

EASTERN

HORIZON

monthly review

Volume 1 Number 2

in this issue

Han Suyin

Social Changes in Asia

Edmund Blunden

China in English Literature

A Modern Marco Polo

Intimate Travel Notes (I)

G. M. Glaskin

The Gollywog (a short story)

Chan Chik

A Hong Kong Album

Pa Wang Pieh Chi

stage photo in colour

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August 1960

HK\$2.00

SELECTED CHINESE SAYINGS

TRANSLATED AND ANNOTATED

by

T. C. LAI

Proverbs are like race-horses; they look alike, but—are they? Still, 'while the grass grows, the steed starves' is safe enough. Many Chinese steeds of the wit-and-wisdom class have been well looked after by my friend T. C. LAI, and show their form. To me, through his training, they are winners; those that I meet in his (English) gathering are all delightful and victorious.

Edmund Blunden

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PRACTICAL BOOK CO.

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HONG KONG

EASTERN HORIZON monthly review

VOLUME I NUMBER 2

AUGUST 1960

LETTERS

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LETTERS

THE VOICE OF THE EAST

I hasten to thank you for my copy of *Eastern Horizon* and to tell you how much I like the magazine. It is high time that the voice of the East was heard, particularly in dialogue with that of the West, you have certainly provided a highly literary and entertaining vehicle. I should like to enter a subscription immediately for a year. . . .

Congratulations, and best wishes for the continued success of your venture.

DOROTHY BRITTON

Hayama,
Japan

SO WELL DONE?

Eastern Horizon arrived! It makes me want to write for it; it is so well done.

HAN SUYIN

Bukit Panjang,
Singapore

FROM FABER AND FABER

Thank you for your letter of June 14th. I was most interested to hear of the forthcoming appearance of *Eastern Horizon*. We should certainly like to send you suitable books for review and our advertising manager has expressed interest in possible future advertising. Would you be good enough to send us a specimen copy of the magazine as soon as one is available? We should be glad to send you a copy of our Autumn catalogue, but this will not be ready several weeks yet.

ANN FABER

Faber & Faber, Ltd.,
Russell Square,
London

FROM OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

We were interested to learn of your new magazine and thank you for sending us the circular about it.

You might be interested in reviewing one of our recent publications *Shen Fu: Chapters from a Floating Life*, translated from the Chinese by Shirley M. Black, and we will send this in the next few days by parcel post.

I would be very much obliged if you could send us a voucher copy of the first number of your magazine.

NIGEL SISSON

Oxford University Press,
Warwick Square,
London

THE FIRST PERMANENT SUBSCRIBER

I received today your prospectus for *Eastern Horizon*. I would like to compliment you on the range of contributors you have succeeded in drawing in, and also on the format of your prospectus.

I am wondering whether it would be possible for you to send to me the first issue by airmail, and whether you would enter me on the list of your permanent subscribers.

K. M. BUCHANAN

Victoria University of Wellington,
New Zealand

'IT'S A FINE NO. 1'

You have certainly graduated as an Editor, an imaginative Editor too. It is a fine No. 1. I wonder if any such review has ever come out of Hong Kong. All that we now want is a good long list of subscribers—'we' I say because I have had the pleasure of being not far away while you made your wide plans. No. 1 is peppered with misprints, but you have been peppered with small shot about that matter, so No. 2 will be immaculate. At least, in textual correctness. I look forward to more Editorial notes,—yours reminded me of the days when I shared the office of John Middleton Murry, and he struck out each week from the Chair, paragraph-punching. My position as contributor makes it difficult for me to congratulate you, but I will even if you decide to—sack, fire, drop, liquidate, promote, emancipate, &c.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

3 University Path,
Hong Kong

CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations for fine achievement with 1st number, though in my poem 'Piccadilly' omitted an 'l.'

WONG MAN

London

HIGH LITERARY STANDARD

Thank you very much for sending three copies of the *Eastern Horizon* to my office. I feel

that the opportunity of inspecting the first issue of this Review has given me a much better idea of its editorial policy and the literary standard of its contents, than a mere letter would have.

The literary standard of *Eastern Horizon* is very high indeed, and I hope most sincerely that you will be able to maintain this excellent standard indefinitely.

I was particularly interested to read your Book Reviews, three of which referred to books from our publishers (Hutchinson, Tuttle, Methuen). . . .

I am getting together a collection of books which I think might be suitable for review in *Eastern Horizon* and it will be sent round to you shortly.

THOMAS M. BRASH,
Proprietor,

M. Graham Brash & Son,
Publishers' Representatives

Mirador Mansion,
Kowloon

ENJOYABLE

I thoroughly enjoyed Volume 1, Number 1, of *Eastern Horizon* which I read from cover to cover the week-end before last.

DICK ARTHUR

Chemistry Department,
Hong Kong University

'THE LAUGHING CAMBODIANS'

Having read Volume 1, Number 1 of your excellent new publication within two days of returning from one of many trips to Cambodia, I do not feel at all pretentious in challenging some of the stuff and substance in Dr Han Suyin's 'The Laughing Cambodians' appearing in your first issue. Possibly some of the errors are merely typographical or the usual editorial oversights accompanying the throes of growing pains for any new publication, BUT I do feel that the good doctor (many of whose writings I have admired and enjoyed) has let herself wide open for criticism, as well as challenge of opinion and ideological ideational concepts. It is difficult to believe that this drum-beating and torch-bearing for NEUTRALITY will greatly assist increasing circulation of a publication dedicated to the promotion of good-will between East and West, although less than four paragraphs the authoress has gotten in a many splendoured plug for her next forthcoming book! (This is hucksterism of the first order.)

First, the demographical statistics are a bit at fault and a million Cambodians cannot be overlooked—the population is much closer to five

than four million. Admittedly, since Cambodia's independence from France in 1953 relations have improved between the French and the Cambodians but one fails to see where 'French businessmen are coming en masse to Cambodia' . . .

Han Suyin, as a Baedeker, is likewise somewhat at fault—airplanes not only enter Cambodia from Bangkok, but from Saigon, Hong Kong and other points as well. The proper names for some of the lines, listed in error, are *Royal Air Cambodge* and Thai *International*, and she has completely overlooked Cathay Pacific and Air Laos. But be that as it may, 'tis insignificant (I'm not in the airlines business) but it makes for bad reporting!

Further, if this 'afficionado' of the Cambodians desires to use a term 'ancienne' for the country and it's people, she should write 'h' as the second letter, making it Khmer rather than Kmer . . .

It is most interesting to note that our authoritative authoress is honest enough to state that she 'spent happy days wandering around Phnom Penh — mostly with French women *****' (!!!!!) From this comes political astuteness?????

G. A. HINCKLEY

Hong Kong

[HAN SUYIN writes: *It was not my intention to give a full list of airlines, but merely to indicate the two chief airlines FROM BANGKOK, used by tourists to go to ANGKOR (Siemreap), but not to catalogue all the airplanes going to and through Cambodia. The number of Cambodians, according to Prince Sihanouk himself, is 'a little over four million,' and who am I to contradict him; perhaps Mr Hinckley is thinking of the 300,000 Chinese and the other 200,000 Malays, Moys, etc. In fact, a correct census is not really available, but if there are a million more laughing Cambodians than I thought, I'm very happy about it.*

As to the spelling of Khmer or Kmer, of course it is a terrible mistake, much worse than, for instance, the common mistake made by famous correspondents of calling Mr Ngo Din Diem, Mr Diem, a mistake, incidentally, often found in big newspapers but which has never been corrected yet. I am very happy to have been corrected so quickly, and in future will never drop my h'es again. I thank Mr Hinckley for taking such trouble in picking at my article, and hope he will in the future show the same eagerness towards my subsequent effusions, in Eastern Horizon or anywhere else.

As to Mr Hinckley's views on neutralist Cambodia, he may be interested in an article

published in The Observer, London dated July 3, 1960, and written by Dennis Bloodworth, which may enlighten him on what is happening in Cambodia, and on the Prince's universal popularity in his own country.

That the French population of Cambodia has doubled in the past five years is quite correct. When I said I was walking in the streets with Frenchwomen, I should have added: With Frenchwomen and their Cambodian husbands and Eurasian children. It is from such multi-racial sources that one does get 'both sides of the picture.' Of course I also made Cambodian friends. I am astonished that Mr Hinckley should undervalue the intelligence, perspicacity, of these Frenchwomen, some of them doctors and others teachers, who gave me valuable insight into the way people really felt around them.]

WARM GREETINGS FROM INDIA

I received your letter some time ago and immediately airmailed a short story to you, but had no time to write to you as I was busy finishing a book and also constantly in and out of Bombay. . . .

I greet your idea of the magazine most warmly and cordially, and you can depend upon my best cooperation. I hope your magazine will foster goodwill between our two countries on a cultural plane.

K. A. ABBAS

Philomena Lodge,
Bombay

FROM PACIFIC AFFAIRS

We have noted with interest the appearance of your publication *Eastern Horizon* and look

forward to seeing the first issue. We would be very glad to receive a sample copy for review in our columns.

We are interested in receiving *Eastern Horizon* regularly and wonder if you would be interested in an exchange subscription arrangement whereby you would receive copies of *Pacific Affairs* and we would receive *Eastern Horizon*.

We hope to hear from you soon and meanwhile we wish you success with the new publication.

IAN F. WILSON,
Pacific Affairs

New York

EXCITING?

Herewith a subscription for the Morris family, and another one for the Common Room at Birkbeck College as a present.

I think this beginning volume most encouraging and exciting. If I have a general criticism about content, etc., it is that it does not seem that the magazine has yet fully decided what it is out to concentrate upon. But this is something that one cannot deduce fully from only one issue. Or even two or three. It is something that will develop clearly no doubt over the first year or two. . . .

And I will try to encourage Stephen to let you have something on Asians in Africa. He was very interested indeed in the magazine when it arrived yesterday, and said at once that we really must become regular subscribers. . . . Must stop. Time for the next feed. Sorry, Greetings from us both.

BARBARA E. WARD

Daddon,
Bideford, Devon,
England

EASTERN DIARY

It is interesting to have found the following paragraph in the Editorial Comments of an American weekly:

'The modern fascination with intellectuals has been clear in the West . . . and it is a fascination shared by African and Asian intellectuals for whom the culture of Western Europe has been both a model to copy and a focus of hostility. Insecure in the face of European culture, anxious lest their European educations separate them from their people and national traditions, eager to use the achievements of Western civilization in laying the foundations and building the scaffolding of their own institutions, these "new intellectuals" not only continually call Europe's "older" intellectuals into question, but are continually calling themselves into question as well.'

Not surprising at all. But is it true? And, who are they, these 'new intellectuals'?

Asia (and Africa) is changing very rapidly. But Asians are NOT imitating. They can't afford to copy the 'culture of Western Europe'; for that won't fit in their own conditions. As Dr Joseph Needham rightly said in 'The Dialogue of Europe and Asia': 'It is common to hear Westerners say that Asia and Africa have merely copied the intellectual and technical achievements of Europe. Europeans, it is implied, bore the burden and heat of the day in laying the foundations of all the modern sciences, and now Asians enter into the enjoyment of the hard ground-work previously done. But this historical perspective is wrong in many ways. To learn to use modern techniques is never mere copying . . .'
(*Eastern Horizon*, Vol. 1, No. 1).

In *modernizing*, but not *Europeanizing*, their institutions, Asians are in fact learning

a lot from the achievements and failures of both East and West. The question of 'hostility' does not arise here.

*

In this issue of our young magazine you will find an article from the scholarly and entertaining pen of Prof Edmund Blunden: 'China in English Literature.' As usual, it's a lovely piece of prose. And, we hope in the not so distant future we'll be able to present an article on England in Chinese or Japanese literature. That would be another interesting study of what I'd like to call 'Literary Marriage.'

Prof Blunden's suggestion of an anthology 'doing justice to these observers, pilgrims, even workers in China who set down something of their tours on paper' is certainly a splendid idea to be hailed by many. Anybody interested?

*

'It is high time that the voice of the East was heard, particularly in dialogue with that of the West, and you have certainly provided a highly literary and entertaining vehicle.' So writes Miss Dorothy Britton, the distinguished English composer in Japan, in her letter to this office. Very nice of her to say so. It's rather embarrassing of course, but I like it. For her encouraging praise is a challenge to our venture. If we could in some way make the voice of the East heard a little better, we would feel greatly honoured.

Now, may I appeal here to all the writers and artists in Asia for support?

The most practical way to give your support is to contribute. Your creative work or articles will be the most eloquent spokesmen for the East. You are the *Voice of the East*. And this new magazine will be always at your service.

*

One sultry evening last week, while sitting on the veranda and turning over casually some periodicals from America, I came across a 'Dictionary of Diplomacy' in the form of a letter in a June issue of *The Nation*. It reads as follows:

Dear Sirs: In the belief that public evaluation of recent events has been hindered by a lack of clear definition of terms, the following preliminary ones are offered pending further reconnaissance:

U-2: Airplane employed for peaceful weather observation. Derivation: U-boat, underwater craft used for peaceful oceanography, c.1914.

Altimeter: Weather instrument.

To misinterpret: To believe something on the day it is said.

Barometer: Weather instrument.

Bipartisanship: Doing two things at once. Cf. 'bi-lingual,' 'by-focal,' 'by and by.'

Camera: Weather instrument.

Secrecy: National defense (Russian).

Silencer: Weather instrument.

Keeping the door open: A way of getting what you want while appearing not to want it. Cf. John Hay, 'Open Door Policy'; Lady Macbeth, 'I hear a knocking at the south entry; retire we to our chamber; a little water clears us of this deed. Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us, and show us to be watchers.'

Poison pin: Weather instrument.

Responsibility: Being the person who has to make up a new story when silence is no longer possible. Cf. Nathan Hale, 'My only regret is that I have but one lie to give for my country.'

H-Bomb: Weather instrument.

AMOS MARSDEN

Chicago, Ill.

Well, as you know, Mr Francis Gary Powers, the U-2 pilot, pleaded guilty

last week in Moscow. It's reported that he 'very much' regretted his flight. His only regret was that he had *no lie* to give for his country, somebody would say.

*

'Pas d'élites, Pas d'ennuis.' (No educated people, no trouble.) This sounds very much like Lao Tze. Doesn't it? Incidentally, this is a phrase, I was told, which the Belgian governing circles constantly use about the Congo.

To illustrate this strange attitude, I'd like to remind you of a report on the Congo by Mr Basil Davidson, an expert on African affairs. In an analysis of the Congolese situation published in the *New Statesman*, London (23/7/60), he says:

'... there was never at any point a serious and collective effort to treat the Congolese as a natural and effective equal, and accept him as such. This paternalism—this impregnable condescension—was most clearly seen in the field of education. Elementary schooling: yes. Secondary schooling: well, perhaps... though with a strong bias to the seminary. But higher education? No! And above all, *not* in Europe. Some years ago I was talking about this to a Belgian friend who was for many years a key executive of one of Belgium's biggest mining companies. Why, I asked him, don't you allow Congolese to study in Belgian universities? He gave me a reply which really says everything. "I am entirely against their coming here. The reason is that here these Africans would be treated as friends—whereas in the Congo they are not. They would become a political nuisance..."'

This is illuminating enough, I suppose.

*

Just a few minutes ago a letter arrived from London with the news that an Asian Film Season will be opened tomorrow at the National Film Theatre, London.

Part I of the Season, from August 23 to September 10, will present Films From China. The programme is a very inter-

esting one which includes: 'New Story of an Old Soldier, with Joris Ivens' *Early Spring*; *Storm*; *Water for Our Village*; A Survey of Chinese Film History; *The Old Temple Bell*; *Victory on the Water*; *The Shop of the Lin Family*; *Woman's Place*; Film Records of the Chinese Theatre; *The Constant Beam*; *Circus Life*; and *Lin Tse-hsu (The Opium War)*.

The second part of the Season will be an Indian Week. The third part of the Asian Season, from December 13 to 18, will include new films from Hong Kong, Indonesia, Korea, Mongolia, Pakistan, Vietnam, and the Soviet Republics of Tadjikistan and Uzbekistan. The fourth part will be a Japanese film survey beginning in January, 1961.

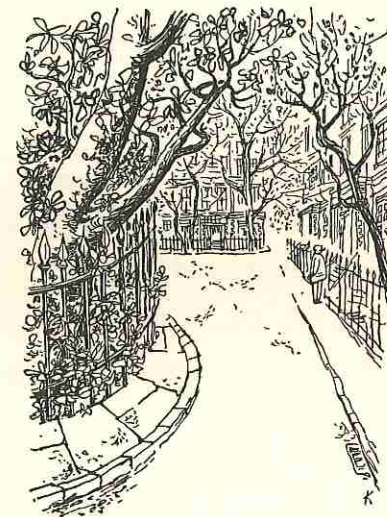
On September 18 and 25, 1960, will be shown a special programme of Asian Dance Films, including films from China, India, and Indonesia.

My friend added in a P.S.: 'How I wish you were here in London with me!'

*

To end the Diary of this month, let me express our gratitude for all congratulations and good wishes received on the launching of this new magazine. My hearty greetings to you all—readers, contributors, and friends everywhere. Many of you say it's a good start. If so, all is to be attributed to your most enthusiastic support and co-operation for which my colleagues and I will be always grateful.

Liu Pengju



EASTERN HORIZON monthly review

- 1) seeks to present the best writing on Asia, with articles on Art, History, Science, Archaeology, Philosophy, Literature, Theatre, Music, Dance, Folklore, etc., as well as Poetry and Short Stories.
- 2) has specially invited many of the best known Eastern and Western writers and scholars to give you their views on the great changes in Asia.
- 3) is a popular cultural magazine designed to give the general reader a comprehensive understanding of Asian life and culture; at the same time it will provide stimulating reading for the expert.
- 4) aims to serve as a forum for an independent exchange of views—and so contribute to a better appreciation of the fast developing East with its diverse cultures and peoples.
- 5) will be illustrated with drawings and photographs.

By subscribing to *Eastern Horizon* you obtain the first hand information vital to everyone interested in goodwill between East and West.

ON MANY HORIZONS

British Art Exhibition in Peking

Several hundred Chinese, foreign diplomats and guests to-day attended in Peking the opening of the first exhibition of British painting held in China.

Mr Chu Tu-nan, Chairman of the Chinese Commission for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, and Mr Michael Stewart, the British Charge d'Affaires, were shown the display of 70 varied examples of British art in the past 70 years. The paintings range from Sargent portraits to modern abstracts and include the works of Graham Sutherland, Wilson Steel, Walter Sickert and Augustus John. The crowd, including many students, showed keen interest in the works. The exhibition is due to remain open about one month. It was in Shanghai earlier for three weeks.

Reuter, Peking, July 19

Studying Chinese Steel

Research workers at Sheffield are to begin studying Chinese in the autumn as part of a plan to glean more information about Communist China's rapidly growing steel industry. The workers from steel concerns in the city begin their studies in September at the local college of technology.

The scheme has been introduced at the suggestion of Mr Robert Sewell, information officer at the Sheffield headquarters of the United Steel Companies, Ltd.

Mr Sewell, who speaks French, German, and Russian and can read six other languages, commented: 'Industry in Britain has learned a great deal about China from first-hand reports and material in Russian technical journals. But I am convinced there is still a lot more valuable information to be had if only more of our technologists could understand Chinese. I am convinced this is now essential to our industry.'

'In 10 years Communist China could become one of our most serious competitors in steel. I understand, for instance, that the Chinese now have automatic blast furnaces which are bigger and better than any in the United States. Some

of the Chinese open-hearth steel furnaces can process 600 tons at a time, whereas our biggest take 450 tons. Such facts as these make it obvious that we must keep a close watch on the Chinese, and this can only be done by expert study of technical literature from China itself.'

from *The Times*, London

A Giant Turtle

A giant turtle, two metres long from head to tail and weighing 300 kilos, was captured by fishermen at Nhatrang, along the east coast of South Vietnam. Two turtles of nearly the same size had been captured off the Vietnam coast in 1957 and 1958 respectively. These giant turtles belong to the 'Dermodochelys' family.

AFP, Nhatrang, July 8

Who's the Liar?

Japan's ruling Liberal-Democratic Party issued a statement admitting that US RB-47 reconnaissance planes had flown to the American Air Base at Yokota outside Tokyo. The admission was at variance with what Mr Herter (the US Secretary of State) made in Washington. Mr Herter told a press conference that as far as he knew the RB-47's had never been in Japan. Opposition Socialists had charged that RB-47's were based at Yokota.

UPI, Tokyo

The World's First Woman Premier

Mrs Sirimavo Bandaranaike, 44, was sworn in on July 21 as Prime Minister of Ceylon—the office held by her husband, Solomon, when he was assassinated last September. Mrs Bandaranaike became the world's only woman prime minister through the triumph of her Sri Lanka Freedom Party in the Ceylon general election.

Reuter, Colombo

A Long Standing Effort

In what diplomats said was one of the mildest statements heard from Chinese leaders in recent years, Mr Chou En-lai declared to-night that China stood for peaceful co-existence and proposed a treaty, which would include America, for setting up of a zone free of nuclear weapons in Asia and the Western Pacific.

The Chinese Premier made the statement during a surprise visit to the Swiss Embassy's National Day garden party. Mr Chou said: 'Peaceful co-existence and good relations between China and Switzerland were a good example to all the world.'

'To-day, there are in the world military blocs such as SEATO which is hostile to China and trying to encircle our country and poses a threat to it, but we stand for peaceful co-existence,' he added.

'We have proposed the conclusion of a pact for a non-nuclear zone in Asia and the Western Pacific. This, of course, would include the United States. This is a long standing effort on our part, but we must persist in our efforts. Some provocators have accused China of having given up the policy of seeking peaceful relations with countries with different social systems. These are slanders and not at all correct.'

Mr Chou said China had good relations with her neighbours and was doing her best to achieve peaceful co-existence 'not only in Asia but in Europe and in other parts of the world.'

Reuter, Peking, August 1

'No' Again?

The US State Department Monday brushed off a Chinese Communist-proposed nuclear free zone in Asia as 'only another meaningless propaganda gesture.' Press Officer Lincoln White commented on a proposal Chinese Communist Premier Chou En-lai was reported to have made at a Peking reception in honour of the Swiss national holiday.

AP, Washington, August 1

The Very Sad Sergeant

The sergeant reported to his Commander-in-Chief: 'Your Majesty, Imperial Army sergeant Tadashi Ito awfully reports to you. I have just returned from duty.'

The sergeant was home after 16 years of hiding in the jungles of Guam. The Commander-in-Chief was Emperor Hirohito.

As did any faithful soldier of the Emperor, Ito reported his return. This being done, he

wrote an open letter to Hirohito in the weekly magazine *Bunsho* (which 15 years ago would mean his death):

'I have believed in your divinity, but I no longer believe in you. It was your sole responsibility to have waged a war which you never had a chance to win. I feel very sad. I held out in the jungles firmly believing that some day the Japanese army would come to relieve my duty. Why, why did Japan lose the war?'

UPI, Tokyo

Agreements Reached

The Chinese-Burmese Joint Boundary Committee held its second session in Peking from July 25 to August 1, and agreement satisfactory to both delegations on three main questions were reached: (1) Determining the extent of the areas of Hpimaw, Gawlum and Kangfang to be returned to China; (2) Determining the extent of the areas under the jurisdiction of the Panhung and Panlao tribes to be turned over to China in exchange for the Meng-Mao triangular area (Namwan Associated Tract) of China; (3) Settling the question of the boundary-line-intersected villages on the '1941 Line' in a fair and reasonable manner.

The preparations for the boundary treaty will be completed before the end of September 1960.

Report from Peking

Eight More New African Nations

Eight African nations in French West and Equatorial Africa have proclaimed independence in August. The Dahomey Republic became independent on August 1, and the Niger on August 3, Upper Volta on August 5, Ivory Coast on August 7, Chad on August 11, (Central) Congo on August 14, and Gabon on August 17.

These countries are members of the 'French Community,' with a total area of 4,540,000 square kilometres and a population of more than 15,600,000.

Report from Paris

Growing US Interest in HK

There are now about 220 American firms in business in Hong Kong—against only 170 a year ago and 50 six years ago. This is the measure of the growing U.S. interest (in Hong Kong).

from *Far Eastern Economic Review*,
Hong Kong

Laos be dismantled, the civil war be ended and the government be reformed.

Report from Vientiane, Laos

U-2 Pilot on Trial

Francis Gary Powers, 31, the American U-2 pilot, was asked in a dramatic moment in the spy trial here today if he thought his flight on May 1 across the Soviet Union might 'torpedo' the East-West summit meeting which had been called in Paris two weeks later.

Powers replied, 'When I got orders for this flight, I did not know what the date was. The summit was very far from my mind.'

Asked if it did occur to him that such a flight might provoke a conflict, Powers said, 'The people who sent me should think of these things. My job was to carry out the order.'

Then Powers was asked if he regretted his flight now. He replied, 'Yes, very much.' He said he thought he had done the United States 'a very ill service.'

He has pleaded guilty.

Reuter, Moscow, August 18

Indonesian Rebels

A series of important conferences of representatives of the so-called revolutionary movement in Indonesia, who took part in the rebellion on Sumatra and the Celebes, was held in Bangkok at the end of April. The conferences, which proved to be in fact a convention of Indonesian rebels, were attended by rebel representatives who escaped to Singapore, the Philippines and the Netherlands. The names of Sumitro, Kawilarang and Barrow have been mentioned among them. As revealed by local military circles, the conferences were held under the auspices of SEATO headquarters.

from *Eastern World*, London,
July 1960

Coup d'etat in Laos

A Revolutionary Committee, led by Commander of the Laotian Second Paratroops Battalion, Captain Kong Le, seized power at 3 a.m. on August 9. The Committee announced that it opposed foreign interference in Laotian internal affairs and demanded that foreign troops be driven out of Laos, foreign military bases in

Social Changes In Asia

Han Suyin

WHEN I was ten years old I went to school in Peking in a rickshaw, a vehicle pulled by a running man. In the winter I could see along the sidewalks big or small bundles of rags. They were the dead bodies of men, women and small babies, dead of cold and starvation. There were many babies.

When I was a doctor in Hong Kong it was my job to look after the emergencies and accidents, people suddenly taken ill but too poor to call a doctor. What I remember best were the suicides. They were brought in, mostly people who had jumped in the sea because jumping in the sea cost nothing. There were sometimes five or six a day. These people killed themselves not for love but because they were dying anyway—dying of hunger. Brought back to life they cried: Now I shall have to die all over again.

A few weeks ago I was in Central India, travelling by train through a region made desolate by famine. Forty thousand people were dying of hunger, and relief was inadequate. At every station hordes tried to get on the train, which was already full, running away from death to the big city. But it was no use, for in the city they lay about the streets, too weak to beg, waiting for the mercy of death.

This is the fundamental, inescapable fact which rules and destroys the lives of millions today: hunger, death through

hunger. In the United Nations Charter are listed Four Freedoms, the first one being Freedom from Want; and without this Freedom the others are nothing but words written on the wind. It is true that man lives not by bread alone, but without bread he cannot live at all.

No wonder that in the face of this overwhelming need Asian countries and their peoples should clamour for change, sometimes at what seems to you a heavy price in personal liberty, but not so where the only liberty left is that of death.

Rediscovery of Man

WHAT do Asians want? They want freedom from want. Today's Asians no longer believe that this freedom will be a gift of the gods, they *know* it will be a freedom *made by man*. This rediscovery of man happened to Europe during the Renaissance; it produced science, and brought about the changed world of the Industrial Revolution; today it is leading man to the conquest of the Universe. This same belief in man's right and his ability to master his environment is strong in Asia today. Disease, ignorance, want, can be conquered by the collective, united efforts of human beings working together for the good of all. This is the tremendous change in thought which has occurred,

and it cannot be stopped. Asia is undergoing, four centuries later, its own Renaissance, its own industrial and technical revolution; and the only difference today between the countries of Asia is in the *speed* with which this process occurs, the methods used to achieve this aim, and the results obtained.

The more I travel the more I realize that the fundamental differences between Asian countries today are not political. To divide the world into communist and anti-communist faiths is to obscure realities, not to explain the monstrous necessity which drives men into action. The differences are in speed and method towards a common aim: food, shelter, social security, a living wage, social justice, education; what man wants everywhere, what millions in the West have got, what millions in the East have not. In Asia today whichever country or nation is going to achieve this basic social security within the next twenty years of the greatest number of its people, is likely to set the pattern for others. Not a pattern to imitate exactly, but a frame of reference, powerful because successful.

Here the division between technical, economic and social progress is arbitrary. Better tools and equipment, improved methods of cultivation, are both the cause and effect of higher standards of living; advances in literacy and hygiene create further demands for commodities. All advances are cumulative, each tending to reinforce the other. Ideas and concrete factors go hand in hand and mutually interact upon each other. Progress is its own motive for progress.

In this enormous revolution of Asia the fundamental relationships of the person also change. There is sometimes concern in the West over what happens to the traditional Asian big family in such countries as China, where the Asian revolution has assumed its most extreme form in speed and collective effort. I think such fears as groundless as when expressed about Russia ten or fifteen years ago. As

in Europe, the patriarchal, clan family, in which all members functioned as units in a collective, now consists of the parents and their direct products, the children, and these only up to a certain age. The kindergarten, boarding school and university take on educational and parental functions to release adults for other work in the social group to which they belong. Of course feudal, big family, joint families or clans, still exist in many Asian countries, but they are getting less viable and the smaller unit is taking over everywhere.

It is incorrect to state that in China children are being taken away from their parents. On the contrary, after an initial period (as in Russia) of over-emphasis on institution life, every effort is now made to induce parents with children at the kindergartens to take them back at weekends and every night, and a home life, with separate housing for each family, is guaranteed by law. In the West this process of family fragmentation has happened slowly, and has come to be regarded as 'natural evolution.' In China it is the speed and scientific blueprint approach which is so much in evidence, with changes telescoping into each other at an accelerated tempo.

Woman's Place in Asia

THE problem of the relations between the sexes, woman's place in relation to man, appears to me governed by economics more than we dare to acknowledge. Equality of the sexes, emancipation of woman . . . are ideas which have become acceptable both in East and West for the last fifty years. But many Westerners still feel that 'woman's place is in the home,' if no longer entirely true in the West, should be the slogan of the East. The facts are different. For a certain minority, the middle and upper class, leisure, in the guise of non-participation in work outside the house and the family, was regarded as befitting women, though

it is not certain that this was truly leisure. Certainly the modern unpaid housewife, always on the go, toils harder without servants in her modern home today, than her grandmother did fifty years ago when servants were plentiful. Both in the East and West woman became an object, a property acquired, her adorned idleness a way of reinforcing her owner's ego and economic importance. But everywhere in the world the majority of women of what was once called the lower classes have *always* worked, in factories, in fields, side by side with men: housekeepers, family-makers, breeders of children and income earners all at once. The Industrial Revolution in Europe had quite as many women and children working in its factories as men, because women and young children have always been paid less for their labour. In my journeys through Asia the outstanding fact to me is woman-labour, although unlike the Industrial Revolution in Europe child-labour seems frowned upon and condemned in most countries of Asia. I recently visited an iron mine in India with many thousands of workers: more than half were women paid at twelve annas, which is fifteen Canadian cents, a day, while the men were getting twenty-five cents a day.

Even in certain countries where there are religious taboos against women (including religion-sanctioned polygamy), it has been a matter of course to write into constitutions equal rights for man and woman, and to give some measure of legal protection to the mother and child. Women not only have the vote, they are often asked to vote by politicians. In Malaya, for instance, women in the small villages sometimes walked for two days to get to the polling booths to vote. In Nepal, that little kingdom at the foot of the Himalayas, whole families last year in the first election ever held spent a week walking to reach the polling stations, as if they were going on religious pilgrimage. But even if equality in law is achieved, there are often slips due to

tradition, prejudices or religion.

In China the new marriage law passed in 1953 provided that in cases where coercion had been used to force a girl into marriage, the wives could appeal to the courts and obtain a divorce. This was followed by a spate of suicides among men: not young people, but the middle-aged group, the round-about-forties, whose wives left them, thus causing these unhappy husbands an irrecoverable loss of face. A grim retribution for the good old days when often the only protest a wife had against ill treatment was to hang herself at the door of the house to curse it for ever. But the suicides led the government to modify the marriage law, and now divorce is difficult to obtain in China. The marriage law also established monogamy; this also created problems when a husband, faced with five or six wives to all of whom he professed equal devotion, had to choose one and let the others go. The establishment of some sort of Marriage Counsel Bureau in the People's Courts, where each individual problem was discussed over and over, was brought in to smoothen the application of this law. In other countries of Asia polygamy still exists, and there is often the complex situation of a wife becoming a lawyer, doctor or even Minister in Government, but at home having to share her husband with a couple of other women.

Backbone Folk of Asia

IN the direction of equality, monogamy, equal pay and opportunity and education for women, no country in Asia has gone as far as China has, or in a shorter time. This works at all levels of society. With the new release of woman for productive work, tasks once considered feminine because they were menial must be taken over by organizations, such as canteens, laundries, department stores for consumer goods. In many Asian countries these facilities now exist and function

round new industrial and technical projects in large cities. In China, however, where the structure of the state gears everything to the majority working class, the peasant eighty per cent of the population, canteens, homes for the aged, welfare centres, kindergartens, schools, hospitals, *must* be made to function in the countryside, and the tendency to accumulate these facilities in big cities only must be resisted. This is one of the factors which, along with the need for large aggregates of manpower for the accomplishment of big scale projects, has shaped and brought to function the commune in China today, of which I will discuss now.

But first a few words about the Asian peasant, the eighty per cent backbone folk of Asia. The Marxist idea of the industrial worker being the 'working class' *par excellence* is not applicable to Asia, because in Asia it is not a fact: the term 'working class' still means the worker on the soil rather than the industrial worker. This concept was developed by Mao Tse-tung, the leader of China, and is of tremendous importance; it has changed the aspect of the industrial revolution in Asia. The peasant masses, not the factory workers, are the backbone of the Chinese revolution, and remain its mainstay. Social progress must begin with the farmer, must go on in the countryside, must never forget the countryside, and from the countryside proceed to the towns, rather than the other way round. This is the reasoning followed in China today, and the much criticized commune is its concrete embodiment.

The aim of the commune (of which there are twenty-six thousand in China) seeks to abolish the gap between town and country, between the peasantry and the beginning industrial worker, to provide a smooth switchover from peasant to mechanic, from the skilled tiller of soil to the skilled factory man. In the industrialization of Asian countries emphasis on heavy industry and its workers

is apt to be done, as it was in Russia, at the expense of the agricultural proletariat. The *object* of the Chinese commune is to create the many-sided social organism whereby the agricultural worker begins to feel, think and act as industrial workers do, whereby the product of labour in the field is brought at a par with the product of labour in a factory, whereby there can be interchange, understanding and co-operation between the peasant in the field and the worker in the factories. Perhaps it is a Utopia, but only time can tell.

Mechanization without Machines

THE *effect* of the commune is to carry out large scale projects, such as dam building, afforestation, killing of insect pests, improved methods of planting, and cattle and pig breeding, on a scale which individual farms or co-operatives would not be able to carry out, mobilizing large groups of people for such enterprises which otherwise would be impossible without advanced mechanization. To achieve the concrete results of mechanization *without* machines is only possible when, instead of machinery, there is a large reservoir of man-labour available. A lot of moral indignation has been cast upon this way of doing things, and certainly it does imply discipline and regimentation, not of hundreds but of millions. But there is also a great sense of togetherness, of participation, achievement and triumph over difficulties. I, for one, would prefer to see social security achieved without the harshness, the iron control and the continuous effort which strains China's people today. The question for all Asia is: how else can it be done?

It is yet too early to say whether the communes will be entirely successful. In their short life a number of modifications have been brought in, because the first blueprint was impossibly Utopian and there was strong criticism in China. It is certain that there are and will be for

years problems, teething troubles, difficulties, bottle-necks, for the whole country is still in total ferment and experiment. Suppleness in agricultural policies *must* remain the keynote.

One question asked is: what are the reasons for the comparative lack of resistance, the ease with which co-operatives, then communes, were received by the Chinese peasant, as compared to the stubborn resistance to collectivization still going on in other parts of the world?

One of the emotional reasons, it seems to me, is the enthusiasm of women in China for the new social system. Perhaps because, like the landless peasant, woman has been the oppressed class, she finds a new sense of liberation and an unfolding of potentialities now which were never within her reach before; and just as the Malay or Nepalese women will walk days to vote, Chinese women are strongly in favour of the new order.

A recurrent complaint of Western correspondents in their tornado tours of China is the domineering aspect of women there. Chinese women, they say, are now unfeminine and badly dressed. This is true, but I hope temporary. Already in Peking last summer fashion shows are being held in department stores, and I for one devoutly hope that the day will come when, freedom from want being conquered, freedom in putting the waist or hem line just where they please may also be achieved by Chinese women.

Besides the enthusiasm of women, there are other reasons: the smallness of the rich landowning class compared to the poor peasantry; the fact that in China both the army and the communist party derive an overwhelming majority of their numbers from the peasantry (the communist army has always practised the policy of helping the peasant gather in the harvest); the fact that always and at all times efforts were made to win over by persuasion and indoctrination the small landowner and capitalist,

rather than by extermination; and finally that, where education of the young is concerned, no distinction is made between children of the erstwhile exploiting classes (so-called) and the exploited. In some other communist countries (I am told by well informed sources) there is still discrimination in education against the children of former capitalists, but this is not practised in China.

Manual and Mental Labour

IN the attempt to break down the barrier between city and countryside, between peasant and industrial worker, China is now operating another social experiment: the break down of the discrimination against manual work in favour of mental work.

All societies in the world have a tendency to consider manual labour undignified, repulsive, degrading, as opposed to intellectual pursuits. People who toil physically are regarded as lower in intellect and the social scale than those who use their brains. The man who sits behind a desk and wields a rubber stamp is at an advantage over the man who walks behind a plough. In China the lettered man, the mandarin, lorded it over all others. It became an indignity to do anything with one's hands except painting or calligraphy.

In Europe too this aspect of work prevailed, a snobbery which has not disappeared, in spite of the Industrial Revolution. As Sir Charles Snow said recently (he is both a scientist and a novelist), it is a fashion of Western intellectuals to scorn the gains of industrialization, and to look upon practitioners of applied sciences, as distinguished from pure scientists, as second-rate minds.

This looking down also falls upon craftsmanship (except when dignified as Art). It becomes foolish and dangerous in an Asia beginning to be industrialized, because it means that manual work connected with the assembly and use of machinery is left in the hands of people

looked upon as only capable of menial work, who therefore have no pride in their work, and are not even adequately paid. This divorce between brain work and the technical side makes for incompetence, waste and unrealistic muddle. In Europe and America people grow up with machines round them; any American child plays with machine toys from the toddler stage. This must also happen in Asia, where engineers, technicians, agronomists, doctors, are needed on a vast scale. It can only happen when people think becoming farmers or mechanics a fine thing, instead of merely studying books which have nothing to do with the realities they grapple with, then drifting into unemployment in the big cities.

The aim in China, where everything is planned and blueprinted to a degree almost impossible to imagine, is to bring mental and manual labour on a more equal basis. Education must be also the learning of techniques, agricultural and industrial, so that the same person can be a bachelor of arts, able to look after pigs, drive a bus or repair a motorcar. Thus fifty thousand students, intellectuals, professors in universities, constructed a dam for water near Peking the year before last (1958), completing the work in a hundred and forty-eight days by giving each two weeks of labour to this project. No machinery was used. I saw afterwards several of them, all pleased as boy scouts at having thus proved themselves capable of 'roughing it.'

In other countries of Asia we find thousands of university graduates perfectly willing to sit behind a desk and look on while other men toil; but the idea of dirtying their own hands along with workers, shoulder to shoulder, is not only unpleasant but revolting. In China all university students are required to do manual work in factory or field for part of the year.

I wonder sometimes whether this Utopian scheme, this return to a primitive, Golden Age type of communism, can

succeed. This tendency to prefer a desk and a rubber stamp is very strong. It is shown sometimes by the very people who made the Revolution, *i.e.*, the communist cadres. Time and again the cadres have had to be shaken up and sent down to do a bit of manual work in the country because they were committing the fault of all bureaucrats, commandism (which is sitting behind a desk and giving orders), shirking work in the villages in order to congregate in city offices to sit behind desks. In the last two years an intensive drive has sent back to the countryside for agricultural work, varying from two weeks to six months up to three years, sixty per cent of the communist cadres, and even Cabinet Ministers have had spells of four weeks each at dam building. This policy, say the communists, restores the dignity of labour, destroys the delusion that book learning alone will solve problems, brings intellectuals into contact with the actual practical aspects of the problems they discuss. But it is also a shrewd policy to keep the government in close touch with the people in the countryside and to control the young by employing them on farms during the holidays instead of letting them roam about. Certainly it makes for very little leisure for the individual in China today.

Speed: the Most Important Factor

I have tried to give here an idea of the Industrial Revolution of Asia, illustrating from China not because I admire everything that is done there, but because it is the country that is changing most rapidly. The most important single factor of the Industrial Revolution of Asia is its *acceleration*, when we compare it to the Industrial Revolution of the West. That one took its time; this one is in a hurry. That one happened half unconsciously, so that some of its man-made developments appeared natural or God-made. But in this one there is a total and ever-present awareness that the future is just round

the corner and can be shaped by the present, that the means of determining future prosperity depend upon the work done today, the development of national resources by the people themselves, by their own efforts. The sooner this speed, this hurry, is recognized as legitimate, the quicker will adjustments be made to needs; the sooner can we all, East and West, go forward together towards a world of co-existent prosperity and peace.

Let me now end with a few words about the West.

By and large a new attitude is de-

veloping in the West. The majority of Western peoples are more keenly aware, more concerned, feel more involved and full of goodwill, sympathy, and desire to understand and to help others towards security and happiness, than at any other time in history. For an Asian not to mention this growing sense of kinship would be ingratitude and distortion.

Pockets of stupidity remain, doing harm out of all proportion to their size or importance. But the fund of mutual understanding and plain goodwill grows slowly.

A HONG KONG ALBUM

Day and Night in Hong Kong as photographed by Chan Chik

RIGHT: *Queen's Road, Central—the bank district where you come across all the Hongkongites and tourists, jostling, bargaining, window-shopping or just hurrying to get away from it all along one of the most crowded pavements in the world*

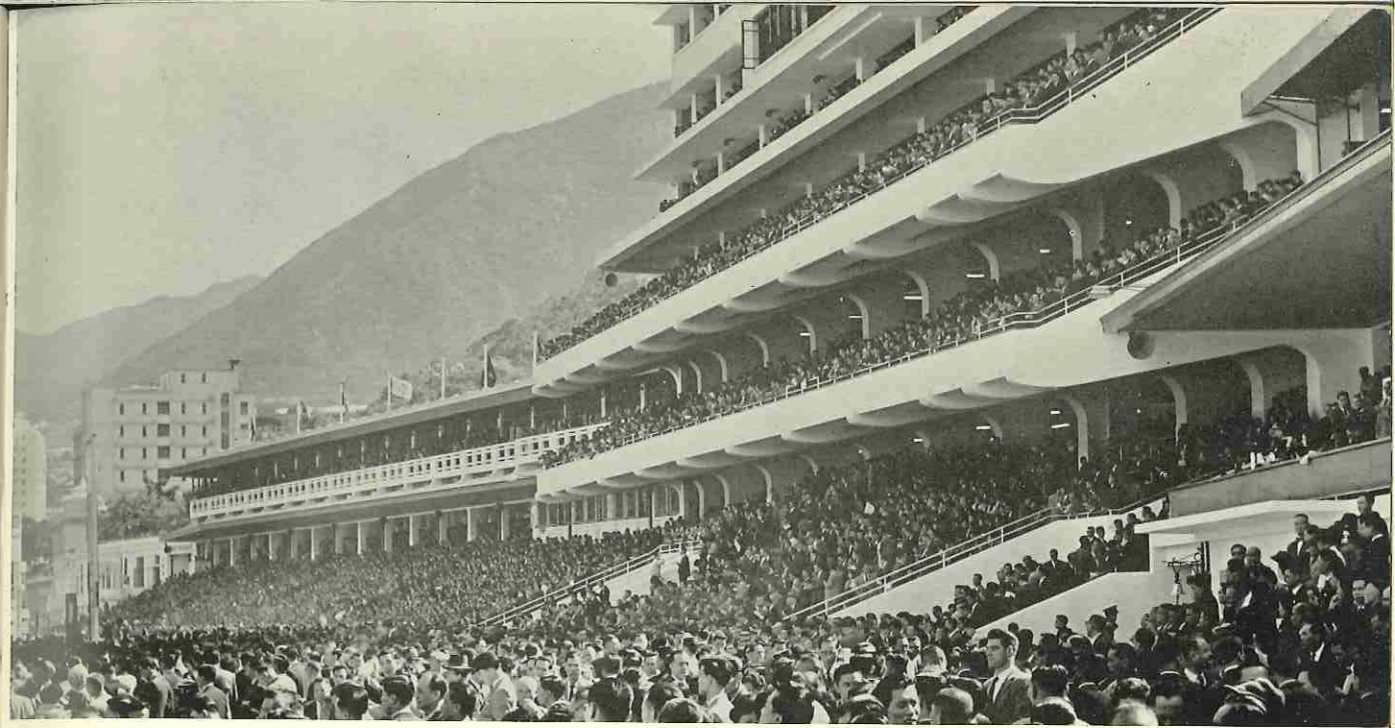




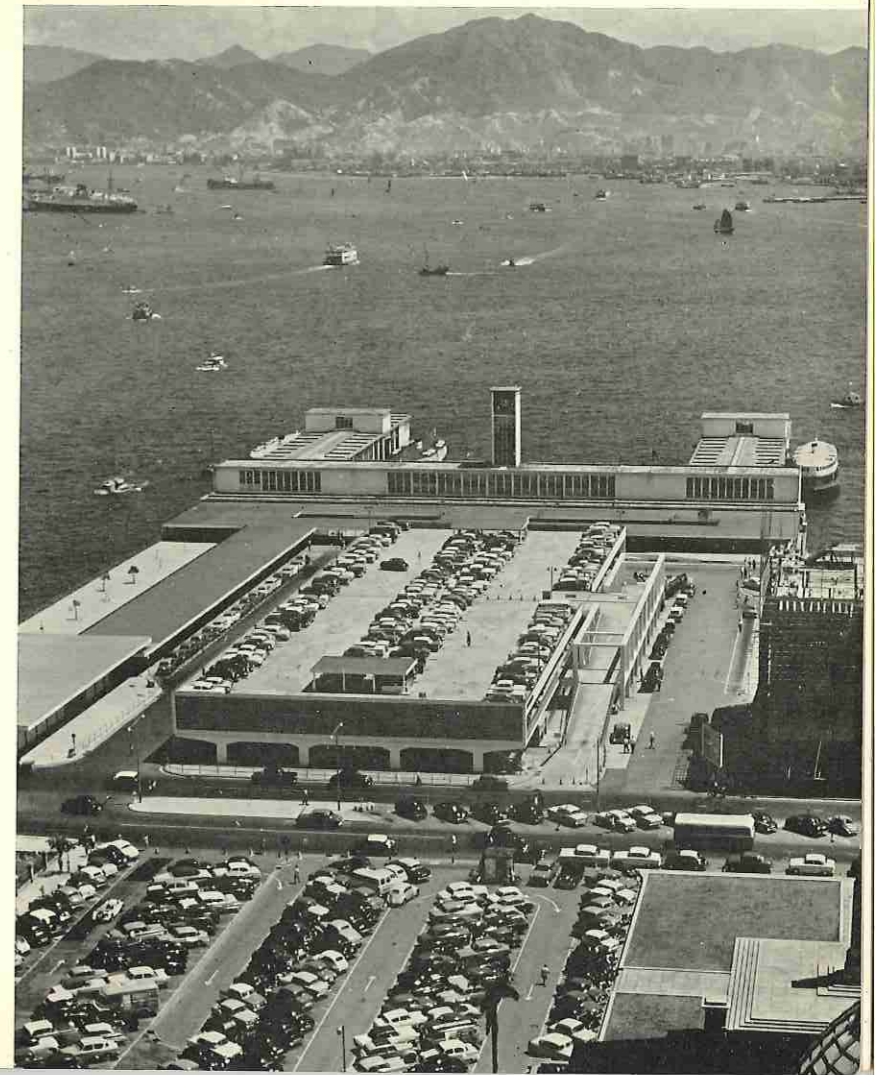
*One of thousands of back alleys
—narrow, noisy but full of life*



On the waterfront



Race Course—Happy Valley



Star Ferry car park



The roofs of Hong Kong



Open-air food stalls under the shadow of skyscrapers



In a street market

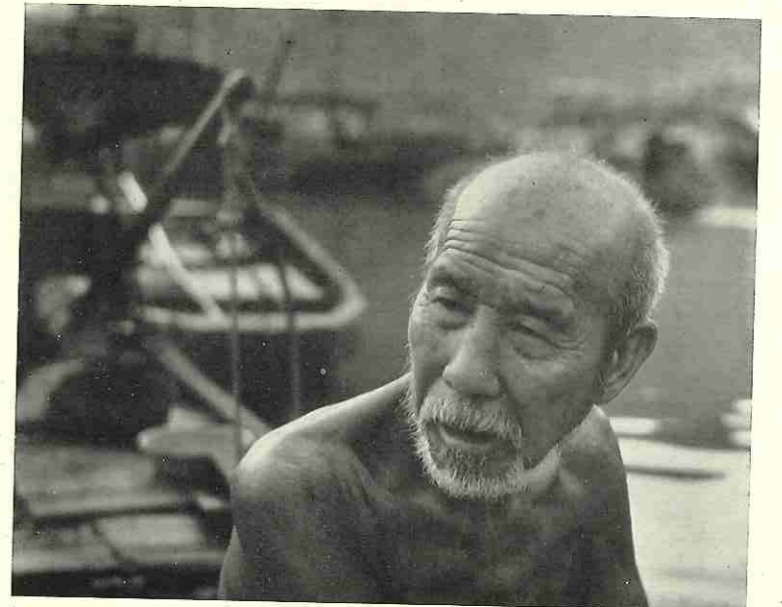


*Queuing for water—a
precious commodity here*

*New pipe-lines being built to receive water
from Shumchun Reservoir on mainland*



A fishing village

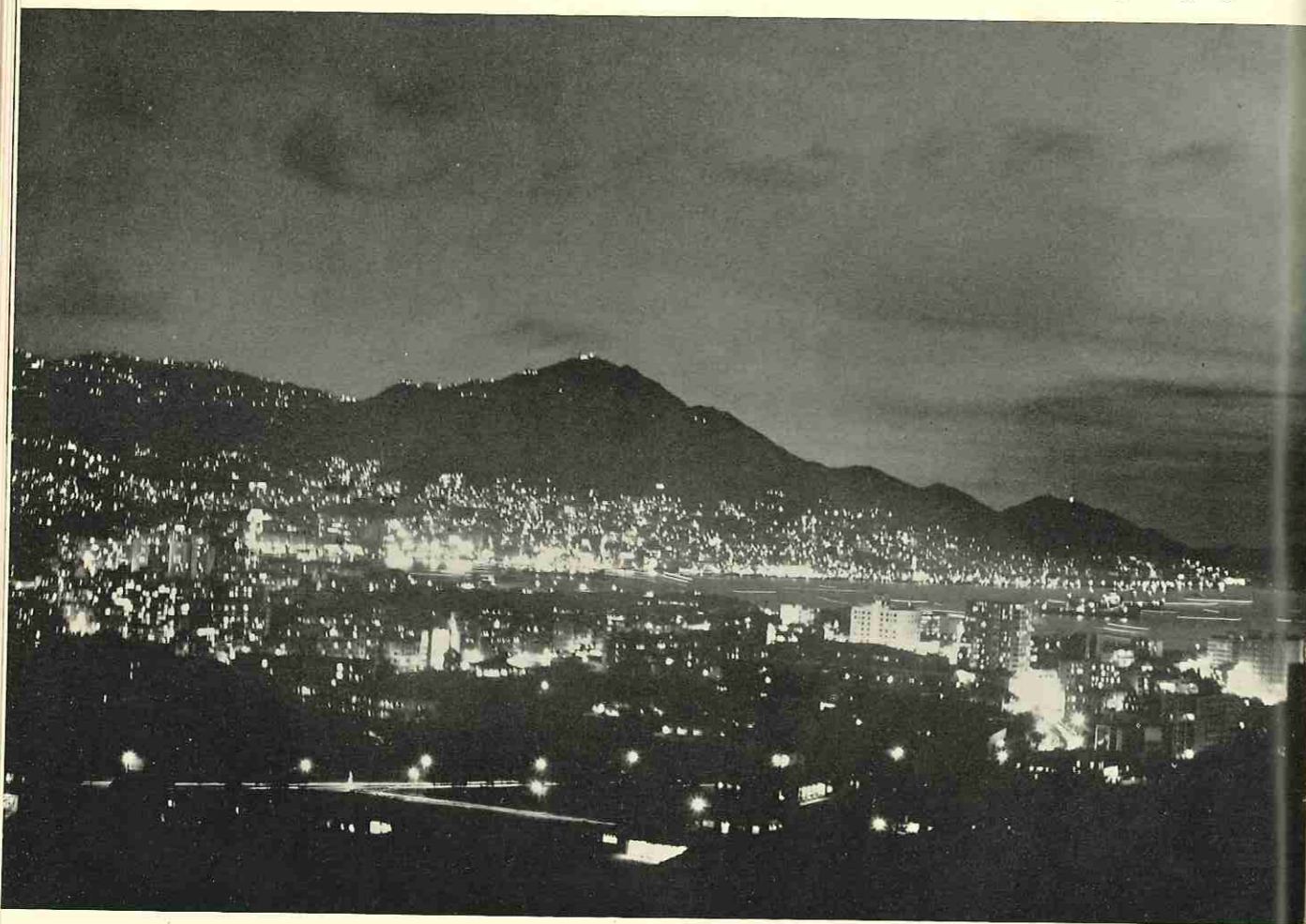


An old fisherman



As evening approaches

A Hong Kong night



China in English Literature

Edmund Blunden

IT comes as a surprise to most of my friends when it is mentioned that two centuries ago, at the meetings of the new Royal Academy of Arts in London, a Chinese artist was present—one 'Tan Chet Qua,' whose portrait was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The poor man must have been somewhat lonely, but he was not entirely cut off from artistic China, which had enjoyed much popularity among the wealthier English so far back as the reign of Charles II. By that time the East India Company had for many years been in touch with China. And so, while *Paradise Lost* was being completed, 'Chinese goods of every description (besides wall-papers), porcelain, screens, cabinets, silks, embroideries, hanging pictures and the like were imported in quantities; and the Chinese influence began to permeate many of our own arts, metal work, fictiles, and embroidery being especially transformed by the new-fangled style.'

Our Chinese artist among the English brushes in 1768 would find that he was not entirely subject to the stupidities of ignorance, though no doubt many foolish questions tested his patience. But it was an age of reasonable education, and considerable navigation, and from that age I myself inherit some few family relics showing how conspicuous far-off China was to the general reader. The point

is illustrated by the following extract from D. Fenning's 'Royal English Dictionary' issued in that year 1768—the term 'dictionary' was then comprehensive:

'Peking. . . . The principal streets are 120 feet broad, and three miles long. The gates are nine, and of marble. . . . All the streets are equally crowded from the vast concourse of people that resort to the court, and the prodigious quantity of provisions of all sorts, besides merchandise, that are pouring in from morning to night; and to this may be added the great state which the Chinese in general affect. The emperor's palace with the gardens lies in the middle of the Tartar city, being a magnificent structure two miles long, and fronting the S. as all public buildings in this country do, and about a mile broad. . . . Here are no coaches, but people are carried on horseback, or in chairs; and even tradesmen ride in their chaises, both for expedition and avoiding the dirt in the streets, which renders them as inconvenient in winter as the dust does in summer. The silks and Chinaware of various kinds, which are exposed to sale in the shops before the tradespeople's houses, from one end of the street to the other, make a very grand and beautiful appearance. In their houses they use stoves with charcoal in cold weather, having no chimneys in them. But what is most surprising in this vast metropolis, is the incredible plenty and cheapness of all sorts of goods.'

It is hard to think that even in more remote ages some rumour, some message of the grandeur and ability of the Chinese kingdoms did not pass round the world.

Few English people in modern times have grown up without some awareness of China. Daily life and language have long been connected, by several strong even though seldom considered ties, with the eastern empire. Though we were behind other countries in this, English books of many kinds have been compiled and composed on Chinese matters, or what purport to be such, over many years. And still, if we search our memories of the principal achievements of the literature of English, we may be disconcerted and disappointed that the inspiration of China has not played a part in more of them. That literature has been made by an imaginative race, by a race which has travelled eagerly and, in individual instances, has studied other races and their life and thought with rewarded devotion. And yet, as it has happened, with such a vast and varied opportunity as China past and present has offered, the principal English writers have been looking another way.

The fact is at least curious, and here and there it is surprising. One of the most famous openings of poems is that of Samuel Johnson's 'Vanity of Human Wishes' in 1749,—

*Let Observation with extensive view
Survey Mankind, from China to Peru.*

References of that sort, indeed, are innumerable. Even the popular song still occasionally heard might contain one:

*You'd have seen the Wall of China
If the weather had been finer—
If it wasn't for the houses in between.*

But on most of these occasions China is treated as a geographical extremity, and often nothing more is said of her.

In the library of the University of Hong Kong one day my eye happened upon a volume lettered 'China. De Quincey.' I took the book from its place with excitement, fancying that the English Opium Eater might have left us literary rambles

something, even if of a dream character, which we had overlooked to our loss. It is a work of De Quincey's old age, penned a hundred years since, and I soon replaced it on the shelf; for the China about which he wrote was merely a political chimaera. The hope that De Quincey's imagination and his humanity would have spoken with his happiest eloquence on things Chinese was quickly blasted; all that he saw, looking towards Canton, was the necessity for one more war on a backward nation that defied and obstructed John Bull. So much for the illustrious English Opium Eater.

As for the Great Wall, as a symbol of China, I must turn to Dr. Johnson, again, in brief digression, and this time to his pleasant novel 'Rasselas.' Therein, in the Great Pyramid, the poet Imlac delivers a lecture. 'We have now gratified our minds with an exact view of the greatest work of man, except the wall of China. Of the wall it is very easy to assign the motives. It secured a wealthy and timorous nation from the incursion of Barbarians, whose unskilfulness in arts made it easier for them to supply their wants by rapine than by industry, and who from time to time poured in upon the habitations of peaceful commerce, as vultures descend upon domestick fowl. Their celerity and fierceness made the wall necessary, and their ignorance made it efficacious.' Dr Johnson's mind had often surveyed that aspect of China.

SHOULD we turn from De Quincey to his imaginative contemporary Shelley, another disappointment awaits us. Shelley died twenty years before Hong Kong was founded, and he could never have thundered away for a war against China, but the disappointment is that in his writings both prose and verse he misses saying anything poetic on Chinese traditions and attributes. With his wide reading and culture he must have known something of them, and he was (for example) a gardener. With his imagination Shelley

might easily have recorded a vision of China from flowers to forests, junks to palaces which would have equalled some of his extant conceptions. But Shelley was preoccupied with the reform of political injustice on the greatest scale, and when he alludes to China all except the political question escapes him. He then dwells on 'such a stagnant and miserable state of social institution as China and Japan possess,' and his Muse is silent.

A still higher name increases my list of literary absentees. Unless we can identify the magical island of 'The Tempest' with Hong Kong or Hainan or so (and the theorists may even manage that some day), Elizabethan Shakespeare does not appear to have flown his thoughts to China, except in a homely way. He makes his comic character in 'Measure for Measure' allude to 'a fruit-dish, a dish of some three pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.' We may fancy Shakespeare admiring the right porcelain at the house of his patron. It might make him forget that in 'Twelfth Night' he used the word 'Cataian' (Cathayan) disrespectfully. But, to our loss, he did not call on Chinese history or circumstance in his plays, and even Othello's travels stopped short of the farthest East. It is a singular thing that this was so; for apart from Shakespeare's delight in voyages, and perhaps his own experiences as a sea-voyager, he could consult a source-book of orientalia which had a European reputation. This was the 'Voyages and Travels of Sir John Mandeville.'

The so-called Mandeville, whoever he was, had translated his wonderful book into English in 1356. I am afraid that he did not play the game very strictly concerning China, but allowed the old name Cathay to spread comfortably over his delightful East. 'Cathay,' says Mandeville, 'is a great country, fair, noble, rich, and full of merchants. Thither merchants go to seek spices and all manner

of merchandises, more commonly than in any other part. And you shall understand that merchants who come from Genoa, or from Venice, or from Romania, or other parts of Lombardy, go by sea and by land eleven or twelve months, or more sometimes before they reach the isle of Cathay, which is the principal region of all parts beyond; and it belongs to the great Chan. From Cathay men go towards the east, by many days' journey, to a good city, between these others, called Sugarmago, one of the best stored with silk and other merchandises in the world.'

Mandeville is tempting, even if Shakespeare avoided his temptation, and I must quote him once more before approaching more serious reflectors of China. Concerning the great Chan's economics, our fourteenth-century romancist tells us:

'This emperor may spend as much as he will, without estimation, for his only money is of leather imprinted, or of paper, of which some is of greater price and some of less, after the diversity of his statutes. And when that money has run so long that it begins to waste, men carry it to the emperor's treasury, and receive new money for the old. And that money passes throughout the country. For there, and beyond them, they make no money of gold or silver. Therefore, he may spend very largely. And of gold and silver that men have in this country, he makes ceilings, pillars, and pavements in his palace, and other divers things. This emperor hath in his chamber, in one of the pillars of gold, a ruby and a carbuncle of half a foot long, which in the night gives so great light and shining, that it is as light as day. And he hath many other precious stones, and many other rubies and carbuncles, and those are the greatest and most precious.'

IN time English seafarers made their way to a less fantastical China than Mandeville's, and the home geographers could do a little better in distinguishing the divisions and frontiers of Asia. Peter Heylyn, lecturing on such matters at Oxford three hundred and more years ago, attracted lively attention, and published a popular cosmography. It was

there that John Milton found an agreeable detail for his half-Asiatic Poem of 'Paradise Lost,' and saw in vision

*The barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chinese drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons
light.*

This ingenious method, tested on Salisbury Plain once by a well-read farmer, should be tried again as the world's petrol supplies dwindle. Milton's main concern being the Garden of Eden, his vision did not usually bring in what he calls 'the rich Cathaian coast.' But when his 'prime Angel' Michael revealed to Adam all the glorious kingdoms of the earth, the poetry begins in the East.

*His eye might there command wherever
stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destined
walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinaean kings, and thence
To Agra and Lahor. . . .*

All that glory of cities was in the blind poet's incomparable memory and map-trained view.

At the time when Milton was dictating 'Paradise Lost' there were men who saw the singularities of China in some detail, even in London. The accomplished John Evelyn, Fellow of the Royal Society, made this entry in his diary for 22 June, 1664:

'One Tomson a Jesuite shew'd me such a collection of rarities, sent from the Jesuites of Japan and China to their Order at Paris, as a present to be reserv'd in their repository, but brought to London by the East India ships for them, as in my life I had not seene. The chiefe things were, rhinoceros's horns; glorious vests wrought and embroidered on cloth of gold, but with such lively colours, that for splendour and vividness we have nothing in Europe that approaches it; . . . knives of so keene an edge as one could not touch them, nor was the mettall of our colour, but more pale and livid; fans like

those our ladies use, but much larger, and with long handles curiously carved and filled with Chinese characters; a sort of paper very broad, thin and fine like abortive parchment and exquisitely polished, of an amber yellow, exceeding glorious and pretty to looke on; . . . pictures of men and countries rarely painted on a sort of gum'd calico transparent as glasse; flowers, trees, beasts, birds, &c. excellently wrought in a kind of sleve silk very natural; divers drougs that our drouggists and physitians could make nothing of . . .; several booke MSS.; a grammar of the language written in Spanish; with innumerable other rarities.'

The other celebrated diarist of that age, when as Evelyn tells us you could get quite a little library of translated books on China (and he himself translated one), made an important entry on 28 September, 1660: 'I did send for a cup of tee (a China drink) of which I had never drank before.' Almost seven years later he came home 'to find my wife making of tea; a drink which Mr Pelling, the Potticary, tells her is good for her cold and defluxions.' Samuel Pepys, for it was he who wrote, did not perceive for all his share in public affairs that with tea and teacups China was now invading and conquering the West. Tea, wrote fanciful Leigh Hunt, long after, is China's epic poem, and never was there a prettier one or a more graceful conquest. By the beginning of the eighteenth century the triumph was apparent.

The queen of England was among the captured. Hampton Court was the fatal place: as the poet Alexander Pope expresses it in 1714,

*Here thou, great ANNA! whom three
realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and some-
times Tea;*

The French pronunciation helped the versifier there. Elsewhere Pope wrote punningly of a lady so calm and collected as even to remain

Mistress of herself, tho' China fall.

The line opens on another aspect of the fashionable past. Pope's friend John Gay has a poem addressed 'To a Lady, on her Passion for Old China,' which quickly illustrates the subject:

*What ecstasies her bosom fire!
How her eyes languish with desire!
How blest, how happy should I be,
Were that fond glance bestow'd on me!
New doubts and fears within me war:
What rival's near? a China jar.
China's the passion of her soul:
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl
Can kindle wishes in her breast,
Inflame with joy, or break her rest. . . .*

THAT tune was played on the ordinary strings of the life of the day; it was light enough; but some there were in England who were not limited to it. They were able, thanks to the Jesuits and the publishers, make their estimate of the greatness of China apart from hyson tea and the tea-sets suitable for it. An eminent diplomat, Sir William Temple, who lived through most part of the seventeenth century, is the central example of these observers. Temple was a master of essay-writing who addressed his thoughts to people like himself, and he has never had a vast audience. But he *should* have a number of admirers among the Chinese themselves, for few writers in England have spoken more learnedly in their circumstances and with greater faith than he concerning Chinese institutions. Temple was a man of property and, as such, delighted with the art of gardening, and therefore with the lessons to be learned from Eastern gardens, but he went much further. Among his many passages on China, the most impressive is the Second Section of his great essay 'Of Heroic Virtue,' a survey of the majestic traditions of the world. It begins with the words, 'The great and ancient kingdom of China,' and these condense while they declare the spirit of his ensuing appreciation.

In short, Sir William Temple in 1692, while society was adorning itself with the

minor arts of China, issued almost the perfect pamphlet on the Chinese, at least the Chinese in their former glory. He accepted differences, he noted the ultimate similarities. The present occasion permits only a small fragment from his tribute: 'Upon these foundations and institutions, by such methods and orders, the kingdom of China seems to be framed and policed with the utmost force and reach of human wisdom, reason and contrivance; and in practice to excel the very speculations of Xenophon, the republic of Plato, the Utopias, or Oceanas, of our modern writers: this will perhaps be allowed by any that considers the vastness, the opulence, the populousness of this region, with the ease and facility wherewith it is governed, and the length of time this government has run. . . . The whole government is represented as a thing managed with as much facility, order and quiet, as a common family; though some writers affirm the number of people in China before the last Tartar wars to have been above two hundred millions: indeed, the canals cut through the country, or made by conjunctions of rivers, are so infinite, and of such lengths, and so perpetually filled with boats and vessels of all kinds, that one writer believes there are near as many people in these, and the ships wherewith their havens are filled, who live upon the water, as those upon the land.' Temple should have been sent out to prove his own accuracy.

In 1747 one of the best pieces of light verse ever written in England showed a kind of reflection of the supposed Chinese taste. It was by Thomas Gray, of Country Churchyard immortality, and its original title was, 'On a favourite Cat, called Selima, that fell into a China Tub with goldfishes in it and was drown'd.' The fatal tub, a tall vase, blue and white, still exists. Gray seems to have tried in his verses for an original prettiness and for a similar nicety of picture-work; the first two stanzas give the portrait of the immortal though factually extinct cat:

'Twas on a lofty Vase's side,
Where China's gayest Art had dyed
The azure Flowers that blow:
Demurest of the Tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclined
Gazed on the Lake below.

Her conscious Tail her joy declared.
The fair round Face, the snowy Beard,
The Velvet of her Paws,
Her Coat, that with the Tortoise eyes,
Her Ears of Jet, and Emerald Eyes
She saw, and purred applause.

BUT indeed just at the date of Gray's composition the man of taste in England, as elsewhere in Europe, was becoming a devotee of the arts of China so far as they were known or rumoured. Arthur Murphy's play *The Orphan of China* was a sign of the times, no matter how faint the representation of China was in that successful piece; the title tells us that the idea of China was passing beyond that of a dim fantasia for a numerous London public. Oliver Goldsmith, who reviewed this play, was genuinely interested in all he could find about real China, and was all the more attracted because his acquaintance Thomas Percy was writing a 'Chinese novel.' Thus, in 1760, Goldsmith began contributing to a London newspaper his own very popular sketches which he collected under the title *The Citizens of the World*; or, *Letters from a Chinese Philosopher in London to his Friend in the East*. It is true that Goldsmith's object was to laugh at Western ways rather than to display the Chinese mind, but his philosopher 'Lien Chi' was no mere dummy, and something of an interpretation of the East may be found in that character and what he mentions by way of contrasts.

And now Sir William Chambers rose into reputation, an architect (of the circle of Goldsmith) who in his youth had actually voyaged to China. His books are not classed as masterpieces of literature, but have the usual plain firm excellence of eighteenth-century prose. There was a splendid volume (1757) of his Chinese

sketches, with his description of temples, house, gardens and other things, and in 1772 'A Dissertation on Oriental Gardening.' Meanwhile Chambers constructed for the Princess Dowages of Wales what is even now one of the unostentatious delights of London, Kew Gardens, with an eye to various Chinese effects. He was ridiculed for this by upholders of 'the English Garden,' but he greatly increased the fashion for Chinese temples, bridges, summer-houses and so on through the multitude of landscape gardens which were then contrived by English connoisseurs. This was a sort of everyday poetry, and it lingers here and there in parks no longer so picturesque.

Next presents itself to many retrospective minds the embassy of George, Earl of Macartney, hopefully sent to China in 1792. It yielded some direct records from Macartney's own pen and some others who shared in his enterprise, greatly to the honour of these emissaries, but the whole affair drew fire immediately from a vigorous English satirist who was famous at the time under the pen-name Peter Pindar. This wit (Dr John Wolcott) promptly produced Lyric Epistles to Lord Macartney and his Ship and some Odes to Kien Long, then Emperor of China—the last as from one poet to another, for one or two of the Emperor's 30,000 poems had somehow been circulated in an English version. Peter Pindar's burlesque, prophetic account of Macartney's arrival in China is practically forgotten now, and as it is written with great vivacity and absurdity I take to quote it. The satirist is addressing the ambassador's Ship:

O Thou, so nicely painted, and so trim,
Success attend our Court's delightful whim,
And all thy gaudy gentlemen on board;
With coaches, just like gingerbread, so fine,
Amid the Asiatic world to shine,
And greet of China the imperial
lord,—

Methinks I view thee tow'ring at Canton,
I hear each wide-mouth'd salutation-gun;
I see thy streamers wanton in the gale;
I see the sallow natives crowd the shore,
I see them tremble at thy royal roar;
I see the very Mandarines turn pale.

Pagodas of Nang-yang, and Chou-chin-
chou,
So lofty, to our travelling Britons bow;
Bow, mountains sky-enwrapp'd of Chin-
chung-chan.
Floods of Ming-ho, your thundering voices
raise;
Cuckoos of Ming-fou-you, exalt their praise,
With geese of Sou-chen-che, and Tang-ting-
tan.

O monkeys of Tou-fou, pray line the road,
Hang by your tails, and all the branches
load;
Then grin applause upon the gaudy throng,
And drop them honours as they pass along.

Frogs of Fou-si, O croak from pools of
green;
Winnow, ye butterflies, around the scene;
Sing O be joyful, every village pig;
Goats, sheep, and oxen, through your
pastures prance,
Ye buffaloes and dromedaries, dance;
And elephants, pray join th' unwieldy jig.

I mark, I mark, along the dusty road,
The glittering coaches with their happy
load,
All proudly rolling to Pekin's fair town;
And lo, arrived, I see the emperor stare,
Deep marvelling at a sight so very rare;
And now, ye gods! I see the emperor
frown.

Which indeed he did. In the end things turned out precisely as the far-seeing poetical cartoonist predicted, or, to listen to him as he rhymed on:

Now with a mock solemnity of face,
I see the mighty emperor gravely place
Fools'—caps on all these poor degraded
men;

And now I hear the solemn emperor say,
'tis thus we kings of China folly pay;
Now, children, ye may all go home agen.'

THESE scathing poems of Peter Pindar were read by two young writers, recently schoolfellows, who were themselves before many years passed to write the most beautiful things that ever were inspired in English verse or prose by the remote beauty of Chinese art, life, and legend. S. T. Coleridge suddenly, in a kind of dream possibly with a touch of opium in it wrote the strange lyric 'Kubla Khan,' apparently a prelude to a tragic romance; and Charles Lamb perhaps with no help except his midnight candles wrote the essay celebrating 'Old China.' But any account and discussion of these masterpieces, well known as they still are, is for some other occasion; and indeed it is time my little selection of prose and verse was ending.

The nineteenth and twentieth centuries have produced much else that reflects China and the Chinese in English writing; those who are curious in the matter can find a large collection of books and pamphlets, many of them of extreme rarity, conveniently disposed in the Library of the University of Hong Kong. Glancing into these here and there, I maintain my old opinion that many persons who have taken the pen in order to make available their experience and supply practical information sometimes went beyond mere utility and produced delightful and even powerful prose. An anthology doing justice to these observers, pilgrims, even workers in China who set down something of their tours on paper might never witch the world like Coleridge's verse and Lamb's essays, but those two writers would surely have hailed it.

Flight to London

by *A Modern Marco Polo*

Strict to tradition the Modern Marco Polo (hereafter designated MMP) is given no choice but to concoct his travel notes as similarly fantastic or incredible as his Master: pray refrain from calling him a liar too soon.

The Hong Kong Airport

THE MMP couple, as befitting their notoriety, was seen off by a couple of plane-loads of relatives and friends at the airport which added to its inherent confusion, noise and stuffiness. In the midday sun the party toiled up one stairs and down another over a little-used roadway to the Restaurant, a room without a view. Here was a brand-new airport with the possibilities of panoramic vistas over the airfield, hills and sea where citizens may bring their babies to take the air and give dinner parties, watching the arrival and departure of intrepid adventurers like MMP. Is it not yet too late to reconstruct the whole outfit, enlivening it at least with a little gaiety and sparkle, some bright flowers, instead of this

*'Cold ruffle the Yi waters and your guests
Come bid you godspeed in mourning gown'*

atmosphere of inevitableness? Above all comfort to those who are paying out the money. Passports and luggage (who cares to pay excess now-a-days?) Conveniently disposed of, MMP took leave without emotion. Why is conversation never relevant at partings?

Verdict: MMP could not award any marks to this sterile field of frustrations, much as he would have liked to.

B.O.A.C. Service

A special 'taxi' conveyed MMP to the waiting jet ahead of the main party. Up the plane MMP entered at once into that kindness woven into the very pattern of England where at home its natives were rather less inhibited. They settled him down in his tourist class seat, and showed him carefully how to work the special cylinder of oxygen placed in front of him before admitting the other passengers. At every stop a wheel-chair was provided to take him to the rest-house; arriving in London, a big bus was similarly employed and a stewardess secured him precedence and courtesy through passports and customs. Full marks and eternal gratitude to the B.O.A.C. The food provided was 'bon cuisine.' Only snag was that as the feeding schedule was on the official time, a lunch was lost during the actual 24 hours of flying time; however, there is always the return journey.

Flight to Rangoon

THE crucial moment came when the jet zoomed into the air and MMP's groggy heart put to the stern test. Breathing became harder but a few whiffs of oxygen restored confidence. At 7,000 ft.

he might have been relaxing in his arm-chair at home: noise of engines rather less than expected. Of the hostesses, the English one seemed more alert and efficient than her stodgy Chinese counterpart. The flight was uneventful. As soon as the plane touched down, up came the wheeled-chair to convey MMP gently to the Rest House. In the misty rose of twilight he became aware of a fairy palace that pierced into the skies, filled with people taking the evening air and appraising the scraggy line of travellers of whom MMP formed the extreme rear, feeling very self-conscious and looking more than sheepish. Inside, the place was vast, cool and orderly; well air-conditioned; confusion and noise absent, in fact, a tranquil air of efficiency prevailing. Two things stood out: the out-of-the-way trouble the exchange clerk took to send a telegram and the tender care with which the door-keeper kept the doors shut to preserve the air-conditioning. When one sees such spontaneous solicitude displayed by the lower ranks in their jobs, that nation is on the wing. Good show, Burma, and full marks.

Karachi Heat

Back on the hot ship, dripping iced-towels were handed round, much to the joy of all. At two-thirds of the way between Rangoon and Karachi, MMP's bodily system ran short of oxygen. Simple enough to switch on the oxygen cylinder in front of him. Instead, calling on his gods:

*'When the battle is fierce, the warfare
long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph
song;
Hearts are brave again and arms are
strong. . . .'*

and the aid of 'Coramine,' he made it. Midnight in a stifling heat with not a sign of a breeze, the Rest House, without air-conditioning, offered neither relief

nor any drink except aerateds. Deaf to MMP's pleadings for a mere glass of water, the bar-attendants never stirred until a B.O.A.C. hostess came to the rescue. Black marks to Karachi but worse was to come. Closeted in the furnace of a plane, MMP found a change in attendants. An Indian girl doling out dust-dry towels sprinkled with a few drops of what for all the world might have been 'Joy,' added to rather than allayed the discomfort. The ship was felt to move at walking pace through the heated night in dead silence. Had it run out of juice and reverted to manpower? Precisely; and MMP was to experience through the rest half-hour perhaps a foretaste of his hereafter. If another plane had to be waited for, why subject your passengers to unwarranted premature torture? Could those marks already awarded be made even blacker? Sorry; the innocent traveller must perforce pass his judgments on actual happenings and impressions, however kindergartenish.

Frustration at Cairo

Dreading this longest leg of the journey, MMP managed an uneasy sleep which somehow delayed the onset of anoxaemia and landed him into a chilled breeze with the suspicion of a tang of the sea at Cairo in the early hours before dawn. The wheeled-chair took ages in coming. The Indian hostess insisted staying with MMP who, to make conversation, enquired of her nationality. He received the haughty answer 'Indian, of course.' How stupid; her national dress with something sticking out that brushed the passengers each time she came down the centre-piece in the plane should have proclaimed itself. With the welcome arrival of the chair, the idea of purchasing some Egyptian cigarettes, preferably 'Felucca' appeared delectable. The Rest House had at least 3 storeys. Enquiring at the ground floor he was

directed to the stage above. Cigarettes? No, only nice curios and he was ushered into a museum filled with pharaohs. No, no mummies this trip but cigarettes please. Yes, upstairs again. A breathless toil up: another museum! No cigarettes for the living; perhaps downstairs? The announcer buzzed. Back to the wheeled-chair and that was that. A misunderstanding seemed improbable. Surely this was unworthy of the new vaunted nation. No marks with regrets.

Rome

A sense of exultation filled him as the prow of his modern ship cleaved the morning air over the still darkened Mediterranean, heading north-north-west. Dawn broke over Hellas to his right. A thirty years dream was coming true:

*'Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, the night, has flown . . .'*

Irrationally the refrain of the old song rang through his ears. Soon the outline of barren Southern Italy and landing in the Eternal City. An imposing Rest House. Inside its doors, thronged with people, there reigned a strange eerie silence. Yes, here was Europe where people whispered than shouted, even for the Italians when they found themselves in public places where strangers of other nationalities were present. MMP felt himself in another world, the old cultured Western civilization where outward manners and deportment foremost counted; any strange behaviour outside their code and custom shocked. Yes, MMP must now mind his style, lest he should disgrace his country; nay, more, unconsciously and unobtrusively he should demonstrate the code and panache of a modern Chinese gentleman (sorry for the use of this noun which still remains today in Europe the description preferred by most men!) The various stalls with their strange beautiful souvenirs and literature

on sale fascinated but did not tempt; one of the greatest blessings to any soul being to remain contented with 'window-shopping,' like Stevenson, able to look on the face of women without desire.

London

Over the Alps into Switzerland: a 'ring-side' view of Mount Blanc, its mantled snow flushed in the dawn like a maiden blushing at a kiss. The atmosphere then thickened. Taking for granted the fair land of France, Paris and the Channel swiftly traversed beneath, the plane slowing down began to descend and here was West London. Airport. The reception place consisted of a few huts: could there be fitter welcome for 'colonials' or coloured gentlemen from 'the bush'? The courtesy shown by everybody to a sick man having been already mentioned, MMP soon found himself outside the gates among his son, relatives and friends. A thoughtful sister-in-law immediately produced a thermo-flaskful of calf-liver soup that had been slowly simmered in the Chinese fashion, as quickly gulped down with great relish by the exhausted MMP.

The longish drive into town revealed astounding changes within one generation. Roads were good, finely-surfaced and wide. Above all, driving manners polite, orderly, free from fuss. Houses bordering the road were bright and clean, though not high and rather small. Trees and greenery and flowers everywhere. The people all well-dressed and seemingly happy; and not a sign of a slum. Certainly the 'welfare state' had arrived in a country already noted for law and order? Serenity reigned over the whole scene. Open-mouthed, MMP arrived at a Kensington garden square and was forthwith put to bed, to the vagrant murmurings of doves.

Colouring of leaf and blossom entered his chambers and the intimacies of an English spring were his at last.

Letter from South Africa

Africa Will Come Back

26 July, 1960

RECENT events in the Congo show that the wind of change is certainly gathering velocity on the African continent. But the South African Government seems to deliberately ignore this reality.

While the Africans cry 'Mayibuye Afrika' (Africa come back during our life time), the Nationalist Government answers with machine guns and Saracens (armoured cars). The result is the horrible massacre of Africans at Sharpsville which profoundly shocked the world. And the actions of the South African authorities have evoked the strongest protest and condemnation from peoples the world over.

It is significant to note that the Africans who gathered to protest against the inhuman pass laws were *unarmed* and *non-violent*. They were mercilessly fired upon; and according to reports and the Bishop of Johannesburg, the Rt. Rev. Ambrose Reeves, many of the wounded and killed were shot in the back. The victims included women and children.

No matter *what* the internal problems of South Africa may be, such savage brutality committed against defenseless people is utterly abhorrent and unjustifiable by any standard of ethic.

Well, you have asked me to tell you something about apartheid. So let us begin by examining the attitude of the Nationalist Party leaders, and compare their *deeds* with their *words*.

Dr Verwoerd and his supporters proclaim that the apartheid policy is in the best interest of the whites as well as of the non-whites, since it provides for the separate development of the black and white races with opportunities for all. Following the Sharpsville murder, Dr Verwoerd publicly said: 'We intend to do what is right as a Christian nation in dealing with the peo-

ple and fellow-men in this country of ours'; and referring to the value of the part played by the black man, he said: 'We shall see to it that he gets value out of what he has done for the country. . . .'

But, what are the facts?

South Africa's total population of 14½ million comprises 3 million whites and 11½ million non-whites. The African majority, representing 4/5 of the population, own just over 10% of the land; the remaining 90% is reserved for the whites—the 1/5 minority. Regarding the proportion of Africans in the labour force the *N.Y. Times* of April 3 reports: they 'range from about 30% in business and finance to 87% in mining and 92% in agriculture.'

This gives rise to the fact that the South African economy and the prosperity of the whites owe their existence to cheap African labour. Yet, what does the African get in return for his sweat and toil or for, in the words of Dr Verwoerd, 'what he has done for the country'? According to pre-war official statistics, 80% of the national income went to the whites; less than 15% to the blacks. The wages of the Africans are but a fraction of those earned by the white workers. This, in turn, explains why the majority of the European population enjoy one of the highest standards of living in the world, while the mass of the Africans are poverty-stricken and forced to live a life that can hardly be called human.

In the mines and in agriculture, the black man works under semi-slave conditions. In fact, the white farmers work hand in glove with the government to obtain arrested Africans for use as forced labour. Many farmers even build their own private jails to lock up these helpless labourers.

The living conditions of the urban Africans in 'locations' are equally shameful. This is how the Native Laws Commission of 1948 described the misery: 'The majority of such locations are a menace to the health of the inhabitants . . . disgrace . . . quite unfit for human habitation . . . mere shanties, often nothing more than hovels . . . dark and dirty . . . encumbered with unclean and useless rubbish . . . one could hardly imagine more suitable conditions for the spread of tuberculosis.' No wonder the incidence of tuberculosis and venereal diseases in South Africa is amongst the highest in the world.

POLITICALLY, the Africans are the most rightless people on earth. A favourite excuse of the Nationalist Government to justify their cruel oppression of the Africans is to put the blame on the communists. The white leaders say that the overwhelming majority of Africans are not against the government; they are 'good citizens'; it is only those communist instigators who are trying to incite the black man to violence and revolution, with the aim of over-throwing the government. A distinguished African intellectual, Prof Z. K. Matthews, once said: 'The African people did not require communists to teach them to defend their rights. Ever since the Bantu tribes first encountered the Europeans, long before the *Communist Manifesto* was ever thought of, they have struggled for equal rights in the land of their birth. They will continue their struggle. . . .' No one who really knows the South African situation can honestly believe that the Africans need communists or anybody else to teach them the meaning of freedom and basic human rights—after all, is it not the white man himself who most cherishes these virtues when he talks so proudly about democracy? Furthermore, the Africans are not alone in opposing apartheid. I personally know of many white liberals and Christians who are just as much against the cruel and inhuman laws aimed at the oppression, degradation and humiliation of the non-whites and, they (the white liberals) are far from being communists. As the *London Times Weekly Review* of March 31 puts it, 'It is useless to lay the blame any longer on communist agitation.'

In so far as claiming to act in accordance with democratic and Christian principles is concerned, Dr Verwoerd is certainly not being honest about things. Surely, Christian principles mean: All men are equal before the eyes of God, and did Christ not teach the virtues of love, kindness and morality, etc.? Now, are these elements to be found in the relationship between the whites and the blacks in South Africa?

The Rt. Rev. Joost de Blank, the Archbishop of Cape Town, in an article published in the *London Sunday Times* of January 17, 1960 described the situation aptly: 'Certainly the principles of freedom of expression and opinion, choice of employment, free association in trade unions, and participation in the cultural life of the community are not tolerable for the non-whites in South Africa.' Referring to the Nationalist Party's apartheid plan, he wrote in the same article: '. . . it is based upon false premises, *contrary to basic Christian principles*, indefensible in its morality, and evil in its implementation.'

As a South African, I well know the conditions under which Africans live. The poverty, suffering and humiliation to which they are subject must be seen to be believed.

To enumerate the countless repressive laws which cause untold misery to the millions of Africans would take thousands of words. However, for the purpose of providing an answer to some of the questions you have asked, what has been written above seems sufficient to show that apartheid is not the 'good thing' which Dr Verwoerd & Co. claim it to be. On the contrary, apartheid is designed solely to maintain white supremacy at all cost; force is to be used to bring about the political subjugation and economic strangulation of the non-whites, so that the society of a master class and a servant class is to be perpetuated forever in South Africa—*this* is what apartheid really means to achieve.

But, will the dreams of Dr Verwoerd and his men become a reality in this rapidly changing world?

Of the clear-thinking and enlightened people, few, if any, whether inside or outside South Africa, believe that the white Nationalist Government will succeed. Conversely, world opinion is on the side of the Africans, and is confident that apartheid can end only in ignominious defeat.

A review of recent events show that the Nationalist regime is not as tough and invulnerable as what some may think. The unity and determination shown by the Africans in their demand for the abolition of the cruel pass laws—which precipitated the clash at Sharpville—have surprised the whites themselves. The subsequent mass strikes and demonstrations staged all over the Union by Africans to protest against the Sharpville massacre drove the authorities to desperate actions. To deal with the situation, the government had to mobilise 100,000 men under arms and declare a state of emergency. The strikes have cost the economy over £20 millions in the space of a week.

The stock exchange market registered the sharpest decline since the war; its market value fell by about £½ billion. In addition, foreign investors have lost confidence, and internal pressure from industrial and commercial quarters is mounting against the government. The question is: how long can the present regime withstand such tension and pressures coming from all directions?

Indeed, since the Sharpville incident, many Europeans have emigrated to the U.K., Canada and Australia. And many more are getting ready to leave. A successful Johannesburg lawyer, who is a friend of mine, left the country last month because, like many others, he feels the Nationalist Government is leading the nation into disaster.

The South African issue can no longer be regarded as a domestic affair. It has become a matter of international concern; since it not only violates fundamental international law but poses a real threat to the peace and security of other African nations. The Indian delegate, who attended the U.N. Security Council meet-

ing which dealt with the South African question, warned: 'Those who ignored the racial policies . . . practised in Hitler's Germany did so at the cost of a world war.' I often wonder if the world is going to make the same mistake by allowing South Africa to pursue her maniacal policies to the point of plunging humanity into further disasters?

Perhaps, the most important factor of all in favour of the Africans is that the world is in the midst of a great change. Africa is awakening!

Even the British Prime Minister, Mr Macmillan, admitted that 'the growth of national consciousness in Africa is a fact, and we must accept it as such.' The *New Statesman* of London also said: 'Frontiers are fragile things; even if they can stop the movement of men, they cannot prevent the passage of ideas. And ideas now constitute a political reality in Africa against which the Saracens are powerless.'

Yes, no force on earth can prevent Africans in the Union from marching forward with the rest of Africa. Of this I have no doubt.

Jan Schmidt

Letter from London

A Different English Summer

24 July, 1960

LONDON'S Fleet Street is traditionally hard up for news at the height of the holiday season, when editors are apt to send their reporters in search of even sillier stories than usual. This year things are different. The B.B.C.'s news bulletins (which from Monday to Friday generally present a more balanced picture than most of the press) on Saturdays and Sundays often seem to be composed with the main aim of avoiding any news which might make people think. This summer, however, the Saturday and Sunday bulletins have also taken on a more serious colour, and even the most determinedly

non-political of newspaper readers can hardly have managed to avoid reading something at least about the momentous events in Turkey and Japan, Cuba and the Congo. As Professor J. D. Bernal said recently in Stockholm, 'We are living through a great liberating moment of history, the first in which popular pressure has been active simultaneously all over the world.'

In Britain, where the complacent feeling that 'we've never had it so good' is still widespread, even among the younger generation, it is sometimes difficult to believe that popular pressure is important, and can be effective. But

the collapse of the Summit—followed symbolically by the relapse of the English summer into its round of depression after depression—has left a widespread feeling of uneasiness at a state of affairs in which American U-2 planes can operate from bases in Britain. This disquiet has been deepened by the RB-47 incident, and there is a growing realization that, whatever 'assurances' Mr Macmillan may be able to extract from the United States Government, nothing short of the complete removal of all American bases from British soil can ensure our security. Mr Macmillan himself will not make any such demand, but if he and his administration are to remain in power they cannot afford to be unresponsive to the trend of public opinion. It is safe to assume that he genuinely wants to see a relaxation of tension, even if he does not yet will the necessary means to secure such an end.

With the Conservatives still firmly in the saddle, and a reorganization of the Government about to take place, Labour's crisis seems no nearer a solution. The tragic irony of Aneurin Bevan's death, at a time when it had seemed he might be able to reunite a deeply divided party, has left a leadership weaker and more out of touch with the rank and file than ever before. Mr Gaitskell has chosen to abandon his attempt to water down Clause Four of the Constitution (which affirms the socialist aim of common ownership of the means of production, distribution, and exchange), and to fight at the annual conference on the 'new' defence policy adopted by the Executive. But this policy which would continue British membership of NATO and reliance on the so-called 'deterrent,' and does not clearly call for the renunciation of H-bombs is opposed by almost as many trade unions as were opposed to any tampering with Clause Four, as well as by the vast majority of local Party organizations. Whatever bargaining and manoeuvring takes place before the Party is called on to approve the policy, an affirmative vote may not be easy of achievement.

According to *The Times*, Mr Gaitskell, asked by students at Sheffield University, ten days after the Summit breakdown, if he could reconcile threatened nuclear annihilation with the brotherhood of man, replied: 'Interpreted in the right way, yes.' It is difficult to see how someone who thinks like this, however well-meaning he may be in other ways, can for long remain leader of the Labour Party, if that party is to retain any claim to be taken seriously as an alternative Government.

In attacking Conservative economic policy Labour presents a more united front. Certainly there is plenty to attack. Rumours of Government plans to 'de-centralize' the mines and the

railways have aroused fierce opposition from the trade unions concerned. Meanwhile, fantastic speculation in land values is allowed to go on unchecked, at heavy cost to the community. The recent tightening of credit and hire-purchase restrictions has been followed by a sharp fall in demand for consumer goods and cars; Vauxhalls have already reduced prices by up to £100 on some old models, in an effort to clear stocks.

Whether the squeeze on home consumption will have the desired effect of increasing exports remains to be seen. The June figures, showing a gap of £99 millions between exports and imports, the highest since January 1957, were a shock, but they may be only a foretaste of what is to come when the Common Market countries of Europe really get into their stride. In an address to exporters the Prime Minister has urged better salesmanship, and concentration on the United States market. He might have added China (where some of the more enterprising British exporters are already doing good business in potentially the biggest market in the world) but was perhaps restrained from doing so by the knowledge that his Government's policy towards trade with China is still ambiguous. Exporters who visited Canton and Peking recently were seriously hampered in their search for business by the restrictive quotas on Chinese imports into Britain imposed by the Board of Trade last November. Although these have since been modified under pressure from British importers, the damage has been done, and cannot easily be repaired.

BRITISH readers are still given very little information about what is going on in China, but nowadays that country is never out of the news for long. The ascent of Jolmo Lungma (Everest) from the north, hitherto considered impossible, was widely acclaimed here. It coincided with Lord Montgomery's visit to China, an event of considerable potential importance in Anglo-Chinese relations. The Field-Marshal's statements on his return, and his articles in *The Sunday Times*, made a strong impression. It was clear that he had learned much—as indeed no intelligent and open-minded person who had long conversations with Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai could fail to do—and efforts that were made to discredit the authority of his views may well have strengthened the impact of his reports. When he went to Moscow, Mr Macmillan followed in his footsteps shortly afterwards. Who knows what may be the out-come of his visit to Peking?

Perhaps even more significant of things to come is the news that research workers in the steel industry are to study Chinese, with the object of learning more about China's steel in-

dustry. Mr Robert Sewell, Information Officer at the Sheffield headquarters of the United Steel Companies, who has promoted the scheme, points out that China already has some automatic blast furnaces bigger and better than any in the United States, as well as some open-hearth furnaces with a capacity of 600 tons, as against the 450 tons of the biggest in Britain.

A growing interest in the Chinese language is not confined to Sheffield: the London County Council proposes to offer a course in Chinese for scientists at an evening institute in which the language has already been taught for some years; and at the three universities which teach Chinese (London, Oxford, and Cambridge), there are this year not far short of a hundred undergraduate students in all—a not unimpressive figure when it is considered that almost all of them had to start the language at the University, though still ridiculously small in relation to the importance of China in the world, and to Britain.

At a time of heightened international tension, it may be hoped that the visit of five distinguished Chinese scientists to London, to take part, along with their colleagues from the Soviet Union, the United States, and many other countries, in the tercentenary celebrations of the Royal Society, has a better augury for the future than are the continued dangerous follies of western policy towards China.

The Observer chose the week of the Royal Society celebrations to commemorate another centenary—the famous clash about Darwin's theories of evolution between T. H. Huxley and Bishop Wilberforce—by re-staging the argument between science and Christian theology. To one reader at least it seemed that Julian Huxley

(Thomas Henry's grandson) had much the better of his argument with the eminent Anglican divine who defended theology.

Even in the supposedly rationalist (and certainly materialistic) society of England in 1960, however, science still has to make concessions to religion, and maybe to magic as well. It is only a few weeks since the Church of England solemnly took steps to regulate the practice by its ordained clergy of exorcism of evil spirits: this should in future be done only with the approval of the bishop. Some people moreover think that the presence of two priests is desirable, to guard against the possibility of the evil spirit entering into the body of the exorcist himself. And on the opening day of the Royal Society's meetings judgment was entered in the High Court in favour of the inventor of the Black Box (a so-called 'radionic' medical device) who had been sued by a disappointed purchaser, though the judge expressly stated that it had not been proved that it worked, either for diagnosis or for treatment.

To conclude with less controversial matters. The great retrospective Picasso exhibition organized by the Arts Council at the Tate Gallery is drawing enormous crowds. And at the Royal Court theatre are to be seen a trilogy of plays by a young dramatist, Arnold Wesker, who is intensely concerned both about ordinary people and about political issues. His characters live, and their problems are real, in a way that is very seldom seen on the professional London stage. The success of a writer like Wesker is more significant than the failure of a dozen West End plays written to a conventional formula as far removed from reality as possible.

Derek Bryan

Two Malayan Poems

DROUGHT

Go meet your councillors
And ask them why
The clouds are thin,
The river dry.

Or ask your minister
From his cabinet
To pour his influence
With all his might,

Summon the priest
To beat the gong
Rattle the kettle drum
Strike a rain song

Since they are Gods
Who give us water;
And when they can't
Still have their answer.

For don't you see
The heart of the matter
Is that the only reservoirs
Just won't hold water?

SONG OF A YOUNG MALAYAN

Not say I don't appreciate poetry:
Not like the ones I sometimes quote
'What is our life so full of care
We got no time to stand and stare?'
But still I must admit
I don't like poetry
Very much. I like music.

Not jazz American stuff
Classical music worse still too long and dull,
I like the music to be sentimental
Like at night while dim light in my room,
I turn on the radio.

O Ross Hamilton is my favourite
His words so full of meaning
'I'll go out in the night
Buy you a dream.'

Ee Tiang Hong



Tu Chin-fang in 'Pa Wang Pieh Chi'

The Peking Opera is at present on tour in Canada. This is a scene from the play 'Pa Wang Pieh Chi' (The Emperor's Farewell to his Favourite) showing Miss Tu Chin-fang, the Company's beautiful leading lady, in the role of Yü Chi. Yü Chi was the beautiful mistress of Hsiang Yu, the king of Ch'u, who was a brave warrior but of a quick and impulsive nature and with a violent temper. When defeat stared him in the face, she killed herself rather than live to serve his opponent as Hsiang Yu suggested. He himself committed suicide shortly after the death of his favourite and his faithful horse drowned itself in River Wu, a rushing mountain torrent.

As an Opera Actress Sees It

Tu Chin-fang

I became interested in the Peking opera when I was still a small child. I learned it for years without much success. My teacher was really a great and original actor, but his income was so small that he was always worried about his living; and as a result he could not concentrate his mind on teaching.

In the old days there was only one 'method' of training pupils in the Peking opera; that is, by beating. The theory was, the more the pupils were beaten, the better they would learn. Memory was everything. If you could remember six lines accurately out of ten you were good. In learning to sing, I repeated each line after my teacher. We used no scripts—because none of us pupils could read.

All I can say about what has happened to me since 1951 when I joined the National Peking Opera Theatre, is that it is all beyond my dream. None of us young actors or actresses formerly knew how important drama is to national life, or that an artist must keep in step with the progress of his society. When I first heard artists spoken of with such high tribute as 'architects of the human soul,' I remembered our humiliations in old China. How gray my horizons were in those days!

I was trained for the role of the 'dignified young lady,' and so I never thought

any further. Those who were specialised in singing did not care to learn the role of the 'warrior.' If a part called for both singing and fighting, it was usually done by two actresses. But now in the National Peking Opera Theatre we got all-round training. What is more important, we have come to know, through the study of our country's cultural policy, whom to praise and whom to satirize, which characters to love, or which to despise.

I gained, while playing recently in the famous 'White Snake,' considerable new understanding. In former days, though the heroine in this classic play did fight against feudal shackles, yet at the end of the play she always came to repent, telling her audience not to do likewise. Now I realize that every time I sang that passage I was actually preaching submission to injustice; I was distorting the heroine's spirit. We had not the idea that art should be made to serve as a part of education.

In the present 'White Snake' as adapted by the famous playwright T'ien Han, the theme is no longer compromised. Seeing this, we shall feel confident that the oppressed will win the battle against feudalism. The heroine, by her devotion to love and brave fight for freedom and happiness, gives to her audience a burning inspiration.

In rehearsing the new version, we first tried to understand the thoughts and feelings of the characters at each turn of events. Then we worked on how to express them exactly. This was very different from the past, when each actor would show off his own strong points, whether they suited the character and the play or not. We asked ourselves such questions as: why has the heroine to struggle? What do we want to tell the audience? As a result of this, naturally

we had a better, truer, and more stirring performance.

We went abroad on a tour in 1955. Charlie Chaplin came to see us in Paris. He asserted that the Peking opera was quite different from what he had seen 20 years before. Certainly he was right. Art and artists, when guided rightly, will go forward and make rapid progress. Otherwise, neither the Peking opera, nor we actors and actresses acting in it, would have won such praise and friendship during our tours abroad.

Tu Chin-fang

PEKING OPERA IN CANADA

'As the sound of a Chinese gong and the swish of swords filled the air, the colourfully costumed clowns whirled about in a hilarious pantomime of mortal combat. Then the last somersault was turned, the combatants happily reconciled, and the 2,800 persons who had jammed Vancouver's Queen Elizabeth Theatre to capacity sat back, exhausted with laughter.

By blending this sort of acrobatic buffoonery with bits and pieces of exquisitely wrought drama, dance, music, and mime, the Peking Opera last week proved to its first North American audiences that it deserved all the extravagant notices it had received in Paris in 1955 and again in Brussels in 1958. Distilling their two and a half hour long show from a thirteen-century-old tradition, the 95-member troupe alternately amused and amazed the sellout audience.

In the opening number, "The Dance of Red Ribbons," the Chinese wielded 30-foot streamers with the skill of cowboys using lariats and the precision of the Rockettes. But then, in "The River of Autumn," they cast an ancient Oriental spell over the ultra-modern theater. Using no scenery, only the simplest of props and the most delicate of gestures, two actors created a shimmering illusion of an old fisherman rowing a beautiful young girl across a wind-swept stream in old China. The effect was astonishing.

The superb show from Peking was the chief attraction in the third Vancouver International Festival, despite the competition offered by the New York Philharmonic and Leonard Bernstein, pianist Glenn Gould, and Hal Holbrook and his famous one-man show "Mark Twain To-night!" Barred from entering the U.S. as are other Red Chinese exports, the Peking Opera was brought to Vancouver by the persistence of Nicholas Goldschmidt, festival's ambitious managing director. Although Canada, like the U.S., does not recognize the Red regime, Goldschmidt secured official approval for the visit by appealing directly to Canadian Prime Minister Diefenbaker. Before the opera departs for Europe in October, it will appear in Edmonton, Toronto, Montreal, and three other Canadian cities.

from *Newsweek*, New York, August 22

The Gollywog

G. M. Glaskin

OVER his shoulder the driver said: 'This is Petunia Street, lady,' and the taxi swooped into the frowsy thoroughfare. She could see that it was only one block long, squashed between two more raucous streets of dingy suburb. The air was still foetid with the smells from the docks, and rubbish stench, although the street itself looked surprisingly clean. Leaning towards the window, she ventured an apprehensive glance above. The tenement houses seemed to be shouldering each other aside, the windows like the eyes of animals peering from holes. The sun was not interested in this street; on drab gables and roofs she could see baleful streams and blocks of it, quivering, as though anxious to hurry to more pleasant landfalls. Shadows engulfed her.

'Petunia Street?' she asked herself, incredulously; and, just as incredulously, she told herself: 'Yes, Petunia Street.'

She was conscious of her hand fiddling nervously with her necklace, then smoothing her hair set only this morning by the hairdresser, then returning to the necklace again. 'My daughter living *here!*' she said to herself, recoiling from the poverty and squalor around her. 'My God, she *must* be mad. I must get you home, Linda; get you home before you go quite, quite out of your mind.' There were very few people around; a woman, fat, basket-laden, loitered outside a shopwindow; a man squatted despondently astride the gutter; some children squealed and chased each other around a lamp-post. One of them, a small boy,

with a dirty face, had no trousers on. As the taxi passed them, slowing down while the driver searched the door-numbers, the boy stopped running and stared at her, sullenly, one hand fingering himself, the other pensively exploring a nostril. She turned away with disgust.

'Thank God your father doesn't know where you are, Linda,' she thought. 'The Lord knows what *he'd* think!' And then, in sudden anguish: 'Oh why, *why* did you have to do *this* to us? *Why*, Linda? You've got a *good home*, *good* parents, and you've had a *good* education. And yet you run off and—and marry some wretched sailor and—and live in a place like—like *this*. . . .'

The taxi had stopped.

'Number seventeen, lady,' the driver said. He had turned to speak to her, and his face seemed expanded with dismay and speculation, as well it might. 'Do you want me to wait for you?'

'*Wait* for me? Of *course*, I want you to wait for me.'

The man looked around at the street; then turned to her again. 'Would you like me to come up with you?' he asked. His face had shrunk again into something approaching sympathy.

She looked quickly at the door, weather-wracked, and peeling strips of paint like sun-burnt skin. The figure seven of seventeen hung lopsided by only one screw. Before the door was a worn mat, and on the mat a discarded carton. A freshware of ship-smells slid through

the car. No, she thought, she couldn't let the man go with her; Linda would hate that; she would just have to be brave. Lord, Linda, how on *earth* can you do it? How *can* you do it?

'No—no thank you,' she said, firmly, bravely. 'Just wait for me here.'

'Just as you say, lady.'

When he had opened the taxi door for her, she stepped out on to the footpath, plucking at her skirt to straighten it; then, resolved to subdue her apprehension, crossed the footpath and ascended the three steps to the door of the building. Those windows, now like old rheumy eyes, seemed to stare down at her.

There was neither a bell nor a knocker on the door. She would have to knock on that filthy wood with her hand. She wondered whether she should removed her glove or not; they were such pretty gloves. Perhaps she was expected to knock with that droll little seven hanging by its one sad screw. She couldn't help herself, she giggled; then sucked the giggle into pursed lips.

She had knocked twice, and still no-one came. The taxi driver was watching her quizzically. A peevish irritation twitched at her. O dear, don't tell me that, after getting the enquiry agent to find Linda's address, I've come to an empty house. But no—someone was coming. She could hear feet shuffling in what sounded to be slippers, and on bare boards. Spare the thought! The bare boards she could expect in a place like this; but not Linda shuffling around in slippers at *this* time of the day. She couldn't have become as degraded as all *that*. But the shuffles were very close to the other side of the door now. She must compose her thoughts, and with them her voice, to say—not aggressively, mind you, but on the other hand not too solicitously either; no, it must be with the gentle but firm authority of a forgiving mother—to say: 'Linda! Linda darling! Your mother's come to take you home. . . .'

The door snapped open. At first she could see only a bloated face, then small pig-eyes above fat, pugnacious lips. Horrified, she shrank back from this coarse ugliness confronting her. The woman was wearing a house-coat, food-stained, frayed, held around her by one hand. Her

hair looked as though it hadn't been touched for a week. The woman looked at her with sullen suspicion and, in one cold word, demanded: 'Well?'

'Does—does Mrs —' O dear, what's Linda's name now? 'Does Mrs *Zambuli* live here?' Impossible name, and for a Cameron too!

The woman looked her up and down, shrewdly, with audacious speculation. 'She does. But I don't know if she's in. Up the stairs and the first door on your right.' Then, without waiting even to close the door, the woman left her, shuffling away into dimly mysterious recesses.

The stairs ascended steeply to a dark landing. A worn carpet, tacked here and there, followed wearily.

Wondering whether she should close the door behind her or not, she decided not to, just in case, though she was too terrified even to think what her 'just in case' might involve, but she felt safer with the door open, and the taxi-driver within earshot if she should—should need any help. She didn't dare touch the bannister-rail. Stiff-lipped, stiff-backed, she walked up the stairs. Rat-squeaks slithered under her feet. Dock-smells and ship-smells still curled around her.

The landing led to another flight of stairs, at the top of which was a window. Was that a lace curtain, or just dust? But on the right of the landing, before the beginning of this other staircase, was a door. It looked as though it had been washed. At least the brass door-knob *had* been polished. Linda in *here*, in whatever rooms, or room, lay beyond? She *must* be out of her mind, with a home like she has.

Again, no knocker or bell; her pretty gloves would be quite, quite spoiled.

Her knock sounded like an enormous and bony rattling, reverberating through the dirty quiet. Each moment of waiting was like a little explosion of anxiety inside her. Then the door opened, and there was Linda before her, at last, Linda her poor dear silly child—but Linda in a dressing-gown, of all things, at *this* time of day, and just clutched around her like that old trollop downstairs.

'Mother!' Linda said, shrinking back with dismay. Oh yes, she was surprised all right.

'Yes, Linda,' she said firmly, but gently, just as she had intended, 'I've come to—'

'Ssh!' Linda hissed, raising one finger of admonition to her pouted lips. Her eyes darted with frightened reverence to some object at one side of the room.

'But Linda I'm your own mother and I'm not—'

'Not so loud, Mother, *please!*' And once more the admonishing finger was wagged at her, more vigorously this time, as though she were a truculent child. 'Harry's still asleep.' 'Harry?'

'My husband.'

Linda spoke the words as though they were sacred; the *dominus vobiscum* in mass, perhaps—no, more than that, but she wasn't sure just what. But she wasn't going to have Linda suggest that *this* matter was sacred.

'That's just what I've come to see you about, Linda, she said, again firmly, remembering the part she must play. She decided not to heed the admonition; in any case, it was deprived of authority by the unforgivable sin of a kimono in the afternoon. Resolution surged through her like a fiery rocket. She would *not* have Linda getting the better of her again. 'I *presume* I may come in?'

'Of *course*, Mother. I'm *awfully* glad to see you, really I am. But please *do* be quiet. Harry needs his sleep so when he comes ashore. Sit over here,' and Linda, holding the kimono tightly around her waist, patted an old-fashioned sofa. It was loosely covered in some cloth patterned aggressively in the modern style. 'Excuse me being like this,' Linda continued, clutching at her kimono apologetically, 'but when Harry's home I keep the same hours he does. When he's at sea, of course, I get back to normal.'

Back to *normal*, in a place like this! She looked around her. Three walls of the room were freshly painted; a deep green that, in some lights, was almost grey. The fourth wall, with a window looking down on to the street, was scraped to the plaster; thin strips of old wall-paper were sticking to it here and there. Across the ceiling, like rivers on a map, ran fine little cracks.

'I'm painting it myself,' Linda said. 'It's

such fun, and a change from my other painting.'

Linda's *other* painting, of course, was her daubing with oils and inks and water-colours. She called the results *pictures*. In one corner of the room, canvasses and papers in various stages of progress were scattered around an easel. Before the easel, standing in a pensive, waiting attitude, was a stool. Linda was always a clever little thing at painting, that is when she was painting *properly*. But they, the Professor and herself, had never thought of her taking it up seriously. It was such a pity, especially when Linda had shown so much promise at science, following in her father's footsteps. Brilliant she was, brilliant! And then she gave it up. Now she paints. But she doesn't even paint *properly*. All this *cubism surrealism* and *abstract nonsense*; she still said if a person could paint *properly* then they'd *paint* properly. Perhaps it would have been different if Linda had been a boy, or if there had been other children. Science really *wasn't* for a girl. But that wasn't Linda's fault, nor her own either; the Lord alone knew it had been hard enough to get even one child out of the Professor—that is, James. And then of what use had it been? James had never bothered with his daughter, not until she was old enough to go to university, and had started to show promise in science, his own love—indeed, perhaps his *only* love. And Linda had never even pretended to care for him either. O, it was all very unfortunate, very unfortunate! All her life she had battled between these two intellects, not really understanding either, not sharing any of their brilliance, but merely trying to keep the peace between them. *Suspended*, she had always felt, like a pin between the poles of a magnet. It had been so hard, *so* hard. It had been difficult enough to please James in anything even *before* Linda was born, let alone afterwards. How many times she had wished that—well, that she hadn't married quite so 'well' as she had: but just an ordinary man, perhaps, who *didn't* consider marriage as all *mental*. Or even if Linda had been more of a daughter to her. O these brilliant people, how difficult they were; such utter *strangers!*

Linda was saying: 'Would you like some tea, Mother?'

'Tea? No dear, I've just—'

'I've got to make some for Harry.'

'Well not just now, child. I want to—'

'Mother, please remember I'm *not* a child.'

'Linda, your father and I want you to know that you can always come home again and—' She stopped. Linda was staring at her, amused, contemptuous.

'Come home, Mother?' Linda said, then quite shocked her by laughing loudly, throwing back her head and laughing till the kimono shook and slipped and revealed her little girl's breasts. My God, she's wearing nothing underneath it—nothing at all! 'Come home?' Linda repeated. Her laughter had fluttered into tremulous exhaustion around the room. 'And leave all this? Oh Mother, you're too, too funny!'

'I don't see what's funny about it, Linda, I thought by now you'd have realized what a fool you've made of yourself and—' Was she saying the wrong thing again? She was *always* saying the wrong thing, even to James. James should have come himself. It wasn't fair to be batted around between these two intellects like this, like a *shuttlecock*. A shuttlecock, ha-ha! All fuss and feathers, backwards and forwards, aimlessly, not really caring about anything, and so futile. She *had* said the wrong thing. Linda's lips were already drawing down into that peevish line she knew so well. Her eyes were angry. O dear, it was all so difficult. Perhaps if she cried a little? No, not yet. Keep that for later, perhaps. Now she must remain calm and firm; toss herself back into James's side of the court. She said: 'Your father wants me to tell you

'Please, Mother. I'm very glad to see you, and always will be. But leave that old nincompoop out of this. I don't want to *see* or *hear* of him again, never. He's nothing but an insufferable old woman!'

'Linda!' She couldn't help it; she was quite genuinely shocked. Did Linda know of all those hungry, empty years? She didn't want to think of it; couldn't *bear* to think of it. She gazed desperately around the room, green-grey walls cloying her, trying to find

something, *anything* to rescue her from the misery she had thought to be safely buried now under so many years.

Something *did* rescue her, and she gasped with delight. On a chair in the corner was the gollywog.

'O Linda darling, you've still got Woggles!'

Once more Linda looked at her with perplexed dismay, then fluttered with laughter again. 'O, the gollywog, Mother! What a featherbrained old sweetie you are! Of *course* I've got it. Didn't *you* give it to me, darling?'

How fortunate that she had seen the gollywog. It had made things so much easier, and so quickly. They were mother and child again, so much closer, perhaps more than ever before. O it was wonderful, wonderful! She looked at the gollywog gratefully, then said: 'And your father said it was a *fool* of a present to give you.' Now they were taking sides against James again.

'He would!' Linda poured. 'It's a wonder *he* didn't give me a book of calculus.'

'O Linda, please—' She was tossed, alone, back into the middle of the court. Sometimes she hated them, *hated* them. If only they knew how they made her suffer.

'I'll make you some tea, Mother,' Linda said, standing decisively. 'Harry may wake soon, and I must have it ready for him.'

Almost gladly she watched her kimono-clad daughter disappear through a door that led, she could see, into a small kitchen. She heard the *phlup!* of a gas-stove and the rattling of cups. Domesticity always gave her comfort; now it added courage. She felt she could explore a little more.

There was one other door from the room, opposite her; it could only lead to a bedroom, she thought—their bedroom. And in there, asleep perhaps, or awake and listening to it all, would be that *man* who had carried off their daughter, this dreadful sailor who could be *anybody*, or *anything*—a drunkard, a libertine; a wife-beater and drug-addict—you never know *what* sailors are! And Linda, so clever and so beautiful—well, not really beautiful, but pretty in a *clever*-looking way—could have married *so* well. No wonder her father was so displeased. What *would* the man be like?

Sailors were such rough, magnificent brutes. Linda darling, Mother understands; she does really—but you didn't have to *marry* him, throw away your whole life. . . .

If only they could turn back the clock! Perhaps if she'd been able to manage Linda more as a child? If they could just go back to the days before everything had become so difficult.

The gollywog recalled those days so vividly; shimmered around it. She wanted to touch it to feel its memory of happier times. Linda was still busy in the kitchen. Slowly, quietly, she stood up and crossed the room to the chair holding the gollywog. For a moment she was afraid to touch it, lest it was all just a dream, those happier days. Woggles himself might be just a dream, and just disappear in a wisp of smoke. No, the gollywog *wasn't* a dream; he was so near, so close and real. And Linda was such a pale pretty little child, all curls and big blue eyes. And how she had loved Woggles—dear black Woggles—as black as the ace of spades; black rough skin, black face, black hair, and bright black and white eyes, a red mouth and funny clothes. Linda had loved him more than any of her dolls, and she had been given so many, such beautiful dolls. But Woggles had been the only one she had loved.

'A fool of a thing!' James had said. 'A confounded black hideshow!'

But Linda had loved it. For years she had cherished it; and, when she had grown too old for dolls, and they had been given to an orphanage, she would not part with Woggles. Right up till she had left home—to run off with this wretched sailor—Woggles had been used as an ornament, on Linda's bed. The gollywog had always looked incongruous there, in that otherwise austere room, so full of text and reference books; it was so frivolous, so *little-girlish*. And Linda was now so remote from the little girl she had been. Sadness drooped through her, and she sighed.

'Mother, I haven't any milk,' Linda called. 'Will you have your tea black?'

Black? She was quite startled by the voice—or was it just the word?—and dismayed at finding herself still in this wretched room. Although she *thought* she had heard what

Linda had said, she asked her to repeat it, and then replied: 'O yes thankyou, Linda. I really didn't want you to bother about tea. I must talk to you, you know.'

There had been another little black doll of Linda's, she remembered, and wondered what had become of it. Linda had been awfully fond of that one, too; not as much as of Woggles, of course. Very small, it had been, if she remembered rightly, and something to do with an advertisement. O yes, she remembered now; it was a 'bush baby,' a little black doll no more than two inches or so, dressed like one of the little aboriginal orphans. It had been dropped into the letter-box, a tag asking for donations tied to it.

They had gone to see the orphanage once, hadn't they? Of course they had, for that was the day James had been so furious with Linda. She had wandered off alone, as any child does at times, without them noticing. They had been worried at first as to where she was, then panic-stricken. The superintendent had been so upset. It had seemed hours that they were searching for her, through the buildings and then the grounds. And finally they had only found where she was by one shoe lying in a corridor, outside a bathroom door. But then, O how horrified they had been to find Linda, of all things, happily splashing in the bath; horrified because she was not alone, but was splashing happily with one of the orphans, as black as any they had seen, and—that was the horrifying part of it—the child, who had been about Linda's age, was a boy. O, the shame of it! No wonder James had been furious! She had been quite upset herself. But she did think James had been too severe with the child. After all, *she* didn't know there was anything wrong in it. She was too young to know, only a child. And it was the first time James had raised a hand to her. How bitterly Linda had cried! But for quite some time afterwards she had wondered whether Linda wept so much at her own chastisement as at the cries of the little black boy when he was beaten, still wet and gleaming and naked, by the superintendent.

There was something about this room that reminded her of that orphanage. She wasn't

quite sure what it was. Not just the gollywog sitting ludicrously in its chair. No, it was something more than that. Then she realized what it was—the walls. She was almost sure that the walls in the orphanage, or some of them, had been painted a similar dull grey-green. But of course, she could be wrong; it did seem rather a coincidence.

'Here we are, Mother.'

Linda bustled from the kitchen, her kimono hanging a little too loosely for decency, and set the tray she had prepared on the one small table in the room. O dear, chocolate cake! Linda might have remembered she didn't like chocolate cake. She would have much preferred scones, or just plain bread and butter. But perhaps she was out of bread, and no facility for making scones in this terrible little apartment.

Linda was pouring the tea. 'Sugar, Mother?'
'No thankyou, dear.'

'O of course not. I'm sorry I forget. Tell me, how did you find out we were here?'

'Find out? O yes. Your father found out somehow or other, Linda. First of all he wouldn't tell me just what the address was. I had a terrible time getting it out of him, I can tell you. Then when he did tell me, he wouldn't come with me to see you. He wouldn't even let *me* come to see you, till finally I insisted. Then he relented a little, Linda. After all, you *are* his daughter. He said if you wanted to come home again—'

'Mother, I *don't* want to come home again, ever!' Linda's mouth was tight and peevish again. Decency was primly restored to the kimono with the hand. 'And I *don't* want to know what Father says. I want it to be quite clear, once and for all, that I'm perfectly happy where I am, and wouldn't *dream* of changing, let alone going back. I've got my husband with me most of the time, and when he's at sea I have my painting. I don't ask any more of life. I never even thought I would ever have that much. All I ask, Mother, is that you and I just remain friends, and that you don't bring up the matter again. If you do, I'll have to ask you to leave, otherwise Harry might hear and he'd only be insulted. And quite rightly so. Don't you understand?'

I'm perfectly happy, Mother—perfectly—and I wouldn't change any of this,' and Linda waved an indicative hand around her, 'for worlds.'

Linda closed her mouth with a grim little smack of finality; then, drawing herself up in an attitude of rigid and unquestionable independence, offered the plate of chocolate cake.

'No *thankyou*, Linda,' she said, noticing herself the undeniable tone of indignation in her voice. 'You know I *never* eat chocolate cake.'

Linda's rigid shoulders suddenly collapsed as she giggled: 'More's the pity!' And then, suddenly contrite: 'O darling, I *am* so sorry. It's just that—well, I know you're trying to be kind, but I really *am* happy. I am, I am! I want you to believe that.'

'Well, if you say so, Linda.' She was beginning to feel weary and irritated, sad. The grey-green walls oppressed her. And now she was quite startled by one of Linda's canvasses that, somehow, she hadn't noticed before. It was a big bunch of white roses, in a large black bowl. Black black black. The colour seemed to assail and torment her. There was something quite monstrous about the picture; something both sacred and profane; those fragile white blooms, and the large black bowl. It was as though the bowl was devouring the helpless blooms, like some hideous animal with its prey. 'I shan't mention it again,' she continued, and was both suddenly and vividly aware of some involuntary resolution *not* to mention it again, ever. 'But if you do want to change your mind. . . .'

But then they were both startled by some object crashing in the room beyond the closed door. Linda's hand had flown to her throat; she looked for a moment like some startled bird. Then, just as quickly, she recovered her composure.

'Oh,' she said, with a sort of nervous gaiety, 'Harry must be awake. If you'll excuse me, I'll see if he wants anything.' And quickly, silently, Linda fled across the room and, opening the door without a sound, slipped into the dimness beyond.

The door did not quite close behind her. Whether Linda had intended to leave it slightly ajar out of politeness or not she could not tell.

There was a murmur of voices drifting from the room, quite audible as Linda's and a man's, but unintelligible. She wondered if this—this Harry, this man—would come out to meet her, and was suddenly afraid. What could they say to each other? It would be a long and awkward business. How could it be otherwise? She was not only afraid, now, but desperately weary, wanting only to escape. If only she had left a few moments ago, and was now safely in the taxi, on her way to her own comfortable and respectable home.

A wheeze, a sigh, and then, breeze-pushed, the door opened slightly on its hinges. The voices seemed a little louder now, Linda giggling, the man insistent, but the words were still indistinguishable. She caught a glimpse of a curtained window across the dim room, below it the end of a bed with a crumpled counterpane, then one foot, Linda's, with a slipper dangling from it. She hoped the door would close again; tried hard to look somewhere else, at the painting perhaps, and then, when this aggravated her too, at dear little Woggles. The gollywog, absurd thought, seemed to be grinning at her—such a libidinous grin.

The curtains beside her, like an impatient ballerina, fluttered into the room and, quite suddenly, with an even louder wheeze than before, the door swung wide open. Before it, in the dimness, Linda's startled face suddenly confronted her, pale and childlike, floating, as though she was lying down and had turned towards her suddenly, noveling over a huge and gleaming darkness. Wet ebony. That's all she could think of. Then this, too, moved, lay still, then writhed and seethed in a terrifying mass of limbs and torso and muscle. The room seemed suddenly transformed into

some monstrous thing of gleaming black and, still floating wanly, Linda's pale sly face. Great black hands slid over Linda's shoulder and, as she watched, her gorge rose so that she thought she would be sick. The gollywog, the black bush baby, the black boy in the bath, the black bowl of white roses, and now—this. . . .

She knew, then, that Linda was lost to them forever.

'God, Linda,' she said, unable to help herself. 'A—a nigger!'

But Linda seemed to be only smiling at her, contemptuously, defiantly, before she pressed her pale face down on to the great gleaming chest, and glided her hand along the muscular arm till her fingers curled around the impossible shoulder. The black skin gleamed wet and hard between the delicate white fingers.

Then, her voice tremulous with ecstatic spite, Linda said: 'At least, Mother, I made sure that I married a *man*.'

But she did not wait to hear any more; couldn't bear to see any more. She did not even stop to pick up her gloves from the chair where she had left them. As she shook herself free from the obscenity of those cloying walls, the last thing she saw was the gollywog. It had fallen sideways in its chair and, as she tottered down the stairs to the street, its wide lascivious grin burst into a myriad of insane explosions. By the time she had jerked open the door of the taxi, she felt she would not be able to restrain herself from screaming.

And yet, somehow, she managed to tell the driver to take her home and, trying not to think of Linda's face on that great black chest, trying even harder not to feel her own face on that huge hot body, she sank back into the seat of the taxi and lay quietly sobbing.

A Grand Historian

Ssu-ma Ch'ien, Grand Historian of China

by Dr Burton Watson

(Columbia University Press, New York, 1958. US\$5.00)

IN Chinese cultural history Ssu-ma Ch'ien the grand historian stands only below Confucius, being on an equal footing with Mencius. While Mencius was the custodian of Confucian doctrine in succession to the Master, Ssu-ma Ch'ien was the first writer of Chinese general history, whose avowed purpose of writing the *Shih Chi* is to illustrate Confucian ideals. Both won immortal fame by advancing the Confucian doctrine; but Ssu-ma Ch'ien furthermore gave the Chinese people the first complete history of China from the very beginning.

Nature and circumstances conspired to make Ssu-ma Ch'ien great. His ancestors for many generations had been court historians to the supreme rulers of China; his father Ssu-ma T'an, for instance, was a historian of no mean order. Therefore, not only did he inherit the accumulated historical knowledge of his ancestors but he had also free access to the records preserved in the imperial palace. He travelled extensively in his young days; and, as he wrote of himself, he had seen most of the famous mountains and big rivers in China, visited many of the historical places, and talked to the people who were directly or indirectly connected with the events he recorded in later years. These added to the rare genius nature lavished upon him, there was produced the greatest Chinese historian.

Three things make Ssu-ma Ch'ien the great historian so much beloved by the Chinese people:—his orthodox Confucian ideals, his fabulous

knowledge as a historian, and his grand and delightful literary style. Confucius' central ideas are not to be found in *The Analects*, nor in the classics he edited, but in *The Spring and Autumn Annals* he penned with his own hand. Confucius himself says of the book, 'Those who understand me will understand me on account of *The Spring and Autumn Annals*, and those who incriminate me will incriminate me on account of *The Spring and Autumn Annals*. Mencius compared the writing of *The Spring and Autumn Annals* by Confucius to the achievement of Emperor Yu in taming the floods throughout China and that of Chow Kung in keeping out the barbarians from invading the Middle Kingdom. Then he added that 'by writing *The Spring and Autumn Annals* Confucius struck terror into the hearts of the rebellious ministers and treasonous sons.' Ssu-ma Ch'ien unequivocally professed that his purpose in writing the *Shih Chi* was to continue Confucius' work, which is evident both in his autobiography and his letter to Jen An.

As a Chinese history, the *Shih Chi* is unprecedented both in scope and in length of time. It begins with the record of the Yellow Emperor at the dawn of Chinese history, and goes on till his own life-time—covering a period of about 2,500 years. It is not only a comprehensive history of the Middle Kingdom, but it also takes in all that was known about the foreign nations at his time. Ssu-ma Ch'ien first invented the grand system for Chinese history. It contains

12 biographies of emperors and dynasties, 8 treatises, 11 year-tables, 30 biographies of hereditary peers, and 70 biographies of statesmen, generals, scholars and distinguished men and woman of other callings,—altogether 130 chapters and 526,500 words. Except the third and fourth categories which are for territorial and hereditary feudal lords the rest has served as the model to subsequent dynasty histories till the Ch'ing dynasty.

As to the literary merits of this monumental work, it is generally recognized that his grand style is comparable with Mencius, and equal to Tso Ch'iu Ming. 'He discourses,' as Pan Ku, another great ancient Chinese historian, says, 'without sounding wordy; and he is simple without being rustic.' In rhetoric both Cha Yi and Ssu-ma Hsiang-ju of the early Han period are nearer to perfection, but time has proved that, as a man of letters Chien has long overshadowed them both. Many Chinese love the *Shih Chi* merely for the excellent literature, but all admit that it is inimitable.

Chinese tradition places the *Shih Chi* only next to the *Five Classics*, but it is certainly much more interesting. It is, therefore, rather unfortunate that such a monumental work today still remains untranslated into the English language, though numerous Chinese books of less value have long been made accessible to the English reader through translation. The name of Ssu-ma Ch'ien the Grand Historian is sufficient known among the Western scholars who are interested in Oriental culture, but it was not till the publication of 'Ssu-ma Ch'ien, Grand Historian of China' by Dr Burton Watson, that the Western cultural world began to have the opportunity of appreciating the man fully.

In judging any work by Western writers about China, perhaps the best test is to see whether it sounds 'strange' to the Chinese reader. Generally speaking, Japanese writers and translators on Chinese culture are much less so than Western ones. This is probably because Japanese written language is largely derived from Chinese and that the Occidental way of thinking is somewhat different. This book by Dr Watson, however, seems to be one of the few books by Western scholars on Chinese culture that does not sound so strange; and it is written in such a clear and delightful manner that one may derive a measure of mild pleasure while reading it through. Indeed, the reader may even forget the language barrier, and feel as if he were reading a good Chinese writer.

Evidently the author has read with care through the *Shih Chi*, itself a tremendous task; and he has also dived deeply into the Confucius classics, especially the commentaries of *The Spring and*

Autumn Annals by Tso Ch'iu Ming and Kung Yang. But he seems not to have read much of Ku Liang's commentaries which, according to modern scholars, is even superior to Kung Yang in interpreting *The Spring and Autumn Annals*. His knowledge of Chinese is formidable, indeed, judging by the way in which the words 'wen' and 'li' are translated. In the long passages he translated from the *Shih Chi* the author has also displayed an unusual ability as a translator. For instance, the introduction to Ssu-ma Ch'ien's autobiography baffles the efforts of even ordinary Chinese scholars, but he has translated it in such a way as makes it highly readable and fairly accurate. One would not say 'quite,' because in the ancient records there are always some points which are subject to various interpretations.

In the first chapter of the book about the world of Ssu-ma Ch'ien, the author has shown a deep sight into the Chinese ancient society, which is almost incomparable among many Western writers on China; especially in his dealing with the transitional period when feudalism collapsed and the 'scholars' rose up as a class. Perhaps no Western writer has ever done as well as he has in describing that subtle sentiment the Chinese scholar or wandering knight feels for the understanding, respect and generosity shown him by his sovereign, superiors, or friends. It was this understanding and love of worthy men that helped in the past many an adventurer into great power, while the want of it, on the other hand, condemned others to final failure.

However, the last chapter on the thought of Ssu-ma Ch'ien sounds a little academic, and indeed much of it might have been as well dispensed with. For he was essentially a historian, and it is hard to reduce all his remarks into one consistent system. But Ssu-ma Ch'ien was undoubtedly a most devout votary of Confucius, and this is fully borne out by the epilogue to the biography of Confucius as well as by his own autobiography. Ssu-ma Ch'ien's admiration and reverence for the Master was just unbounded. Indeed, his highest ambition was to carry on the will of the Master by writing the *Shih Chi* in succession to *The Spring and Autumn Annals*, applying the same principles therein to praise the good and condemn the wicked. True to all Confucian scholars, rationalism and righteousness dominated Ssu-ma Ch'ien's belief, though like an orthodox Confucian he did not deny the will of Heaven. The theory is, Heaven always supports the virtuous and punishes the wicked. According to this theory the founder of a dynasty is always a very virtuous man who is entitled to the mandate of Heaven to rule the empire,

while the loss of virtue on the part of a ruler will render him totally unworthy of it. So when a Confucian scholar comes across something that goes apparently against this theory he attributes it to the inscrutable will of Heaven.

On the subject of economics Ssu-ma Ch'ien was unmistakably an advocate of *laissez faire* policy. In reading the first part of the chapter of 'The Biographies of Business Magnates,' one will be struck with the similar tone found in the opening chapter of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. The grand historian stresses upon promotion of industries, but he is not blind to 'the evil of the enslavement of the poor by the rich.' He classifies the wealthy people into the basic wealthy, the non-essential wealthy, and the wicked wealthy, thus showing his approval and disapproval. By the basic wealthy, he refers to the farmers and artisans who are honestly employed in useful production. By the non-essential he means the merchant class who acquire wealth by selling and buying, or through speculation and hoarding; and in the wicked wealthy he includes corrupt officials and robbers.

There is one word, however, about which one feels more or less uneasy. That is the word 'unicorn' the author used throughout the book

for the auspicious, historical beast of *ling*. Certainly, 'unicorn' is the only word that seems to bear something like *ling*, but it hardly conveys the idea of *ling* as it exists in the mind of the Chinese people. According to Chinese tradition it is like a deer but bigger, with an ox-tail, horse-hoofs, and one fleshy horn on the middle of the forehead. It does not tread on living grass, nor eat any living animal. It only appears when a sage-ruler is upon the throne and the royal way prevails in the world. Some Japanese scholars translate *ling* as 'giraffe,' which does not seem quite appropriate either.

Apart from China, Ssu-ma Ch'ien has long become the revered author with the Korean and Japanese scholars. In the West, although a part of the *Shih Chi* has long been translated into French by Edouard Chavannes, it does not seem to have attracted much attention. Therefore, it is hoped that this book by Dr Watson, together with the *Shih Chi* itself he is now engaged in translating, will make Ssu-ma Ch'ien stand side by side with Herodotus, Thucydides and Gibbon as one of the world's foremost historians, and turn the *Shih Chi* into a portion of the common heritage of both East and West.

Lewis Gen

Theatre of the Quiet Mind

Japanese Noh Drama. Vol. III

(*Nippon Gakujutsu Shinkōkai, Tokyo. 1960*)

A personal rather than a critical opening of this review will be accepted by every reader. The volume before me completes the series of three which began to appear five years ago, and the chairman of the Japanese Classics Translation Committee whose work is thus presented is Dr Sanki Ichikawa, one of the philologists in chief of the twentieth century. I ought to know how many great designs for the benefit of language and of literature he has carried out, but probably he himself does not. For him today, all his teaching and writing and editing, 'the best is yet to be.' Meanwhile here he is offering the most unassuming of prefaces to the final volume of the Noh plays in English, thirty of them in all.

Can a Committee translate? Perhaps it cannot in the way of H. F. Cary making his English poem from Dante, or Edward Fitzgerald producing a delightful impression of the world of Omar Khayyám. But the Authorized Version of the Bible, which has not lost its power over the reader of English prose, was surely shaped as a whole by a Committee. The thought of that old masterpiece is not irrelevant to my short study of the Tokyo authorized version of select Noh plays. The simplicity of expression which King James's scholars and preachers were happy to take as a principle is the rule of Dr Ichikawa's company, and romantic effects through favourite words and phrases of another era are not their trade. But they have poets among them, like Haxon Ishii, and romantic effects are there without any appeal to some passage in Scott or Byron. I will concede that the word 'melancholy' once again comes into play:

*'Their small boats' torches dimly glowing;
The pale moon sleeping in the sky;
The wild geese in their flight;*

*Sandpipers flocking on the shore;
The land swept by autumn winds;
A gale blowing from the sea.
How morning this autumn sight!
How melancholy this eve!*

While I was transcribing these lines, it was still the voice of Dr Sanki Ichikawa that I seemed to hear; the voice that many years ago conveyed to me as a colleague so much good counsel. A little severe? How severe in truth we must be in rendering Japanese plays and poems into Western languages! Noh drama as we see it performed—when we have the luck—is not misty nor, dare I say? Gilbert Murray-ish. The Tokyo translation agrees with my 'heart of the matter' as observed by one of the audience. It is not a matter of poetic diction.

The three volumes (for the triad is all within my view as I write of the concluding one) have each a particular, though nominally general, introduction. It would be difficult to abridge what these introductions contain, but I imagine that they contain everything that is now known of the history of these old plays and dances, and everything that readers require to get them into motion in the theatre of the quiet mind. Incidentally, it is noted that once on a time there were some 2,000 Noh plays, and now 'there are altogether 240 different plays in the repertories of the five Noh schools.' The parallel with Elizabethan drama is curious in this point,—indeed, in several. But somebody will promptly claim that it is with the old Greek drama that the important comparison is to be made.

Not only readers but, as times go, producers of Noh plays will sit meditating over the work which Dr Ichikawa has directed and completed. There are many illustrations. Small line drawings in abundance are fitted into the margins of the quarto pages—the edition is what as an

old bookman I would call DIGNIFIED—and these provide every eye with a speedy guide to posture, gesture, costume and grouping on the stage itself.

Footnotes too—but we may individually decide how many of these we need. I was enchanted by one out of many, one which has a Hong Kong quality. The chorus in the text announcement, near Naruto shore,—and repeated the announcement,—‘The sounds of

Edmund Blunden

wandering fishing-boats.’ The annotation:—
‘Allusion to the following anonymous poem:

*Who makes such noises
At Naruto in the night?
They are the fishermen
Rowing in search of fish.’*

It seems reasonable enough, but translation possibly misses the humour of it.

Edmund Blunden



An Indian Family

The Wound of Spring

by S. Menon Marath

(Dobson, London, 1960. 16s.)

THE *Wound of Spring* is a chronicle of a Southern Indian family. Kerala, as it is now called, has had considerable news-value in the last few years: but in his novel, which is set in the late 1920s, Mr Marath is not concerned to show how the deeply tradition-bound land of Malabar became the state of Kerala as it is—or perhaps he is concerned to show, by implication only, in the break-up of one great family, how rapidly change could sweep through this poverty-stricken, energetic people. Whenever he is overtly concerned with politics it is only to show how rapidly Gandhi's student followers are sucked back into traditional ways—the unattractive Govindan by the acquisition of power in his family, the more likeable Gopi by his duty to and love for his parents: and the marriage of the young Unni to an untouchable's daughter and the futile attempt to win the family to accept her are part of a personal, not a national tragedy.

Mr Marath is to be congratulated on his artistic tact in refusing to draw any sweeping moral from his picture of a family in decline. It is the people themselves who slowly destroy the *therawad*, not any sociological or political abstraction, and such a novel must make its impact through vivid and subtle portrayal of the people involved in the story.

Nevertheless this is the kind of novel which commands, at any rate for the non-Indian reader, the kind of interest he would take in a documentary film; for the *therawad*, the matriarchal homestead, is at the centre of it, an organization unfamiliar to the western or the Chinese reader, accustomed to a more or less rigid patriarchal system. For instance, the women of the family continue to live in the *therawad* after marriage, and receive their husbands almost as if they were guests of the family; he dramatises this in Lakshmi's decision to bear her fifth child

in her husband's home instead of in the small cockroach-ridden room which is all the *therawad* allows her and her four children. Her quiet but desperate rebellion is a symptom rather than a cause of the house's declining fortunes.

The greater problems of India at that time—a whole countryside plunged into a reign of terror by religious fanatics, the humiliations of the caste system backed by religious sanctions, student demonstrators making a bonfire of imported cloth under the angry eyes of nearly-naked beggars, the name of Gandhi already almost sacred to the young, anathema to the conservative elders—are always there in the background of the life of the Madathil family. Govindan, the next head of the house, is involved in politics as a student until devotion to his own interests leads him away. Unni, his younger brother, runs away from home in a fit of despair, is beaten up by Moslem fanatics and left for dead, and rescued by a poor untouchable tenant farmer; he falls in love with the daughter and marries her. She dreams of the luxury of a caste Hindu's life and finds a reality of slights and humiliations.

There are finely realized moments in the interlocking tragedies of the main characters' lives. Unni, for instance, warm and affectionate, deeply grateful to the people who have saved him, still cannot bring himself to eat meat in the untouchables' house, and makes excuses which he and they know to be pathetically slender. His mother, Parvathi Amma, has been a concert singer—scandalously independent, desperately alone among her more conservative relations who envy and dislike her. The petty jealousies of a great family erode her life, and yet she is the only one who feels a romantic devotion to the heroic, soldierly past of the *therawad*; when the time of decision comes she sides with her son Unni and his untouchable

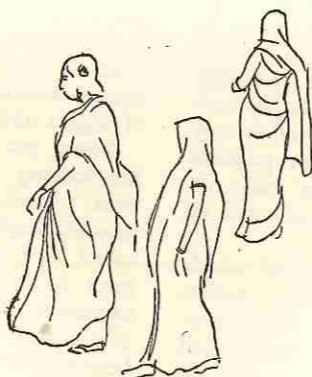
wife and so signs the death-warrant of the idea of the family. Govindan's thugs beat Unni to death and the fate of the *therawad* is left implied—henceforth there will only be the bullying Govindan, the obsequious agent, growing poverty and quiet, fatal discontent.

George Lukacs in *Studies in European Realism* says that the great realistic novelists are concerned not with the average (that is mere naturalism) but with the typical: men and women who in their own being and experience express and embody the patterns and the conflicts of a whole community. He instances such people as Julien Sorel and Anna Karenina (he might have instanced Pip or even Paul Morel.) The naturalistic writer, on the other hand, depicts the ordinary everyday average person. If we may accept this distinction, Mr Marath clearly aims at the typical rather than the average, for his characters and the relationships between them are intended to express a way of life. And yet the author has plainly an interest in what might roughly be called the sociology of the *therawad*, in recording it before it disappears; and this interest causes him to introduce characters who have very little to do with the internal drama acted out by the main characters

and who are merely part of the environment. They are character-sketches, like Madhavan, and we wait in vain to see some development and some real relevance. In consequence, the author has not enough time for the central figures; he tells us about them rather than feeling into them—the young hero, Unni, is an exception. We know all about the withdrawn, efficient, romantic and solitary mother, Parvathi, but we do not know her, and so we hesitate to see her as 'typical' in Lukacs' sense.

Mr Marath has a slightly eccentric style. Phrases like 'when it came to the push' or 'Shut up, Govindan' seem over-colloquial. In avoiding the formalised speech which might so easily become silly Hollywood-Orientalism he has gone to the other extreme and made his Nayars sound like an English suburban family bickering. On other hand, there are a few phrases descriptive of sense-impressions or of emotions which are beautifully turned. The plot is not well shaped, and incidents are piled too thickly and with too little care to make them relevant. But when all is said, Mr Marath's honesty and sensibility as a writer command respect. This is his first novel, and I think all who read it will look forward to his next.

Mary Visick



Mary Visick

'A Dog Fights not with a Chicken'

Selected Chinese Sayings

Translated and annotated by T. C. Lai

(University Book Store, University of Hong Kong, 1960. HK\$15.00)

THE publication of this book is indeed very good news to those foreigners who want to study Chinese. For, by committing to memory several hundred choice Chinese sayings like these, they will be able to express their thought in the most beautiful and concise form of that language. These sayings do not merely serve as an ornament in conversation, but will be also a great help to understand Chinese classics, for many of the quotations are picked out from the classics and the best Chinese literature in general. So once you have a good understanding of these sayings, you will find it much easier to enter into the study of the Chinese classics themselves.

About forty years ago school children in China were all required to learn by heart a little book, called *Tseng Kwang Hsien Wen*, *The Good Sayings in Enlarged Edition* (which contains many passages that are found in the present work under review). In that little book are collected over a thousand Chinese sayings—proverbs, mottoes, quotations from Chinese classics—all strung together by rimes. They are the gems of the Chinese language, and were very often quoted both in conversation and written composition. The very experience and wisdom of the Chinese nation are embodied in this primer. It was so popular among the common people that even most illiterate villagers and unschooled house-wives could quote some sayings from it on suitable occasions. They virtually possess a kind of indisputed authority. So if you want to stop a man from fighting a woman, you have only to remind him by reciting that 'A man fights not with a woman, nor a dog fights with a chicken'; and if the man be not a perfect unreasonable brute, the chance is, he will leave the woman alone. So effective these old sayings are!

A British resident in Hong Kong once had this to say, 'Few Hong Kong Englishmen learn Chinese; in twenty five years I have scarcely met ten who have a competent knowledge even of spoken Cantonese, and not one who could

write Chinese that a Chinese could read with pleasure.' But the world is changing fast and getting smaller. Many people from different countries must live together, and in order to live together friendly and peacefully, they have got to understand each other well; the best way to understand another people is, of course, to understand their language. According to recent reports, some trade union leaders in Britain have already started a Chinese language course among the industrial workers. The British people at home are more imaginative, it seems.

This new book translated by Mr Lai may be also used with good profit by Chinese students of English, for the translator has not only given the literal meaning of each saying, but also dug out a lot of happy equivalents in English or other languages, which are very useful to those who want to improve their English through translation. As the meaning of some of the sayings are rather ambiguous or equivocal, the reader may find they are rendered with the sense apparently different from the popular interpretation. For instance, instead of following many others who carelessly translate 'sang chia chih chüan' as 'a homeless dog,' or 'a dog which has lost its home,' Mr Lai translates it as 'The dog that belongs to a family in mourning,' which is certainly right. But the saying 'chao wang kuo cheng' he translates into 'to straighten the crooked beyond the straight (so that it is still crooked).' That is certainly wrong, for the saying actually means that to correct a wrong it is necessary to go beyond what is right.

Moreover, it is amusing to find the translator more than once mistake the word 'lu' for mule (as in 'The mule of Chien has exhausted its tricks' and 'Riding a mule to seek a mule'). This is quite excusable, of course; for here in Hong Kong very few people have ever seen an ass or a mule, and still less can tell the difference between an ass and a mule which God did not create but man invented in a vein of humour.

L. K.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

In this issue we present a view of the fast changing Asia through the eyes of a distinguished Asian authoress. Han Suyin writes of Asia as an Asian sees it. 'Social Changes in Asia' is based on a speech she delivered at the Couchiching Conference while visiting Canada last autumn.

Prof Edmund Blunden is now on a lecture tour in Japan where, I presume, he would be 'Honorary Publicity Man' for this magazine.

A Modern Marco Polo is the pen-name of a Chinese poet at present on holiday in Europe.

Jan Schmidt is a South African doctor who was educated in Europe and has lived for many years in South Africa.

Derek Bryan, our London Correspondent, recently joined the well-known London monthly *Far East Trade* as Assistant Editor. But we are very glad to announce that he will still be 'Our Man in London.'

Chan Chik, the photographer of our Hong Kong Album, is a distinguished Hong Kong artist well-known in the international world of photographic art.

Tu Chin-fang, whose 'As an Opera Actress Sees It' appears in this issue, is the leading lady of

the Peking Opera currently on tour in Canada.

Ee Tiang Hong is a Malacca school teacher who writes poetry in English. His *I of the Many Faces*, a book of verse, was recently published in Singapore.

G. M. Glaskin writes: 'I am Australian, single, 36, writing full-time after having lived in Singapore recently for 10 years as a partner in a stockbroking firm. Three novels have been published in London: *A World of Our Own* (1955); *A Minor Portrait* (1957) and *A Change of Mind* (1959).' His new work *A Lion in the Sun*, a novel of 250,000 words set in Singapore, will be published this autumn in London by Barrie & Rockliff. In 1956 he was awarded the Australian Commonwealth Literary Award for *A World of Our Own*. He has 'just returned from a 9,000 mile trip throughout the north of Australia,' and has been commissioned by Doubleday in New York to write a book about it.

Mary Visick, born in England, was educated at Merton College, Oxford. She is a lecturer in the English Department, University of Hong Kong.

L. K. is a member of the Editorial staff of *Eastern Horizon*.

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