provides specific tips for those who suffer from spleen and stomach diseases with common symptoms such as stomachache, acid regurgitation, vomiting, dysphagia, regurgitation, hiccups, diarrhea and constipation.

This book of strong scientific content was compiled by an expert panel of practitioners of Traditional Chinese Medicine and is written in a clear and concise style. Some of the tips for nourishing the stomach provided by Chen Diping, professor with Nanjing University of Chinese Medicine, have been passed down in his family from generation to generation.
Garden of Eden at the Foot of the Gaoligong Mountains — Take a Soul-purifying Yoga Journey with Miya Muqi

◆ By Miya Muqi

Travel facilitates relaxation of body and mind while yoga exercises have soul-purifying effects. A combination of the two can make your natural beauty shine from the inside out. This book is a creative combination of yoga and travel, and gives simple yoga instructions.

The professional yoga instructor will take you on a soul-purifying journey to appreciate beautiful landscapes while doing various yoga exercises. The book introduces readers to many famous scenic spots in Tengchong county, Yunnan province, including a volcano that is tens of millions of years old, hot springs, the ancient Tea Horse Road and Heshun town. After each journey, the book teaches some yoga postures.

• With 79 high-definition pictures of scenery, this book introduces 20 scenic spots suitable for yoga exercises and 38 classic moderate yoga postures.

About the Author

Miya Muqi was the designated yoga instructor for Britain’s Prince Andrew during his visit to China in 2010, and the Promotion Ambassador for the China (Kunming)-India Yoga Conference. She also starred in international superstar Jackie Chan’s film *Kung Fu Yoga*. 
Appreciation of Yuhua Stones

By Liu Shui

Yuhua stone is a kind of special mineral rock originating from the Yangtze River area. The book discusses the aesthetics of Yuhua stones from various perspectives including geological origins, categorization, and a history of collection. It is divided into six chapters covering a range of topics including “aesthetics of Yuhua stones”, “the collection and appreciation of stones”, and “anecdotes associated with Yuhua stones”. The book is forwarded by Wang Zhaowen, a leading authority in aesthetics.
Sixty Years of Taohuawu New Year Prints

By Suzhou Taohuawu Woodblock Year Prints Society

This book delves deep into the history and traditions of New Year woodcut printing and explores the ways in which the art form has changed over the past 60 years. Furthermore, the book traces the interplay of ethnic Chinese art and that of other cultures in recent decades. The book is a seminal text exploring the origins of the art and the manifold ways it has developed.

- Winner of Beauty of Books in China 2016
- Gold Prize of Graphic Design at the 25th Gold Ox Award
- Bronze Prize of the 2016 Kan Tai-keung Design Award – Worldwide Chinese Design Competition

Publication Date: Jul. 2016
Price: 580.00 CNY
ISBN: 9787534498244
Format: Hardcover, 628 pages
Rights Available: Worldwide

Phoenix Fine Arts Publishing Ltd.
Susan Shi
E-mail: susanshe@vip.sina.com
From *Sixty Years of Taohuawu New Year Prints* by Suzhou Taohuawu Woodblock Year Prints Society.
Big Bang of Chinese Characters
◆ By Dong Yuexi

Each stroke of a Chinese character carries a plethora of meaning and history. This insightful book delves deep into the meanings of strokes and the relationships of one stroke to another. The book introduces research on Chinese character patterns and designs of typefaces. It also arranges a large number of pictures, offers analysis, and promotes discussion of key linguistic questions.

- Winner of the 92nd New York Art Directors Club Bronze Award
- Red Dot Design Award in 2013 and 2014
- Bronze Prize of Excellent Art Book at the 22nd Gold Ox Award
From *Big Bang of Chinese Characters* by Dong Yuexi.
Brilliant Purples and Reds: Album of Gao Made’s Kunqu Opera

◆ By Gao Made

This book won the Beauty of Books and Illustration Gold Medal awards, and has been presented as a national gift to the 28th world cultural heritage conference.

About the Author

Gao Made (1917-2007) is famous for drawing opera characters. He combines an exaggerate cartoon art style and techniques of traditional Chinese painting as well as presentation of Peking Opera to form a unique style. Figures are vivid and interesting with a unity of form and spirit, which appeals to both refined and popular tastes.
From *Brilliant Purples and Reds: Album of Gao Made’s Kunqu Opera* by Gao Made.
Three Steps to Appreciating Calligraphy
◆ By Zhuang Tianming

The book explains in simple language what calligraphy is, how to be a calligrapher and how to create works of calligraphy. The explanations are divided into eight aspects including the historical evolution of calligraphy, the imagery of calligraphy, key concepts of calligraphers, practical calligraphy advice, artistic calligraphy, and the theory of calligraphy’s evolution.

Chinese Calligraphy History (7 volumes)
◆ By Liu Heng et al.

This series can serve as a reference book for people in art and calligraphy disciplines background.

The first part of this series introduces Chinese calligraphy history spanning 3,000 years and the traditions of calligraphic art. The second part is a summary and review on ancient people’s understanding and interpretation of calligraphy. The third part displays classic works and reveals the evolution of various styles. The fourth part is a systemic introduction of the history of calligraphy, including works by calligraphers of various schools across a range of eras.
Sinology Moral Education Classics
◆ By Sun Xiaoyun

The publication of highly respected calligrapher Sun Xiaoyun’s rewriting of The Four Classics (The Great Learning, The Doctrine of the Mean, The Analects of Confucius, and The Mencius) offers readers a window into the classical world of some of China’s greatest works.

The books are classically bound, making them as much a joy to hold as they are to read. Sun captures the essence of these great works and the significance of calligraphy within the tradition of Chinese thought and scholarship.

Calligraphy Owns its Way
◆ By Sun Xiaoyun

This book explores the ways in which handwriting is based on environment, the physiological functioning of human bodies, an individual’s lifestyle, and how it is produced by aesthetic notions of a culture.

This book applies innovative research and methodology in studying calligraphic theories and has proved a bestseller for 15 years. It has been reprinted nearly 20 times and has set a sales record for a calligraphy theory book.
From *The Analects of Confucius*, a hand-written copy by Sun Xiaoyun.
Given society’s high valuation of painting, publications detailing painting skills and targeting a wide audience of readers naturally appeals not only to painting lovers but also a broad body of individuals.

The authors who have taken part in the series are all accomplished flower-and-bird painters, and the work provides examples and detailed introductions of how to paint flowers and birds. Among the range of tips offered is the advice that beginners should pay more attention to observations of natural objects and draw from nature.

For the convenience of readers, the series contains QR codes in some chapters. Readers can scan the code to access videos so as to have a direct understanding of flower-and-bird painting techniques.
Color-Calligraphy — The Four Books and Five Classics
◆ By He Baijun

Color-calligraphy is a new art form founded by He Baijun, a calligrapher and artist. Based on the integration of traditional calligraphy with modern aesthetics, he uses multiple colors, fantastic brushwork and bold structures to display a new form of calligraphy. While providing access to the art of coloring, the book is also good educational material for lovers of Chinese culture.

The book is divided in two sections. Firstly, a basic introduction to color-calligraphy and its respective artic tools. Secondly, display of creative works from the Four Books and Five Classics, the authoritative books on Confucianism in China, as well as an interpretation of the excerpts, helping readers to learn more about traditional Chinese culture while enjoying the array of colors.

- He Baijun’s original color-calligraphy work Harmony without Uniformity has been used by Russia to bid for World Expo 2020.
Creation notes of colorful calligraphy

Based on the spirit of Master Lin Fengmian that “the biggest responsibility of art is creation”, I use brush and ink to create my infatuation for art and my truthful persistence. I use colors to create my inspiration of life and interpretation of respect.

During my marvelous trip to Tibet, the magical five-colored prayer flags ignited the flames for the exploration of “colorful calligraphy”. The ingenious Thangka and the architecture style of Tibetan folklore further replenished and enriched the expression of colored calligraphy.

Color, the common language in the world, enriches the fixed mode of white paper and black characters of traditional calligraphy. The fusion of ink and color endows the traditional calligraphy with a fashionable mark and international vision.

(Translated by Wang Zhiguang)
CHILDREN’S & YA BOOKS
Mushroom House Series
(Collection III, 10 volumes)

This latest series contains 10 volumes. Each book features an appealing story told beautifully, providing children with a wonderland for the imagination. The books are for children aged from five to eight.

Publication Date: Mar. 2017
Price: 25.00 CNY
ISBN: 9787558403903
9787558403958
9787558403927
9787558403873
9787558403965
9787558403897
9787558403941
9787558403880
9787558403934
9787558403910
Format: Paperback
Rights Available: Worldwide

Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.
Wu Xiaohong
E-mail: xhw_2005@aliyun.com,
wuxh@ppm.cn
I’m Great (20 volumes)

This is an original illustration collection for child education. Focusing on teaching children emotional intelligence, the collection contains 20 vivid and funny tales to help children form a healthy personality.

Created by a group of famed Chinese writers, illustrators and education experts, *I’m Great* is a winner of the Bingxin Children’s Book Prize and National Excellent Children’s Book Award.

- 1.87 million copies sold
- Purchased by UNESCO as gift books
- The traditional Chinese version issued in Hong Kong has been reprinted several times and twice renewed the copyright contract.
一些叶子在空中飞舞着，旋转着，慢慢落到地上，亲热地贴在大地妈妈的胸口上。

只有维维不一样，他比别的田鼠白多啦！维维想：我有点白，也许我不是一只田鼠吧？

这天，一只大白猫经过草丛。

从《A Yellow Leaf’s Dance, I’m Great series》。

从《Weiwei the White Mouse, I’m Great series》。
Bedtime Stories for Fetal Education

The book features adaptations of classic Chinese stories to train the imagination. The book’s interactive content is tailored for parents-to-be to make reading it more interesting. When reading, mothers-to-be can touch their belly and express love for their baby.

- 77 classic Chinese stories with original colored illustrations.
- A combination of storytelling audio, beautiful music and selected stories.
- Includes a diary for fetal education.
Otter Boy  
◆ By Xiaohe Dingding

The story is a depiction of traditional rural life with a mixture of reality and mystery. By telling the story between a fairy otter boy and a country boy named Dingding, it features the loneliness and struggle of growing up as well as the happiness in this process. With a soft and warm air, the author brings out a precious family cohesion which is at the same time subtle and unbreakable.

Playing Chess with Otter Boy

As the three of us soaked in the water hole we all felt extremely lucky. I looked for a sandstone with a rough surface to rub papa’s back with and ordered: “Come on, tell us the story of you and otter boy!”

Papa arched his back and grinned, squeezing the dense wrinkles on his cheeks in a way that made him look like some kind of jovial mystical being, and started telling his tale: “Back in those days I was still young, about as big as Dingding… As I’ve told you two before, grandpa passed early, and grandma couldn’t afford to send me to school, so she had me herd cattle. I really wanted to go to school. One afternoon, I was herding my ox near the big pond on the southeast end of the village’s main street. The pond’s water was shallow and next to it I saw big clay tablets, flat and slippery, without even a footprint on
them, just like ready-made blackboards. I stepped down and used my finger as a brush to write down poetry and prose I’d memorized. The more I wrote, the more I felt like I was back in class, that the teacher had asked me to write these things on the blackboard. And as I wrote it all down, I thought of my classmates who were still in that classroom assimilating new knowledge while I herded cattle. I kept writing while I shed tears. Then I saw a shadow move on the tablets and cover the characters I’d written. It was another young boy, shirtless, barefoot, wearing only a pair of black trousers. I’d often herd my cattle around the area and yet I’d never seen him before. His pupils were bright and round, his hair thick and black; he was small but robustly built. He looked at the characters I’d written down and asked curiously: ‘What are you writing?’ I asked him: ‘You can’t read?’ He said: ‘I’ve never been to school, can you teach me?’ And he was quite smart, he learned intuitively, and he also asked many things about school. He was curious about everything: what was chalk made out of? What are school desks like? How do teachers teach? He had never been to school even for a day, and it was also because his family was poor. As I spoke to him, I understood that, after all, I wasn’t the most miserable; there were others even more pitiable. It was about to get dark and I had to go back, and that’s when I noticed that my ox had gone astray. By the time I’d led him back, the young boy had disappeared.”

Papa stopped.

I asked hurriedly: “Was he otter boy?”

Big brother asked: “What happened then?”

Papa said: “My back’s so itchy, why aren’t you rubbing it anymore?”

Oh, I’d been so enthralled I’d long forgot about the backrub.

I went on rubbing. Big brother also picked up a stone to rub papa’s back.

“Back then I’d never expected him to be otter boy. The way he spoke and moved, it was just like any other person.” Papa slowly extended his index finger to play with a small shrimp that had swam up to his foot.

I gently hit papa with my rock: “Don’t stop!”

Papa said: “The next day in the afternoon, I herded my ox back to that big pond again, and I saw him next to the pond waving at me from far. It was spring then and grass was plenty, so I gave my ox a lot of rope and tethered it to a small tree so that it could graze in circles while I ran off to play with the young boy. He wanted me to teach him to read again, so I took on my teacher’s role and
prepared for class, told him to raise his hand to ask questions, to stand up while answering questions, and he was very obedient. I only knew as much as I had been taught in the third grade, and when summer came I had no more things to teach him, so all I could do then was to teach him to play chess.”

I asked papa: “Didn’t you say you wanted to catch him?”

Big brother scolded me: “Just concentrate on rubbing papa’s back, don’t interrupt.”

“Whatever…” I turned the sandstone around; the surface I’d been using had become as slippery as soap.

Papa straightened his back, reached to his spine with the back of his hand and said: “No need for anymore rubbing.” Then he rested his back against the pier and, as he stared down at the rippled reflection of the bridge in the water, like a golden undulating snake, went on reminiscing: “At first I was not a great fan of chess, I just liked going to school, but teaching otter boy to play chess got me addicted to the game. At first I was always winning, but anything I taught him he learned very quick, and so once he understood the rules he started winning. In order to beat him to it I started to study how adults played. When adults play they have their tricks, and once I’d learned new tricks I started winning again; however no matter what trick I used it would only fool him once, and then once he’d learned it from me, I had to go learn new ones… Eventually I got my hands on a strategy book; I learned many unique moves and completely wiped him out, it was like cutting myself a piece of cake!” Papa looked like a child, using his hand to split and cut through the water as if it’d been a knife. “He was sore from losing, so he suggested that we have a diving competition. We stepped into the pond, facing one another and holding each other’s hands; we both took a big breath at the same time and dived with our eyes wide open so that we could see each other underwater. After one or two minutes I couldn't take it anymore, but he was still smiling. I had no choice but to admit defeat and let myself float to the surface, and fortunately he remembered I was human and followed me up – except that in his moment of pride he'd forgot about the long whiskers on his cheeks, longer than a cat’s – otter whiskers.”

Subconsciously I felt my face.

Big brother did too.

With his two hands papa splashed river water on his face and gargled with
his throat as if he’d swallowed a little, and said with much regret: “I was still little then and I got nervous. I pointed at him and yelled out ‘otter boy’, and his head went back into the water and never surfaced again. If I’d tricked him into getting back to shore, he wouldn’t have been able to run away.”

I asked: “What would you have caught him for?”

Papa said: “I would’ve tied a chain to his neck and brought him fishing everyday. How amazing must’ve otter boy been at catching fish, what a fortune I could’ve made, I could’ve paid tuition and gone back to school.”

I felt like that wasn’t the right thing for papa to do, and so I said: “If I ever meet otter boy I would become his friend instead, and as my friend he surely would be willing to help me catch fish.”

Big brother was never satisfied: “So you think you’re the smartest in the world?”

Papa continued: “News of my encounter with otter boy at the pond spread and some people brought a water pump over thinking they could catch him. They said if they caught otter boy they would lock him up at home and sell tickets for people to look at him. They pumped the pond dry and even dug in the mud, but they never found otter boy. Otters can dig holes in the ground, you know, he must’ve burrowed his way out the bottom of that pond to some other pond, or perhaps even directly to the big river.”

Plop!

Something had splashed up somewhere nearby and the water had immediately fell back down. All we could see was the agitated, swirling water. It was very strange, big brother and I didn’t dare to breathe. Papa rubbed and washed his stomach.

Plop!

Another splash.

This time we saw it clearly: a rock had flown over the bridge from the other side and fell into the water.

Could it be that otter boy was hiding there?

(Translated by Nicolas Berthiaume)
I Want to Be a Good Girl
◆ By Huang Beijia

Sixth-grader Jin Ling is optimistic and outgoing, but still not a “good student” in terms of her academic performance. She has talent in literature but is not good at math. Ling tries her best to get into a good middle school, but she also does something “rebellious” that shocks her parents. Jin’s joy and sorrow, failure and success, worries and pride reflect the experience of every teenager under pressure to get a place in a good school.

• Winner of the National Children’s Literature Prize and the Five One Project Prize.
• National award for excellent literary and artistic works.
Kiss My Mom
◆ By Huang Beijia

A heartfelt tale of a child growing up with a single mother. The protagonist Zhao Andi is a ten-year-old boy. He first met his mother Shu Yimei — a radio broadcaster — at his father’s funeral. In this dark turn of event, destiny pushed this little brother toward a steep precipice, on the other side of which is his mom, her scent like sweet oranges… The novel’s plotline follows the feelings of ten-year-old boy and his mom as they warm up to each other, nervous misfits mutually estranged who slowly grow closer, understand each other and develop a harmonious relationship, until they are holding tightly to one another’s hand, supporting and encouraging one another on the path of life.

Sample 1

The city was shrouded in damp salty air. Translucent condensation formed on every cornice, every tree leaf, and every streetlight. Day and night, people came and went about in such a city, their hair falling on their forehead, loose clothes sticking to their bodies, their hands carrying briefcases for work, schoolbags for class, or bamboo baskets for the market. They did not complain at all, not in the least, for that is the way life was, and one was not to expect nor demand too much.
It was a wet, dripping city. A lethargic, woeful city.

But occasionally there would also be days when the clouds parted and the sun appeared.

As sunlight shyly pierced its way through the greyish mist, smiling down upon the city it overlooked, all of creation seemed to awaken from a spell; everything became bright, brisk and lively, like blooming flowers and vivid colors.

One minute ago the clouds had looked like cloth diapers waiting to be wrung dry, one minute later they’d become great big clumps of soft, fluffy cotton, clean, pure, abound with fragrant sunshine, slowly drifting in the skies.

The sun generously filled in the void between the clouds with its own resplendent figure. Hence all facades of the buildings making up the city sparkled, as if coated with a thin layer of glaze.

Droplets tumbled down the branches of sycamore trees, making a crisp sound as they dripped to the ground. The front and rear windows of cars reflected the blue sky, white clouds as well as the hustling and bustling roads, like a moving panoramic display. Piebald butterflies of pale green and beige batted their wings dry as fast as they could then swayed in congress across the street to the roundabout parterre planted with corylopsis sinensis and Chinese plums, where they danced and played as if enchanted. Small birds launched themselves from in between tree branches and pounced over, chirping noisily, apparently obsessed with the idea of taking part in this grand butterfly banquet. Naturally the butterflies could not withstand such clamor, and with purposeful attitude they started flying up and down, like a waving rainbow.

What excitement, what joy, how everything burst with happiness, how charming, how fresh.

It was very fortunate that papa’s funeral should happen on such a sunshiny day. Thus the faces of the people who’d come to the funeral dressed in dark colors, of the grieving relatives, colleagues and friends who’d brought flowers, would not seem as woeful as imagined. Even the white silk and flowers they wore on their arm appeared splendidly charming in the sun, petals thin like the wings of cicadas, soft, transparent, exulting a fresh fragrance like that of real flowers.

Ubiquitous sunshine shone on the freshly dug earth of the cemetery, shades of gold and red having been turned over in the yellowish, brown mud, an almost lovely sight.
The earth was filled with a humid, pleasant odor, which first attracted a few dark brown crawlers, flailing their limbs around, striving to snout themselves inside mounds of dirt.

Some, however, having carelessly crawled the wrong path, had hump onto papa’s cinerary casket, smelling of paint, the stiff walls of which made it impossible for them to advance any further. They raised their gaze up as if astonished, surprised, heads swinging to and fro, trying to figure out what it was in their way.

Never could they understand that in this stiff casket lied a person’s body, the whole body of an adult, 40-year-old man.

As well as all of his smiles and sorrows and fatherly love and the mundane responsibilities he would never again attend to.

Little brother stood in the crowd, the adult surrounding him providing an easy hideout without even the need for him to curl up somewhere. He thought it nice. He didn’t want to look at that casket any more. Poor papa, when he stood up he used to be at least two heads taller than little brother; to lie down in such a casket must’ve been quite uncomfortable. But what could little brother do. Just like papa used to say when he was still alive: son, you have to work for it yourself; now, little brother too could not help papa in any way.

It had all happened so suddenly that for a week little brother wouldn’t believe it had happened at all.

Sample 2

Little brother spread the paper and Wei Dongping there posed the tree leaf. Little brother followed the figure and traced its outline with a pencil. Wei Dongping then watched him add colors. Little brother’s first attempt was not very successful, and those shabby shades of green, why it didn’t look like a leaf at all; it looked like a lifeless, green hand. Wei Dongping studied the object and colored over, drawing on the pale green leaf its nerves of a darker shade and its indented edges, and even boldly adding some brown and yellow
on the leaf’s stalk. Just like that an impression of depth was created, the image gained in perspective, and with some efforts one could now discern the idea of a leaf.

Little brother was quite satisfied. He told Wei Dongping, if he handed in this for his drawing assignment, the teacher would have to give him a mark no lower than 90%.

That day Shu Yimei came back home from work late at night. When she opened the light in her room, she saw that azure green leaf stuck on the windowpane. The yellowish glow made it look hairy, and the picture seemed almost to come to life against the glass, it had warmth, breath, soul, it spoke and smiled to her.

Shu Yimei sat straight on the chair, looking at the leaf before her. The autumn wild blew on the other side of the window, letting out a slight howl as the leaf on the windowpane waggled and flickered back and forth.

(Translated by Nicolas Berthiaume)
Sheep in Heaven
◆ By Qi Zhi

This short story collection by Qi Zhi has charmed readers with its tender writing style and delicate perspective. The series tells the story of a boy named Xiaoshui and his friends living in a village called Tongcun. The writer tries to make readers recall the joy of childhood.

Mike Operation
◆ By Qi Zhi

Three thousand years ago, Sitelan City launched the “Mike Operation” and wiped out the evil rat tribe in one night. Now, Maryana, the sole rat to survive the operation, and his followers are plotting revenge against the people of Sitelan. The little rats have evolved into monsters with a tiger-like body. The rat monsters want to conquer Sitelan and even destroy the whole human race! At this crucial moment, Doctor Huck and Little Tyler invent an artificial rat called “Mike”. Bearing the hope of Sitelan on its shoulders, Mike sneaks into enemy territory to fight back. Who will win this war between justice and evil?
The Door to the Dream
◆ By Wang Lichun

This is a poetry collection for children. The author Wang Lichun is a knowledgeable children’s poet. Every piece of his works has brought a burst of reading impact to the children’s poetic circles as soon as it came out. This poetry collection has a large dimensional imagination and extended creating space. With 58 poems, it brings young readers into an interesting and beautiful trip of experiencing children’s poems.

Publication Date: Oct. 2016
Price: 18.00 CNY
ISBN: 9787558402043
Format: Paperback, 213 pages
Rights Available: Worldwide

You Are Seven Years Old
◆ By Liu Jianping

Turning seven is an important moment in many children’s life journeys. It is the age when you leave kindergarten and start school. It is the age when you leave the protection of your parents and kindergarten teachers and start a new life. How do seven year olds cope? What new ideas will pop up in their minds? What should their parent do? Children’s writer Liu Jianping devoted this full-length non-fiction novel to his seven-year-old son.

The novel has been adapted into a four-episode TV series which won China’s governmental award for excellent TV programs.
The Sunflower Detachment

◆ By Shuashua

*The Sunflower Detachment* traces the story of Moli, a young autistic girl, and her relationships with her friends, teachers and students. With a fresh and lively voice, the novel follows Moli’s own internal questioning and journeys through her moments of confusion and self-understanding. The book explores teenage psychology and makes readers feel love.

About the Author

Shuashua is a member of Jiangsu Writer’s Association and a lead writer for Nanjing Literature League. She has focused on works exploring teenage psychology and popular science for many years. Her works have been exported to Singapore and Malaysia.

Tang Xiaotuan’s Adventure in the Three Kingdoms

◆ By Gu Qingping

Since the Tang Xiaotuan book series was launched two years ago, the stories about the brave young time travelers have become very popular among young readers. Children can learn about Chinese history through these thrilling stories.
Learn Math through Games
(4 volumes)

◆ By Zhao Gongwei

This collection trains children’s mathematical thinking from beginner to math champ. The content is interesting and relevant to daily life, enabling children to learn mathematical concepts and logical thinking through games. The game cards help children to visualize the solutions to tricky math problems. The books are for children aged from five to eight.
# Phoenix Books in Foreign Editions

(Selected)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>English Title</th>
<th>Language</th>
<th>Chinese Publisher</th>
<th>Foreign Publisher</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Poetic Existence</td>
<td>Korean</td>
<td>Jiangsu People’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Wisdom House</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Talking About “Journey to the West”</td>
<td>Korean</td>
<td>Jiangsu People’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Todam Media Publishers.Co</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Talking About Li Yu</td>
<td>Korean</td>
<td>Jiangsu People’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Todam Media Publishers.Co</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Talking About Li Ruzhen</td>
<td>Korean</td>
<td>Jiangsu People’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Todam Media Publishers.Co</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Back to Marx</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Jiangsu People’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Goettingen University</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
14 Symbols of China  K
15 An Illustrated Series on Chinese Traditional Arts  K
16 Chinese Nature Worship  K
17 Seeing Jiangsu in 112 Symbols  E
18 Confucian Filiality  V
19 The Modernization of Education  V
20 Common Sense on Scientific Governance  V
21 Party-building for Non-public Enterprises  V
22 Learning after Doing  V
23 The First Resource  V
24 Virtues for Teenagers  V
25 Good Civil Servant  V
26 Chinese Social Reform and Grassroot-level Party-building Innovation  V
27 A Ben Mao’s Story  V
28 The Most Adorable Faces in the World  E
The Vernacular Dwellings of China

Prehistorical Wonders-Nanjing Yuhua Pebble

Ten Key Formula Families in Chinese Medicine

Ten Key Formula Families in Chinese Medicine

Practical Application of Pair-Point

Practical Diagram of Chinese Acupoints

La Grande Muraille

A Magical Pack

Zebra Zambi Back from the City

Fruit Rain

The Two Trees

The Shining Teeth
<p>| No. | Title                                      | Language | Publisher                                                      |
|-----|--------------------------------------------|----------|                                                               |
| 41  | The Little Snail’s Applause                | English  | Phoenix Education Publishing Ltd./Phoenix Vocational Education Books Ltd. |
| 42  | The Girl and the Swallows                 | English  | Phoenix Education Publishing Ltd./Phoenix Vocational Education Books Ltd. |
| 43  | The Night before Chinese New Year         | English  | Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.                |
| 44  | Bronze and Sunflower                      | English  | Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.                |
| 45  | Bronze and Sunflower                      | Italian  | Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.                |
| 46  | Bronze and Sunflower                      | Korean   | Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.                |
| 47  | Bronze and Sunflower                      | French   | Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.                |
| 48  | Bronze and Sunflower                      | German   | Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.                |
| 49  | Bronze and Sunflower                      | French   | Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.                |
| 50  | The Rain People                           | English  | Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.                |
| 51  | The Talking Snail                         | English  | Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.                |
| 52  | Shadow Puppet                             | English  | Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.                |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Language</th>
<th>Publisher</th>
<th>Rights Guide</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>53</td>
<td>Dandelion Oldie</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54</td>
<td>The Snowman’s Secret</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>Water</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>Twinkle Twinkle</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57</td>
<td>The Wolf and the Sheep</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td>Who Ate my Chestnut</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59</td>
<td>When Daddy Was Small</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>Bath Time</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>61</td>
<td>Home</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62</td>
<td>Tug Tug Tug</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63</td>
<td>Father and Son Go Fishing</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td>Look, There’s a Dark, Dark Hole</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>Borrowing a Tail</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Language</td>
<td>Publisher</td>
<td>Translated Publisher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----</td>
<td>----------------------------</td>
<td>----------</td>
<td>-----------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66</td>
<td>Alakazam</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67</td>
<td>The Worried Snail</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68</td>
<td>Your Mummy Misses You</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69</td>
<td>Grr!! I’m Hungry!</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>Wake UP</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71</td>
<td>Streetlamp No. 8</td>
<td>French</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Editions du Centenaire-MilleFleurs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72</td>
<td>Big Potato, the Pilot</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73</td>
<td>Big Potato, the Pilot</td>
<td>French</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Editions du Centenaire-MilleFleurs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74</td>
<td>Big Potato, the Pilot</td>
<td>Vietamese</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Kimdong</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75</td>
<td>Big Banana Rides a Dog</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>76</td>
<td>Big Banana Rides a Dog</td>
<td>Vietnamese</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Kimdong</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>77</td>
<td>Dad and I Turn into Mice</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>78</td>
<td>Dad and I Turn into Mice</td>
<td>French</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Editions du Centenaire-MilleFleurs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Language</td>
<td>Publisher</td>
<td>Notes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----</td>
<td>-------------------------------------------</td>
<td>----------</td>
<td>------------------------------------</td>
<td>-----------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>79</td>
<td>Dad and I Turn into Mice</td>
<td>Vietnamese</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Kimdong</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80</td>
<td>Sparrow Kindergarten</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>81</td>
<td>Sparrow Kindergarten</td>
<td>Vietnamese</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Kimdong</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>82</td>
<td>Red Tile</td>
<td>Korean</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Prunsoop Publishing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>83</td>
<td>Kiss Me, Mum</td>
<td>Korean</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Gimm-Young Publishers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>84</td>
<td>Kiss Me, Mum</td>
<td>French</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Editions Philippe Picquier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>85</td>
<td>I would like to be a Good Child</td>
<td>German</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Nordsud AG,Zurich</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>86</td>
<td>The Straw Houses</td>
<td>Korean</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Prunsoop Publishing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>87</td>
<td>Father and Son Go Fishing</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>88</td>
<td>My First Diary Series</td>
<td>Vietnamese</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Dinh Ti Co. Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>89</td>
<td>The Blue Pentacle / White Shell</td>
<td>German</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Isko press</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90</td>
<td>Ai Wan’s Daffodil Ball</td>
<td>Korean</td>
<td>Phoenix Juvenile and Children’s Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Borim</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>91</td>
<td>Lu Xun’s Articles</td>
<td>Japanese</td>
<td>Phoenix Literature &amp; Art Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Wenshengtang Bookstore of Lida Japanese Ltd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Language(s)</td>
<td>Publisher</td>
<td>Co-Publisher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----</td>
<td>--------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-------------</td>
<td>------------------------------------</td>
<td>--------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>92</td>
<td>Her City</td>
<td>Thai</td>
<td>Phoenix Literature &amp; Art Publishing Ltd.</td>
<td>Nanmee Books</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>94</td>
<td>Peking Opera Codes</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Yilin Press Ltd.</td>
<td>Compendium Publishing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>96</td>
<td>Encyclopaedia of the Peoples of China</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Yilin Press Ltd.</td>
<td>Greene Media Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>97</td>
<td>Symbols of China</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Yilin Press Ltd.</td>
<td>Compendium Publishing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>98</td>
<td>Symbols of China</td>
<td>French</td>
<td>Yilin Press Ltd.</td>
<td>Editions du Chene</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100</td>
<td>Research on Moral Capital</td>
<td>Serbian</td>
<td>Yilin Press Ltd.</td>
<td>Albatros Plus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>102</td>
<td>The Story of Two Old Photographs</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Yilin Press Ltd.</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>103</td>
<td>The Story of Two Old Photographs</td>
<td>Japanese</td>
<td>Yilin Press Ltd.</td>
<td>DOSHINSHA PUBLISHING</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>104</td>
<td>The Story of Two Old Photographs</td>
<td>Korean</td>
<td>Yilin Press Ltd.</td>
<td>Sakyejul Publishing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>105</td>
<td>Blazing City-1938</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Yilin Press Ltd.</td>
<td>Xanadu Publishing Ltd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>106</td>
<td>Blazing City-1938</td>
<td>Japanese</td>
<td>Yilin Press Ltd.</td>
<td>DOSHINSHA PUBLISHING</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>107</td>
<td>Blazing City-1938</td>
<td>Korean</td>
<td>Yilin Press Ltd.</td>
<td>Sakyejul Publishing</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>