

China Merchants Steam Navigation Co. from the British Boxer Indemnity loans, practically no ship is equipped to resist an organized surprise attack on board. Unless this situation is quickly remedied, the shipping companies will continue to suffer heavy losses both from pirate attacks and from the diverting of customers to other means of transportation. Generally the precaution taken by the coastal and river steamers against pirates consists of from two to six guards armed with pistols and an iron grille separating the first class passengers and the navigating quarters from the second and the third class passengers among whom the pirates usually travel. It is clear that it is quite impossible to expect the few guards on board who have to be on duty twenty-four hours a day and to cover all parts of the ship to successfully fight against a group of ten to fifteen desperadoes who can choose their time and place of attack. At the same time, any great increase in the number of guards especially in the small vessels would prove unduly burdensome to the ship owners. The best way is for the

shipping companies to employ for service on board the steamers people who have been either in the naval or the army service and who know how to use the fire arms and to require as part of the shore duty of all the employees on board to do target practicing. This will make it necessary for the pirates to fight not only against the few guards and the higher officers but also against the whole crew. There are only too many people in this country with adequate military training who would like employment on board, so practically no additional expense is necessary. Meanwhile steps should be taken by the shipping owners to remodel their ships or build new ones to make them as pirate-proof as science and financial circumstance allow. So far, piracy has proved to be very lucrative for the desperadoes with one to ten chances of being caught and brought to book. Steps must be taken by the shipping companies to instil fear into their enemies to make piracy a very unhealthy form of depredation.

## Herbert Giles In Heaven\*

(Contributed)

**D**URING the past few years, China has lost a number of her old friends. Richard Wilhelm first took leave of the world, then followed G. Lowes Dickinson, and now Herbert Allen Giles has gone to join them.

By this time, Giles must have met many of the Chinese authors whose works he had rendered into English with such a graceful touch. They must have showered compliments on him for the good work he had performed during his sojourn on earth.

As a matter of fact, immediately after his emancipation from his earthly abode, he paid a call on Chuang-tzu. "Hallo! Master Chuang," Giles began somewhat impatiently, "I have always believed in your philosophy, but now I realize the truth in all its nakedness. A man who has lived to ninety years of age cannot be counted short-lived, and yet, after all, has he lived any longer than an ephemera?" "I am glad to hear this," said Chuang-tzu, "but I was merely throwing out a platitude, and yet you took so much trouble in translating my words into English—hardly worth your effort, I should think. But I have found to my great pleasure that your translation is a fine piece of work. Of course, there is always some difference between a translation and the original work. The relation of thought to language is somewhat like the relation of a spermatozoon to an ovum. In translating, one has to separate the spermatozoon from the original ovum and put it into a new one. You seem to have done it very well. You know that I am free from vanity, and not particularly anxious to have my name broadcast to the world, but then I am curious to see how my thoughts would look when embodied in the language that Shakespeare spoke, and I confess that you have deeply satisfied my curiosity. I have also noted with pleasure that

through your translation Bertrand Russell has been acquainted with my philosophy. He seems to have taken a great fancy to it. I should say that the western world of to-day is very much like the world I lived in, and stands in great need of the teaching of my master Lao-tzu, whose "Tao Te Ching" has rightly been called by another interesting countryman of yours, John Cowper Powys, 'the noblest classic of the lonely wisdom.' I should only like to point out that the word 'lonely' seems to me tautological, since all wisdom is lonely. Is there such a thing as 'noisy' wisdom?" "No, indeed!" said Giles. "By the way, may I have the pleasure of being presented to Lao-tzu?" "No, Sir." was the answer. "He does not like to be disturbed in his enraptured contemplation of the *Tao*. In fact, he has already regretted that he wrote the "Tao Te Ching." You remember, one of our poets, Po Chu-i, wrote a little poem on him, which has been translated by both yourself and Arthur Waley:

"Those who speak know nothing;  
Those who know are silent.  
These words, as I am told,  
Were spoken by Lao-tzu.  
If we are to believe that Lao-tzu  
Was himself one who knew,  
How comes it that he wrote a book  
Of five thousand words?"

I will tell you a secret, which you must promise not to divulge: this poem was inspired by the spirit of Lao-tzu himself. He was using Po Chu-i as a medium. Ever since then, he has remained silent."

"May I ask where is Confucius?"

"Oh, that great Promethean? He is now in Europe, trying to mediate in the Italian-Abyssinian business. I have every hope that he will succeed. I confess that I have a secret admiration for the dauntless spirit of this man.

\*The article is contributed by a Chinese author of international renown, who wishes to remain anonymous. All rights of this article are reserved by the author.—Editor.

He bears the fire in his belly. He has met with countless disappointments, but every time he has emerged with a greater enthusiasm. The reason why I have poked so much fun upon him is that his positive nature has a certain irresistible attraction for me. I am sometimes amused by his intense earnestness, but, as you know, I have no quarrel with anybody who is sincerely following his own bent. May the great *tao* help him! For he is not so awfully superficial as I used to think of him. You remember that once as he was looking at a flowing river he heaved a deep sigh, exclaiming quite spontaneously, 'So it flows on ceaselessly like that!' What a lyrical outcry in the midst of his thousand and one practical activities! Taken all in all, he is really a very lovable personality, and at bottom he is a man in the *tao*. He plays music and enjoys love-songs in the depths of his soul, although consciously he always tries to rationalize them. He is quite human; and it is his epigoni, especially Chu Hsi, who, by the way, is not in Heaven and whose whereabouts I have no way of finding out, that have dehumanized him. The only difference between him and myself is that he follows the *tao* naively, whereas I contemplate it sentimentally. If anybody could practise the *tao* with a sentimental naivety, both Confucius and myself will take off our hats to him. You know, Mr. Giles, a man is either fiery or watery. Confucius is all fire; I am all water. A perfect man should be made of a due proportion of both. But how the fire can maintain its flame without causing the water to evaporate, and how the water can soak and nourish our soul without extinguishing the fire—this is a problem that has not been solved by mankind."

"You are getting too profound for me, Master Chuang. Allow me to ask you an impertinent question. Is it true that when Mrs. Chuang died and Hui-tzu came to condole, he found you sitting on the ground, singing, with your legs spread out at a right angle, and beating time on a bowl?"

"Yes," replied Chuang-tzu, "but I am sorry for it. Truth to tell, I was quite upset by my wife's death. A battle was raging high within my bosom between the two forces, Emotion and Vision. Emotionally, I was inclined to cry: philosophically, I was convinced that death was nothing but a natural passing from one phase of existence to another, on a par with the succession of seasons or the movement of the bowels. I was sorely ashamed of my lachrymose mood, which yet was so obdurate that it would not give up without a struggle. Afterwards, my Vision and my Emotion held a conference together and reached, as it were, a *modus vivendi*. My Vision said to my Emotion, 'My darling, you must not weep, for that would be an awful loss of face for me.' My Emotion replied, 'Look here, my sweetheart, you must allow me to give vent to my pent-up feelings; otherwise I should be suffocated.' So, you see, the problem was how to save the face of my Vision and at the same time give ventilation to my Emotion. The best way out was that I should sing out the burden of my mind."

"You said you were sorry for it. I wonder what would you do now?"

"I would simply follow Nature, which, as I have come to realize, includes human nature as an integral part. First of all I would weep, if I really loved and missed my wife. Then I would try to assuage my grief by calling to aid the philosophical insight of the dreaminess and brevity of life. Very soon, probably, I should be meditating, with a sense of irony, upon the contradictions that lie hidden in my own nature. When one is wrapped up in musings of this sort, one is apt to forget one's wife."

"This, indeed, would be much more in conformity with Nature than singing and beating time on the bowl," commented Giles.

"But the irony of it, Mr. Giles, is that even today people speak of the death of one's wife as 'beating time on the bowl.' How absurd! I have always ridiculed Confucius for his stylization or standardization of emotion, but my 'beating time on the bowl' is infinitely more ridiculous!"

"I am afraid it is," said Giles. "Say, Master Chuang, you must pardon me for asking another question, for I am anxious to know the whereabouts of Han Wen Kung."

"Whom do you mean? This name sounds so strange to my ears that I do not recollect the man."

"He was the one who defended Confucianism against all other schools, and stood up like a hero against the importation of the bones of Buddha. I am surprised that you don't know him."

"Oh, you mean Han Yu, that pedantic scholar! He is in the Purgatory. He was even blamed by Confucius for his bigoted essay on the nature of *tao*. He peeped at the *tao* through a key-hole, and thought he had seen the whole of it. His very praise of the *tao* is on a par with Procrustes admiring the exquisite proportions of his victim. I am frankly surprised that you like him so much."

"Well, I had a great admiration for his style of writing, and I translated some of his essays—masterpieces of literature!"

"I agree with you there. He writes well, although his style is like that of our Macaulay in being a little too masculine. In China, we speak of a masculine style and a feminine style. The best style would be a union of both, but few, if any, have attained this state. There is a certain healthfulness in Han Yu's writings, but he lacks the subtle plasticity of a true artist. In his best moments, however, he is capable of noble sentiments, such as art bodied forth in the poem which you have translated with so much artistry:

'Oh spare the busy morning fly!  
Spare the mosquitos of the night!  
And if their wicked trade they ply  
Let a partition stop their flight.  
Their span is brief from birth to death;  
Like you they bide their little day;  
And then, with autumn's earliest breath,  
Like you too they are swept away.'

If he had written more of such things, he would have deserved a place in Heaven. In fact, I understand that God commanded him to recite this poem a million times and to be cleansed of all his prejudices against Buddhism, Taoism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity."

"If he does all this, will he be entitled to enter Heaven?"

"Don't speak in terms of law here, Mr. Giles. God does not make contracts with us. He simply bids us to do certain things, and if we do his bidding properly, rewards come to us as a natural consequence."

"All this is very interesting, Master Chuang. But if you will forgive me my inquisitiveness once more, may I ask whether Mrs. Chuang is still with you?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Giles, she is in the kitchen, probably preparing some tea for us. I like her very much, but you know sometimes I feel a little tired of her. With me, familiarity does not breed contempt, but it breeds boredom. I have always thought that man is a polygamous animal."

Unfortunately, Mrs. Chuang overheard this, and entered the room in a very angry manner. Chuang-tzu tried to escape, but without success, for she had already caught him by the ear. "So, you old fool!" she exclaimed, "man is a polygamous animal, eh?" "No, no!" Chuang-tzu protested, "I didn't say that; this gentleman was asking me how I had learned my English, and I said that man was a polyglot animal. This gentleman can testify." In order to avoid a perjury, Giles took to his heels and dashed out of the house, with queer feelings in his mind.

No sooner had he gone out than he saw a sickly looking man wandering listlessly along the banks of a river. Giles immediately thought of Ch'u Yuan, and called out after him, "Say, are you not Master Ch'ü?" The man was startled and, turning his head to Giles, replied, "Yes, but who are you?" "I am Herbert Giles, who translated some of your wonderful writings." "Oh, I am glad to meet you, Mr. Giles. I have read your good translations with interest. I am proud to think that my name is known to the whole world, that my writings are even admired by your countrymen. This is some compensation to my political disappointments. In fact, if I had not lost favour with my prince, I would not have written any of the things that you have translated. After all, a misfortune is sometimes but a fortune in disguise." Apparently, this man of great passions and towering ambitions had been brooding over his political disappointments for a period of more than two thousand years.

"I am awfully glad, Master Ch'ü, that you like my translations."

"Yes, they are mighty fine, but there is a little thing I wish to call your attention to. I think you misunderstood the words that the fisherman had said to me. He was a perfect cynic, and what he advised me was that since the world was full of fools, I should fool along with them, instead of running against the current. But your interpretation is: 'If the world is foul, why not leap into the tide and make it clean? If all men are drunk,

why not drink with them, and teach them to avoid excess?' There, I am afraid, you have attributed some Christian ideas to our friend the fisherman. As a matter of fact, he knew of your translation and was laughing over it just the other day."

"Is he in Heaven?" asked Giles.

"Oh, yes. He just rowed up to Heaven, and nobody impeded him."

"But you said he was a cynic."

"Yes, and he is becoming more cynical than ever."

"What!" exclaimed Giles, "a cynic in Heaven! What a Heaven!"

"Yes, Mr. Giles, this is a queer sort of a Heaven. Even Voltaire is here, and many other rascals! I was at first not allowed to enter because I had committed suicide, which they took as a sign that I had taken my life too seriously! According to their logic, only egoists commit suicide! I am here only by sufferance and on the condition that I should take a dose of cynical acid every day! I was angry with God, but He merely smiled. What a humorous God!"

"Did Li Po have any trouble in coming here?" asked Giles.

"None whatever!"

"But I understand that he also was drowned in a river."

"Yes, but they say that his way of dying was beautiful. He didn't leave the world with a grudge. He died embracing the reflection of the moon."

"I wonder if God has read your wonderful 'Li Sao'?"

"Yes, He thinks that I have some rhetorical genius, but he rates Shakespeare way above me. Shakespeare, you know, is His favorite. He even enjoys his nasty poems such as 'The Rape of Lucrece' and 'Venus and Adonis.' But He admits that in the art of handling words, I am not inferior to Shakespeare, and yet He recommends that I should acquire the philosophy of Chuang-tzu. He is of opinion that the best of Shakespeare is saturated with the Taoistic philosophy. For instance, the Churchyard Scene in Hamlet is a good dramatization of that passage in the writings of Chuang-tzu which you have translated so well:

Chuang-tzu one day saw an empty skull, bleached, but still preserving its shape. Striking it with his riding whip, he said, 'Wert thou once some ambitious citizen whose inordinate yearnings brought him to this pass?—some statesman who plunged his country in ruin, and perished in the fray?—some wretch who left behind him a legacy of shame?—some beggar who died in the pangs of hunger and cold? Or didst thou reach this state by the natural course of old age?'

When he had finished speaking, he took the skull, and placing it under his head as a pillow, went to sleep. In the night, he dreamt that the skull appeared to him, and said, 'You speak well, sir; but all you say has reference to the life of mortals, and

to mortal troubles. In death there are none of these. Would you like to hear about death?"

Chuang-tzu having replied in the affirmative, the skull began:—"In death, there is no sovereign above, and no subject below. The workings of the four seasons are unknown. Our existences are bounded only by eternity. The happiness of a king among men cannot exceed that which we enjoy."

Chuang-tzu, however, was not convinced, and said, "Were I to prevail upon God to allow your body to be born again, and your bones and flesh to be renewed, so that you could return to your parents, to your wife, and to the friends of your youth—would you be willing?"

At this, the skull opened its eyes wide and knitted its brows and said, "How should I cast aside happiness greater than that of a king, and mingle once again in the toils and troubles of mortality?"<sup>(1)</sup>

"Once God was reading Hamlet and spoke in jest to Shakespeare, saying, 'Say, my beloved William, where be your gibes now? Your gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?' Shakespeare, flattered that God was quoting him, answered with a sly smile, 'I took them from Your bosom, and they have returned to their original abode. For, dust they are, and to dust they return.' You see, that spoilt child of God's could even be so absurdly audacious as to make fun of God. But you know what did God do? He appeared not a whit perturbed by this sling at Him. On the contrary, He smiled and, tapping the shoulder of Shakespeare, said, 'So my dear child, you think that my bosom is full of dust! I guess you are right.' He is kind beyond limits; and yet sometimes He can be very rough with men whom all the world respects as moral personalities. Indeed, God's ways are not man's ways."

Their conversation was interrupted by the coming along of a man. It was Tu Fu. After due introduction by Ch'ü Yuan, Tu said to Giles, "I like your translations of my little poems very much. I am especially delighted with this piece, which I have committed to memory:

A petal falls!—the spring begins to fall,  
And my heart saddens with the growing gale.  
Come then, ere autumn spoils bestrew the ground,  
Do not forget to pass the wine-cup round.  
Kingfishers build where man once laughed elate,  
And now stone dragons guard his graveyard gate!  
Who follows pleasure, he alone is wise;  
Why waste our life in deeds of high emprise?"

Beautiful! This is exactly what I would have written if I were born in England. Do you remember the original?"

"Yes, I will recite it to you:

一片花飛減却春，  
風飄萬點正愁人。  
且看欲盡花經眼，  
莫厭傷多酒入唇。

江上小堂巢翡翠：  
花邊高塚臥麒麟。  
細推物理須行樂，  
何用浮名絆此身？”

"Now, you see, Mr. Giles, this is life! A poet is one who sees a graveyard beneath a skyscraper. His eyes are provided with a kind of X-rays that pierce through the skin and flesh and see the skull and skeleton under them. He brings the X-rays to the Dancing Halls, to the Wall Street, to the Parliament, to the Mass Meetings, to the Diplomatic Conferences, to the Wedding Ceremonies, to the Boxing Tournaments, to the Football Matches, to the Circus, everywhere. The world is mad, and only poetry can cure the hurly-burly of men!"

"Ah, that is what you meant when you prescribed your poems for malarial fever!"

"Yes, exactly." At this juncture there came a drunken man, in shabby Taoistic cap and gown.

"Hello, Mr. Tu," he began abruptly, "who is that old devil?"

"So you are drunk again, eh!" said Tu.

"I suppose this gentleman comes from Ningpo?" Giles whispered to Tu. "How do you know that. Indeed, his birthplace was not far from Ningpo." "Well, there is some Ningpoish accent in his English. You know I was sometime serving as Consul at Ningpo. I liked the people there. They are as a rule very rough in behavior, but they mean well. But the Ningpo dialect is so jarring to the ears that I agree entirely with the proverb 'I would rather quarrel with a Soochowite than make love with a Ningpoese.' and the strange thing is that vulgar as their dialect is they are yet so attached to it that they can never learn another dialect without retaining a marked Ningpo accent." "So!" exclaimed Tu Fu, as if some illumination had come over him, "I understand the significance of his poem: '少小離家老大回，鄉音無改鬢毛衰，' and so forth. What a realist he is."

"Do you mean that this is the famous Ho Chih Chang?"

"Why, yes."

Giles shook hands with Ho, and said, "I am so glad to meet you, Mr. Ho. Tell me, is it true that once upon a time, under the influence of the wine, you fell into a dry well and were afterwards found snoring at the bottom"

"God damn it! This rumor was created by this fellow Tu. He broadcast it to posterity, until the whole universe resounds with the echoes of a snoring which I never had committed. You know all poets are liars, and Tu is the Archbishop of Lying."

"'Archbishop' is enough to convey the sense," remarked Tu with an affable smile. "By the way, I have been invited to a dinner to-night by Yuan Mei, who is one of the best literary critics and who as you know can cook very well. He has asked me to bring along any interesting men, and I know that he will love to see you. He told me that Lowes Dickinson and Lytton Strachey would be present, and I am sure you will like to see your old friends in a new setting. Will you come along?"

(1) Giles, *History of Chinese Literature*, London, 1927, pp. 66-7.

Giles assented, and that evening there were present many prominent men of letters from all countries. Even the author of the "Shiao Lin Kuang Chi" was there. He told many jokes in order to entertain the new comer. Some of the people did not speak English, and Hsu Tsemou, who had simply plunged into Heaven from the clouds, had a hard time interpreting for them. The beautiful poetess, Tu Ch'iu Niang, sang her own poem as presented in Giles' version:

"I would not have thee grudge those robes which gleam  
in rich array,

But I would have thee grudge the hours of youth  
which glide away.

Go pluck the blooming flower betimes, lest when thou  
com'st again

Alas, upon the withered stem no blooming flowers  
remain!"

All the other guests joined her in chorus.

Giles felt at home among that crowd and drank many cups of rice wine. But then he thought of Dickinson, for he did not see him there. "You told me," said he to Tu Fu, "that Lowes Dickinson would be present, but where is he?"

"Well, he is here among us. Only he has assumed his former form. Didn't he tell you that in a previous existence he had been a Chinaman? Didn't he wear a cap (it

was presented to him by our beloved Hsu Tsemou), with a tiny red button crowning it?" Giles looked round and found an old man with a cap, but he did not look like Dickinson. Tu Fu insisted that he was Dickinson. Approaching that man with a cap, Giles called out, "How do you do, Mr. Dickinson?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Giles, my real name is Tao Ch'ien. After I died, I was born in England as William Cowper. Only in my third incarnation was I named G. Lowes Dickinson. I am now thinking of a reincarnation as a Chinaman."

Upon this there was a chorus of protests coming from all sides, like squibs from a set of fireworks simultaneously lighted up. "Nay, don't you do such a thing; for, you would be violently shaken out of your sweet illusion about China which you have painfully won in your last incarnation. The exquisite music of life on earth has long ceased, everywhere you will only hear the jazz music of machinery, loud and harsh, without melody. You will never be able to find the Peach-Blossom Fountain again, for it is already turned into an aerodrome."

When the dinner ended, nobody knows. It could not have lasted more than five hours, but we must remember that one hour in Heaven is equivalent to a thousand years *ici bas*, so that the dinner must have ended in the year of our Lord 6935.

## Kiangsi Reborn

By RANDALD GOULD

**K**IANGSI is an unsettling province and I am lucky to be well out of it. Another week and I might have not only become a pretty fair convert to the New Life Movement (which was the sad case, after a mere fortnight's visit) but lost some of my sublime faith in the complete rightness of things in the Shanghai International Settlement.

And that would be tragic for any Shanghai foreigner. We have been taught for years that Shanghai is the one oasis of peace, quiet, fragrance and cleanliness in the whole of China—and who would look for any competition in these respects from recently communist Kiangsi? Not I, I will confess.

Yet—confess it I must, even though in error—for some several days after my return down-river I labored under what must have been a complete delusion of Mortal Error, viz., a conviction that compared with Nanchang, Nancheng, Kiukiang, Linchuan, Nanfeng, Kwangchang, even recently war-tempest-torn Ningtu, the foreign city of Shanghai was disorderly, dirty, noisy, full of trash, and generally savage!

Gradually, of course, I recovered my big-town bearings and grew back to renewed pride in Shanghai's size, splendor, importance and various other things too numerous to mention or remember. After all, I live in Shanghai and I don't want to be ridden out on a rail. But sometimes even yet o' nights I entertain faint doubts, harking back to recollections of snappy traffic police in the big towns, directing traffic and seeing that it stays directed; of clean

quiet people decently dressed and behaving other than like barbarians; of neat streets uncluttered by so much as a scrap of paper; of bare but well-kept bus stations along the new roads, each with its traffic supervisor standing stiffly out in front extending a green flag to show a clear way ahead, and all the staff lined up at attention!

There is something about Kiangsi. If the Reds did it, bless the Reds. If driving out the Reds did it, bless Chiang's army. If the people have a native talent for doing things right if given direction and half a chance (and I hope that is the real answer), why, bless the people most decidedly! Anyway, Kiangsi is different—different from most of the other places I've seen in China, but perhaps merely a short jump ahead of what all China will presently be so far as general spirit and direction go.

Kiangsi is of course poor. It is getting help from the national government in large sums. At the moment it is punch-drunk from the punishment of civil war. I could not subscribe to the theory that communism was the root of all evils suffered by Kiangsi; too many disinterested witnesses said the "white" soldiers had been at least as bad as "red", before General Chiang Kai-shek's army came. But there was general agreement among such people as I could interview—admittedly I could not go out and get the Truth, the whole Truth, and Nothing But The Truth, from Kiangsi's peasants—that the Chiang soldiers had paid their way, maintained discipline, and preserved the peace.

Which is about what either Kiangsi or any other Chinese province really wants above everything else. China