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THE FAR EAST MUST BE UNDERSTOOD

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MODHRN JAPAN

HIKARI WO ABITE

THE JAPANESE WOMAN LOOKING FORWARD

Etc.

THE FAR EAST MUST BE UNDERSTOOD

By

IL VAN STRAELEN, S.V.D.

With a PREFACE by

PROFESSOR DR. DJANG TSUKUNG

LONDON

LUZ AC & CO.

10 GREAT RUSSELL STREET

**To the Youth of the World upon
whom lies the gigantic task of building,
upon the ruins of a civilisation, the
times to come.**

And first we must begin with Asia, to which the first place is due, as being the place of the first Aden, first Religion, first Cities, Empires, Arts ; where the most things mentioned in Scripture were done ; the place where Paradise was seated, the Arke rested, the Law was given, and whence the Gospell proceeded ; the place which did beare Him in His flesh, that by His Word beareth up all things.*

Purchas, His Pilgrimes.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My thanks are due to Messrs. W. Heinemann for permission to quote a passage from *My Country and My People*, by Lin Yutang ; to Messrs. Faber & Faber for an extract from *China at the Crossroads*, by General and Madame Chiang Kaishek ; to Messrs. Geo. Routledge & Sons for a brief extract from *The Political Philosophy of Confucianism*, by Leonard Shihlien Hsu , to the Edinburgh House Press for a quotation from *Chiang Kaishek and the Unity of China*, by Joyce Reason ; to Messrs. A. Melrose for a quotation from *Wise Men from the East and Wise Men from the West*, by A. Mitrie Rihbany ; to Messrs. Macmillan for a paragraph from *Forty Years in China*, by Sir Meyrick Hewlett, and for permission to quote a passage from *The Capital Question of China*, by Lionel Curtis ; to Messrs. Hutchinson for a paragraph from *The Foreigner in China*, by O. M. Green ; to Messrs. Sheed & Ward for a passage from *Dark Symphony*, by Elizabeth Laura Adams ; to Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton for the quotation of a poem taken from *The Christ of the Indian Road*, by E. Stanley Jones, and to Messrs. Chapman and Hall for permission to quote a paragraph from *With Japan's Leaders, an Intimate Record of Fourteen Years as Counsellor to the Japanese Government, ending December, 1941*, by Frederick Moore.

Finally, my thanks are due to the respective publishers for the use of an article from *The Spectator* and for the use of two articles from the American magazine : *Asia and the Americas*.

H. v. S.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN DECEMBER, 1945

PREFACE

It may seem to serve some purpose if I relate a few episodes or quote some passages from literature that I came across, to prepare the way for readers who would go into this interesting and timely book.

The first is a story retold by Sir John Pratt in *My Visit to America* * of a great expert who "was once sent down to a remote spot to report on some agricultural matter. He arrived by train in the middle of the winter, then had to be taken in a sledge a ten-mile drive through the snow along the bank of a river. He got into the sledge, very bad-tempered. They put a great big fur rug over him, and he said : 'My good man, don't you realise you are putting this rug on in the wrong way? If you turn this fur side in, it is twenty-six per cent, more efficient.' The man reversed it, laughing to himself all the while. The expert asked what he was giggling at. 'Well,' he replied, 'I am just thinking what a silly fool that bear was!'"

How often things are not what they appear to be! In the matter of understanding the people or culture of other nations or races, as in all other matters, happy is he who can manage to free himself from undue self-righteousness.

Christian missions, other than that of the Nestorians of yore, have been coming to China ever since the beginning of the seventeenth century to propagate the teachings of Christ. They have made no small endeavours to save the souls of the "poor heathen Chinese" (!), as some expressed it, and have, perhaps, made some measure of success.

In an address delivered in Boston some years ago, Pearl S. Buck, that admirable and outspoken American writer, tells how as a child she heard her "impatient missionary father, who longed to put spiritual dynamite under that old China which stayed so calm in the face of his hell-fire preaching. * Does it mean nothing to you that if you reject Christ you will be burnt in hell?' The Chinese gentleman smiled as he replied : 'If, as you say, my ancestors are all in hell at this moment, it would be unfilial of me not to be willing to suffer with them.' The man reflected for a moment, and then added, with a twinkle, 'Besides, if heaven is only full of white men, I should be very uncomfortable there. I had rather go to hell, where the Chinese are.'" †

It is quite pathetic that the well-meant efforts of this devoted missionary should seem to be a sort of "Love's labour's lost." More pathetic still is it that many did not take heed of this, or

* Annual proceedings of the Universities' China Committee in London, 1942-3.
China Institute.

† *Asia and Democracy*, p. 57. Macmillan, 1943.

similar lessons—for was there not an edict issued some two centuries ago by Emperor Kang Hsi on this very account, ordering all missionaries to leave China?—and keep on trying to teach the peace-loving "heathen Chinese" to sing—

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war . . ."

And more pathetic still seems to be the fact that most of the yellow-skinned folks prefer at heart to live happily than to die safely, and have not as yet felt the urge to persuade their Western brothers and sisters of the good of rendering more reverence to their ancestors and respect to the aged, to say nothing of enlightening them with the philosophies of Confucius and Laotze. Would it not be more fortunate if people could, in matters like religious faith and the arts of living—as in all other matters—show more tolerance and make more serious attempts than hitherto to understand each other?

* * * *

Rightly or wrongly, Sir Austen Chamberlain has been criticised for being quite blunt when he said at Birmingham on January 29th, 1927: "In the Far East, after all, we are a nation of shopkeepers. All we want is to keep our shops open and be on good terms with our customers." But such a proclamation has been made every now and then by people of Britain, as well as by people of other nations, perhaps also quite proper, as regards their national aspirations. Witness what was written by one under the name of "Scrutator" as recently as October 14th, 1945, in the *London Times* when dealing with the subject: "Britain and the Far East," ". . . in China, the longest harried and worst ravaged country, Generalissimo Chiang Kaishek has already announced a five-year plan. Here are our commercial opportunities, if only we can seize them . . ." And the British Ambassador to China, did he not make it plain, during his short sojourn in Shanghai, that his country's main concern is "to buy goods from China and to sell goods to China?"

It may seem quite odd to read that towards the end of the last century, an old and learned Chinese mandarin, Wu Kotu by name, should have memorialised the Throne with words like these: "Foreigners have made some score of treaties with China, containing at least ten thousand written characters. Is there a word in any of them concerning reverence for parents, or the cultivation of virtue and respect for the nine canons of rightful conduct? No! Is there a word in any of them as to the observance of ceremony, as to duty, integrity, and a proper sense of shame, the four cardinal principles of our nation? Again, no! All that they speak of is material profit! Such-and-such a clause implies benefits or profits for China! They think only of profit, and with the meretricious hope of profit they beguile the Chinese people.

These men know not even the meaning of duty and ceremony, wisdom and good faith, yet we profess, forsooth, to expect them to act as if they were endowed with the five cardinal virtues . . . " *

Man, of course, does not live by bread alone. And so with nations, though it would seem somewhat out of place to expect international treaties to be drafted like sermons. This old man's indignation, however, would certainly be more justified if he were still living and knew that a certain Danish clergyman should have cherished the desire, at the beginning of this century, of taking possession of the famous Chin-chiao-pei, the Nestorian Tablet which belongs to the Chinese nation, and that another stranger from afar, a scholar presumably of some repute, should have gone " to Lasha in disguise " and made no secret of professing : " Incidentally it may be added that it is almost certain that the Indian Government will continue its policy, pursued for several years past, of favouring the Dalai Lama " f ; and that other adventurers have gone off with some 7,000 manuscripts of old from the " ruins of desert Cathay." And that . . .

Nevertheless, there are redeeming features. The old mandarin should also realise the good that has been done to China by " strangers in and from afar," those unpretentious well-wishers and helpers in her hour of need, material or intellectual. Be that as it may, it is of no comfort to him to see that most people in the West understand his country mainly as a land of pagodas and carved ivory.

In matters like relations between nations, even if it be merely for trade, would it not be more cordial if the foundation upon which they are built be freed from unenlightened self-interest?

In ancient times a disciple of Confucius, by the name of Tzu Lu, asked his master, " What is strength? " The master said : " Do you want to know the strength of the South Country? or that of the North? Strength of the South is guidance to magnanimity and gentleness, and there is no thought of vengeance even in the face of wickedness. Here the man of breeding feels at home. Strength of the North is that which implies living in arms and dying without a murmur. The strong man finds here his home." if

I can understand why, shortly after the Cairo Conference, when some people in China were beginning to feel jubilant over the fact that the Chinese nation was becoming one of the Powers, potential or otherwise (or, to use the words of Edgar Snow, "by courtesy," ft) the Generalissimo took occasion to tell his associates and the nation that " China should take pride in being great rather than in being

* J. O. P. Bland and E. Backhouse : *China under the Empress Dowager*, p. 111.

† W. M. McGovern : *To Lasha in Disguise*, p. 332.

t *Doctrine of the Golden Mean, or Chung-yung*.

tt Edgar Snow : *Glory and Bondage*, p. 260. Gollancz. 1945.

powerful—great in heritage and in responsibility, and great in shame if she fails to live up to the teachings of the great sages of the past."

I can also understand why, after "V.E." Day, that great soul in the person of Sir Stafford Cripps should kneel down and pray for the right use of victory, and perhaps for the day when, to use the expression of General Smuts, the palace would no longer be surrounded by mud huts.

I can also understand what moved a doctor of medicine, when the American forces in the Pacific were "hopping" one island after another last year, to write the following words on board ship : " I wish there were words adequate enough to explain how deeply most of us feel about being out here; how much it means to us to win completely and unequivocally so that our sons and our sons' sons, and those of our enemy, need not know this again; how much it hurts to be forced to the realisation that so many of our hopes are empty.

" The thing that is important to us is first to win the war and then to set about rehabilitating not only ourselves but the people in India and China and Japan and Germany, so that we can live together and call each other friends. It seems to me that that is what we set out to do. Even though few of us ever expected to attain that much, it is bitter knowledge indeed to see how infinitely little we are likely to attain at all.

" The plain and simple truth is, I am afraid, that we as a people have not yet grown big enough, tolerant enough, wise enough, nor just enough, to manage our own affairs with honour and justice, let alone those of the world. We are still trying to delude ourselves with the idea that we are a democracy, instead of accepting the truth that we are not, and planning ways and means of becoming one some day ... " *

* * * *

So—these freedoms—freedom from undue self-righteousness in professing what appears to be true and good, freedom from intolerance, freedom from unenlightened self-interest in accumulating gold, and freedom from taking pride in power to cover oneself and one's country with glory! It is not too much to say that it is the desire of bringing home their bearing on the making of a new and better world that has impelled the author to set out so ably and fully to write this book on the question of understanding the East. He is to be congratulated, and also envied, for the success he well deserves.

T. K. DJANG.

CAMBRIDGE,

November 6th, 1945.

* *Time*, April 24th, 1944.

INTRODUCTION

Now that this little work is finished I must express my sincere thanks to the many officials, Orientalists, professors and missionaries who have done me the favour of reading through my manuscript, and whose criticisms and encouragement have been most valuable. If there is anything good in the book it is due in great measure to these friendly criticisms.

There is, however, one criticism—a just one and to the point—which I have felt unable to consider. It was written by a considerable authority on things Oriental. Speaking of my manuscript he says : "I read it with much interest, and the author strikes me as really having inside information, but I think he should have revealed more of it in his manuscript." I may at least own that the latter part of this criticism is perfectly correct. But why, notwithstanding this, I have failed to satisfy a demand for more information is a question that cannot be dealt with here. It is a fault that will be remedied, we hope, in future publications.

The main object of this little work is to try to contribute something towards a better understanding between East and West. Experience has taught me that progress towards this understanding has been hampered in no small degree by the publication of much doubtful information ; and in view of this fact I have found it necessary to devote considerable space to the criticism of certain writers, a task I have undertaken with the greatest reluctance. For work of a more positive kind I shall have to refer my readers to my previous publications.

At this present, vital turning-point in history, when the four corners of the world are being inevitably drawn into closer contact than was ever thought possible in the past, when physical distance once a shock-absorber between nations and peoples is being neutralized by the speed of the aeroplane or annihilated by the radio, the fact that so much inaccurate information about the Far East is disseminated must be stressed, however uncongenial the task may be. Indeed it is doubly necessary, for without doubt at the end of the war there will be increasing numbers of books about the Chinese and Japanese, describing their characteristics, their spirit, their qualities and their way of life; and of their authors it will doubtless be said, " They know what they are talking about. Have they not been fighting for them (or against

them) for the last two or three years? " And when that is said it is hoped the reader may be in a position to assess the true value of these books. Forewarned is forearmed. Besides, as soon as war is over, "experts" will go out in great numbers to the Far East to put things in order. If they should not succeed, the reader can guess the main reason.

If then this little book, imperfect and incomplete as the author admits it to be, can contribute anything at all towards a better understanding between Far East and Occident the author will consider himself richly repaid, for other purpose in the writing of it there has been none. Indeed, outspoken as it may appear in certain respects, at no time has it been in the author's mind to hurt the feelings of any person or group or country. Furthest of all from my mind has been the idea of casting the least doubt upon the absolute honesty and good faith of any writer whose works are referred to in these pages. Again and again the reader will come across references to incorrectness of statements, lack of information, insight and knowledge. Yet if I should myself be found wanting in these same respects I must say with Socrates in *The Republic*: " I can but suffer the penalty of ignorance ; and that penalty is to be taught by those who know."

Amongst all the confusion there is about the spelling of Chinese names I have thought it best to follow the path trodden by Lin Yutang, i.e. to spell the personal name, which usually consists of two monosyllables, as one disyllable without hyphen. The surname (as in Japanese names also) precedes the personal name, e.g. *Chiang Kaishek*. I have made only exceptions in quotations for an obvious reason.

With regard to the spelling of Japanese names the author holds that the *Nihonsiki Romazi*, the Japanized Romanization, often called governmental *Romazi*, is the best, though this is not the place to adduce the author's arguments in its favour. It was introduced in September, 1937, by the *Mombusyo* or Japanese Ministry of Education. In Japan one now no longer writes e.g. *Fuji San* and *Chichibu Maru* but *Huzi San* and *Titibu Maru*, thus providing material for mirth and amusing incident among foreigners in Japan.

It is not impossible that here and there the reader will perceive some interruption in the smooth flow of ideas and that perhaps the treatment of one or other of the subjects could have been

more developed. If this should be the case I can only apologise. Not an inconsiderable part of this MS. was written under the constant drone and menace of flying bombs which have been released against this country. They often came so near that a rush for shelter was nothing but advisable. To take up the thread of my thoughts as if nothing had happened, when in my immediate neighbourhood countless innocent civilians were constantly being killed or maimed, that is beyond my power.

A special word of thanks is due to Dr. Djang, professor at several renowned Chinese universities, at the present moment visiting scholar at Cambridge. In the presence of his great learning I feel very distinctly the limitations of my own acquaintance with things Oriental. He has kindly read through the whole manuscript and I have profited greatly by his extensive knowledge, as wide and vast as his distinguished country.

A word of thanks is also due to the printers who tried hard and earnestly to get things done at an earliest possible date, and who, notwithstanding the present circumstances, succeeded in the issuing of the present form, no easy matter during war-time.

Last but not least, a word of profound thanks to Mr. D. Francis Finn for his co-operation and assistance. His suggestions and remarks were very valuable to me, and he put the whole manuscript into better shape by correcting the English, not my mother tongue.

H. J. J. M. VAN STRAELEN, S.V.D.

50 Valley Drive,
London, N.W.9.
May, 1945.

A NEW PLAYER ON THE WORLD'S STAGE

THE mystery of the future has always tantalized the restless spirit of man ; curiosity and anxiety regarding the things to come are part of our very nature : but it is especially in these times of universal cataclysm, when we see the whole structure of our civilization being torn and twisted before our eyes, that we ask ourselves the question " What is the deeper meaning of all these gigantic upheavals, and whither will the current of events carry us? " The present author would be the last to imagine himself qualified to give an adequate and authoritative answer to such a momentous question, but he does believe that he can through the mist of history and the ground-haze of events, discern, even though it be but dimly, the indistinct and half-formed features of a new world. One period of history is drawing to a close, another is beginning, and the difference between these two eras will be greater than that between any two succeeding ages the world has yet known. We are on the threshold of a new epoch and now we are walking out of the narrow confines of Europe, into the open space of the universe. The whole world stands at the cross-roads and the light of a new era dawns on the horizon. But a Westerner who has lived for the last decade in the Far East, submerging himself deeply in Eastern life and culture, earnestly endeavouring to flow with the completely different life-streams of the Chinese and Japanese peoples, carefully studying the immense changes that have taken place among them and trying to fathom, from the Eastern view-point, the meaning of the immense crisis into which the whole world is plunged, must realise this with particular intensity.

Every thinking man will admit that we need to adjust ourselves to the new developments which are sweeping over the world. Not the least among the many changes that are taking place is this : the Far East has come nearer to us than it ever has been before in history. The Orient is no longer shut off and secluded beyond vast stretches of desert and swamp and impassable mountain ranges. Sea-ways and air-ways and the radio and all the advances made by modern scientific inventions are binding East and West more and more closely. From now onwards it is impossible that

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either East or West can develop without powerfully influencing the other. The spotlights are moving steadily towards the Orient. There is a new player on the stage of the world ; it is the Oriental. A sane outlook demands that East and West must understand one another better. We from our side must make that sincere gesture of friendship which is a genuine desire to understand the Orient. This volume is the author's sincere contribution towards that desirable end.

At the outset the author would profer his apologia. He is a Westerner who has lived for many years in the East, speaking the language of the people, living their daily life, studying their literature and customs and culture, and shaping his life in such a way that it might flow with the life-stream of the Oriental which is so very different in tempo and temperament and direction from ours. Moved only by a desire to promote peace and mutual understanding between two great civilizations that have attained maturity in ignorance of one another, he has tried to show in these pages the way towards that goal.

Surely the time is now ripe as it never was before for laying the foundations of a true and friendly understanding between East and West, for on all sides we see evidences of a new and lively interest in things Oriental.

In the United States all kinds of educators recognise the vital need for information about the peoples and countries of Asia. A lot has changed there for the better within a very short time. It was only fifteen years ago or so that Harley Farnsworth MacNair, professor of Far Eastern History and Institutions at the University of Chicago, published a paper on American ignorance of things Oriental. The occasion was the coming of Professor Paul Pelliot, an eminent student of Oriental civilization, to spend a term at Columbia University. Though it was at that time quite exceptional, caution in expectation was justified, as the professor wrote himself: " considering that two years earlier an editorial had appeared in one of America's magazines-of-a-million containing this startlingly complacent statement: ' There is only one first-class civilization in the world to-day. It is right here in the United States and the Dominion of Canada. Europe's is hardly second-class, and Asia's is about fourth- to sixth-class.' Writing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, 'On a Certain Condescension in Americans,' Miss Repplier commented on this curt summarization of civiliza-

tions. 'I verified this quotation, finding it a little difficult to credit, and borrowed it for a lecture I was giving in New York. My audience took it at its face value, and cheerfully, I might say enthusiastically, applauded the sentiment. It was evident that to them it was a modest statement of an incontrovertible fact, and they registered their cordial agreement. They seemed—so far as I could apprehend them—to believe that we were like the Jews, a chosen people; that our mission was the uplift of the human race; and that it behoved those who were to be uplifted to recognize their inferior altitude.' One might, then, hope but hardly expect much from the representative of a * second-class ' civilization who was to address students enjoying the advantages of a 'first-class' civilization on topics connected with * fourth-to sixth-class ' civilizations."

Nowadays these voices have been silenced definitely. Instead, a growing and very lively interest in things Oriental is pervading many educational institutions and it is recognized that a truly humanistic education is no longer possible without a profound knowledge of the Far East. "We advocate with particular emphasis," wrote B. Laufer in the *Bulletin of the American Council of Learned Societies*, "the study of the language and literature of China as the key to the understanding of a new world to be discovered, as the medium of gaining a new soul, as an important step forward into the era of a new humanism that is now in process of formation." And indeed these steps are now about to be taken. In America, where life goes more quickly, they started with top-speed. Reading in the first-class magazine *Asia*, about the efforts begun by various bodies, one gets the impression of a headlong rush towards the newly discovered Far East something similar to the scramble after the newly discovered gold-fields in the Klondyke. Educational agencies are concerning themselves with the problem, hurriedly working out various programmes suited to the needs of special groups, ranging from highly trained specialists who will go to the Far East immediately the war is over, to school-children whose education will no longer be considered up-to-date if they have not been given a peep into the culture and history of peoples of the East. Knowledge of Oriental languages which a short time ago was to be found in but an insignificant position in only a very few university curricula, seems to have suddenly sprung to the forefront. Intensive courses in Japanese are being offered at

numerous universities. Hundreds of young Americans are studying Japanese in institutions of college grade. People, especially of the armed forces and government offices, throw themselves into Oriental studies with the pace one expects from the New World. Besides this, Americans feel an urgent need of a great "National School of Modern Oriental Languages and Civilizations" with no less a purpose than to put American scholarship of the Orient on the same level in the world-picture as American cars and American steel. A most noble purpose indeed, but the way will be long and arduous.

Indeed it may be, on the one hand, that there are already some remarkable results which have given rise to some few good publications : but, on the other hand, this study at high pressure has many drawbacks, especially when one tries to dig a little deeper into the immense heaps of treasure the Eastern and especially the Far Eastern cultures contain. One does not learn very much in a one or two years' course under high pressure of the Chinese and Japanese languages, arts and literature. Here we find something similar to the process of climbing a high and difficult mountain. A tremendous amount of patience is necessary. The more we rush in the beginning, the sooner we sit down over-tired, often not able to continue our journey. How many people of many nations have I not met who started the study of Chinese or Japanese; but not one in a dozen persevered. I do not deny that there are modern methods to shorten the time needed to learn a new language ; but, although holding an opinion different from the cynical scholar who said that Americans may possibly learn Japanese before the outbreak of the next world war, the statement recently published in *School and Society* that within the past year American students have gained a good working knowledge of spoken Japanese in three months or less, is not borne out by the facts.

If one has a name to lose one should never give it to a booklet of colloquial Japanese "written expressly to enable adults to acquire rapidly a sound colloquial knowledge of the Japanese language." There is no Japanese or Chinese "without tears"; tears from hard, constant and concentrated study must flow in any case. Here more than anywhere else is to be applied : "a little learning is a dangerous thing," as we shall see later, when I draw aside the curtain and give a close-up of the "authorities on the Far East."

A NEW PLAYER ON THE WORLD'S STAGE

Besides the above-mentioned study for adults there is a lot of work being done on elementary and high-school curricula, but most of these good efforts are still in the research and preparatory stages. It is here, however, that the effects of increased knowledge of the Orient eventually will be more far-reaching, provided the new schemes are put into practice and continue uninterruptedly. Children are already being taught to think in terms of world citizenship, shared on an equal footing by all peoples, regardless of colour or race ; they study the history and geography of Oriental countries as being as important as those of the West. In this respect America is definitely beating a new path. I myself have always objected to the name " world war " in European books for the struggle which was waged principally between opposing groups of countries in Europe (which is, after all, but a small portion of the world), hardly affecting the East where by far the greater part of humanity teems and toils and troubles, possessing the world's oldest and deepest existing culture. Only a very narrow and myopic view of a world that regards the Orient as an appendage to the Occident, could be guilty of an error so unjust and so offensive to the East. At long last the time has come to ask ourselves whether it is not just the other way round, whether Europe is not an appendage of Asia, the largest of the continents, comprising a third of the land surface of the globe and more than half the world's population. Geographically she is the centre of the world, Europe is her annex, Africa a sub-continent, and Australia her island. And we are still more justified in saying this when we know that anthropology tells us that Asia was the cradle of all human races and that therefore the early inhabitants of Europe most probably came from Asia. Furthermore the foremost ethnologists assert that the earliest centre of human civilization was the heart of Asia and consequently the roots of European civilization must have been transplanted from Asia, directly or indirectly. It is therefore more than a blunder to consider the Orient as an appendage of the Occident. Even a man like Christopher Dawson—without doubt an author of no mean standing—could write in 1933 in his otherwise sound *Enquiries*: " The crisis that has arisen in the modern world during the post-war period is not merely an economic one. It involves the future of Western culture and consequently the fate of humanity."

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Quite recently whilst taking tea with some Chinese professors at one of the most renowned universities in this country, I read the above passage to them. My Oriental friends' reply was a smile, a forgiving one perhaps, at the ingenuous self-complacency of an author who could be so naive as to imagine that the destiny of the whole world depended upon the fortunes of his tumultuous and bewildered Europe. No; I think the great scholar Henri Cordier is nearer the mark when he states in his *Histoire Generale de la Chine* that : " The Occidentals have singularly contracted the field of history of the world when they have grouped around the people of Israel, Greece, and Rome, the little that they knew of the expansion of the human race, being completely ignorant of these voyagers who plowed the China Sea and the Indian Ocean, of these cavalcades across the immensities of Central Asia up to the Persian Gulf. The greatest part of the universe, and at the same time a civilization different, but certainly as developed as that of the ancient Greeks and Romans, remained unknown to those who wrote the history of their little world while they believed that they were setting forth the history of the world as a whole."

In England, too, things are going much better and the study of things Oriental is making great headway. But here, too, I must state it is of recent date. It is not so long ago that the cultural interest in the Far East was below zero. I must think here of that tragi-comical incident related by Lady Hosie in 1926 in an account of the late Professor E. H. Parker. " The faculty hardly knew him by sight. He only once attended a Senate meeting : but at that he made a contribution to the discussion which was never forgotten. He was professor of Chinese at Victoria University, Manchester, and reader in Chinese at Liverpool. A discussion hung on, and on, as to the exact status, dignity, emoluments, and number of students attached to a readership. At last he rose and uttered a solitary sentence which brought down the house. ' I speak in person,' he said, ' as reader in Chinese in Liverpool to say that in my own experience, there is no status and no dignity, there are no emoluments and no students!' " Lady Hosie adds : " He was very pungent when he touched on the appalling apathy of British universities as to Chinese subjects, their total disregard of the literature and history of half Asia, and their naive self-content in this state of things.

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He wanted more chairs of Chinese created, to dissipate this insular attitude toward world learning, and greater support and encouragement given to those already in existence." Since that time a lot has changed for the good here in Britain. One should make a brief visit to the School of Oriental and African Studies in London and interview one of the teachers, if indeed he can spare you ten minutes from his over-busy daily course. At the moment many rapid courses are going on, for the greater part in Japanese; courses ranging from several months to one or two years for people in the armed forces. I see and acknowledge the usefulness even of these short courses provided the parting words of the lecturers to their students run something like this : " We are now closing this . . . months' course in the Japanese language, history and literature. Now go abroad with the firm conviction that you do not know anything worth-while mentioning of the language, history or literature. The main purpose of this short course has been to show you that at least a decade of intense study, practice, and keen observation is necessary for getting a real insight into Far Eastern life, language and culture. I hope you understand this well. When you have given an undertaking to refrain from publications or giving opinions for the next five years, you will have passed your final examination."

Indeed if the students bear this in mind and follow it up, then we shall be well on the way to a better understanding of the Far East. To be sure, one of the greatest obstacles has been the questionable information given by the " authorities on the Far East," whose books have flooded the market, a catastrophic inundation that has swept the whole of Europe and America, doing great harm.

This rather bold statement needs some explanation.

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A little learning is an especially dangerous thing when it is a question of forming opinions about the Far East; for here superficial learning can only result in the growth and spread of prejudiced and unjust views, of unscientific and wholly unreal attitudes towards civilizations other than our own. That this is so is evidenced by the spate of books of the "enlightening" order and by the tenor of so many articles "from our Far Eastern Correspondent." The rather unromantic truth about so many of these correspondents is that they are more often than not men who, though they may have lived ten or more years in China or Japan, have never taken a brush in their hand, are unable to read a single line of a Chinese or Japanese newspaper, and cannot so much as say correctly, "Give me a cup of water, please." They have lived on a European "island" somewhere in Shanghai, Peking, Hongkong, Kobe or Tokyo, completely cut off from all real intercourse with the people by what is for them the solid and insuperable wall of a strange, a "funny" language. They have not visited any places outside the tourist centres. And so they walk like blind men through all that surrounds them.

These are critical remarks, but they are not written hastily. They represent the considered judgment of the writer, who has lived many years in the Far East, speaking the language of the people, acquiring and sharing their mode of life, and living not merely amongst them but *with* them.

I was in Japan at the outbreak of the *Dai Toa Senso* -the Greater East Asia War- as the war is called there; and being an enemy alien I was interned for eight months, along with many of these "Far Eastern Correspondents" of the world's press. It was during these eight months that the distressing truth regarding the character of the "inside information" and the knowledge of these "authorities" forced itself upon me. I left Japan on the same ship with them; and whilst still aboard many of them received substantial offers for articles from well-known newspapers, and they cabled back their "enlightened" information. At least one of these ill-equipped authorities has since published a full-length book on Japan which can but add one more to the many misleading works on the Far East that are now displayed prominently on every book-stall.

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Those of my readers who are disposed to think the foregoing remarks at all exaggerated are advised to read the book-reviews in the world's best and most trustworthy periodicals dealing with Oriental matters;* or to read Lin Yutang's description in the prologue to his *My country and my people* of the man who, in the correspondence columns of the *London Times*, signs himself: "An old resident twenty-five years in China." Perhaps we may be permitted to quote from this description: "He is not always uneducated; in fact, he may be a brilliant journalist, with the eye to a political advisership and another to a loan commission. He may even be very well-informed within his limits, the limits of a man who cannot talk three syllables of Chinese and depends on his English-speaking Chinese friends for his supplies of information. But he keeps on with his adventure and he plays golf and his golf helps to keep him fit. He drinks Lipton's tea and reads the *North China Daily News*, and his spirit revolts against the morning reports of banditry and kidnapping and recurrent civil wars, which spoil his breakfast for him. He is

* Lest the reader should suspect that some of my criticisms in these pages are exaggerated, I quote a few lines of book reviews from *Nachrichten*, an excellent ethnological magazine published in Tokyo. Discussing newly published books on Japan the reviewer writes: "He who knows Japan laughs at all this nonsense, but he who does not know Japan believes it, and therefore every new book should, before publication, be examined by authoritative circles . . . Lajtha's book is too bad to be given a review here . . . Nohara's book depicts an altogether too beautiful Japan; he paints a paradise that does not exist at all."

The widely circulated book of A. Zischka gets a hammering: "It abounds in such innumerable mistakes that we could easily make an *Asiatic Punch* of it. Zischka, who has written other books which have sold well, must have spent at the outside one week in Japan or he could surely never have made such an abundance of errors. Our best advice is to not read the book at all."

This may suffice as far as books on Japan are concerned. For the books on China I may perhaps quote *The Chinese Recorder* which makes the following statement: "Many *Recorder* readers have met the question, 'tell me, are the books of So-and-So really Chinese?'; and usually this has referred to exotic and fantastic superficial books whose sole claim to be 'Chinese' is that the locale is in China."

Finally, I quote part of the review of *Inside Asia* in the learned magazine *The International Review of Missions*. This book written by John Gunther has been widely sold. Notwithstanding the claim of the author that he has "checked and double-checked every name, every date, every event and that parts of the manuscript have been checked by experts," it abounds in inexactitudes. "A great deal of the facts are picked up in the smoking rooms on ship-board . . . This book is the hasty writing of a newspaper reporter who has attempted to cover too large a field. He claims to be only a gatherer of facts, but he has failed in his main purpose. His book is all the more dangerous because it is fascinatingly entertaining."

When I remember that it was in 213 B.C. that the attempt was made in China to destroy completely all existing literature with the exception of certain works on astrology, divination, medicine and husbandry in order that history might begin anew from the reign of the first Emperor of United China, I must confess to entertaining naughty school-boy temptations with regard to certain literature!

well shaved and dresses more neatly than his Chinese associates, and his boots are better shined than they could be in England, although this is no credit to him, for the Chinese boys are such good bootblacks. He rides a distance of three or four miles from his home to his office every morning, and believes himself desired at Miss Smith's tea. He may have no aristocratic blood in his veins nor ancestral oil portraits in his halls, but he can always circumvent that by going further back in history and discovering that his forefathers in the primeval forests had the right blood in them, and that sets his mind at peace and relieves him of all anxiety to study things Chinese. But he is also uncomfortable every time his business takes him through Chinese streets where the heathen eyes all stare at him. He takes his handkerchief and vociferously blows his nose with it and bravely endures it, all the while in a blue funk. He broadly surveys the wave of blue-dressed humanity. It seems to him their eyes are not quite so slant as the shilling-shocker covers represent them to be. Can these people stab one in the back? It seems unbelievable in the beautiful sunlight, but one never knows, and the courage and sportsmanship which he learned at the cricket held all leave him. Why, he would rather be knocked on the head by a cricket-bat than go through those crooked streets again . . . His car is not just a car, it is a moving covered corridor that leads from his home to his office and protects him from Chinese humanity. He will not leave his car and his civilization. He tells Miss Smith so at tea, saying that a car in China is not a luxury but a necessity. That three-mile ride of an enclosed mind in an enclosed glass case from the home to the office he takes every day of his twenty-five years in China, although he does not mention this fact when he goes home to England and signs himself "An Old Resident Twenty-Five Years in China" in correspondence to the *London Times*. It reads very impressively. Of course, he should know what he is talking about.

Meanwhile, that three-mile radius has seldom been exceeded, except when he goes on cross-country paper hunts over Chinese farm fields, but then he is out in the open and knows how to defend himself. But in this he is mistaken, for he never has to, and this he knows himself, for he merely says so, when he is out for sport. He has never been invited to Chinese homes, has sedulously avoided Chinese restaurants, and has never read a

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single line of Chinese newspapers. He goes to the longest bar in the world of an evening, sips his cocktail and picks up and imbibes and exchanges sailors' tales on the China coast handed down from the Portuguese sailors, and is sorry to find that Shanghai is not Sussex, and generally behaves as he would in England. He feels happy when he learns that the Chinese are beginning to observe Christmas and make progress, and feels amazed when he is not understood in English; he walks as if the whole lot of them did not exist for him, and does not say " Sorry " even in English when he steps on a fellow-passenger's toes; yes, he has not even learnt the Chinese equivalent of *danke sehr* and *bitte schon*, and *verzeihen Ste*, the minimum moral obligations of even a passing tourist, and complains of anti-foreignism and despairs because even the pillaging of the Peking palaces after the Boxer Uprising has not taught the Chinese a lesson. There is your authority on China."

But the most stupefying thing is the calm self-assurance with which these " authorities " deliver their judgments and I might almost say the airiness with which they make quite unsubstantiated pronouncements. In *The Spectator* of June, 1944, Arthur Sandford, who had just returned from occupied China, writes : " I served as a Chinese government servant in the front line through the Japanese campaigns from Manchuria in 1931 to Kiangsu in 1942. During these twelve years, I worked with Chinese on Chinese affairs, day in, day out, cheek-by-jowl. Like my friends, I was firmly under the conviction that China was at war because her national existence was at stake. I had to leave the Orient and journey thousands of miles to a Ministry in London to hear with stupefaction an ' expert ' on China—who knew no word of Chinese, written or spoken—solemnly assert, not only that China was ' fighting for Democracy,' but that steps must be taken to enlighten her people on a fact of which they appeared to be unaware. I forebore to remind him that Chinese political philosophy had always tended to an administrative absolutism in government tempered by an individualism carried to a degree that would be incomprehensible in democratic England. I thought that it would be impolite to suggest that the Chinese people actually practise in their daily life a democracy that he himself would indignantly stifle should it show any signs of flourishing in this country."

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Cases like these happened to me time and time again. And when you ask these "experts" for their qualifications, the answers they give may be all reduced to the following : "I have read several books about China and Japan," and, the best of all, " I have been there myself for several months."

Coming back to Lin Yutang's " authority " on China, it seems to me unnecessary to give a similar picture of the " authority " on Japan. The reader can easily draw it for himself after reading the following lines.

A little later Lin Yutang speaks of the continuation of the early Portuguese sailors' tradition minus their objectionable phraseology, but with essentially their obscurity of mind. This recalls to my mind my first visit to China on board a German liner. The captain, in other respects a well-educated man, who spoke at least four languages and who had sailed to and from the Far East for twenty years, gave us a vivid picture of China, the land towards which we were steaming. He told us the most incredible stories. Interrupting, I questioned him concerning the Chinese culture about which I had at that time but a vague and theoretical knowledge. He answered : "*Da gibts überhaupt keine Kultur* (There is no culture whatsoever)."

Yet, shortly afterwards this same man became captain of one of Germany's finest luxury liners; furthermore, he was an amiable raconteur and the first-class passengers always listened to him with interested attention. Now perhaps it can be understood, how completely unfounded stories about China are set going and cling to the popular mind with a tenacity that defies reason. Such stories abound in many ill-informed yet widely-read books on China* ; and the same holds good of books on Japan.

As authorities on this country are springing up like mushrooms, I think the moment not inopportune to say a few words about a book on Japan lately published. Much could be said and written about the latest arrivals of books on the Far East on the book-stalls, with all their exciting and revealing detail; but I think it is in the interest of future good relations between East and West that one of these should be mentioned explicitly. It is *Traveller from Tokyo*. Before the book came out I had already read a review

* A regrettable example of such books is Ralph Townsend's *Ways that are Dark: The Truth about China*. New York, 1934.

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of it in a London evening paper. The reviewer, who claimed to have read many books on Japan during recent years, regarded *Traveller from Tokyo* as "giving a better picture of the people, their way of life and their way in war, than in any of the others." This was promising. Some days later the advertisements began to appear quoting the most flattering parts of the reviews. "Anyone who wants to understand the Japanese people, their mentality, their formidable capacity for aggressive war, their combination of German thoroughness with German ruthlessness, cannot do better than read this up-to-date and first-hand story," said the reviewer in one London daily. A reviewer broadcasting for the B.B.C. also sang its praises: "A really excellent book about Japan has come along at last and a very startling one it is."

More and more flattering reviews appeared; not only the dailies but also the weeklies began to swell the chorus. The announcement that the author was Lecturer in English Literature at the Imperial University of Tokyo, that he was Adviser to the Japanese Foreign Office, and that he was the only Englishman not to be interned,* would appear to be sufficient to silence the voice of any adverse critic. Its success seemed irresistible.

Then the book came into my hands. It looked pretty. The jacket had a background of Japanese writing. My expectations rose. Perhaps this time . . . you never know. I dipped into it, ten pages at the beginning, twenty in the middle, and again ten pages somewhere at the end of the book. And then I put it away. It is the same old story, I said to myself; it is a waste of time to read the rest. After all, if you have read some eight hundred books on the subject, you do not need very much time to realise what is in the new one. I put it aside, firmly resolved not to give it much more attention. And then, by chance, somebody mentioned to me that the "Traveller from Tokyo" had written about the post-war treatment of Japan. That someone having lived for three years like a stranger among people and things about which he can have understood little, should have the courage to write a book does not, unfortunately, astonish us. Hundreds have done this in the past and hundreds will, I fear, do it in the future. But that the same man should have the self-assurance to give advice as to how things should

* As a matter of fact, in Kobe alone at least five Englishmen enjoyed the same "freedom" as "The Traveller from Tokyo."

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be shaped after the war, I thought incredible. It was only the desire for the betterment of the future relations between East and West, the ardent desire that at least at some time or other we may understand each other a little better, that made me devote time to the reading of the whole story in order the better to demonstrate that if anybody is to give advice, it must certainly not be on the lines of " Traveller from Tokyo."

It is with a sense of pain that I have approached the unpleasant task of writing thus frankly; yet I have felt the absolute necessity of candour. Let us examine the book for the facts.

In the chapter about Japanese dress, the author, speaking of the removing of shoes before entering a house, makes the strange (and for me quite new) statement that this habit " causes nearly all Japanese to wear shoes several times too large, since this enables them to kick them off without having to untie the laces. This is certainly convenient but it does not make for elegance."

Thousands of Japanese have visited my home, among them many university students, but I have yet to see the first one " kick off" his shoes in my hall. If that were to happen I can only say that it would not say much for the respect in which the host was held by his visitors. This sad impression one gets repeatedly throughout the book. Other people who have lived many years in Japan have told me that it gave them the same impression. When you know the tremendously high esteem in which teachers are held by their pupils (which often nears a veneration) both in China and in Japan, you are distressed to read : " After some months my class began to thaw, but the ice was not really broken until one morning, when coming into the class-room, I found the following notice written on the blackboard. * Sir/ it said, ' to-day we do not wish lecture on T. S. Eliot. We wish to practise hearing King's English and hope for intimate lecture on details of your love life. Have you visited Japanese gay quarter?'"

I have no comment to make, but it fills me with sadness. To come back to the point of dress, generally they untie their laces or, when these are of rubber, stoop or even sit down to take them off carefully with their hands. In any case, there is never any question of *kicking* them off.

In his chapter on the Japanese language, the author makes some astonishing statements :

" It is possible to get on quite comfortably without learning a

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single word of Japanese, for many of the servant class speak English, and there are still large numbers of Japanese of the upper classes who have been educated abroad."

I, too, held this opinion once, but it was only during my first moments in Japan and before I knew the language. As a matter of fact, shortly after I had set foot on Japanese soil, I went alone for a walk through Nagoya, a town of more than a million inhabitants, against the advice of older colleagues who had repeatedly told me "Nobody understands any English." It took me hours and hours to find my way back home and of all those whom I questioned on the streets—students, policemen, etc.—not one spoke a word of English. Many years later I often guided foreigners through Japan, but their absolute helplessness, due to their ignorance of the Japanese language, struck me each time more forcibly. The "Traveller from Tokyo" is perfectly correct in his statement that "It is possible to get on quite comfortably without learning a single word of Japanese." It is possible, but only provided you seal yourself hermetically from all contact with the real Japanese life. Some pages later we come to a statement made in the teeth of all experience : "Contrary to current notions it is not particularly difficult to learn to speak Japanese." We have a suggestion for straightening this matter out.

Two authors recently had a quarrel in a certain newspaper. Whether it was due to lack of space or (delightful to contemplate!) merely to a common usage in this marvellous country of England, I know not; but at all events the one invited the other to lunch to continue the discussion. This seems an excellent idea, and I propose to follow it up. Therefore, if the "Traveller from Tokyo" can agree to the following points I should like him to take lunch with me. The language during lunch will be Japanese only, which, as he gives us to understand will not be difficult for him as he "did reach the stage of being able to converse with ease on simple topics." I am happy to assure him that it will not be necessary for him "to appear much less fluent than in fact he is." The topics for discussion will be the contents of the book and its departures from fact, and also the life and the research work of the professors and students of the Imperial University. I should like the umpire to be a certain distinguished Englishman who knows perhaps more of the Japanese language than any of his countrymen. And perhaps after lunch some music to resolve

all discords—Japanese music, about which the "Traveller" has some downright opinions. "Of Japanese composers," he writes, "it is unnecessary to say more than that they have not so far written anything of value. Most of their compositions are inspired by trivial European models and are of the Temple Bells variety." This is not the opinion of experts. It is in direct opposition, for instance, to the opinions of Professor Gurlitt* with whom I am very well acquainted and who has more than once told me of his admiration for certain Japanese composers. I got more or less the same information from a Professor of the Musasino Ongaku Gakko, the Musasino Music Academy, with whom I was interned. Indeed, I would say that so far from being inspired by trivial European models, the best Japanese compositions (e.g. the lovely oratorio, "Expedition to the East" and "*Hakone hati ri*") are inspired by old Japanese mythology, history and folk-lore.

In his chapter on Japanese mentality, again we read: "The Japanese set great store by ceremony and the avoidance of giving offence, but they seem incapable of understanding that well-bred people behave in much the same way all over the world. They have a fixed idea that the English or American code of manners is something different from their own."‡ But is this not just a little *too* simple? For both Chinese and Japanese codes of manners are poles apart from anything in the Western world. We simply have nothing like them. They differ from European manners not only in their distinctive complexity of detail but in the very root-ideas in which they originate. To say that all good manners arise ultimately out of the same basic human motive is to add nothing whatsoever to common knowledge; but it *does* mean that a vast and intricate something which has developed as an integral part

* Conductor of the *Wiener Staatsoper*, the State Opera at Vienna. He came to Japan in 1938 and is now Professor at the *Tokyo Ongaku Gakko*, the Tokyo Academy of Music, situated in the Ueno Park. This is the highest music college in Japan. Besides teaching, his duties include the assistance of composers in the orchestration of their works. This latter technique is not the strongest point with Japanese composers.

‡ This man, whose name I am sorry to say I do not remember, is Russian by birth, Australian by nationality and sometime conductor of the orchestras of Scbstopol, Petrograd and Wladiwostok.

t In the *Daily Express* of March 18, 1944, the wise and witty James Agate, reviewing Lady Hosis's *The Pool of Chien Lung*, writes: "The scene of this charming book, which it is impossible to classify, is 'a School of Accuracy and Good Manners.' Neither exists in this country. In the matter of good manners it is the fashionable thing to have either bad manners or none at all."

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of a civilization is being left unaccounted for. It is, we might say, as if a writer should discuss the Chinese like this : " The Chinese set great store by bird's-nest soup and shark's fins, but they seem incapable of understanding that digestive processes are the same all over the world. They have a fixed idea that Englishmen and Americans extract nourishment from their food in ways very different from their own." We do not, of course, have to travel as far as China or Japan to learn that the most polite and well-meaning citizen of one country can give deep offence to the citizen of another quite unwittingly.

The life of old Japan seems dead to the " Traveller from Tokyo " for " on the stage alone is it still possible to observe the old life of the country." This is definitely not the case. Go to Etigo and further up in the north, live in Sikoku and many, many other parts of the country ; there the pulse of the old life of the country is still beating at full strength.

When we come to the passage where he says " to the best of my belief there are no air raid shelters in Tokyo, except in the Emperor's Palace and the German Embassy," we might surely be forgiven for questioning the author's eyesight. The fact is there are *thousands* of them. Every home, where the garden is of sufficient size, possesses its own shelter. I myself had to dig my own and got the regulations from the *Tonarigumityo*, the chief of the Neighbourhood Association to which I belonged. In addition, there are mass shelters, visible to all, in the great parks. Is it possible that the author could not read the characters *Bokuzyo*, the common Japanese word for shelter?

The " Traveller from Tokyo " made somewhere in his book a very good remark, when he described his impression of his first lecture before the students. " It was like talking through a plate-glass window." Reading through his book one gets a strong impression that this remained the case during the three years of his stay in Tokyo. He never came into direct contact with the real Japanese and with the real Japanese life. One should therefore not be surprised to find a considerable number of misinterpretations. Somewhere in his book the author mentions " the spectacle of a people torn between two ways of living." The same mistake

has been made by other superficial observers* who, seeing the most diverse things, have come to the conclusion that they indicated a split personality, a being torn between two ways of living.

The Japanese has the characteristic of digesting all kinds of foreign theories, without confusing himself. He practises Zen Buddhism, goes to a Sinto temple, likes Nietzsche and Hegel and can say at the same time that there is no greater philosopher than Hume or Bergson. The youth is educated along Eastern lines. The children when still young are guided into an Eastern fairy land, imbued with the teachings of the old sages, while at the same time the teachers experiment on them the Gary and Winnetka systems, without neglecting the teachings of Montessori or the Decroly method ; and all that without being brought out of themselves. This holds true also of their daily life, their art and literature. They eat both Eastern and Western food. In the music shops are to be found the instruments of the old sacred Sinto music as well as violins. Next to a piano rests a *koto* or *samisen* and they listen with rapturous delight to Chopin, Schubert, Elgar, as well as to old Japanese songs. They compose both Eastern and Western music. In the general stores you will find the most modern steel furniture beside miniature Sinto temples, wine glasses beside the utensils of the venerable tea-ceremony, kimonos and evening dresses. They go in for base-ball and *zyuzyutu*. The same holds true in many other fields. But, notwithstanding all this, there is no "spectacle of a people torn between two ways of living." My own researches in this respect completely agree with the special study of the man, who may perhaps be called one of the greatest contemporary Japanologists on the continent, Dr. W. Gundert, who never tires of stating that Western ideas and customs can never bring the Japanese out of his setting.

* William Henry Chamberlin (whom we must not confuse with Basil Hall Chamberlain, one of the greatest of Japanologues) writes in *Japan over Asia*, a book that has been widely sold : " Psychologically, modern Japan is a house divided against itself . . . The personality of the Japanese to-day is at once a battle-ground and a compromise of instincts and influences."

I can sympathize with the writer here, for this same impression was my own during my first years in Japan ; but deeper study and more thorough observation led me to change my mind completely on this point. Outward contrasts between old and new, between East and West? Yes. A battle going on within the personality? Definitely no. I would advise the author to go back to Japan when the war is over and settle down in a country-place far from Tokyo, somewhere among the rice-fields, and there write a revised edition of his book based on Japanese sources which I could provide him with in abundance.

He keeps all these things neatly filed, as it were, in drawers and uses them at opportune times ; but when he really becomes earnest, he consults the spirit of his forefathers and follows the furrow traced and kept open by his ancestors ; therein he strides and toils until he dies. In any case there is no " spectacle of a people torn between two ways of living." The " Traveller from Tokyo" should make a special study of the Japanese textbooks of elementary and secondary schools, in addition to the books destined for the use of teachers. After that he ought to read the first-rate articles of Professor W. Gundert. If he does this, I feel confident he will gradually see more light.*

The author has nevertheless an attractive style and a flair for writing, and where he writes on a subject with which he is familiar (as for instance, the English language in Japan), he is well worth reading. This facility in writing, however, is precisely the danger when touching on such an enormously difficult subject as the Far East.

Finally, before leaving the " Traveller from Tokyo," I wish to state that the author has set himself an impossible task—that of attempting to describe the conditions, the habits and even the mentality of a people completely different from ours and that without coming into intimate contact with them. That such an undertaking must end in a failure is to be expected and in no way detracts from the author, † When I remember the stupid things I myself have written many years ago, after my first superficial contact with the Japanese and Chinese peoples, I can only thank God that these first impressions appeared only in some not too well-known magazines and never in book form.

When I showed this criticism to one of my acquaintances who has been Professor at a Spanish university for several years, he said, " I can so well understand what you mean. Time and again I have been (and still am) asked my ' authoritative' opinion

* The preface for the American edition of *Traveller from Tokyo* was written by Ambassador Grew and I am sorry to say I could not help thinking of the Words : " If one blind man leads another, both of them will fall into a pit." In the Bibliography I will treat more extensively of this publication of Mr. Grew.

11 do admire very much the way in which he keeps himself untouched by present special circumstances and is not in the least swept away by waves of temporal popularity of an emotional kind. In this respect he does stand head and shoulders above authors of books with titles like *Blood for the Emperor*, or *Government by Assassination* in its "blood-stained" paper jacket. It seems incredible that anyone who has been so long in Japan could write such a book. And surely the injunction that appears in this latter volume to the effect that " no part of this book may be reproduced in any form without permission in writing from the publisher " is quite unnecessary.

about Spanish affairs, even by the higher circles, and repeatedly I have had to say, * I do not know anything worth while of Spain, as I have lived for six years on an English island in a Spanish town. To become 'an authority' I should have to submerge myself completely in Spanish life and Spanish society.' "

After all I have said in this chapter, one can understand why readers must be on their guard in order not to be misguided even by one who can sign his articles with " twelve years professor at the A. . . university in Peking or Tokyo." I have met dozens of professors lecturing at universities in Shanghai, Peking, Tokyo, Sapporo and elsewhere, most of them teaching a foreign language or economics or physics or chemistry in their own tongue and not knowing anything worth while of the Chinese or Japanese language, living in a foreign community in a big town and going during their holidays to Nikko, Karuizawa, Peitaiho, Ruling, or other tourist centres where they continued to live among their compatriots.

Twenty-five years ago the great and saintly China missionary, Pere Vincent Lebbe, who founded a Chinese congregation, fought fiercely against certain news-agencies that were spreading false and detracting information about China. " Don't believe them," he cried to his large audiences in the great cities of Europe. On the other hand even missionaries (who are expected to know better) upon occasion picture the darker side of Far Eastern life with a view to raising funds for the missions or rousing the West to a more intense missionary activity. What they have said is true, doubtless, but the picture has not been a true one.*

Some fifteen years ago the whole of Europe and India were aroused by Miss Mayo's book, *Mother India*. Though I am not at all an authority on India, for the specific reasons that I have spent very little time there and have not made a deep study of Indology, I can understand how this publication roused indignation, be the facts what they may. To select all that is worst in Indian life and then cast a fierce light on it is not fair play. There

* In order not to disgrace the missionaries who indeed have done so much for the good understanding between East and West, I cannot allow to pass without mention what one of the most brilliant members of the diplomatic corps in Peking said in a public address : " The American missionary worker and teacher and doctor have done more to gain the friendship and respect and goodwill of the East for America than all the business men, consular and diplomatic agents who ever have sojourned here, put together." Do not forget, the speaker was himself a diplomat.

being close analogies between this book and many written about China and Japan, I do not wonder at Mr. Gandhi's criticism of it in *Young India*:

" If Miss Mayo had confessed that she had gone to India merely to open out and examine the drains of India, there would perhaps be little to complain about her compilation . . . The book is without doubt untruthful, be the facts stated ever so truthful. If I open out and describe with punctilious care all the stench exuded from the drains of London and say * Behold London,' my facts will be incapable of challenge, but my judgment will be rightly condemned as a travesty of truth. Miss Mayo's book is nothing better, nothing else."

Other reviewers who had lived twenty and more years among and with the Indians wrote even sharper things. Here we would again stress a point of major significance which is so often neglected by those who write on foreign peoples and cultures. It is a colossal blunder to take up some eddy out of the life-stream of a people, some single throb out of their life-rhythm, and attempt mentally to carry it over into an alien life-stream, an alien life-rhythm. Indeed, the fatal significance of this error can never be grasped by those who have not submitted themselves to be carried on the rhythmic current of a civilization other than their own.

" The sense of self grows more intense," it has truly been said, "as we follow in the wake of the setting sun, and fades steadily as we advance into the dawn. America, Europe, the Levant, India, China, Japan—each is less 'personal' than the one before." In the Far East babies make their entry into the world in a more or less impersonal way. Birthdays and anniversaries have only a fraction of the importance they have with us. The New Year swallows up to a certain extent all particular anniversaries. At this festival *everybody* becomes a year older, and congratulations and nice phrases wrapped in elaborate Oriental polite forms and accompanied by the most delicate and gracious movements are without end. The individual is more or less swallowed up in the community—the family, the neighbourhood, the clan—or whatever it may be. Privacy is practically unknown. The young people flow more or less impersonally into married life. In short, Far Eastern life and society make it extremely difficult for individuals to break away from their surroundings and start out on new lines, and there is not so much room for

individual spontaneity or temperament. This aspect of the Far East could easily be worked out into book-length ; a fierce light could then be cast upon it, and the whole presented to the Western world who would thereupon be convinced of the unbearable condition of the individual in the Far East. Yet, if I were to do this, I should be guilty of uprooting facts from their proper surroundings and setting them on a foreign stage and illuminating them with an artificial light. It would be like snipping a fragment of canvas from a Titian and asking you to draw from it conclusions as to the artist's lack of skill in colour-composition. It would be like inferring from a single spot of colour the qualities of a kaleidoscope. It would (to borrow a passage from Ruskin)* be like " the science of gymnastics which assumed that men had no skeletons. It might be shown, on that assumption, that it would be advantageous to roll the students up into pellets, flatten them into cakes, or stretch them into cables." No critic of a culture can escape the danger of falling into purest poppycock if he lets go of the truth that a culture is a living organism and not a collection of spare parts.-f

In the course of my study of the position of women in the Far East I went through the following stages : (1) I pitied these wretched creatures subjected to an existence of downright slavery ; (2) but after all, thought I a few years later, perhaps there is something that European womanhood can learn from them. Nevertheless . . . (3) and a few years later still, I came to my final conclusion, i.e. that the status of women in both China and Japan could be improved, in particular, if they received more respect from their menfolk ; and in addition that Western woman can learn much very much—from her Eastern sister. This third and final view of mine, arrived at after working among them, addressing thousands of them, and conversing intimately with them.j To illustrate the difficulty of seeing ourselves " as others see us," I would instance the fact that it was once proposed that a society (of Eastern women) should be formed with

* *Unto This Last* : Hssay I.

t *Onme simile claudicat.*

% Among the innumerable Oriental women with whom I have spoken on problems concerned with the status of women were three who had been educated abroad and had published books and articles (in English) in their thirties whose purpose might be summarised in the phrase : " Let all Hastern women rise in revolt . . . " Yet at a later date these same writers confessed to me that **they** had **been** entirely wrong.

the object of uplifting " the unwomanly, over self-conscious, too-free and most unfortunate American women." Either way, such criticisms are valueless if made from an exterior standpoint. It is necessary to see things *from within*. This does not mean that we blind ourselves to faults, abuses or bad situations, but it ensures that we shall assess things at their real value and see them in a right light.

If Orientals are not at all pleased at the criticisms of Westerners neither are we pleased when Eastern travellers through Europe or America, back home in the East, describe—as now and again they do—our slums, our divorce and criminal statistics, our birth control and our empty churches. Again in recounting such things they are telling the truth, but the picture is not a true one. Happily our Western civilization has another side to it, and in both America and Europe we have still many treasures of thought and life.

When I visited an acquaintance in B———the following conversation took place : " Don't you find it a dull and dirty place here? " said my host. " A group of bad European houses, and for the rest nothing worth mentioning? Nothing here of the gentle East about which poets lie! "

" Then you do not like the B———institution with its remarkable training courses so full of Eastern gentleness and refinement ? " I replied. (At that place a very interesting feature of Oriental life can indeed be observed and studied.)

" I have never seen it and never heard anything about it," said my host.

" Then walk with me," said I, " into that street just across the road from your house and I will show you something."

The place was only five hundred yards away. My host was dumb-founded. He had lived there for eight years and, not being able to read one line of the language, had always passed the place unnoticed.

" Before I go back to Europe," he said afterwards, " will you show me the town here. I do not know anything about the funny language." At this very moment this " authority" is quite probably lecturing about the Far East in the United States or South America.

Another foreigner, a man of thirty years' residence in Japan, told with relish that he not only did not know a word of Japanese but that he did not want to. " If they want to talk to me, let 'em talk white man's talk," he invariably said.

There was another who knew things much better. He had obtained a doctorate in Oriental languages at a well-known university on the European continent and could read Chinese characters well. No doubt about that. He even knew something about the spoken Japanese language—so he thought, at least. But once in Japan he discovered that things were not so easy. His stay was to be a short one and he would like to see and experience things for himself, so he approached me.

"Would you," he asked me, "be so kind as to accompany me on a tour through Japan? I should like to explore unbeaten tracks and visit places where Europeans do not go."

"You know that is not very easy?" I said.

"That is why I am asking you to guide me."

"Very well. But you must leave all necessary arrangements and talking to me, otherwise we might get into trouble."

But on the very first day of our tour he failed to keep his word. In the train he tried to talk to the people and I had to translate his school-Japanese into understandable Japanese. He kept asking the strangest questions—questions that a foreigner should never put to an Oriental unless he is known to him very intimately. If this sort of thing continues, I said to myself, I wonder how it will all end.

It was the third day of the tour and we were in a Japanese hotel. Having some business matters to attend to I left him at the hotel, hoping that he would keep quiet. When I returned, three hours later, I could see at once from the faces of the servants that all was not well. I went straight up to the Doctor's room and this is what I found : One foreigner with a very red face, arguing in a language that neither I nor the Japanese could understand; one innkeeper and his servant nervously putting questions that had to be answered but never were; one policeman furiously filling his notebook.

I regret that the paper shortage prevents me from describing the whole serio-comic situation. But the fact remains that if I had not arrived when I did the night would have found the Doctor safely locked up in a cell at the police station. It was only after the expenditure of much time and patience that the situation and the Doctor were saved.*

* It is not my intention to whitewash the Japanese policeman who can be unbearable indeed.

I spent seven years travelling through all the islands of Japan, from Hokkaido to the south of Kyusyu, without ever experiencing the slightest unpleasantness or difficulty save the incident just recorded. Perhaps I may be forgiven for wishing that I might have been present at one of the lectures the good Doctor gave when he got back to his own country. If ever he writes the book of his experiences it will undoubtedly be a best-seller, issuing in a jacket of sinister scarlet and melodramatic design that will prepare the reader for the "things to come."

If this kind of thing happens in the case of people who have spent a fair length of time in the country or have some inkling of the language, what can we expect from the globe-trotter, notebook in hand, hurrying through the Far East? You would see them any day stepping briskly down from ships at Hongkong, Shanghai, Kobe, Nagoya and Yokohama, bent on "doing" the country. Nearly a hundred years ago Abbe Hue,* in *The Chinese Empire*, described the genus aptly, for though they are far more numerous these days they still exhibit the same behaviour :

"How difficult is it to form a just estimate of the Chinese character and country from the writings of travellers who have paid a passing visit to those ports open to Europeans! These writers are undoubtedly gifted with intellect and a fertile imagination; they choose their language, and turn their sentences with an enviable skill; when reading their books you never doubt their good faith for a moment; there is only one thing wanting—that they should have seen the country and the nation of which they speak.

"Let us suppose that a citizen of the Celestial Empire, wishing to become acquainted with that mysterious Europe whose products he has so often admired, makes up his mind to visit the extraordinary people of whom he has no knowledge beyond a vague notion of their geographical position. He embarks, and, after traversing the ocean till he is sick of seeing nothing but sea and sky, he reaches the port of Havre. Unfortunately he does not

* Abbé Hue had excellent opportunities of acquainting himself with the ways of the Chinese. Before starting out on his travels, during which he was always under the immediate protection of the Emperor, he prepared himself by living fourteen years with the Chinese people. His narratives, originally written in French, and translated into English, are fascinating and amusing, and are a veritable mine of information for all who want to know what Chinese life was like a hundred years ago. Japanology is the poorer in that it has had no Abbé Hue. Accounts of single journeys there are, but none comparable to the famous Abbé's.

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know a word of French, and is obliged to call to his assistance some porter who has picked up, somehow or other, a little Chinese ; he adorns him with the title of interpreter or *toun-sse*, and gets on with him as best he can, eking out his words with abundance of pantomimic gestures.

" Furnished with this guide, he traverses the streets of Havre from morning till night, disposed to make an astonishing discovery at every step, in order that he may have the pleasure of regaling his fellow countrymen with his wonderful adventures on his return home. He enters every shop, is enraptured with all he sees, and buys the most extraordinary things, paying, of course, two or three times what they are worth, because there is an understanding between his interpreter and the shopman to get as much as possible out of the barbarian.

" Of course our Chinese is a philosopher and a moralist, and therefore takes a great many notes : he devotes the evening to this important labour, to which he calls in the aid of his guide. He always has a long series of questions ready for him, but is a little embarrassed because he can neither make his own questions quite intelligible, nor understand very clearly the answers returned. Nevertheless, after making the effort of coming to the West, it is absolutely necessary to acquire a mass of information, and enlighten China on the condition of Europe. What would people say if he had nothing to tell them after his long journey? He writes, therefore, sometimes according to the information of a porter whom he does not understand, sometimes at the dictation of his own suggestive imagination.

" After a few months passed thus in Havre, our traveller returns to his native country, well disposed to yield to the entreaties of his friends not to deprive the public of the useful and precious information he has collected concerning an unknown country.

" No doubt this Chinese will have seen many things he did not expect; and if he be at all well informed, might prepare a very interesting article on Havre for the *Pekin Gazette*. But if, not content with that, he takes up his too ready pen to compose a dissertation on France, the form of its government, the character of its senate and legislature, its magistracy and army, science, arts, industry and commerce, not to speak of the various kingdoms of Europe, which he will liken to France, we must suspect that his narrative, however picturesque and well written, will contain a

mass of errors. His * Travels in Europe/ as he will no doubt call his book cannot fail to convey to his countrymen very false ideas regarding the nations of the West.

" Many works on China published in Europe have been written in the manner I have described, and after perusing them it is difficult to imagine China such as she really is. The China described is a work of imagination, a country which has no existence."

They are chimeras ; creations of a pleasant (and sometimes an unpleasant) enthusiasm.

Once when I was showing a visitor the sights of Tokyo, a taxi drew up at the kerb and the fare leaned out of the window and hailed us.

" I say, excuse me," the stranger called out. " I'm from the West Coast.* I've just arrived on the *Empress of Asia*. Could you tell the driver that I want to see the slums. I want to see the natives in their natural setting."

I knew that the very pardonable pride of the Tokyo taxi-driver would never allow him to exhibit the less creditable quarters of the city to a foreigner, no matter how tempting the bribe that might be offered. When I had explained as much to the traveller he suggested that I should join him in the taxi and give directions to the driver. I was already acting as guide for one and I thought I might just as well take on the other, so we stepped into the taxi. The West Coast man was voluble.

" I've*only three days 'to do ' Japan in," he said. " To-day I'm doing Tokyo. This evening I board the train to Kyoto to see the famous parks by night ... " And so on.

Three breath-taking days and nights he had to see what would take a normal traveller at least a week. I said something about time for sleeping.

" Oh, I shall have time enough to make up for loss of sleep when I get back on board."

The last three hours of this hectic day were spent buying " souvenirs." And many the strange souvenirs the tourist buys in the Benten-Dori,| Yokohama, to grace his Western home;

* Of America.

t The shopping street for foreigners. In fairness to the traders in this famous street it must be said that they do also sell *real* Japanese articles.

such "genuine" Japanese things as Burgundy glasses with Japanese inscriptions and cocktail sets!

I once experienced a mild shock when visiting a house on the Continent. My good host, with every intention of pleasing me, invited me to see his Japanese room. The *piece de resistance* was an array of Japanese *getas* (wooden clogs) suspended against a curious background . . . Perhaps instead of describing the curious background I could give you an idea of my feelings at the moment. Let us imagine that you were paying a visit to the house of a Chinese or Japanese who had visited England, and that your host, to give you pleasure and to recall his pleasant stay in England, led you into what he called his "English room." And suppose he pointed with pride to a place on the wall where several English boots were hung against a gracefully arranged background consisting of a pair of genuine English woollen underpants and a genuine English woollen undervest. Well, that's how it was.

That great and most distinguished lady, Mme. Chiang Kaishek, in explanation of the reason why the Occident does not understand Chinese slowness in adopting reforms, writes in *China at the Crossroads*:

"Casual foreign writers who are able to harangue from the housetops are ignorant of, or they forget, or wilfully disregard the background of China, and wrongly endeavour to measure China by their own standards. This has been the main stumbling block to Occidental understanding of this great country. Had the Occidental even casually studied the ancient and modern histories of China he would have formed quite a different conception of the Chinese people and would have subconsciously arrived at the proper method to secure successful intercourse with them, commercial or otherwise. When the foreigner full of righteous wrath, descends upon an ignorant people and forthwith condemns them for their stupidity because they cannot comprehend what he is striving to do he commits a crime, to say the least, and often provokes tragedy. In any case his progress is obstructed by passive if not active resistance, and to that fact may be ascribed the great length of time it has taken the Occidental to secure a footing in the esteem and confidence of the Chinese people."

Midst all the turmoil and darkness into which the whole world is plunged, there is still some hope, there is still some light. I mean the good will, the firm and sincere resolution, especially

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among the younger generation, to build up a better world, and the ardent desire for thorough mutual understanding. In so far as relations between Orient and Occident are concerned, perhaps I may be permitted to offer some suggestions : some for book publishers, others for the benefit of news agencies and the great newspapers.

When I first had occasion to submit a manuscript about things Oriental to a firm of publishers of considerable fame on the continent, I was not faced with any serious difficulty. The firm was only too pleased to publish my manuscript, so they told me. As I had left the technical side to the publisher himself, I was not a little surprised when I first saw, in the Far East, a copy of my book. It was beautifully bound, covered with a paper wrapper full of flattering epithets such as : "A most fascinating, rare and highly interesting book. Few people will have pierced so deeply into the Oriental soul as the author of this magnificent work."

I felt not a little embarrassed to read all this nonsense. This book met with a certain degree of success and in consequence of this, doubtless, another firm approached me, inviting me to write another book.

"It does not matter what Far Eastern subject," they wrote to me. "You may rest assured in advance that your book will be given first-class reviews; the business of advertising will be properly seen to, and success will be assured," they added.

I hope it is superfluous to say that I turned down the invitation to write for such motives.

Two years later—and this time in the Orient -I submitted a new manuscript to one of the best publishers in the Far East. I waited quite a time for their decision, but no answer came. So I wrote to them, asking whether they considered it suitable for publication or not. "Dear Sir," they replied, "the decision as to whether a manuscript shall be published by us or not takes a considerable time as it has first to be read by a commission of experts, both Oriental and foreign. Only after this has been done, can we decide the matter." Several weeks later they informed me that they had agreed to accept my manuscript. They informed me that as a rule only one manuscript in twenty was accepted. I think we might learn something in this matter from this particular Oriental firm. If the leading publishers, both in Europe and America, acted on these lines, the flood of worthless books on

the Far East which swamps the book market and undermines understanding between East and West would soon be stemmed.

The second suggestion is for the news agencies and the world's great dailies. This is that no representative should be sent out to the Far East unless he has a thorough knowledge of the language, the life, and the customs of the people.*

Having written so far, I must confess that after a re-reading of my own manuscript, I began to doubt as to the fittingness of its publication. After all, have I not been too schoolmasterly or too pedantic, have I not given a too dark picture of the knowledge of newspapermen and authors writing on things Oriental?

While I was pondering this over and over again, I could not come to a decision. Even the assurance of some of my learned friends who know the East well could not dispel my doubts. In this mood I went to Grosvenor Square to study the latest publications in the library at the American Embassy. Incidentally, I advise everybody to visit this library. You will find there an abundance of magazines, all the latest American publications, and a kindness and service of the staff really beyond praise.

Among the latest books and periodicals there, I was struck by an article in the excellent American magazine, *Asia and the Americas*. This article blew away all my hesitations. I wrote straight away for permission to make use of the article, *The Wrong News About Asia*. In order to show that I have not given a too gloomy picture in my foregoing lines, I will quote a considerable part of this article. It was written by Vanya Oakes in the April number, 1944. In a way to which we are not accustomed in this beautiful island country, the authoress has a lot to say about the American news services in the Far East.

"This is the way," she writes, "the American news services operated in the Orient. There were three main offices: Tokyo, Shanghai and Manila. Each had a manager who was sent out from the home office, was paid in U.S. dollars and enjoyed such pleasant privileges as home leave and an elastic expense account. His assistants were picked up locally, were paid in local currency—and paid badly—and had no such privileges as home leaves. What would correspond to the cub-reporters on an American paper were Eurasians and Chinese (or Filipinos). At least one person

* It is quite possible that after the war no correspondents who are unacquainted with the language will be permitted by Oriental governments to settle in the countries.

was put to extracting news items from the vernacular press. These office men were augmented by * string ' correspondents scattered around through the interiors, people having other jobs, who were paid per story accepted. The manager was primarily a business man, there to sell the incoming service to as many clients as possible on the one hand, and to keep down expenses for the outgoing service on the other. The ' keep-down-expense ' policy was the cause of much of the inadequacy of the American press in Asia. The reporters had to be cheap, and they had to stay cheap or the home office complained about the rising expenses. Hence most of the Western reporters were of the adventurer variety, young and often irresponsible, out to see the world. If they were older they were apt to have been drifting aimlessly around the Orient for some years sampling the duty-free whiskey to be found in the treaty ports . . . The news services did little but pass on an assortment of spot news, picked up to-day by Bill Johns, to-morrow by Sam Smith. . . .

" It was during this West China period that one of the most pernicious and persistent evils of press procedure came into focus the get-it-today, deny-it-tomorrow policy. I wouldn't go so far as to charge that it was actual news-association policy, but it was certainly frequent usage ; if a story looked hot, but absolute proof was lacking well, break the story anyway, and hope for development. If the story turned out to be a dud, or too hot, then follow up with a denial. The original tale, the scoop, landed on page one or two, whereas the denial was shoved back in some obscure corner and probably never seen by most of the readers, who retained in their minds only the page one version, thus rolling up a considerable bulk of public misinformation. . . .

" It was some time before it was borne in upon me that there was a tendency, probably unconscious, on the part of the blue-pencil arbiters in New York to re-fashion stories to fit in with the prevailing idea in America . . ."

And she goes on in the same tone to conclude her interesting article with the really constructive lines :

" Still the press cannot dodge its final responsibility in the matter. Is the press to be a slave to or a servant of public opinion? Does it just exist to feed the public intertaining pap, or to explain what is happening in other parts of the world and

why ; to warn of possible dangers ? Only, I believe, if we are to have a carefully planned and correlated press -and I do not mean to imply a controlled one —can we eradicate our past errors.

" Specifically, junk the reporting-only procedure. It presupposes that Mrs. Jones knows enough about the total world picture to be able to interpret the events reported intelligently and accurately. However, if correspondents in Asia are to be permitted to * think,' to interpret events, then we must send to the Far East correspondents of the same caliber as those who covered Europe, men of appropriate background and intellectual integrity. We should start training such a group now, men and women with the necessary historical and linguistic knowledge to unravel and interpret events, with a sympathetic understanding of the peoples. . . .

" Another basic task of the press in post-war Asia will surely be to incorporate the daily lives and thoughts of the peoples there within the mental horizon of Mr. and Mrs. Jones to build up a foundation for world-understanding. This will mean having much more space available for non-sensational news than ever before and, incidentally, altering our entire approach to news gathering and distribution."

If this article had not been enough to remove once and for all my reluctance to bring my views before the public, the article in the October number of 1944 of the same magazine, which put forward the Chinese point of view, would certainly have clinched the matter. In this article, *Misinformation about Asia*, George Kao writes :

" There are other shortcomings of the American newsman covering China which I find less excusable. China is not only a fascinating assignment but also a most difficult one. The same journalistic equipment which suffices an American to cover Europe would not be adequate for him to understand and interpret China. In the first place, he must go with an open mind, a mind free from the China stereotypes, either good or bad, which other generations of American opinion-makers have set up. Arriving there, he soon finds that he has all he can do to keep from falling into a patronising attitude natural to a member of a modern Western nation and of the white race when confronted with the technologically backward East. In going about his job, he needs patience, historic perspective, a sense of proportion, the ability to separate essentials from non-essentials, the ability to suspend judgment until all the

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evidence is in. He needs to drop his penchant for superlatives, generalizations and sensationalisms. In a different category but equally important, he needs to have a working knowledge of the Chinese language. In all these years I do not know one American correspondent in China who knows enough Chinese to read a newspaper in that language—a startling but almost taken-for-granted condition capable of leading to dangerous consequences, considering the importance of language in this war of ideas."

Is this not more or less what I had written a year earlier and now had finally the courage to bring before the public in this publication? Being deeply convinced of the great harm done by wrong information, I ask sincerely forbearance for repeating my suggestion to the news agencies and the world's great dailies to send out only those correspondents who have been well trained in Oriental matters.

But I have as yet made no mention of that powerful weapon which, if put to good use, can effect the most valuable contribution towards the better understanding between Orient and Occident; I mean the diplomatic and consular services. Although I have never written and never shall write one line about things political, a subject completely out of my sphere, I think here is the place to say a few words touching reform in the diplomatic and consular services.

THE DIPLOMAT OF THE FUTURE*

There is at the present time considerable discussion about reform in the diplomatic and consular services.† Proposals for the amalgamation of the foreign service, for safe-guarding superannuation rights and for re-grading posts have been adopted. Quite recently the importance of a strong economic organization of the Foreign Office has been emphasized. Other articles have appeared with the object of restoring the prestige of the Foreign Office, of giving to members of the Foreign Service the right kind of machinery and co-ordination with which to discharge their duties and so on. As these services, when the war is over, will be of tremendous importance especially in the Far East, the authorities concerned should look at the matter from every possible angle and not entirely neglect voices seldom heard and coming from circles not directly concerned.

Though I am an outsider who has nothing whatever to do with the actual working of these services, but who in the course of his stay in the Far East has met dozens of Ambassadors, Ministers and Consuls, and has observed the reaction of their work upon the natives, I would beg to submit some suggestions that might prove somewhat useful for the formation of new aspirants to these services.

Presupposing the fact that creating a good impression, providing trustworthy information and the prevention of unnecessary friction are not the least among the purposes of the diplomatic and consular representation, I would say :

The young aspirant (who should in the first place be a man of worth and integrity, of tact and keen observation), might start between 18 and 25 years of age with a two years' course in the

* This chapter has already been published in a booklet entitled, *New Diplomacy in the Far East*. Luzac & Co., London, 1944.

† The remarks of Wing-Comdr. James in the House of Commons were very interesting for me, because he describes the English foreign service as the best in the world, with the possible exception of the Dutch. General J. C. Pabst, the Dutch Minister in T6ky6, who after nearly twenty years in Japan, died during his internment, was a close friend of mine. Time and again we discussed the arts, religions and characteristics of the Orientals. Several times in the course of my cultural researches, he drew my attention to articles written in the Japanese language of which he had a fair working knowledge. He earnestly tried to understand the Orientals. His up-to-date Oriental library testified clearly to his hard and constant study. Although at his death his country was at war with Japan, the Japanese newspapers expressed their high esteem of his extensive knowledge and spoke with much praise of the sincere efforts he had made to understand the Japanese people.

Chinese or Japanese language at some European or American University, this being principally a study of the Chinese characters. The principles and the foundation of the spoken language may be laid here, but to learn *to speak* the language is practically impossible in the West. Direct and continuous contact with the natives is therefore absolutely necessary. I myself have met two European Professors in the Japanese language who could scarcely keep up a simple conversation in the language though they were masters in the knowledge of characters! The reason was, of course, that they had lost direct and continuous contact with the Japanese. The reading and writing of fifteen hundred Chinese characters may be put as the goal for these first two years. From the beginning of his study, the student must look for regular contact with Japanese or Chinese people who are always present in sufficient numbers in the great cultural centres of Europe and America. From them he could learn the elements of the intricate Oriental etiquette. Some acquaintance with the history and the arts of the Far East should also be made during these two years, and in addition the student should be taught *a disregard for Far Eastern travel books and journalistic information*. Of the thousands of authors who have written about the Far East, the names of the small percentage worth reading should be made known to him.

After this two years' course the young man should go to Japan or China and live for a year with a well-educated native family as one of the family. On entering he would cease talking English, no matter how helpless he felt at the beginning. He would eat only native food and would try to accommodate himself as far as possible to the Oriental way of living ; he would study the spoken and written language "till the shelves creaked " and his head was in a whirl. The reading and writing of twenty-two hundred characters could be put as the goal for this third year (i.e. seven hundred new ones). After this he would go for a year to some consulate in the interior to do translation work or some other work in the line of his studies which should nevertheless continue uninterruptedly. Outside office hours he should resume his stay with some native family. At the end of this year he would be expected to know twenty-eight hundred characters. He would then leave his desk for one year to start the most formative part of his training : a long travel, principally on foot, through the greater part of the country, interrupted only by six months' farm

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work in three different provinces (i.e. two months in each).^{*} Everywhere he must open his eyes, ears and mouth ; study the scenery, the vegetation, the customs, the dialects. He will, of course, meet difficulties, but by kindness and sympathetic understanding he will overcome them easily. As he travels through parts where no European hotels are available and no European language is understood, this becomes his third year among the natives. During his travels he must jot down his experiences and impressions, which will be worked out later.

When this important year is over he should go back to his own country to study again for a year at the University or privately, this being principally a repetition of what he has learned, a recollection of what he has experienced. Furthermore during this time he ought to write a report about his travels to be presented later to a competent authority on things Oriental. From this report the examiner would be able to make a fairly good judgment as to the capabilities of the new aspirant. After having finished his survey, he would again present himself at the Foreign Office. Now, at last he is ready to start his consular or diplomatic career somewhere in the Far East. He will have sufficient knowledge since the writing and reading of three thousand characters^f will be more than enough especially as the simplified writing will have been introduced everywhere both in China and Japan by the time the war is over. But, above all, he will now have some experience of the real life of the Orientals and though still young, he will know something that no book can tell him and no professor teach him, and there will be no danger of his committing the grave errors and improprieties into which his predecessors of the " good old times," which are fortunately finished for ever, often quite unintentionally fell.

Now is the time for him to marry and to return to the Far East. Yes, indeed, Sir Francis Lindley notwithstanding,[‡] now

^{*} For Japan a slight modification something like this might be more practicable ; four months' farm work, one month working in a large factory and one month going out with the fishermen and living in one or other of the fishing villages on the coasts of the Pacific or the Japan sea.

^t I have purposely offered a low estimate of the number of characters. Though reading is necessary, talking and understanding are much more vital for the student.

^J This former English Ambassador to Portugal and Japan declared quite recently at the farewell lunch of the Anglo-Portuguese Society to the Portuguese Ambassador, Dr. Monteiro, that bachelor Ambassadors were more successful. Nobody who knows anything at all about the Far East could possibly have said such a thing. Besides it is a somewhat strange welcome for his successor, the Duke of Palmella, who has eleven children!

is a good time for him to marry, for this is a most important element in the life of a member of the consular or diplomatic service. The bachelor who in the Far East so often develops into the man about town, must become rarer with the passage of time. Here I think is the place to issue a grave warning against a common attitude which might be expressed thus : " These are purely personal questions and the government as such has nothing whatsoever to do with them. I do my job at the office; there I work and do my duty and what I do outside the office is nobody's business."

The man who speaks in this way shows clearly that he has not the least understanding of Oriental vision, nor of Oriental judgments which are not delivered according to the rules of Western logic, but formed as a result of an intuitive and vital grasp of the whole setting. By irregular personal conduct the foreigner cannot fail to misrepresent his country and as a result he works to the detriment of his country's interests. Herein lies to a considerable extent the reason why the white man is so often despised in the East.*

It is of secondary importance to the Oriental whether one is learned or rich or a good sportsman, etc., since in the first place he looks for *character*. And no one should be surprised at this in countries where the influence of Confucius still retains a powerful hold, for it was he who taught that the ideal government was founded not upon laws but upon ideals of personal conduct. We read in the *Analects*:

" If the people be led by laws, and uniformity sought to be given them by punishments, they will try to avoid the punishment but have so sense of shame. If they be led by virtue and uniformity sought to be given them by rules of propriety, they will have the sense of shame, and moreover will become good. When a prince's personal conduct is correct, his government is effective without the issuing of orders. If his personal conduct is not correct he may issue orders but they will not be followed."†

* Incidentally I may perhaps be allowed to point out a most immoral regulation, practised by certain banks, firms and companies in the Far East. I mean the regulation which stipulates that the young employees may not marry unless they have reached a specified age. The uninformed cannot possibly imagine the great harm effected by this evil regulation ; how many young lives it has completely ruined!

† *Analects*, Book II, chapter III, and Book XIII, chapter VI; taken from the excellent translation of James Legge, a most outstanding English Orientalist.

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And another Oriental classical scholar writes :

" **The** ancient rulers who desired to exhibit superior qualities in the conduct of national affairs, governed their countries with extreme care. Such as desired to succeed in government, first gave attention to the ordering of the household. Those who wished to procure well-ordered households, first gave the most careful attention to self-cultivation. Those who wished to attain the ideals of self-cultivation endeavoured to attain uprightness of heart. Those who desired an upright heart, cultivated a true will. Indeed from ruler to common man it was acknowledged that all worthy achievements centred in such self-culture."

In *The Political Philosophy of Confucianism*, a most enlightening book, Leonard Shihlien Hsu, Professor at Yenching University, writing about the Doctrine of Rectification states briefly the educational principles as follows :

" If the rulers respect the old, the people will be filial. If the rulers maintain harmony with others, the people will be fraternal. If the rulers extend philanthropic work, the people will be generous. If the rulers employ wise ministers, the people will keep good associates. If the rulers respect the virtuous, virtuous people will seek public services. If the rulers despise covetousness, the people will cease quarrelling. If the rulers are courageous and strong, the people will possess a sense of shame. The last point means that when a government is patriotic and is able to defend its own dignity, the people will be ready to recognize their own rights, duties, and honours."

According to Confucian principles, virtue and wisdom are the most necessary qualities for the officials, especially for the Ministers of State. The sovereign should be very careful whom he chooses for this exalted position. Confucius speaks about men of distinction and men of notoriety :

" Now, the man of distinction is solid and straightforward, and loves righteousness. He examines people's words, and looks at their countenances. He is anxious to humble himself to others. Such a man will be distinguished in the country; he will be distinguished in the Family.

. "As to the man of notoriety, he assumes the appearance of virtue, but his actions are opposed to it, and he rests in this character without any doubts about himself. Such a man will be

heard of in the country; he will be heard of in the Family." *

Now, anybody who is a man of distinction, who is straightforward and loves righteousness may become a Minister of State. Other special qualifications, the possession of a great wealth or to be of the nobility are not necessary. We read further in the *Analects*:

" He who exercises government by means of his virtue may be compared to the north polar star, which keeps its place and all the stars turn towards it." †

Nice and inspiring words indeed, but the reader must not think that they sweep me off my feet. I know only too well, that the Oriental is not slow to discuss virtue and the Chinese especially are pretty good talkers when it comes to this subject. There is indeed a great amount of " face-talk " and external decorum, and foreigners who have commercial relations with Orientals can relate amusing stories about their unreliability or their " absence of sincerity and talent for misunderstanding," as two most interesting chapters are called in Arthur H. Smith's learned *Chinese Characteristics*; and these two chapters are unfortunately not yet out of date. I am in no way blind to facts or realities and I have experienced my own share of such things. I know that when you are visiting a Chinese official that over the ever-present tea cup you are assured, among many other things, that you are conferring an unspeakable honour on your host; that it is utterly preposterous to think that a person of your exalted rank should deign to pay this particular courtesy call. And I also know that by way of reply you assure your host that it is you who are really honoured beyond your wildest dreams ; that this is a moment in your life which is really worth living for. I know also that you do not mean exactly what you say. Neither does the official. You know he doesn't. He knows that you know that he doesn't. But that cramps nobody's style. That is all part of the Eastern game of etiquette. But what about our own conventional compliments ?

Besides, I know also that there is a very strong movement nowadays led by the Chiang Kaisheks to do away with all " face-talk " and to live up to promises and nice words and no one who knows anything of things Chinese doubts in the least about their absolute sincerity. The only objections I have met with have come from more or less questionable quarters. Hundreds

* *Analects*, Bk. XII, Ch. XX.

† *Analects*, Bk. II, Ch. I.

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of times they refer to personal conduct, a moral integrity,* and this is so repeatedly stressed that I would not hesitate to affirm that the Generalissimo is as fine a preacher as he is a soldier. One should only read Chiang Kaishek's monograph on the New

* Only a brilliant personality of the calibre of Mme. Chiang Kaishek could be expected as an Oriental woman to address the American Volunteer Corps of the Chinese Air Force in these terms : " It isn't enough to observe discipline only. We must have inner discipline so that we may have fully developed characters. However, I am not trying to make you little prospered saints, and I am quite human to like interesting people, but I do want you boys to remember one thing : the whole of the Chinese nation has taken you to its heart and I want you to conduct yourselves in a manner worthy of the great traditions that you have built up. I want you to leave an impression on my people, a true impression of what Americans really are. I trust and I know that you will act worthily wherever you are in China.

" Forgive me for speaking to you like that. Perhaps I should be very polite and say : 'Boys, you are just grand. You are little angels with or without wings.' But you are my boys. I can speak to you freely. I know that you will understand when I say that I hope every one of you whether in the air or on the ground, will remember that you are China's guests and that everything you do will reflect credit upon the country which I love next to my own, America, where, as you know, I was educated, and which I always look upon as my second home."

with the progress of time, these words might aptly be addressed to a certain other corps.

One of the last speeches of the Generalissimo which I have been able to procure is that delivered on Christmas Eve, 1943, to wounded soldiers. In a nation-wide "hook up" he said over the wireless* : " Your living conditions and suffering from wounds or sickness have always been uppermost in my mind and the depths of my concern for you is beyond description in words. To convey my deep thought of you, I put to you the question which I have often asked myself : ' Your suffering should have been borne by me. Why is it that you have undergone such misery on my behalf? ' Is that clear to you? If so, you ought to be able to realise that the spiritual pain which your wounds and sickness have imposed on me is even more acute than your own physical distress . . ." And so he continues and concludes in the following terms : " I hope that all of you, my beloved wounded and sick officers and men, will try to cultivate yourselves in the virtues of love and honour. I pray to God and Jesus Christ that you may soon be relieved of your distress and brought back to health to help complete your great task of resistance and national reconstruction." Such are his words. Only "nice talkie," far removed from deeds?

A Canadian friend was invited to share General Chiang Kaishek's family evening prayer, directly after an air raid on Chungking. This is what he wrote about it :

" The Generalissimo began by reading some scriptures, then the three joined in prayer. I never expect to hear such a prayer again in all my life. The Generalissimo began with a simple expression of thanks for personal safety. Then he added thanks for the courage of the nation under fire. Then he prayed for strength for the men in the fields and along the firing lines ; he prayed for strength for himself, and added a most earnest plea for guidance and wisdom ; that he should not fail the people.

" But the most amazing thing in his prayer was a plea that God would help him, and help China, not to hate the Japanese people. He prayed for the Japanese Christians, and all the suffering multitudes of Japan whose impoverishment was making the war on China possible. He prayed for the people who were bombed, and asked forgiveness for those who dropped the bombs. In the simplest and humblest terms he laid himself at the service of Almighty God, and begged that he might know the Divine Will, and do it on the morrow." (From *Chian*); *Kaishek and the Unity of China*, by Joyce Reason, Edinburgh. House Press, London, 1943).

These are the words and actions of the leader of "Christian" troops?

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Life Movement.* The far-reaching consequences of lax personal conduct in the diplomatic or consular services is tremendously underestimated by people in America and Europe. Nowhere is there to be found such a close scrutiny of the white man and his personal behaviour as in the Far East. Many and frequent conversations with Orientals have furnished me with abundant proofs of this statement.

But let us not lose sight of the young man who goes out to the Far East married, to bring up a family, for this is something which will bring him great esteem among the peoples of the family system. Having arrived in China or Japan he will still continue with his studies and, according to his tastes, he might easily make a special study of the religion, art, agriculture or industry of the country, which again would win for him great esteem in what have always been the lands of scholars ; and so he could do a great work for the furtherance of the relations between his own country and the Far East. Hundreds of Orientals have told me repeatedly (and many among them the highest officials) that they have been most impressed by those members of the consular and diplomatic staffs who combined virtue and nobility of character with scholarship. I do not think it would be any disgrace, certainly not in the New China of the New Life Movement where the people are strongly encouraged daily to use head, heart- and hands to the utmost, and where all forms of manual labour are highly extolled, for an ambassador or consul walking through the rice fields to be able to say to his Eastern companions : " Twenty years ago I stood in a field like this, planting rice and weeding, covered with mud. It was not an easy job, and I had a hard time at the beginning, but it did me a lot of good, and I learned to know your people and the hard conditions under which they often have to work ; and now more than ever—I admire them."

I can quite imagine people of the "good old days" being amused at these suggestions of a rank outsider talking with his head in the clouds. Let them.

* To anyone who has made a study of the New Life Movement, it must seem apparent that the movement is something magnificent, notwithstanding the numerous criticisms that have been levelled against it and which have not failed to bring to light Chinese inefficiency, corruption, face-saving, dirt, eye-wash and so on, all indeed partly true. Nevertheless, one is forced to the conclusion that the New Life Movement, this struggle to a magnificent re-birth, is something grand and that it will make one of the most valuable contributions to China's future greatness.

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To anyone who is bumptious enough to say, " The Orientals must take us as we are, whether they like it or not," the reply is, " Just wait and see."

Some days ago I showed this manuscript to a certain diplomat who has been some five years in the Far East. After some unexpected praise, he made the following qualifying criticism : " According to my opinion it is indeed the only way to get insight into the people and their problems. Nevertheless, your suggestions are impracticable, because an official acting according to your advice would, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, begin to love the people and in doing so would lose, to a large extent, the cool objectivity [*sic* /] with which he must survey the natives. As a result he would cease to work in the interests of his own country." If the present volume does not provide an answer to this criticism, I fear there is no answer.

" It is one of the most amazing aspects of human life," writes A. Mitrie Rihbany in *Wise Men from the East and from the West*, " that the great nations, whose altars shine with the light of a religion whose first words are Love and Redemption, so seldom allow that ineffable ray to penetrate into their diplomatic councils."

To come back to the point, I know what this " cool objectivity " consists in. It is often nothing else than a lack of interest; now and then even a feeling of disgust with the country and the people because one does not understand, and walks constantly like a helpless stranger through a mysterious world. One gets an irresistible longing for home, is fed up with his work and gets something of that homesick adventurer who wrote :

" I'm sick of the Chink and the Tartar,

I'm sick of the Jap and Malay ;

And far away spots on the chart are

No place for yours truly to stay.

I've had enough undersized chicken,

And milk that comes out of a can ;

The East is no region to stick in

For this one particular man.

I'm weary of curry and rice, all

Commingle with highly-spiced dope ;

I'm weary of bathing with Lysol

And washing with carbolic soap.

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I'm tired of itch skin diseases,
Mosquitoes and vermin and flies ;
I'm fed up with tropical breezes
And sunshine that dazzles my eyes.
Oh, Lord, for a wind with a tingle,
An atmosphere zestful and keen ;
Oh, Lord, once again just to mingle
With crowds that are white folks and clean.
To eat without fear of infection,
To sleep without using a net,
And throw away all my collection
Of iodine, quinine, et cet.
To know all the noise and the glamour,
The hurry and fret of the West,
I'd trade all the Orient glamour
That damned, lying poets suggest.
They sing of the East as ' enthralling,'
And that's why I started to roam;
But I hear the Occident calling—
Oh, Lord, but I want to go *home*.""*

Well, as a joke, I don't mind, and I myself laughed heartily when I read this poem for the first time. But imagine the great harm done, when a higher official becomes imbued with this spirit. It must have a detrimental effect upon his work. He cannot conceal this attitude and state of mind from the natives who become irritated with all the consequences thereof. Prudence forbids me at the present moment to write further about this subject.

I myself got something of this spirit during my first year in the Far East. The reason, of course, was obvious ; I did not know enough of the language and the people. Others—to whom I am immensely grateful—showed me how detrimental my attitude was for my work. I did not need telling twice, but plunged myself with all the energy I had into the study of the language, the customs and the characteristics of the people. For the results I had not to wait very long. It came gradually over me like a rebirth. How salutary it would be for the good relations between

* From McGrath's *The Dragon at Close Range*. Shanghai; 1937.

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Orient and Occident if the officials could have a similar experience *before* they enter office and have finished the process of rebirth during the years of their training and preparation! There rise before my mind's eye those few ambassadors and consuls, past and present, English, French, Dutch and Italian, who have known the language, written excellent books and live still and shall live for ever in the grateful memories of the Chinese and the Japanese people. And I remember how, not so long ago—it was eight months after Pearl Harbour—I saw Japanese showing something of their volcanic temperament and bursting into tears and saying : " Must we fight against the fellow countrymen of those lovable, learned and most distinguished people ? " (who had done nothing else but serve their own country in a most excellent way and had been in no way unfaithful or lacking in the slightest degree in real and noble patriotism). More of such people, especially in the diplomatic and consular services, and the danger of the outbreak of new wars could be reduced to a considerable extent.

On the other side, when an ambassador or consul has worked himself into his office, understands the language and the soul of the people, he gets great pleasure out of his work. I think it is unnecessary to say how favourably this attitude of mind will influence his work.

Just as I was writing this, I got a letter from a distinguished official (the reader can see that I have written these lines not hastily but after careful thinking and after putting out many feelers and asking for advice and outspoken criticism in many quarters) who wrote to me from the other side of the globe :

" With much interest did I take notice of your manuscript. I see the point, understand your intention and esteem it highly, especially your stress on the moral qualities of the new aspirants ; but is such a doubtless highly desirable, but extraordinarily expensive education to be attained in practice? The formation for this service is very important, but would it not become too expensive ? "

I think the answer is not very difficult. If the diplomatic and consular services are so important, what if it does cost money?

After having spent a considerable time all our energy and money—skyrocketing in astronomical figures—on instruments of destruction, would it not be advisable to spend a little on the rebuilding of the shattered confidence among the nations ?

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Shortly before the outbreak of the War a considerable number of members of Parliament, representing different political parties, wrote a most valuable letter to the *Times*, in which they stressed and strongly emphasized the fact that in every country national security at home and abroad could only be gained through moral regeneration. Without that, the strongest armaments, the most elaborate pacts, only postpone the hour of reckoning.

In this chapter I have tried nothing else but to outline a scheme for the regeneration of the diplomatic and consular services, accommodated and applied to the changed circumstances and the march of time. However, I deny that the formation of the new aspirants, as developed in the previous lines, is very expensive. The young people who, after their two years' course in their own country, go to Japan or China, should not get much money at all. Much later, when they have proved their worth, then, of course, they may have a good income, but, for heaven's sake, not in the beginning. I could easily compile a whole book written in a minor key on the harm done by giving young people* often coming from very simple families—a high income upon arriving in the Far East. How many have been physically and morally ruined during their first three years in the Far East because they had too much money at their disposal, to which they were not accustomed at all in their home-countries! No, instead of plunging themselves into all kinds of doubtful pleasures, they should plunge themselves into the study necessary for their formation.

Their first year will be a hard year, I agree, but the fruits will not be looked for long. Soon they will get delight in their work and lay the foundation of a most fruitful and immensely happy life.

Another former ambassador agreed that my suggestions were good, provided they were destined only for the interpreters. Against this I would urge that it is certain that embassies in the Far East will in future be called upon to play a role of outstanding importance. Therefore, the need for an exceptionally competent head will be of such pressing urgency that the hopping from Ankara to China or from Madrid to Tokyo should, and I expect will cease to be part of the role of an ambassador to the Far East. The danger of viewing everything from the same angle which might ensue, could be avoided by more frequent visits to the ambassador's own homeland.

Again, how can any ambassador exercise proper supervision

over or judgment upon the work of his subordinates when, through his lack of the necessary knowledge of things Oriental, it lies outside his control? How often has it not occurred that an ambassador has had to follow a course marked out by information supplied by his subordinates, the reliability of which he was in no way competent to judge? The appointment of, let us say, a new Cabinet Minister is in no way parallel to the appointment of a new ambassador. The former, though at first a stranger in his new department, settles down after a very short period and works himself into his new office. Although he, too, needs advice, he is able within a fairly short time to judge to a considerable extent the competence of his subordinates and the reliability of the information they supply. This does not hold true of an ambassador to the Far East. When an ambassador comes out without sufficient knowledge of things Oriental, he cannot work himself in even after a period of live years. Many are the interesting stories I could relate of how an ambassador was "worked in" by his subordinates.

Incidentally, I really do not see and competent people whom I asked could never give me convincing arguments why this should be so—the necessity of keeping consular and diplomatic services so strictly apart as is the case with many nations. If there is really an able man in the consular service why can he never be promoted to a high position in the diplomatic service? Lionel Curtis made, in *The Capital Question of China*, the pertinent observation that "vacancies in this consular service are open to the most successful candidates, for whom there is no room in the Home Civil Service and the Indian Civil Service. They are youths of more than average ability, so far as ability can be tested in this way. For several years they are sent to Peiping to learn the language as student interpreters, and are then posted as assistants to consuls to learn their administrative duties. Thoroughly versed in the language and literature of China, they often acquire a deep affection for its people. Unlike the members of the Indian Service, their principal task is not to govern, but rather to administer highly technical treaties. Though paid on the same scale as the rest of the consular service, they are seldom, if ever, promoted to the more desirable posts outside China, because their knowledge of the language is needed in that country. They are thus penalised by reason of their special qualifications, with the result that in later life the abler members of this Service often resign and accept

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more lucrative appointments under the wealthy firms and syndicates which do business in China.

"It is only in exceptional circumstances that consuls are promoted to responsible posts in the field of diplomacy, which are somewhat jealously reserved to members of the Foreign Office. Sir Harry Parkes, Sir John Jordan and Sir Sidney Barton are exceptions which prove the rule."

The reader who has so far followed my suggestions will perhaps object that I am asking much, perhaps far too much. That I have asked a lot is perfectly true. Nobility of character, acute intelligence, deep knowledge, energy, these surely are essential, and not "asking too much." Surely a great office demands a great man. After all, an ambassador is not a labourer; and great benefits cannot fail to accrue if the future diplomats to the Far East are men of outstanding spiritual and intellectual dimensions.

Chester Holcombe, for many years interpreter, Secretary of Legation and Acting Minister of the United States at Peking, wrote, nearly half a century ago :

"In graver affairs, misconceptions of the Chinese, mistaken views of their attitude, and consequent erroneous judgments and conduct toward them, are responsible for a large part of the friction and conflict between them and Western nations. They are not credited with the possession of the same spirit, motive, and feeling which animate and control the rest of the world. They are, only too frequently, neither granted the same rights, nor accorded the same privileges. The same measure of forbearance and consideration is not allowed them as is conceded to others. Governments, acting upon lines of purely selfish purposes, object to and at times have overcome by force the selfish patriotic opposition of the Chinese. Some men and some governments are reckless and indifferent to ultimate results, so long as their immediate purpose is effected. But the masses of the people are disposed to be fair-minded, and have no desire to injure China for the sake of their own advantage. More than this, they are sufficiently wise to accept as an invariable truth, the statement that no wrong done to one individual or nation can be to the permanent advantage of any other.

"It is important to-day as never before, that misapprehensions should be removed, false impressions corrected, the truth told, and the Chinese Government and people be better understood.

Ignorance is too expensive and unwise to be longer indulged in. There are many common points of contact and interest which a right mutual understanding will bring to light. Fairer judgments, and increased respect, will do more to promote all proper forms of intercourse and commerce than men-of-war and dynamite. And the Western world can best aid China to understand it, by means of an honest effort to understand China. . . .

" Diplomacy in China is at once tiresome and exciting. It necessitates familiarity with a great range and variety of subjects, many of which are never heard of elsewhere. The representative at Peking is forced to be an educator in a double sense. He must inform the Chinese of Western matters with which they are unfamiliar. And he is constantly obliged to explain to his own government Oriental peculiarities, customs, and laws, since, without such explanation, his conduct of public affairs would appear peculiar and at times deserving of censure. . . .

" Many matters are constantly cropping up to vex and complicate the labors of a diplomatic representative at Peking. He must know something about them to be at all fit for his position. And he must know a good deal about them, in order to so conduct his business as to reduce the inevitable friction between Eastern and Western ideas and policies to a minimum.

" Unfortunately it has been far too much the habit of diplomatists at Peking to ignore and ride roughshod over any protests and objections of the Chinese which were based upon conditions which they did not understand.

" Manifestly, the Chinese Government must carry out in their entirety its treaty obligations, and local ideas and laws must give way at any points of conflict. But there are wise and unwise ways by which to accomplish this result. And he who pushes roughly ahead, setting his heavy foot upon the most sensitive and sacred ideas, traditions and prejudices of the Chinese, may be a most energetic man of business, but assuredly is not a good diplomat. One success, won by such processes, is more harmful to the government which he represents than many defects."

But this, some reader may object, was written fifty years ago and does not apply at the present time.

In that case I should advise him to read Sir Meyrick Hewlett's *Forty Years in China*, a book only recently published. This experienced author consistently acted on the principle that

anything can be done with the Chinese by understanding them thoroughly, winning their friendship and making them feel that you trust them; and he succeeded, thanks to his continuous endeavours in the field of study and observation. It is especially for future generations of officials that I quote some lines from the beautiful last chapter of his book, lines that should be read time and again to provide an antidote to the poison of the old-timers which so often found expression in such utterances as : "You should be above that sort of thing! Leave that to the interpreters. Remain normal and don't become a native." And that being the poison, here is the antidote as applied by Sir Meyrick with the best result :

" I do not believe that if you speak Chinese you, of necessity, become less and less English. Neither do I believe that if you write Chinese your mentality has become such that you are perhaps not quite normal.* Rather do I feel that by speaking Chinese you can get to the heart of the people, by writing you win their innermost thoughts. I was not conscious of any mental peculiarity when I retired after thirty-seven years' service, in spite of speaking and writing Chinese with sufficient ease."

And in an even more recent publication, *Ten Years in Japan*, Mr. Joseph Clark Grew, the United States Ambassador to Japan from 1932 until Pearl Harbour, has something remarkable to say in his lucid exposition of the task of an ambassador :

" Here, I think, lies the kernel of diplomacy. It seems to me that a very minor part of diplomacy is or can be conducted by the written word. What really counts is the interpretation of the written word and of the spirit that lies behind it . . . Here, then, lies the supreme purpose and duty of an ambassador. He must be, first and foremost, an interpreter, and this function of interpreting acts both ways. First of all he tries to understand the country where he serves—its conditions, its mentality, its actions and its underlying motives—and to explain these things clearly to his own Government. And then, contrariwise, he seeks means of making known to the Government and the people of the country to which he is accredited the purposes and hopes and desires of his native land. He is an agent of mutual adjustment between

* So far from allowing that Oriental studies make you more or less " queer," I would maintain that the few queer ones I have met among interpreters would have been queer in any case.

the ideas and forces upon which nations act. International friction, indeed, is often based not so much on radical disagreement as on nebulous misunderstanding and doubt. How little of this can be done by the written word without oral discussion is patent to anyone in our profession . . . That comes, and comes only, from personal contacts. Thus, in effect, an ambassador's potentialities for creating harm and danger through misinterpretation are tremendous ; his opportunities for constructive good are absolutely incalculable."

Very remarkable words indeed, but unfortunately the distinguished diplomat who spoke these wise words at the farewell dinner of the America-Japan Society, has never been in a position to study sufficiently the mentality, conditions and underlying motives of the country where he served, for the simple reason that he had not come out East fully equipped with the tools necessary for such a task.*

And may I now introduce a Chinese intellectual talking with a foreigner :

" A few of the consuls have looked into our sacred books and taken the trouble to understand us, but generally a consul is more than satisfied when he can translate a despatch or conduct an interview without the help of his interpreter. There can be no lasting and acceptable intercourse unless we can talk about history, literature, poetry, or some topic fit for the educated. Our dealings with each other are official or strictly mercenary and we do not like that. If, as an exception, a member of the consular or diplomatic service reveres the learning of our country, his fellow colleagues laugh at him, saying : * He has fallen into the ways of the Chinaman/ If this does not change, I think it better to stop all intercourse. Then it would be more advisable for them to stay in the West and leave us in peace."

I myself have been repeatedly urged by various ambassadors to attempt something in the cultural field in order that the white man should not be left too far behind the Oriental in this respect. " Provide me with more arguments," said an ambassador to me, ⁱ so that I can better answer the objections they so often put to me : ' You people are only interested in business. Where

* In the last chapter I will return to this publication of which so much is spoken nowadays.

are the men who study our music, painting, literature, etc.? We want more cultural exchange.' " *

Both in China and Japan objections of the same kind have been put to me and, I must say in all sincerity, these objections are justified. And especially the Chinese are so exceedingly sensitive when they touch upon these matters. I have never seen a people who are so proud of their own civilization and I think their pride is justified.

Being a Dutchman myself and having devoted much time to the study and practice of the fine arts, I must confess I had a certain amount of pride for our Dutch painters. After having arrived in the Far East and having studied the Far Eastern paintings, I must acknowledge that the glory of our Dutch masters began to grow a little dimmer.

One of my colleagues, Prof. Dr. W. Schmidt, perhaps the world's greatest ethnologist and a man of high artistic talents, said when he visited us in the Far East, " Nowhere in the world have I found such art treasures as in Peking."

In the year 1793, a British ambassador, Lord Macartney, arrived in China, to request further trade facilities and the establishment of a permanent British diplomatic representative. I quote here a part of the reply of the Chinese Emperor to King George III. It begins with the following lines :

" You, O King, live beyond the confines of many seas; nevertheless, impelled by your humble desire to partake of the benefits of our civilization, you have despatched a mission respectfully bearing your memorial . . . To show your devotion you have also sent offerings of your country's produce. I have read your memorial: the earnest terms in which it is cast reveal a respectful humility on your part, which is highly praiseworthy."

He goes on to explain, with the patient manner appropriate in dealing with an importunate child, why George III's desires cannot possibly be gratified. An ambassador, he assures him, would be useless, for " if you assert that your reverence for our

* The author endeavoured to do something in this way and was fortunate enough to have accepted for publication a book written in the Japanese tongue, in addition to two others in two different European languages. The manuscripts of several other publications, one concerned with contemporary Chinese painting, one dealing with contemporary Japanese music, and a third on Oriental characteristics, he had to leave behind. But, of course, these attempts cannot in the least compare with the remarkable work performed in this respect by Englishmen.

Celestial Dynasty fills you with a desire to acquire our civilization, our ceremonies and code of laws differ so completely from your own that, even if your Envoy were able to acquire the rudiments of our civilization, you could not possibly transplant our manners and customs to your alien soil. Therefore, however adept the Envoy might become, nothing would be gained thereby.

" Swaying the wide world, I have but one aim in view, namely, to maintain a perfect governance and to fulfil the duties of the State; strange and costly objects do not interest me. I have no use for your country's manufactures.

" . . . It behoves you, O King, to respect my sentiments and to display even greater devotion and loyalty in future, so that, by perpetual submission to my Throne, you may secure peace and prosperity for your country hereafter.

" Our Celestial Empire possesses all things in prolific abundance and lacks no product within its own borders. There was therefore no need to import the manufactures of outside barbarians in exchange for our own produce. But as the tea, silk and porcelain which the Celestial Empire produces are absolute necessities to European nations and to yourselves," the limited trade hitherto permitted at Canton is to continue.

He would have shown less favour to Lord Macartney, but " I do not forget the lonely remoteness of your island, cut off from the world by intervening wastes of sea, nor do I overlook your excusable ignorance of the usages of our Celestial Empire."

He concludes with the injunction : " Tremblingly obey and show no negligence! "

" What I want to suggest," adds the learned Bertrand Russell, from whose excellent book, *The Problem of China*, I have taken the foregoing passage, " is that no one understands China until this document has ceased to seem absurd."

Perhaps my readers may smile when they read this, but it is of the greatest importance that future diplomats should know that this same spirit still pervades the Chinese intelligentsia and will grow even stronger in future.

In a book quite recently published, *The Foreigner in China*, by O. M. Green, we read the following passage : " When our public men said that all we want from China is trade, it meant to the Chinese that we are not interested in what China thinks, or her culture, or what she believes to be the true aim of life, but merely

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in what we can get out of her materially. Not one in a hundred foreigners who go to China to make a living troubles himself much about what the Chinese people are really like. Even the diplomatists are usually too much taken up with routine to enquire. And among Ministers of State at home the late Lord Curzon stands out as the only one in recent decades who really studied the Far East. When Parliament, as occasionally happens, shows a passing interest in China, the Foreign Secretary is palpably dependent on the *ad hoc* Notes served up to him by the Foreign Office. It is hardly surprising that China judges us accordingly."

Sir Austen Chamberlain was quite blunt and had no hesitation whatever in saying at Birmingham, on January 29th, 1927 : " In the Far East, above all,, we are a nation of shopkeepers. All we want is to keep our shops open and be on good terms with our customers." Of course any or every country may have commercial relations with China and there can be nothing to say against that, provided we do not set out with the sole purpose of making money. A self-respecting nation takes care of her name and strives for something higher than merely commercial relations. Incidentally, business cannot but improve with the improvement of cultural relations, with the advance of the study of Oriental life, conditions and outlook and with the consequent increased accuracy of judgment.

But I must again state that we should seek more than commercial relations only. I can say in all sincerity, the Chinese are sick of mere business. They do not like the idea of being only and exclusively a market for the investment of surplus capital, for the purchase of raw materials and for the sale of goods. So it has been for more than a century during which economic exploitation explained the course of the relations between China and the West, and it seems that up to the present date not very much has changed in this respect. I sincerely ask forbearance for being so insistent. I would be much more reserved if there were nothing cultural to find in China. But we have to do with the oldest existing empire in the world that rose at the same time as Rome, but to greater heights, and it has never fallen. It has defeated all its enemies, either by war or by absorption. Its art is most unique in the world. And we Westerners would hurriedly pass by all these things without taking any serious notice and say to China, " All we want of you is that you should keep your shops open."

In the excellent book, *These From The Land Of Sinim*, Sir Robert Hart, Inspector General of Chinese Imperial Customs and Posts and a great authority on China, writes : " National sentiment is a constant factor which must be recognized, and not eliminated, when dealing with national facts, and the one feeling that is universal in China is pride in Chinese institutions and contempt for foreign ; treaty intercourse has not altered this—if anything, it has deepened it, and the future will not be uninfluenced by it." This was written more than forty years ago and it is even more true at the present date. A wave of cultural revival sweeps the whole of China and is based on the realization that China knows that she can never be occidental. One should only read the June issue of *Fu Jen* of this year.

At the present moment the British government is about to conclude conventions which will lay the foundation for close practical cultural collaboration with various European Allied governments. These conventions will contain suggestions for exchanges of teaching staff, the encouragement in each country of study of the culture of the other, mutual recognition of examination results and degrees and the exchange of regular information concerning books, educational films, lectures and scientific research documents published in each country. The conventions, it is hoped, will form the basis of detailed and precise cultural treaties later. The British Council is expected to be appointed as the executive organ to negotiate such treaties. I wonder only why is the Far East and especially why is China not included in these conventions ? It is the author's opinion that here a great field lies open for future diplomats and consuls, provided they come to the East after a thorough training, as I have tried to explain in the previous lines. The author is fully convinced that if, in future, people come out educated on these lines, the relations between East and West cannot but improve and the opinion in which the West is held at the present moment by such an outstanding and great character as the Chinese Generalissimo would change in no slight degree. I think I know him well enough to say that. It would be beyond the scope of this publication if I were to go deeper into this subject and show how this would favourably influence the future of the West.

Finally, I again quote China's first lady :

" China does not deserve the reputation that has been thrust

upon her. Short-sighted and uncharitable views should, no doubt, be ascribed mostly to some unpleasant personal experience or to the Occident's failure to take into consideration the centuries of background of the Chinese race. Considering the fact that China, overthrew a dynasty, then successfully combated the various elements who endeavoured to seize authority by force, and at the same time maintained national entity, the results compare more than favourably with what happened in some Occidental countries when the fate of the nation was decided by revolution . . .

" It is completely misleading to apply foreign standards. China must be measured by Chinese standards, with accurate knowledge of her immediate, as well as her ancient past, to serve as a yardstick. Otherwise it is inevitable that unwarranted and inaccurate conclusions should be arrived at. One has to be particularly meticulous about realities in China in order to prevent prejudice distorting judgment."

In concluding this chapter, I would beg leave to say that I have not enjoyed writing it. I have written it solely in the hope of being able to contribute, in however slight a degree, towards future good relations with the Far East, a cause that has always occupied a warm corner of my heart. No matter how outspoken it may be deemed in this place or that, I can say in all sincerity that no single word of it has been prompted by personal motives, nowhere has it been influenced by any disagreeable experiences of mine with any member or members of diplomatic or consular staffs. As a matter of fact, I have never had any such disagreeable personal experiences. The ambassadors, ministers, secretaries, consuls, interpreters and chancellors with whom I came in contact, among whom there are many I esteem most highly, have been consistently kind to me. Whenever I have asked for the use of their personal libraries, or to obtain access to cultural institutions in the Far East—by no means an easy matter for an ordinary person—not once was I ever refused ; but on the contrary, indeed, I met with nothing but kindness, courtesy and friendly co-operation. And the author remembers with immense gratitude how he once was taken during a grave illness to a certain distinguished Legation in the Far East, where excellent medical treatment, proper food and the most indulgent nursing restored him to health within a short time.

Nevertheless . . .

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I should gravely fail in objectivity were I to close my eyes to the praiseworthy efforts which are being made for the better understanding between East and West. Particularly when one ponders over the deep respect which the Occident begins to pay to Chinese culture, one cannot deny that this will bear rich fruits in the future. Then perhaps may the deeply cultured Far East, and especially China, get the recognition which the West has withheld from her for so many centuries. "When China moves, she will move the world," said Napoleon. And she will move.

Gradually but surely the immensely strong Chinese cultural flood is beginning to reach the European borders. Slowly but surely her beautiful treasures of that literature which was already in existence some six centuries before Christ and has richly and abundantly run on uninterruptedly until the present date, are being unearthed and shown to the whole world. Incidentally, and of interest to English readers, is the fact that it was an Englishman who made the first attempt in any language—not excluding Chinese—to produce a history of Chinese literature; H. A. Giles is the name of this excellent Orientalist. His *Chinese Literature* is a worthy companion to the not less thorough *History of Japanese Literature* of that other brilliant English scholar, W. G. Aston. It was again an Englishman who wrote the first cultural history of Japan ever written in any European language, an outstanding work which no one who likes to study things Japanese should omit to read. *Japan, a Short Cultural History* is too modest a title for this excellent work of Sir G. B. Sansom *

Chinese plays and comedies begin to make a furore on European and American stages. Every bookshop of any significance exhibits in its windows the works of great Chinese authors of past and present. One is no longer considered cultured if one cannot catalogue names such as Li Po, Tu Fu, Su Tungp'o or Lin Yutang. *Lady Precious Stream* is having quite a vogue throughout the world. And everyone should at least have heard of Confucius,

* A few years ago the Germans tried their first attempt with Buschan's *Kulturgeschichte Japans*, advertised with the big words : *Standardwerk über japanische Kultur für jetzt und auf lange Zeit hinaus*. The work is an utter failure and therefore got the most unfavourable reviews even in the German *Nachrichten der Ostasiatischen Gesellschaft*, an excellent German periodical in TSKyS, as well as in *Monument a Nipponica*, the best existing Japanological magazine published in Tokyo.

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Mencius and Laotse. Chinese architecture and especially Chinese painting, that beautiful flower of Chinese culture, are honoured by regular exhibitions, and the refined and deeply Christian paintings of Luke Ch'en, Dean of the School of Chinese Christian Art at the Fu Jen University of Peking, and of Prince P'u Chin, Head of the Fine Arts Department at the same University and of so many others of their highly gifted staff will soon illustrate religious publications all over the world.*

Articles like *The Salutary Influence of Chinese Art on the West* are beginning to appear in our magazines, and even fashion goes Chinese for spring and autumn wear. Yes, indeed, a lot has changed during the last twenty years, and more changes are to come in the near future.

When the white man in the early years of the century burst upon the Chinese with all the evidences of invincible Western civilization, moving pictures, chewing gum, telephones, jazz, fox-trot, Scotch whisky, machine guns, golf sticks, cars, cocktails, and other fascinating gadgets, he easily awed the modest Orientals by his superiority, his wealth, and his prodigious brain. The white master slapped the cook for serving under-done breakfast bacon and delivered a kick to accelerate his rickshaw coolie's speed. Glorified, the white man swaggered through China confident of his supremacy. But to-day it is a different story.

China sees now in the civilization of the West not so very much that would benefit her teeming millions. The Chinese have learned more than ever to appreciate themselves and their own culture. Even the superficial observer must praise immensely the heroic spirit of the Chinese students in their continued pursuit of learning and their efforts to preserve their culture despite the war. It is most noteworthy to observe that at a time when the lamp of learning is being extinguished all over Europe, when many Americans were even willing to see their colleges and universities closed for the duration of the war, thousands of Chinese students and professors migrated thousands of miles into the interior,

* *The Life of Christ by Chinese Artists*, published by the S.P.G., has run to nearly a hundred thousand copies and the third edition is in preparation. Since November, 1938, there have been twenty-one impressions. I myself was planning to publish a quite different work on Chinese Christian art and had already collected many original paintings, drawn by the artists of the same Fu Jen University, when the war broke out and I found myself in an internment camp. For striking multi-coloured reproductions the printing facilities in Tokyo are a little better than in Shanghai or Peking.

carrying their books and instruments on their backs. The distances were great, the hardships were incredible, but classes were held even on the road. They had to use double-deck beds in crowded rooms. Mud bricks were piled up to serve as desks and dinner tables. Mat sheds were put up as temporary lecture halls. Oil lamps were used for night study. The high price of rice in particular, and of all commodities in general, has had a most serious effect on student life, but learning has gone on uninterrupted. And, what is still more remarkable, neither Army nor Government treated these scholars as delinquent in their patriotic duty. It was recognised that China's future greatness was bound up with the greatness of her universities and that the men who kept the spirit of study alive were serving their country as truly as the soldiers in the field. One of the most touching and most thrilling stories I have read, is that of the indomitable spirit of the Chinese teachers and students during their endless migrations with their schools, their books, their instruments and poor belongings over rocky mountains, impassable roads, and other almost insuperable difficulties to preserve their own culture, their own learning.* Most of the students travelled on foot, slept by night under the sky, ate what they could carry or beg, studied and were taught wherever it was possible to halt with safety. And not only this, but for the past seven years in which China has been at war, the number of college students has increased from 41,000 to 60,000 and the number in the lower grades from 21 to 50 millions.

Far-sighted Chinese, as for instance Dr. Wei, President of the Hua Chung College, Hsichow, Yunnan, see considerable advantages in the migrations, both to the students and professors and to the hitherto culturally undeveloped areas into which they have moved. The universities, Dr. Wei points out, "come into contact with life in the backward parts of the country and learn to appreciate from first-hand experience the problems confronting the Chinese nation. Many of the professors are forced by the new circumstances to tackle problems, the solution of which is not to be found in books written for Western consumption or to

* Many interesting details of this huge migration are to be found in : *China after Five Years of War*, published by The Chinese News Service, *China Rediscovered Her West*, published by George Allen & Unwin Ltd., as well as in the following magazines : *The International Review of Missions*, *The Chinese Recorder*, *Asia*, *Fu Jen*, and so on.

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be gathered from lecture notes brought back from class-rooms in American or European universities. Their ingenuity and creative ability are taxed to the utmost, all to the benefit of the nation. Simpler and less adequate equipment may not be a pure disadvantage. Teaching may become more interesting and more fruitful on its account, and not in spite of it."

Well, there may be a lot of truth in this ; the fact however remains that the Chinese students go through a tremendously difficult period in their lives. The most necessary equipment is often scarcely available. Sometimes even the text-books are wanting, and lecture sheets, mimeographed or typewritten, are used instead. Yet despite all these adversities they are never downhearted or discouraged. For the preservation of their deeply-cherished culture, no sacrifices are too great. They well remember the words of Mencius : " When Heaven intends to call a man to a great mission, his ambition is always first hardened, his muscles and bones belaboured, his body starved, the necessities of life denied to him, and he is frustrated in what he sets out to do, so that his ambition may be kindled and his character strengthened and he may learn what he could not do before."

Is there any wonder that the Chinese are more than ever proud of their own achievements, their own scholarship ? And not only this, but they have also at last justified their suspicions that the civilization of the West is not all that it is reputed to be. Maybe they observe Western amenities in their intercourse with foreigners. Now and then they can be impressively accommodating, especially in words, but that is the end of the matter, because beneath their tough racial epidermis they retain their Oriental character and outlook more than ever intact. And the Chinese Generalissimo himself has said with justified pride : " The Chinese are not inferior to foreigners in knowledge and ability, and are superior to them in many respects. If foreigners can do great things, surely we can do the same. We can also do many things which they cannot do."

I think this is perfectly true. Let us, therefore, once and for all, discard our unfounded complex of Western superiority and take from China those cultural treasures which cannot but enrich us. We could teach the Chinese something of our efficiency in harnessing the powers of nature. In exchange we could learn from them the basic art of living which we in the West seem to have lost;

the art of drawing directly from nature all those natural and healthy pleasures of intellect and sense which alone can invigorate and rejuvenate our declining racial vitality, and banish the sense of boredom and frustration which so often prompts the question, "Is life worth living?" without giving hope of an answer.

We must not be too blase to learn from the Oriental. The East has never refused to be taught at the Sorbonne, at the Ecole Polytechnique, at Berlin, Harvard, Oxford and Cambridge.* When I went out to the Far East many years ago I went to teach, and that I did until the attack on Pearl Harbour. But before I went out I did not know that I myself could learn a great deal from the East. That was of course the opinion of the average foreigner who lives out East as a complete stranger, not knowing its language or its culture. But those who have lived intimately with the people, and earnestly tried to flow with their life-stream, have, as a rule, thought very differently; and I am one of them. Having returned to the West from the Far East I cannot help feeling that the average Oriental, though poor, inefficient and backward in material progress, is a happier man than his Occidental brother; and I think the principal reason lies in our restlessness, our nervous hurry and mental vibration which renders us incapable of savouring and digesting the natural joys of life. When I heard on the radio that courses were to be given to listeners to instruct them on how to use and enjoy their leisure, I must confess I could hardly believe my own ears. I was still further dismayed, I may say, on hearing the sort of advice given.

Here, then, we must learn something from the Orient. I do not mean the unhealthy Asiaticism that took root in Germany after her defeat in the first world war; but only the return to the normal relations between man and nature.

"The economic and social relations of the last century," writes Christopher Dawson, "have produced a revolution in the relations of man to nature and in the vital structure of society itself. They have destroyed the biological equilibrium between human society and its natural environment. Hitherto in every European society the higher urban civilization has been a comparatively light superstructure which rested on the broad and solid foundation of rural society.

* I can but advise the reading of the interesting article, *Japanese Dreaii of Oxford*, in the Hibbert Journal, April, 1928.

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" To-day all this is changed. In highly industrialized societies like Great Britain, the country folk form a small minority in a predominantly urban population, and are themselves rapidly becoming urbanized in their standards of culture, and their views of life. Even in the countries where agriculture retains its economic importance, the peasant no longer preserves his separate way of life, and all the powers of the state and of public opinion, acting through politics and the press, standardized education and universal military service, co-operate to produce a population of completely uniform habits and education. Modern urban civilization no longer has any contact with the soil or the instinctive life of Nature. The whole population lives in a high state of nervous tension . . . Everywhere the conditions of life are becoming more and more artificial and make an increasing demand on men's energies. The rhythm of social life is accelerated, since it is no longer forced to keep time with the life of Nature."

We modern people deem it not necessary to keep time with nature ; all we need seems to be to keep pace with the all-powerful machine which mars our landscapes, defies aesthetics and fills the air with smoke and gases, and which puts a stamp of dull uniformity upon our whole life. We have become mere cogs in the great machines; the wheels revolve and we revolve with them. Whenever I come out of the underground in Charing Cross, Oxford Circus or Piccadilly, and I see those seething crowds rushing and pouring out of dusty, dirty holes, it is so extremely difficult for me to think of those jammed midges as the Lords of the Creation. More than often I pity them as poor slaves of time-tables, alarm clocks, factory whistles and ordinances, who do not know other leisure than a kind of " canned " entertainment put before them by commercial-minded people in smoky and unhealthy surroundings. And we call all this progress, development, civilization, and we look down upon the unindustrialized areas of the earth's surface as backward countries inhabited by inferior races in which the pulse of life is hardly beating. We graciously grant that in earlier periods of their development some of the Eastern peoples had achieved civilization of a sort, but we also hold that they did not continue to "progress" and that now they are completely stagnant and unchanging. Tennyson summed up this attitude in the familiar lines in " Locksley Hall":

... " Forward, forward let us range.

Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves
of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger
day,

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Would Tennyson, if he were writing during world war number two, be prepared to endorse these sentiments which he wrote in "Locksley Hall"? We venture to say that he would not because, after all, he was intellectually honest.

Whatever you may think of Gandhi, you will have to admit that, behind his attack on the enslavement of modern peoples by machinery, there is an overwhelming significance. Gandhi and his spinning wheel are a symbol and a prophecy. He sees in us a society which has enslaved itself to the machine, and is in actual process of being destroyed by its own creation. To save the East from the devouring flood of the West, seems to be his mission.

Now I would hate at any time the very idea of being a prophet of doom, decline and pessimism ; and I hate it all the more now that our soldiers are putting up their magnificent fight against the evils of totalitarianism. But we in the West need a rejuvenation, an optimism, which must come, and come soon, lest it be too late. Europe has changed more in the last half century than during the whole of the rest of her history. We have broken the age-old tempo of material progress and leapt clear over into a new, artificial and completely non-natural world.* This is brought home with its fullest force to those who return after a long residence in the East.

Until a century ago or so, man's material progress had been a comparatively slow and gradual evolution. Then all at once it speeded up. There was a sudden expansion of our knowledge of the hidden forces of nature. Steam-power, electricity, wireless

* Even country people in the West have become unnatural to a certain extent with bad consequences to themselves as well as to the soil. In a brilliant book, *The Rape of the Earth: A World Survey of Soil Erosion*, by G. Jaks and R. Whyte, we read : " Over much of the world the countryman also has lost living contact with the soil, and, where he has lost contact, erosion has been most severe ... the paradoxical situation has arisen that some of the most densely populated, the longest and most intensively cultivated lands find themselves with enormous reserves of untapped fertility, whereas in the new countries, only a few decades after their settlement, hundreds of millions of once rich acres have had to be abandoned to the desert, and men scarcely dare break still virgin land lest a similar fate shortly overtake it. Notwithstanding all the drugs and medicines of modern science, the New World shows signs of growing prematurely senile."

transmission and aerial flight produced an immense shrinking effect on our planet, as a result of which life has become more restless—to some unbearably so--than ever before. Europe has become one huge body with a vascular system of roads, railways, air-lines and shipping-lines ; with a nervous system of telephones, telegraphs, cables and radio waves; the whole palpitating so restlessly that a fatal stroke of the heart of Europe is an ever growing danger. At any rate it is to be feared that unless a healthy rejuvenation is brought about we must perish.

It is the Far East, and in particular China, that can best teach and heal us. There we can learn the healthy way back to nature, which is far from the way of the unhealthy, neurotic and perverted Master Jean-Jacques* who advised here and there a return to " noble savagery " out of a pure hatred for civilization. The healthy way is to rediscover strength, joy and the resources of vital life where they are to be found.

The appreciation and love of nature must begin in the schools. " Nature study " is commonly one of the many subjects of the school curriculum, but it is, generally speaking, only nature study at second hand. Comparatively few schools are so fortunately situated that the full beauty of the changing seasons can be observed directly. The vast majority of the child population of our great cities grow up unacquainted with the wealth of colour and beautiful form of growing things and of natural scenes, thus escaping a powerful formative influence upon thought and character, a refuge from the artificiality of town life and a permanent source of interest and enjoyment. I am sure there are thousands of people in the West who have never seen the growing of a butterfly out of a cocoon save only on the screen in smoky, dirty and artificial surroundings. No text-book can supply the place of direct contact with nature, which keeps alive the sense of wonder and contemplation which are the perennial springs of poetry and art.

Here again let us turn to the East. Repeatedly I have seen great crowds of children, both in China and Japan, swarming out

* Said Voltaire : "When I read Rousseau I want to run about on all fours." The author, however, will not say that Rousseau was altogether wrong. At his time a fresh reform was indeed necessary. However, a sound improvement in that direction could hardly be expected in consequence of his fantastic and imaginary refuge from the actual world of the eighteenth century. Neither could betterment of the way of life come from the lover of independence who never earned his own living, from the author of the *Discours sur l'Inegalite* who was a snob in no small degree, from the educationist who left his children in an orphanage.

over the hills and mountains and trooping through the woods to look about them with the most obvious and rapturous delight upon the beauties of nature ; sitting down in groups to trace the lines of a pine-tree sharply chiselled upon a rich sky, listening to the call of the cuckoo ; composing little poems like :

" The clouds go flying fast;
Big white birds they are.
On the grass I lie
Among the wild camomile flowers.
Bright are the wings of clouds
Just like the spray of light.
The tip of the white, white wings,
Just below, about that place.
Where is it now, what town?
Is it over the plain unknown?
Clouds are lovely things, aren't they?
Always everywhere they fly by.
At a place I do not know
There must be children like the clouds.
The clouds go flying fast :
On the grass I lie. "

" . . . BREEZE . . .

The breeze—
She opens the window curtains ;
Brings birdies from the mountains.
The breeze—
She leaves upon the window sill
Left-over bread and a poplar leaf.
The breeze—
She in the morning
Brings my gentle mother's voice."

An anecdote told me by a teacher in one of London's East-end schools is not without point here. The school had been evacuated to a country district. Among the children was an undernourished, backward boy of five who rarely spoke or smiled. One day, while taking the little ones out for a walk, the teacher lifted the boy to look over a wall. There he saw live cattle feeding for the first

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time. He stared with big-eyed astonishment for a moment, then burst out into astonished laughter and shouted, " They're eatin' grass! " The teacher told me also that from this time onward the child evinced what he had never shown before : an interest in his surroundings- and to his permanent improvement.

Another teacher told me that one child from a congested area was more than surprised to see cows milked. He told his teacher that at home they always " got milk from bottles." A young London woman who had been evacuated to a country hospital was brought back to a London maternity home. The matron apologised for the uninviting outlook of the room into which she was shown. The instant rejoinder of the woman was : " Thank God this room looks out on to a wall instead of those confounded trees in the country."

It is a commonplace among all educational and welfare workers in cities that town-life can only furnish dissipation and distraction in various degrees of harmfulness; and that this must give place to delight in those sane and health-giving pleasures which arise from direct contact with nature itself. The best medicine for many diseases is still fresh air and sunshine. As a well known doctor recently declared : " The spade can be the most powerful opponent of the surgeon's knife. When you no longer need to dig for victory or dinner, you will dig for health." The soundest enjoyment is still the savouring of mother nature. The artificial and commercially sponsored pleasures of the town produce restlessness of mind, create an appetite for more and yet more excitement, and blunt the capacity for self-enjoyment.*

* In the interesting article, *Miscarriage of Life in the West*, P. R. Imanithan, C.M.G., K.C., writes in the Hibbert Journal of October, 1908 : " The nervous restlessness which characterises life in Western cities is not the mark of true progress or sound civilization. This is felt to be so by the cultured few in those very cities, who are puzzled and amazed at the ' up-to-date ' craze, which is slowly but surely quenching the spirit, and so ruining the most valuable asset alike of the individual and the nation. It is folly to call this wide expansion of sensuousness and worldliness an Age of Progress. Sages declare that cities get filled with the rural population when love of finery and amusement dominate the minds of the people. The flight of the peasantry from agricultural holdings into towns is like the rush of insects into a bonfire lit in a tropical night, and affords positive proof that the spread of sensuous ideals is breaking up the very foundations of society. The steady backsliding of every class into deeper depths of worldliness, irreligion, and frivolity, is utterly inconsistent with true progress or true civilization, by which is meant the ideas and practices which consciously uplift a nation from the corruptions of sensuousness and unrighteousness to a higher plan of life, where reverence for the spirit and its careful extrication from the mazes of worldliness are the chief aims of human endeavour."

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W. H. Davies, the tramp-philosopher and poet, spoke deepest wisdom when he wrote :

" What is this life, if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?

No time to see in broad daylight
Streams full of stars, like skies at night . . ."

And the significant title of this poem is *Leisure*.

Nowadays we hear almost *ad nauseam* about the depopulation of the countryside and the flight to the cities- those defertilizers of both body and soul. Various reasons are proposed to account for it, most of them of an economic character. But these will not do. The reasons lie deeper in the souls of men than economic reasoning. The only remedy is the re-education of the soul. And once again we say, China can help us here if we but study and transplant certain phases of her way of life which cannot but enrich our own. But it is not only China that can give a lot to the West.

Soon this war will move—as every other war has moved to its appointed and unpredictable end.

" The moving finger writes ; and, having writ,
Moves on . . ."

Soon the curtain will fall upon every one of the scattered battle fronts. The industries and arts of peace will obliterate the craters left by mine and bomb. Devastated towns will take shape again. The heaped debris will be shovelled away to make room for the houses, shops, offices and public halls of a new age. Slower but surer than the hand of man, the irresistible twin forces of nature and time will remove the last traces of a war in which tens of millions fought and millions perished. The rains of many springs and the snows of many winters will efface the scars of war from the plains of Russia and the mountain fastnesses of Mediterranean lands. The rank vegetation of the tropics will close up the transient paths hacked out by warriors in the steaming jungle. Here and there the curious traveller, coming upon a lonely cemetery with its ranks of mouldering crosses and half-obliterated inscriptions, will pause to meditate calmly upon the passions which swept the nations in the 1940's. The ruined buildings left standing here and there to speak to future generations about the " Great War "

will lose their significance, degenerating from historic monuments into mere eye-sores. The ploughman, the everlasting ploughman, whose industry survives all monuments of peace and war and the rise and fall of all empires, will unearth with his ploughshare the skull of some poor unknown hero, and press steadily forward with his eye fixed steadily on the long, sharp line of his last ridge. Another stratum of wrecked ships and drowned men will have been laid down on the bed of the sea. And this, the greatest of all human contentions that have marred the face of the world, will recede into the blurred historic past and become as "a tale that is told."

Then—may it be soon a new youth will have arisen, a new generation for whom the present bitter hatreds and desperate passions will have lost their appeal. For them our highly-coloured present will have become toned down into their past of softened greys. For them such memories as remain of the present conflict will be without bitterness. Their judgments will be unbiassed, without severity. They will be too far removed from the present scene to harbour angry thoughts and desires for vengeance. The base idea of a "sacred hatred" * will be alien to their minds. Their patriotism will not be the sham patriotism of "my country right or wrong." They will feel the greatness of the inspiring words of Edith Cavell, so often forgotten in wartime: "Standing as I do in view of God and eternity, I realise that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness for anyone." Their interests will not be narrowed and confined merely to those men who are of the same colour or race or language as themselves. And then—yes, *then* will the West at long last be willing and eager to accept and digest and profit by the cultural products of other Eastern lands also. Then the beautiful symphonies and oratorios—to mention only music—of Yamada Kosaku, Moroi

* To stir up declining Nazi morale a "sacred hatred" is preached towards the enemy. Says a series of newly-published Nazi maxims: "Just as a female animal hates instinctively the enemy which attacks her young, we too should preach a sacred hatred. Our sober hatred is not contempt which does not even condescend to look at the enemy, but a hatred which keeps its eyes fixed on him in order to jump at his throat at any moment. We hate the enemy fanatically, passionately, ardently and totally, because there is no reconciliation between a deadly snake and a noble creature, between darkness and light. Therefore the ninth principle for the Party is 'Hate the enemies of our people with all your hearts and feelings, do not under-rate him in order to remain superior to him'."

A short time ago a Dutch officer gave in a radio postscript, quite unconsciously, the highest praise one can bestow upon a country in war. "You English," he said, "you are bad haters."

Saburo, besides the works of Akiyosi Motosaku and Go Taziro, the delightful suites and dances of Oki Masao, Hayasaka Fumio and Otaka Hisatada, will make themselves heard on our concert programmes and will occupy a worthy place beside Sir Edward Elgar, William Walton, John Ireland, Benjamin Britten, Arthur Bliss, and other masters of contemporary Western music. Then besides the periods of Norman kings, Plantagenets, Merovingians, Carolingians, Tudors, Capets or Hohenstaufen, will be mentioned in our schools on an equal footing not only T'ang, Sung or Ming, but also Nara, Heian, Kamakura, or whatever these cultural periods in Japanese history may be called.

Lofty mountains, vast oceans and other natural barriers, which for so long kept the Orient and Occident apart, are gradually being completely overcome. Mr. Willkie's record hustle round the world is a striking proof of it. On August 26th, 1942, he left New York in an aeroplane; he landed back at Minneapolis, Minnesota, forty-nine days later, having flown 31,000 miles. In seven weeks he had seen and talked to hundreds of people in more than a dozen nations, and he had spoken intimately with many of the world's leaders. He talks about many countries, but his dealing with China is most elaborate and enthusiastic. "One world" is his cry, and all things of the future must be planned on a world basis. That is the core of his conclusion. Though many details are overlooked—a quite natural thing when one considers his breath-taking dash round the world—the need for a better understanding between East and West is stressed even by this superficial observer. "To-day East and West must meet," cries Lin Yutang in the December (1942) number of *Atlantic*. "No matter what will be the type of world co-operation, we are sure that the East and the West will be living closely together and dependent on each other." This being so, the peoples of the world by sheer necessity compelled to get into a closer intimacy and relationship, the folly of racial discrimination must and (as I am strongly convinced) will disappear. As this racial discrimination, just as well as ignorance, forms a tremendous barrier, preventing mutual understanding between East and West, I may be allowed to digress for a space. "We are always unconsciously unfair to persons who are not American or British," writes Pearl Buck in *Asia and Democracy*, "and we must guard against that unfairness, for in the world most people are not

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American or British. We must cease to be ignorant and local-minded. The world has forced itself upon us."

Thank God, during the last twenty years there have been changes for the better both in America and in England. To mention only a few facts, the cry to repeal at once the Chinese Exclusion Laws has become so loud that they have been finally abolished. On October 11th, 1943, President Roosevelt, in a message to Congress, gave his unqualified support to legislation to repeal the Chinese Exclusion Act and to allow Chinese residents in the United States to become American citizens.

The President's message said : "I regard this legislation as important in the cause of winning the war and establishing a secure peace. By the repeal of the Exclusion Law we can correct an historic mistake. While it would give the Chinese a preferred status over certain other Oriental people, their great contribution to the cause of decency and freedom entitles them to such preference. I feel confident that Congress is in full agreement in that measures long overdue should be taken to correct an injustice to our friends. Action by Congress now will be an earnest of our purpose to apply the good neighbour policy to our relations with other peoples."

This is a small step forward, but the way to go is still very long and the obstacles to overcome enormous. For an exposition of the sorrows of a "coloured" people in a "white" civilization there are few better and more human documents than *Dark Symphony* by Elizabeth Laura Adams. It is a touching story of a Negro girl, written with extraordinary charm. It shows clearly how painful racial discrimination is, even for children.*

We white people always speak about the Negro or coloured problem, but can we not better speak of a white man's problem? To speak about the Negro problem is to assume that it is the coloured man who has created and still creates some profound difficulty for the white man, when, as a matter of historical fact,

* I cannot refrain from quoting a few lines : "One day a stranger arrived at school. We called her the 'new girl' because we had never seen her before. When Mary asked her to join our game she shook her head and refused. Pointing in my direction she declared : 'I won't play with her because she's a nigger.' That was the first time that I had ever heard the word.

"I was a very small child when this happened, but I can remember the queer expressions that passed over the countenances of my playmates. A few backed away, a frightened look in their eyes. Others gazed at me—then at one another.

"I think every coloured person in the world can recall the first time he or she was called

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it is the white man who, by his original enslavement and continuing maltreatment of the Negro, has created and keeps on creating profound difficulties for the Negroes and himself. To realise this better, I should advise the reading of *What The Negro Wants*, a symposium by fourteen Negroes. It does not provide pleasant reading for white people, unless they have reached the high moral level of feeling dissatisfied with themselves.*

I wish the above-mentioned President's message reflected the minds of all the Senators. Before this stage is reached, however, we have still to go a long, long way.

The sentiments like those of Senator Th. Bilbo, of Mississippi, and John D. Long, must be really unworthy of Americans. For the former "the time has come when we must draw the colour line so tight that ne man, whether he be sinner, saint, steward, elder, deacon, pestor, priest or bishop, shall be permitted in the name of the church or the Bible to expound theories of God's teachings that would most certainly lead to sin, miscegenation, intermarriage, or social equality in any form between the Negro and the white man." The latter shows a piety of a rather suspicious kind: "With the help of God Almighty, Negroes never will vote at the polls in my state if I have to bite the dust to keep them from it." No, that is not the way to treat thirteen million American citizens who do their duty towards their country as well as every white American. And you cannot hope much for the future relations between black and white, when Negro soldiers are advised to forget the very principle announced as the goal of

by this uncomplimentary title. Countee Cullen, Negro poet, wrote a poem about it. He called the poem *Incident*. The poet says:

" ' Once riding in old Baltimore
Heart-filled, head-filled with glee,
I saw a Baltimorean
Keep looking straight at me.
Now I was eight and very small,
And he was no whit bigger,
And so I smiled, but he poked out
His tongue, and called me ' Nigger.'
I saw the whole of Baltimore
From May until December ;
Of all the things that happened there
That's all that I remember."

* Employers and employees who discriminate against Negroes in jobs are committing an act "as definitely immoral as if they committed theft or murder," asserted Mgr. John A. Ryan. He was speaking before an U.S.A. Senate Committee on behalf of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. The Senate Committee was discussing a Bill to establish a Fair Employment Practices Commission.

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war. They must show their loyal enthusiasm toward the attainment of a goal which is not for them.

The Negro must be nobly altruistic and accept his lot for the good of the whole. He must not raise the question of his constitutional rights. True, in most parts of the United States it is comfortably agreed that he has such rights, yet because of what is practical, what is prudent, he is asked to forget them and tranquilly accept his subjection as the better part. At the very moment when America is proving herself to be one of the leaders of the world in the crusade for democracy in Europe and Asia, thirteen million American citizens are deprived of the democracy for which the sons of America -including many of that thirteen million— have gone forth to war. Ironically enough, as one writer has said : " We are righting to maintain that democracy abroad that we have not practised at home."

An essay contest in Columbus, Ohio, on the general subject, " What to do with Adolf Hitler," was won by a sixteen-year-old Negro girl. Her idea, as reported by a religious magazine, is to put the Fuhrer into a black skin and make him spend the rest of his life in America. I think this speaks for itself.*

Chatting about the Negro problem with one of my acquaintances, I was told that I was not in a position to judge or to say anything about the coloured question, because " You do not know that the Negroes smell and you cannot live with people who smell, can you? "

" Must I hear that from you," was my reply, " from you who have lived such a long time among coloured people. Have you, then, never heard that the white man's smell is often unbearable to the natives. That to take one instance, to people in the South Sea and the Dutch East Indies we smell like corpses, already decomposing."

In *The Protestant* I came across a very interesting article which proves clearly the silliness of white man's utterances such as : The Negro is a sort of an ape ; he has much of the wild savage in him. " White persons, when questioned after making such a

* In some places in the South, Negroes are supposed to sit in the front of the bus, in others they must sit in the rear. Sometimes they have access to the general elevator service in office buildings, sometimes white and black use separate ones, and occasionally you can see special elevators marked " Negroes and Freight."

What you could read in Shanghai some fifteen years ago, at the entrance of a park, beats this hollow : *' Chinese and Dogs not allowed."

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statement, will say emphatically but hazily that the Negro looks like an ape. When pressed for proofs, they may add that his jaw juts out like an ape's jaw. We have to thank the anthropologists for the destruction of this stereotype. They are specialists in the study of races. They note the bodily features of human beings, compare these features, and on this basis classify men into different races. Taking our cue from the anthropologists, we will show that the white man is closer to the ape than is the Negro. The first bodily feature we may note is thickness of lips. The Negro has thick lips. The white has thin lips. The ape, too, has thin lips. Therefore, the white is nearer the ape level. Next, let us take texture of hair. The hair of the Negro is very short and frizzly. The hair of the white man is long and straight or wavy. As in the case of the white man, the hair of the ape is long and straight. Again, the white is closer to the ape. Consider, now, hairiness of body. Negroes have very little hair on their bodies. Whites have much more bodily hair. Don't white men brag about the hair on their chests? Well, apes' bodies are covered with hair. Once more, we see how much closer to the ape is the white man. All this shows how foolish it is to say that a certain race ranks nearer than other races to the ape or other animal level."

Quite recently an outspoken American, Mr. Carey McWilliams, wrote a book entitled *Prejudice: Japanese Americans, Symbol of Racial Intolerance*. In one of the latest numbers of *Asia and the Americas*, Pearl Buck has to tell us something special about it: "This war has shown us something more than the folly of racial intolerance. It has proved to us the final and inevitable results of such intolerance when it is allowed to continue unchecked and especially if it is encouraged to develop for sinister ends. The United States is the world's chief offender, next to Nazi Germany, in the matter of racial intolerance. Here, as in no other country in the world, except in Nazi Germany, virtue has been made and is still being made out of racial intolerance.

"Americans owe a debt of gratitude, therefore, to Carey McWilliams for his thorough and first-rate study of a single case of American intolerance in his volume entitled *Prejudice*. It is not the familiar case of the Negro with which he deals, but the almost unfamiliar case of the Japanese in the United States. No honest citizen of our country can read this quietly written, carefully

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documented, straightforward book without a sense of deep shame. There is a direct relationship between the long-continued racial intolerance of our West Coast towards the Japanese and the present war. There is an inescapable cause and effect between the selfish, bigoted, narrow-mindedness of men in California and the death of thousands of American boys in the Pacific to-day and in the days to come. Yet that it happened in California is only chance. The shameful thing is that it happened in America.

" Mr. McWilliams has traced the story of the Japanese in the United States from its beginning. He has pointed out carefully the results of such history upon Japan. The reader can only marvel at the patience of Japan under the continued insults given to people of Japanese blood on American soil, even when they were American citizens. We know very well that not for a moment would we have tolerated similar insults to persons of American blood on Japanese soil. One sees the bitterness and resentment building up over the years until racial intolerance, put to the usages of local greed, reached the catastrophies of Pearl Harbor and the evacuation of all persons of Japanese ancestry from their homes into concentration camps. Pearl Harbor is very well known. Not so well known is the detailed impartial history of the evacuation, with its sinister and heart-breaking incidents. No good American can feel anything but a burning sense of shame as he reads, shame and anger at those who so desecrated the name of America.

" Out of it all, knowing that what has been done is now done, one comes with a sense of humility. We Americans have much to learn. Even the Japanese whom we forced into these camps can teach us much of what we do not know. Their behaviour on the whole has been amazingly patient and good. They were, many of them, persons of limited education and experience, humble men and women whose only thought was of their homes and daily work and children. Others were brilliant young students in American schools, and some were doctors, professors and scientists and artists. That they have been able to endure what Americans have forced them to endure is because their loyalty has been to something higher than a nationalistic patriotism it has been to the ideals of democracy itself.

" Carey McWilliams has done Americans a great service in this book. He has shown us what we are. He has given us a warning

of the utmost significance for the future by showing us what we have done in the past and what its result has been in injustice and disaster and death. We would have cried out against this story had the scene been Germany or Japan. Is it less evil, less full of portent, because it took place on American soil?"

The author bows his head in reverence for the woman who has written these courageous lines.

Above, I have said that amidst all the distressing facts there are a few good signs which after all show that responsible quarters in America try to solve this burning problem. But England also is taking her part in the great fight against racial discrimination. The well known report of the debate in the House of Commons (September 22nd, 1943), regarding the Constantine case, showed this clearly.* Here, indeed, Parliament courageously took the part of the coloured man. These high ideals are what one would expect from the Mother of Parliaments. I have, however, had at least one distressing experience, an incident in which, unfortunately, these ideals were not applied. It was shortly after rejoicing over the above report. It happened that I visited a fashionable hotel for dinner with a distinguished member of the Chinese Embassy who was also a close friend of mine. At the hotel I was not unknown as I had stayed there for a considerable

* Mr. N. Bower asked the Secretary of State for the Colonies if he was aware that a distinguished West Indian cricketer (Mr. L. Constantine), present in this country, was recently asked to leave a London hotel simply on the ground that he was coloured; and whether, in the interests of maintaining the good name of this country, he would take steps to protect visitors from the Colonies against being subjected to these insulting forms of discrimination.

Mr. Limys-livans, Under-Secretary for the Dominions. My right hon. friend is aware of the incident referred to in these questions. It is understood that legal proceedings are pending and it would therefore be improper for me to comment on the incident itself. The hotel in question is the Imperial Hotel, Russell Square. I am glad, however, to have the opportunity of stating on behalf of my right hon. friend that he most strongly condemns any form of racial discrimination against Colonial people in this country. (Cheers.)

Mr. Sorensen. May I ask whether the right hon. gentleman would not go farther and see that this matter should be considered from the standpoint that any discrimination against coloured subjects should be made illegal?

Mr. Emrys-Evans said there was a question down to the Home Secretary on the legal position.

Sir H. Williams asked whether it would not be possible to ask the Home Secretary to oppose the renewal of the hotel's licence. (Cheers.)

Mr. Hogg asked whether the proceedings pending were of a criminal or civil nature and, if civil, would steps be taken to consider whether it was not a crime to refuse accommodation.

Mr. Emrys-Evans said that question would be dealt with by the Home Secretary on the next sitting day.

Mr. G. Griffiths. I hope he bowls them out, too. (Laughter.)

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time to my great satisfaction. Imagine my surprise when I found myself treated in a manner quite opposite to what I was accustomed. The reason of course was my Chinese friend. Were it not for the apology I received from the manager, I would be tempted to disclose the name of the hotel. Racial discrimination is something out-of-date and belongs to a period of history which we have passed once and for all.

A few weeks later, under the big headlines : "A cathedral hears the Negro sing," one could read in England's great dailies : " Nearly 3,000 people passed through Liverpool Cathedral's doors to-day to hear Negro spirituals sung for the first time by a Negro choir in an English cathedral. There were songs by a coloured octette, solos by two sergeants, and songs led by two privates. From the pulpit, draped with the stars and stripes and the Union Jack, Dr. Dwelly, Dean of Liverpool, led the congregation in the National Anthems of both nations. Afterwards, Dr. Dwelly invited the singers into the Chapter House and presented each with an engraved medallion, ' In Gratitude,' said Dr. Dwelly, * For the honour you have done us this day \"

Indeed, a period of history has finished forever. The world to-day is faced with the tremendous task of unifying mankind. This task can never be fulfilled in the mutual isolation of East and West. Too often this has been brought about by mutual misunderstanding and racial discrimination. People brought up with the old ideas, old timers who were consistently blind and without understanding of the great changes which have taken place, they should retire peacefully, silently, definitely. Standing in the ruins of an epoch this is no time to indulge in nostalgic yearnings for the return of things that never return. The old timers who have struggled blindly to preserve what the march of time was snatching from their hands, have fought their last fight. All that remains to them is very definitely silence and retirement, and such peace as they may glean from their memories. But it is for the coming generation to dig again, to build again, to plough new furrows in the soil of a rejuvenated world as it meets the dawn of a new era. For though the dust of battle is not yet settled and the last thunders of collapse still stun our ears, it is the dawn.

Since it is the youth of the world who must shoulder the task of building the new world let them begin their work with a clear understanding of the nature of their task if they would avoid a

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repetition of their fathers' mistakes; if they would *build* and not destroy. Let it be acknowledged clearly and emphatically that in the forefront of all constructive work stands the imperative necessity for a sound and sympathetic understanding of the Far East, for, if this is not achieved, they build in vain who build. It is especially for the undergraduates of American and English universities to take a leading part in the re-shaping of relations between East and West. After all, and notwithstanding the many differences between Orient and Occident, is not the whole human race but one great commonwealth? At long last surely it has become clear that the nations of the world must understand that they are all bound by reciprocal ties, and that the ultimate good of any one nation can only be achieved within the pattern of the common good of all. Are not all human beings the same at bottom? The world over, we are uplifted by the same pleasures and cast down by the same griefs. We cherish the same hopes, dream the same dreams and hunger for the same satisfactions. We are all born the same rational animal, though our thinking and reasoning processes may differ. As children we found the same delight in noise, whether of the drum or the bamboo flute or the rattle; we loved the same glow of light whether from the paper lantern or the candles on the Christmas tree; we loved the same rhythmic motion whether of bounding ball or spinning top or battledore and shuttlecock. We listened again and again with still delight to the fairy tale of The Old Woman who lost her Dumpling, or the Tongue-cut Sparrow, Momotaro or Peter Pan or Snow-white and the Seven Dwarfs. Grown older we had at bottom the same desire for happiness, the same craving to be loved, for achieving things, for doing well, for earning praise, for being respected, for being useful to someone. And yet, in spite of so many common springs of action, we grow up to hate and be hated, to kill and be killed.

And viewing the pernicious process by which the common traits of humanity are constantly being devitalised by the over-accentuation of certain differences and buried ever more deeply by accretions of prejudice and ignorance, I can find but one hope for the future of this world of ours. My hope is that the English genius, so flexible, so accommodating, so politically sagacious, so skilful in adaptation to changing circumstance, may one day evolve and work out a new scheme for the family of nations—without

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any exclusion—and so lay the foundations of a great and unshakable commonwealth of all nations, a " federation of the world " as their own Tennyson expressed it.* It is of the utmost urgency that we become convinced of the profound obligations to co-operate—every one of us in the fashioning of such a commonwealth. We must acknowledge that we are indeed our " brother's keeper," whether his skin be black or yellow or white; whether he lives ten miles to the East or ten miles to the West of a line arbitrarily drawn on a map. That will be the time when we drop the old phrase, " Our country's interests demand . . . " and take up the new one, " The interests of the commonwealth of nations demand . . . "

And, again, if there is any nation which can achieve something in this direction, it is surely Great Britain. The Germans may be great as philosophers or musicians, the Dutch as painters, but the English are indeed masters of human relations. They never let the cord be stretched to the point of snapping, but they seldom let go their end of the rope. I have never made a habit of flattering the British, but this much I must say for them : they know how to deal with men. The Germans at least a part of them—called themselves the *Herrenvolk*, but in reality they are unfitted for governing others. The British never advanced such extravagant theories, but in point of fact they are born leaders. All their natural characteristics combine to make them eminently suitable for such a role. Their tolerance and moderation save them from that bigotted nationalism which is diametrically opposed to friendly relations with foreign countries. Their adaptability and their sympathetic understanding of the other man's point of view have crowned their efforts at colonisation with a success unparalleled in history; their fidelity to their unique sporting tradition and innate love of fair play have made an Englishman's word a pledge which is accepted confidently by men all over the world. Clearly England might be destined to play no small part in the formation of the Commonwealth of the World.

Is this all a dream? Is it too good to become true at the present moment or even in the distant future? It may be. Nevertheless, that is no reason why we should cease to strive towards this ideal. At any rate I call to the youth of the world for a better understanding of the Far East. They have the power (and may they

* The Chinese say : "*T'ien Hsia Wei Kung*."—The world is a commonwealth.

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have the inflexible will, too) to cast aside all that meaningless haughtiness of racial pride and prejudice that was sown in the unwisdom of a past generation and is being reaped in the agonies of the present. It is to youth we look to re-state and re-instate the principle of the absolute equality before God of all human beings ; and this being achieved the wide eyes of the Western youth may look with complete fraternal understanding into the slanting eyes of his yellow brother. Then, indeed, will the epigram of a popular writer " East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet " *—be exhibited in all its shallowness. For the twain *will* have met and embraced. Then, and then only, will it be possible to say that this ghastly war was not fought in vain.

" ' Oh, East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet.'
So spake a son of man and erred!
Oh, man is man, and man with man shall meet,
So taught the Son of man, and at his feet,
Bade us there learn the worth of *human* worth;
To see the man apart from race and birth.
To find in Aryan pale and Aryan brown,
In Mongol and in sun-blackened African,
The oneness of humanity—the same
God touched, aspiring, worthful soul of man.
Boast not, oh Aryan pale, o'er Aryan brown,
Of greatness not in thee 'tis in the gift!
For, once, a nail-pierced Hand of Asia touched
Thy life and grants thee now His gracious lift.
Beware, lest in the roll of judging years,
That Hand, withdrawn from thee through pride of race,
May touch to power those races now despised,
And grant to them thy forfeit- power and place.

* In *The Ballad of Hast and West*, Kipling perpetuated the old notion that Occident and Orient are in fundamental opposition. He does make an exception to the rule, but this is only in the case of men on the heroic scale such as Ramal, the border thief, and " the Colonel's son," the case " When two strong men stand face to face." For Orientals and Westerners in the mass, who are however regrettable it may seem - *not* cast in heroic mould, Kipling has no hope except that they will eventually harmoni/e their different outlooks " at God's great Judgment Scat," and he stresses this sentiment by repetition. But we must be fair to the poet, who presented his poem as a barrack-room ballad and not as a piece of reasoned philosophy ; for, given the intended milieu for its recitation and the Victorian age for which it was written, it was a stirring enough yarn, extolling manly courage and the soldierly virtue of the British " Tommy " whom he loved and genuinely admired, as we all do still.

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The Master bids thee lose thy petty self
In service, and thy help to brothers give ;
And thou shalt truly find thyself again,
'Twill be thy gain, and others too shall live.

Thus freed from tribal mind and attitude,
Thy Christianed soul, with self renounced, shall find
A larger, richer self of brotherhood ;
Since, with the Christ, it has the Kingdom mind.

A Kingdom where there is no East nor West;
There are no walls dividing clan from clan ;
But brotherhood as wide as human kind,
And with a King who is the ' Son of man. '

Oh, man is man, and man with man shall meet,
So speaks the Son of man. O Master! shamed,
But learning, sit we here—here at Thy feet."*

• E. Stanley Jones in *The Christ of the Indian Road*.

VALEDICTORY

At the outbreak of the *Dai Too. Senso*, the Greater East Asia War, I happened to be in Tokyo. I still remember the circumstances as vividly as if it occurred only yesterday. It was the eighth of December, 1941, and I was invited to a gathering somewhere in the West of Tokyo. After lengthy discussions about many problems, we went out for a little walk in the gardens surrounding our house. The weather was beautiful, but an atmosphere as of some impending disaster filled the air. We knew, of course, that Kurusu had gone to America to find some solution, but we knew also that other forces were at work; and already for five days it had been extremely silent, and the Japanese newspapers extraordinarily and unbelievably reticent. When we were walking up and down, a lad came running. "*Beikoku to no senso ga hazimatta so desu.*" "They say that the war with America has broken out. We have attacked Pearl Harbour, entered Malaya . . ."

We enquired and found things as we had been told; besides, a quarter of an hour later we heard the dramatic announcement by Premier Tozyo* in a national hook-up. I shall not easily forget how we stood there in deep silence round the wireless. The voice of the prime minister was calm and dignified, without the usual enthusiasm and exclamations with which he ordinarily spiced his speeches. We got the impression that his first aim was to calm the people, to give a sedative for the boiling Japanese blood. Everybody had to carry on as usual. The schools were to run as in ordinary times. Half an hour later we had dinner together, but it was as if a shadow darkened our gathering. Everybody was thinking about the catastrophe and tried to get away as soon as possible. I went in a hurry to my house, Sei Alberto Home, Kitizyozi 503. A few days later Holland declared war on Japan and, consequently, my days of freedom were numbered. The following day, very early in the morning, I heard the bell ringing. Besides the fact that it was quite an unusual hour for visitors, the noise made me expect the worst; and, indeed, I was summoned by two policemen in civilian clothes to sit down in the parlour, where they told me that because of the Dutch declaration of war on Japan they had to take me into protective

* In the Hepburn spelling: Tojo.

custody. They put forward a list of the things I could carry with me : three pairs of socks, two pieces of soap, a quilt, two sheets, two blankets and a comb. We had to wait for a car. That took several hours. After I had packed my belongings they sealed my room. I heard later that they searched it very minutely, especially my library, letters, and all printed matter. They took away some magazines in which I had published articles.

In the meantime it went round the neighbourhood like wildfire that I was being taken away, and many Japanese came to see me off. Several expressed their sincere sympathy with me in the abundant way that only the Japanese language provides for. Others, especially women, wept in quite an un-Japanese way. Some could not speak for emotion. At length the car arrived in which sat two more secret police. My luggage was put in, followed by my humble self, and bowed out by my Japanese friends in deep silence I drove away to an unknown destination. It was an extremely cold day and we shivered in the car. The policemen were very affable. A deluge of reassurances were poured out over me like narcotics, but I had been too long in Japan to be totally lulled by them. " Don't worry. You will be quite all right. We will go to a nice place. It is only to protect you; and visitors will be allowed."

Now I heard that my destination was to be *Sumire zyogakko*, the Violet Girls' Middle School, which had the day before been evacuated by its inhabitants. We were taken into a class-room from which all furniture had been removed ; only the *tatami*, the Japanese mat floor, was left. Like vagabonds we put our belongings on the floor, awaiting instructions. Soon there came a rough-looking fellow with a bundle of papers, who introduced himself as the headmaster of the internment camp. Internees had to obey him and all his instructions. If they disobeyed or tried to escape, they would immediately be shot down, he told us, pointing to his revolver. This reception was far from pleasant. Looking at me, a Dutchman, he told that Holland was already finished. No country, no government. Upon which we immediately replied that our beloved Queen and our government resident in London were invested with real power, and that pretty soon our unique Holland would rise gloriously again.

And now we were invested with an order; not that of the Golden Kite or the Rising Sun, but a badge consisting of a piece

of linen substitute (since the real thing was no longer to be found in Japan) bearing our name, nationality and genealogical register. We had to wear this always in a visible manner, especially during the inspection which took place three times a day, at six in the morning, at noon, and again at nine. Beds came along on a lorry; and we installed ourselves as well as we could. A *hibati** (fire brazier) was brought in, and as there were no chairs we sat on our haunches on cushions, in Japanese style, and warmed our hands over the charcoal as the Japanese do. How long would this last? Opinions varied from two weeks to a life sentence. We were not downhearted; and when the headmaster came back half an hour later he was surprised, and perhaps disappointed, to find us chatting and joking as if we were in our own homes. In another publication | I have described the life during our internment in Tokyo, so I may pass over directly to our homeward voyage.

My eight months of life behind bars drew to a close. After endless conversations with the police and the Swedish Minister, Vidar Bagge -a most distinguished diplomat who looked after the Dutch interests and who had done everything possible in the circumstances for my fellow countrymen and myself—it was finally decided that I should sail for England on board the Diplomatic Exchange Ship the *Tatuta Maru*. Those conversations with the Swedish Consuls and the Swedish Minister in our internment camp, under the strict supervision of the Japanese police, were indeed a unique experience. Generally the visits were announced a day or so beforehand, whereupon we cleaned our living quarters out thoroughly. We ourselves prepared the tea and the Swedish Minister brought delicacies, food and books in very great quantities. Each day of his visits constituted a feast day for us, and I can never be sufficiently grateful to him and to all the members of the Swedish Legation for all they have done for my fellow countrymen and for me. When it was decided that we should leave, they turned their main attention to the Allied prisoners in Japan, and worked very hard to provide the boys with English books. The greater part of our own books, which

* The *hibati* is used more for warming the hands than the room itself; the feet are being warmed by being sat on. The *hibatt*, possibly of Chinese origin, is of various styles. Charcoal is burned in a bed of soft ashes. A Westerner not accustomed to the smell may quickly get a headache therefrom.

t A *Missionary in the War Net*. Published by the Word Press, Droitwich, Worcs.

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gradually had poured into the internment camp, were sent for the same purpose and I am delighted with the idea that at the present moment our books may be giving some little pleasure to English and American prisoners in Japan. What struck us most of all in the behaviour of the Swedish Minister and his staff, was the great personal interest they invariably took in us. That was no bureaucratic routine business but a most sympathetic attention to all our needs. After such a visit we had material enough to talk over for a week. People who have never been confined behind bars cannot possibly imagine the pleasure of these moments of contact with the outside world—however limited it may have been by the strict supervision of the Japanese police who were present at all the conversations.

Finally the preparatory formalities were gone through, and most of the internees—a motley crowd of English, Americans, Belgians and Dutch—had already gone back to their residences and were making preparations and arrangements for their final departure. But I was still waiting for the 'phone call from the Metropolitan Police Board of Tokyo.

" Tell me now, why exactly are you leaving us ? "

" Because my superior wishes me to."

" Will you be coming back when the war is over? "

" Oh, definitely, providing my superiors have no objections."

" Have you any complaints to make about the treatment you've received here? "

" Well, in the first place I really can't understand why I was ever interned at all; and then, the first three weeks of interment were, I must say, definitely unpleasant. But after that I was treated quite reasonably except in one instance."

I had to answer no end of questions of this kind. At last the 'phone call came from the police station. I could go home for three days, they said, pack my bags, say goodbye to my friends and make the necessary financial arrangements ; but I was not allowed to visit any foreigner. I got the news at precisely twelve o'clock. The day was swelteringly hot. I left the internment camp laden with two cases, feeling very dubious as to whether I could reach the station unaided. Under normal conditions it was only a quarter of an hour's walk, but that day it took me more than twice as long. I finally arrived home (Kitizyozi 503, Tokyo) in a state of utter exhaustion.

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During those long days of internment my Japanese friends had made it clear beyond all doubt that their attitude towards me had not changed one whit. They had paid me repeated visits when I was in the camp, though the journey was long, public opinion hostile, and the police on the gate openly abusive; but, nevertheless, they had come. They had, however, only been allowed to speak to me on three occasions. They had kept me amply supplied with books, dainties and provisions of all kinds, which they willingly sacrificed for me even though they were themselves in need of proper nourishment.

During the three days I spent at home my Japanese friends poured into the house in an uninterrupted stream, overwhelming me with kind wishes and gifts. In spite of the fact that our countries were at war with one another, their attitude towards me remained unchanged. "*Senso wa kozindosi no mondai de wa nakuy kuni to kuni to no mondai yue anata to no yuzinkankei ni tsuite wa, nan no kodawari mo arimasen*"—"Wars are not personal quarrels but conflicts between countries; and therefore they are no obstacle to my friendly relationship with you." That was the sort of thing people kept on saying to me; and, mind you, that was not just high-sounding Oriental euphemism; it came from the heart, as their actions invariably proved.

And now the three days' leave was up, and I had to take the road again for the internment camp. The police were waiting for me and rated me roundly, because, they said, I was six hours late; which simply was not true. You can imagine how painful such a reception was, after all the kindnesses shown to me by my friends at home; but I did not worry, since I knew I was due to embark the following day.

It was the thirtieth of July, 1942, and again tropically hot. We reached Yokohama pier at one o'clock in the afternoon. There I saw many European friends, people whom I had not seen for nine months and who had been confined in prisons and embassy compounds; but, owing to police supervision, we could do no more than wave to each other from a distance. Both officials and non-officials (the two classes were kept strictly separate) had to stand in the broiling sun for a long time while the necessary formalities were gone through. That evening the Diplomatic Exchange ship, *Tatuta Maru*, steamed out of Yokohama harbour homeward bound. But this historic voyage from East to West

was more than a passage over deep waters. It had symbolic significance; for not merely were we crossing physical space, but we were passing out of one age into another. It was the end of an epoch. Things can never be the same again, either for the Far East or for the West. Their old relationship is ended.

We were soon banished from the promenade deck and herded together below in none too roomy compartments. No doubt our captors were haunted by the usual espionage phobia and considered us as so many potential betrayers of vital military secrets.

Whilst unpacking my luggage, I had a chat with Sir Robert Craigie, England's distinguished Ambassador in Japan, and his wife Lady Craigie. They were walking through the crowded third-class cabins to inspect the conditions of the passengers and see whether things, might not be improved. During the whole voyage Sir Robert preserved the reputation he had won in Tokyo of being a man who always took a keen personal interest in the welfare of his people. Whenever a member of the British Embassy staff in Tokyo had to be sent to hospital, however humble his status, one of the first visitors at his bedside would always be Sir Robert.

At ten o'clock that night we hove to off Osima, where the crater of the Mihara volcano so long fascinated the suicidally inclined, and remained at anchor there till the following afternoon. Meanwhile we were granted the freedom of the deck and so were able to enjoy the incomparable beauty of the lovely coast of Japan.

That night I stood leaning over the rail with several friends as the ship glided with a soft hiss through the mirror-like sea. I felt almost as though I were committing a sacrilege when I broke the silence to say, "Gentlemen, we have witnessed the completion of an era in the world's history; we have seen the death of an age. What exactly will happen after the war we do not know. But this much I would say with complete conviction: that a new Far East will be awaiting us on our return, a new China and a new Japan. When we come back it will not be in our former status; we have lost that for ever. We must do our best to read aright the signs of the times."

No one replied, for they were all too much engrossed in their own thoughts.

In the early morning of Monday, August 3rd, 1942, we steamed into Shanghai. It was different from the Shanghai we had seen so often before. In those days the Bund was one great whirlpool

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of traffic, the whole town was a riotous hotch-potch of coolies, ships, liners, sampans, smoky chimneys, clatter, clang, bustle and cosmopolitan glamour. Now there was nothing but a deserted city and a dead river. The next day two hundred and sixty-six Europeans, representative of six different nations, boarded our boat. I watched them filing in, many of them old-timers, as you could tell at a glance. Years before they had come to a different China, but had failed to keep pace with the times. We leant over the rail watching them stream into the ship far down below. I took advantage of the thoughtful mood of the company to resume my theme.

"An epoch is finished and gone for ever. I am afraid the old-timers have no idea what is in store for them. Most of them will never come back again; but if any do, they will have to return in an entirely different status—a change which will be for them a blessing in disguise."

A lively debate ensued. Whilst we were talking, the *Tatuta Maru* was getting more and more crowded. What will it be like in Saigon, when another consignment of passengers comes aboard? The weather was glorious. By night the brilliantly illuminated ship was a beautiful sight; no submarine could possibly make a mistake. We steamed up the river and cast anchor a few miles off Saigon. At this juncture we relieved another exchange ship of one hundred and forty-six passengers from Bangkok. There was not an inch of room to spare, and many had to sleep on deck. Not long afterwards we cast anchor off Singapore. It was only a few months before that this "City of Lions," the boasted impregnable fortress of the Far East, had come crashing down after only a week of siege. The most baneful of the prophets of doom had not foreseen such a swift collapse. With the fall of Singapore a new milestone in the history of the world had been reached. It is the author's opinion that future historians will close a chapter in history with this date. After that, the beginning of a completely new era will be inaugurated, no matter how swiftly and decidedly Singapore may be retaken. A few more passengers were crammed into the already over-crowded *Tatuta Maru*. We had to take in a good supply of fresh water as there would be no more stops until Lourenco Marquez. On the horizon we could see billowing columns of dense black smoke. Were they burning oil-tanks which had been blazing since the fall of Singapore? We

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were warned that from now on we had a dangerous journey ahead of us, and stood a fair chance of running into a floating mine. We passed by several islands and entered the Java Sea, a few months before the scene of a great sea-battle, where my own brother, faithful to the glorious tradition of the Royal Dutch Navy, undaunted by the overwhelming superiority of the enemy, and after having inflicted great blows on the opposing forces, finally went down as officer in command of one of Holland's best cruisers, the *Java*, with the beloved tricolour in top, fighting until the end.

I leant over the rail trying to reconstruct for myself the whole scene on that great day, wondering what I should tell my family. The facts were these : The moment of the huge Japanese landing expedition which was planned for the conquest of Java had finally come. With the full knowledge that the hastily formed squadron had to fight against overwhelming odds and without any fighter protection at their disposal, they headed out to sea at dusk on February 26th, 1942. The small striking force consisted of the cruisers *De Ruyter*, *Java* (Dutch), *Houston* (U.S.A.), *Exeter* (British), and *Perth* (Australian); the destroyers *Witte de With*, *Kortenaer* (Dutch), *Jupiter*, *Electra*, *Encounter* (British), *Edwards*, *Alden*, *Ford* and *Paul Jones* (U.S.A.); ships of four nationalities which had not had enough time to build up sufficient teamwork. The next afternoon they made the first contact with a Japanese force at the S.W. of the isle of Bawean. After fierce fighting, the heavy enemy cruisers turned away under cover of a smoke-screen. One of the enemy's heavy cruisers was burning fiercely. Later the fighting was resumed. The huge Japanese armada came closer. Outgunned and outfired by two to one, the Allied vessels fought on against far superior enemy forces. It was about midnight and in bright moonlight that both the Dutch cruisers *De Ruyter* and *Java*, hit by torpedoes fired from the Japanese heavy cruisers, blew up with terrific explosions and went down with their respective commanders standing on the bridge. Here-with the battle of the Java Sea was decided, and with it the fate of Java. The press of nearly the whole world praised the gallant undertaking in the wake of Batavia Radio which announced the news in the following words : " We realise fully what the heavy loss of cruisers means; and we are not downhearted. Instead we are filled with deep pride for those heroic men who sacrificed themselves. We bow to those brave Dutchmen and Indonesians

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who were filled with the spirit of devotion, and who went out to attack, not thinking of the outcome of the battle but having only one aim. They did not die in vain. By this unbelievably courageous act at sea, a new and glorious chapter has been added to the history of the Dutch fleet." He did not die in vain. That was also my foremost thought and unshakable conviction when I leaned over the rail as our Diplomatic Exchange ship was crossing the same Java Sea which now lay in complete silence with a mirror-like surface ; and that, I thought to myself, is what I shall tell them at home. Shortly after the battle, a message of Her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina said : " I feel impelled with all of you to pay homage to the brilliant feats of our Navy in the Netherlands East Indies. In the attack against vastly superior forces, it has gloriously maintained the honour of the flag and has, together with our Allies, inflicted heavy losses on the enemy. That action has perpetuated the spirit of the days of our great admirals and their crews, the spirit of our great past, which has ever shone out through glorious feats of arms and has caused our Tricolour to be respected everywhere." This is great praise, in face of which I rather prefer to be silent.

Though I have had access to sources never published and have spoken with several survivors,* the full story of this great epic of the Java Sea cannot yet be related. Only when the war is over and the many prisoners who were in the battle have returned, and the Japanese have given full publicity to their great losses, can a new reliable chapter be added to the history of the Dutch Navy, a chapter about which the Dutchmen never need to be ashamed : this much is certain.

Soon afterwards we steamed into the Indian Ocean with the result that the ship's roll changed with the longer and heavier motion of the waves in those waters, a change to which passengers' stomachs did not accommodate themselves so quickly. But this is not an elaborate description of a voyage, so let us proceed at once to the main topic.

It was on the first of September, 1942, that the exchange of

* I looked through a most interesting MS. which is at present in the press : *The Royal Dutch Navy in War*, by Lieut.-Comdr. A. Kroese, R.N.N., former CO. of the Dutch destroyer *H.N.M.S. Kortenaer*, which went down in the battle of the Java Sea. For further information I may refer you to this book. The author, whom I have the pleasure of knowing personally, read through the above account of the battle and said, " That's just everything in a nutshell."

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nationals took place, an event, I make bold to say, of no small historic importance. An English ship with Japanese officials and non-officials had come from England and we people of the United Nations had just arrived in a Japanese liner, and now the exchange of both was to take place on neutral soil at Lourenco Marquez. How we longed for our freedom! Our patience, however, was sorely tried. We had to wait a considerable time to go through all sorts of formalities. At long last we were called on deck and the exchange began. The white people left the ship by means of a gangway slung from the bow and the Japanese came aboard astern. Cine-cameras were turning furiously to catch this literally epoch-making event. There goes the West, here comes the East. Two different worlds parting for good, with no interests in common, never to meet again? By no means; they will meet again; in fact, spiritual, intellectual and cultural intercourse must and shall become more intimate than ever before. I will add nothing at the present moment but merely quote an Oriental saying: "Eastern civilization needs to be renewed and reconstructed. We realize, also, that much of the material for such reconstruction must by necessity be borrowed from the West. Easterners need to become more aggressive and resolute in dealing with the material, aesthetic and educational phases of their civilization. They need to have cleaner cities, a larger intellectual environment, greater regard for law and order, more efficient means of communication, and more of feminine influence in their social life. We love to think of a new East coming into being by the help of the West, but without the irritating thought of the 'colonizer' and the 'colonized,' the 'alien ruler' and the 'native subjects.' Under such conditions the East will remain the East, but will become a better East, and the West, by supplying the many needs of the East, which it could not itself supply for some time to come, will peaceably have the coveted 'markets' for both its genius and its wares.

"To this end there must be many points of contact between the East and the West. But it is very essential that the borrower and the lender should first of all be co-operative friends. The agencies of contacts between those two worlds must be friendly intercourse and amorous spiritual interpenetration, and not the creeping tentacles of the invader. Whatever the East may have to borrow of Western thought must be translated in transmission

in order that it may do its beneficent work. Like poetry, when translated from one language into another, the thought of the West must be translated to the East according to the spirit, and not the letter.

" The East should be allowed to borrow from the West on the East's own terms. Its own thinkers and wise men must be its mediums of transmission and agencies of transformation. They must not receive Western thought as they would merchandise, but absorb, so far as may be desirable, the spirit of the West and re-express it to the East in its own forms of thought. Only in this way can the East distil wisdom from Western civilization and assimilate it into character. If it is to be of significant value to either the East or the West, a new Eastern civilization must be genuinely Eastern. It must not be a replica of Western civilization, which itself needs a hundred reforms, but must be born of the East's own spiritual, believing, long-suffering soul. If Eastern governments do not become exactly Western in form ; if Eastern cities do not become roaring industrial furnaces, and are not afflicted with such corporeality as that of London, New York and Chicago ; if the Easterners do not learn to desert their churches on the Sabbath for the country club and the golf links, because of the drain business makes upon their vitality during the week ; and if they do not change the fashion of their garments every season, and eat to a reprehensible satiety, simply because they are financially prosperous—if the Easterners do not adopt quite all such features of * modern civilization,' the world would be much the richer for it.

" We do not want the Easterner ever to believe that, after he has changed his agricultural life into an industrial life, and forsaken his seat under his own vine and fig tree, with their fragrant shade and beckoning fruit, for an iron and cement bench in a * municipal park,' he has become civilized. If he can secure from the West the Anglo-Saxon's veracity and his love of liberty and law without his haughtiness and inordinate commercialism : if he can acquire the Latin's artistic qualities without his inflammable temperament and excessive * personal liberty,' and the Teuton's efficiency and thoroughness without his materialism and lust for power and dominion, then the contact of the Easterner with the West will be immensely profitable. Otherwise, I believe that a slower progress urged by his own genius would be far better for him. Better

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for him to bear the ills with which he is familiar than to fly to those he knows not of.

" The Oriental must never cease to teach his Occidental brother, nor ever allow himself to forget his own great spiritual maxims which have guided the course of his life for so many centuries, that ' a man's life consisteth not in the things he possesseth,' and that, ' except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.'

" When the wise men from the East and the wise men from the West join hands together and make such precepts the life centres of the social order, then we shall have true civilization in both the East and the West. Otherwise, we are not growing better; we are only going faster." *

We stayed a fortnight in Lourenco Marquez, that delightful Portuguese town. If there were any of the passengers who had never heard of the place before, they would certainly never be able to forget it now. At the present time, and probably for many months to come, many Englishmen, Dutch, Norwegians, Poles, Belgians, Frenchmen, Czechs and Greeks will point to a suit or a boot or a hat and say " I got this in Lourenco Marquez." Those " Bundles for Britain" were an immense help to us, and the Red Cross was magnificent. But welcome though these material aids were, the unselfish kindness and hospitality of the people impressed me even more. The words "Lourenco Marquez" have become for us a magic formula, and in years to come they will conjure up for many a man and woman the picture of a beautiful, clean city where they were for the first time in nine months allowed freedom of movement without the attention of pestering policemen, where they could roam around the shops fingering articles they had not seen for a long time, where they could buy foodstuffs they had not been able to buy for several years and so submit their digestive organs to the shock of absorbing nourishment from a diet now no longer familiar.

What news, real, reliable news, means to people starved of it for many months, was clearly demonstrated in the English club on the first evening ashore. At six o'clock the radio was tuned in to London. " London calling . . . " Fifty men rose from their seats and eagerly crowded round. That was a tonic. Many of them must have lain awake that night thinking about it.

* From *Wise Men from the East and from the West*, by A. Mitrie Rihbany.

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The two weeks in Portuguese Africa were not spent in idleness. The passengers were kept busy moving about from shed to shed, shopping, sight-seeing and transferring from the *Tatuta Maru* to the *City of Paris*, and from the *City of Paris* to places ashore, and from there again to the *Narkunda* or *El Nil*, which finally was to bring us to England. It was with grateful thoughts towards Lourenco Marquez that we sailed out of the harbour on September 13th under a dark sky. In order to avoid mines our ship made a great detour and—accompanied by the albatrosses—we arrived four and a half days later in Capetown. Here again the Red Cross worked wonders for the passengers. We crossed the equator again and began to near European waters. Unlike other exchange ships, which had many serious (and some fatal) cases we had so far been free from casualties. And this in spite of the fact that the ship was overcrowded and the hygienic conditions unsatisfactory, and that furthermore we had spent so long in tropical waters. Now, however, the *Narkunda* was to have one fatality. It was a young English priest, who had been some ten years in Japan.

The funeral was impressive. In solemn procession the corpse was brought to the stern. First came many Catholic Goanese stewards, all beautifully clad in their black uniforms, carrying the remains of Fr. Ward and singing religious songs ; behind the corpse five priests of four different nationalities, the doctor, the sick-bay steward and the sailors. A special place was prepared for the ceremony. Around and above, rigging and ship's rail, every place that could give foothold was black with people. Beyond the voice of the officiating priest no sound could be heard except the sobbing of a bystander. A sign to the bridge and the engines were stopped. As the whole crowd stood in deepest silence, the sudden stoppage of the engines made quite an impression. All vibration ceased and the ship glided more and more slowly through the water with a soft hiss. We were off Madeira and it was half-past five in the afternoon. On the starboard side, part of the ship's rail was taken away. There rested the mortal remains of Fr. Ward, covered with the Union Jack and facing the dying sun which flooded the whole scene with gold. There he was dropped. There he fell like the petals of the cherry-blossom, pure and immaculate in the flower of his life. A deep silence. A soft plunge. A ripple over the mirror of the sea. Again a silence, only broken by the soft weeping of the people who could not bear this most impressive

ceremony. A sign to the bridge. The engines began to turn again. The blood-red disc of the sun sank below the horizon exactly as the ceremony was finished. The congested crowd dispersed over the ship and life went on as before.

A few days later, in the early morning of October 9th, the passengers could observe something of the shape of the England they had longed for. We anchored for three days in the Mersey but were not allowed to go ashore. To fulfil the necessary customs, but especially the security formalities, we had to wait a long time. It was here that we heard on the eve of the "double tenth," * the B.B.C. announcing the complete abrogation of those outmoded institutions, the foreign concessions in China. We stood at the stern of the ship and watched the loved skies of England.

"I told you so," I said to several old-timers who had so often argued against me. "Just wait and see, this is only a beginning. These people on board who had been so tenaciously hoping to go back to an unchanged Far East, will never, never return. This holds true for all kinds of people, whether they are doctor, missionary, journalist or trader."

"So, do you mean the East must stay in the East and we in the West in placid isolation?" somebody asked. The readers of these pages will know the answer. The time has gone when, pointing to the map of China, one could say to Napoleon: "There sleeps a giant dragon." Nor can the reply he gave satisfy now: "Let her sleep. Do not wake her." The time has gone when China was the real Middle Kingdom and thought of itself as the centre of the world and did not care at all what barbarian nations did. The time has gone when:

"The world was the field of the Chinese man,
And we were the pride of the sons of Han.
We copied deep books, and we carved in jade,
And wove white silks in the mulberry shade."

The age of splendid isolation has passed away. Modern inventions have made our little planet already a unity in a technical sense by the tremendous expansion of international traffic, especially by the modern developed aeroplanes. Now we stand before the gigantic task of realizing this same unity not in a technical but rather in a social, intellectual and spiritual sense. But in order

* October 10th, the great national feast and holiday of China.

to achieve this, the ways and manners of intercourse between the West and the Far East must change radically; they must be raised to a new level.

In a book worth reading : " *With Japan's Leaders, an intimate record of fourteen years as counsellor to the Japanese Government, ending in December, 1941,*" Frederick Moore writes : "I had never liked my Occidental people's attitude in the East. There were men—many I knew personally—who were models of exemplary conduct. There were the nobler missionary, the honest teacher, the self-sacrificing doctor, the student of what was fine in Asia, the statesman diplomat; since the days of St. Francis Xavier the West had sent of its best to Asia. But such men had not given the tone that prevailed among the white men. There was the predatory class, the swaggerer, the whisky addict, and even the opium runner. And these were not only Europeans ; I knew Americans in every class, including the last. (There is the record of an American District Attorney at Shanghai serving a term in prison for accepting a bribe from an American opium runner.) I spent a decade and more in different parts of Asia, the Near as well as the outer East, and, being a newspaper man, had seen the worst as well as the best. The East had a right to be rid of the white race in privileged position."

But the white man will come back; he must come back. Europe and America must continue to give to the East the best they have to give,* the nobler missionary, the honest teacher, the self-sacrificing doctor, the student of what is fine in Asia,

* In G. K. Chesterton's preface to the English translation of Henri Massis' *Defense de l'Occident*, he says : "By a strange paradox and inversion, we in the West have claimed superiority in everything except the things in which we are superior. We have extended to Asia all the accidents of Europe ; but we have hardly dared to say a word for the substance of Europe ; least of all for the soul of Europe. We have taught Asiatics to dress in European clothes, at the very moment when those clothes were uglier than they ever were before or, let us hope, ever will be again. But so far from giving them the best European ideas, we have allowed them to give us the very worst Asiatic ideas. Fatalism, pessimism, the paralysis of the fighting spirit, the contempt for individual justice ; all these things have been allowed to creep into our culture until they are practically the negative religion of our time. We have conquered the body of the East and let it conquer the soul of the West. It would be far more inspiring if the fight were threatening to go the other way. It would be far better to defy all the armies of Xerxes, if what we had to defend were the spirit of Athens. But nobody has ever put up a temple like the Parthenon amid a forest of Chinese pagodas. What we have put up is any number of our very vilest hotels and factories. It were better to be invaded in the manner of Spain, if it ended with something like the Cathedral of Seville. But nobody has set up anything like the Cathedral of Seville to face the Taj Mahal. We have set up only tents and golf clubs. It is this astonishing failure to fight for our own ideas that H. Massis castigates in this book and he is leading a movement in which Englishmen ought to join, as they joined in the First Crusade."

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the statesman diplomat, but with a thorough, a very thorough understanding of the changed times, of the country they are going to, and of the limits—maybe the very narrow limits—of their future activities. And there should stay in the West not only the swaggerer, the whisky addict, the opium runner—that is but natural—but also the uninformed journalist, the un-understanding missionary and the uncomprehending diplomat. This, I think, is but a *conditio sine qua non* for a smooth and fruitful intercourse, beneficial to both sides.*

On arrival in Liverpool, the officials were free to go home immediately, but we—non-officials of the United Nations—had to go for a few days to the Patriotic School at Battersea to satisfy the inquisitive intelligence officers. At long last we were given complete freedom. I immediately took an express train to a Northern port where I boarded a Dutch destroyer to meet the Officer in Command—another of my sailor brothers—whom I had not seen for ten years. Soon I came into the firing line when on the following morning a dog-fight took place, directly over his ship.

A few days later I went back to London to resume my studies, interrupted only by lecturing through the country. Of my first impressions there were four which struck me most, the beauty of the English countryside, the scarcity of children, the abundance of food, and the magnificent spirit of the people after more than three years of war. As I have been always very interested in the spirit of other nations, I am at the present moment trying to study a little of

" This England that never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror."

* Bishop Yu Pin, often called the Mercier of China and at the present moment member of most of the committees dedicated to relief work in China and recipient of five American honorary degrees, wrote in *The Sign of April*, 1944, the following :

" I love my country too much to see it going the way of so many other nations, caught up in the mad quest for material comfort. Material reconstruction there must be, but unless it be accompanied by a spiritual reconstruction, China is doomed to failure. She will have the body without the soul. She will have the sharpened sword, but know not how to use it. An opportunity is at hand that will not be repeated.

" Therefore I issue a call to a spiritual crusade. I wish to recruit thousands of men and women who are interested in a career-vocation, to call to China engineers, doctors, professors, nurses, social service workers, journalists, to help to rebuild this awakened nation. But this call is not to those who wish only to be engineers or doctors in China. This is a call for apostles, a vocation, only for people with character. I want men and women who, while engaging in their professional careers, will bring something more to China, who will radiate Christianity, who will show what it means to live by Christian principles. Indeed this latter element is essential. Unless our career men and women possess a deep spiritual life—they are useless."

VALEDICTORY

The more one studies a country and tries to understand its people, the more does one's esteem for it grow. I know this well, for it is the experience which I am at the present moment undergoing.

That could well be the subject of another study, perhaps not altogether unripe for publication after some fifteen years of flowing with the mighty life-stream of Albion. But I doubt whether these opportunities will ever be given to me.

Coming back to schemes, remarks and advice given in the previous pages, perhaps I may conclude by expressing the hope that this little book, in spite of its many shortcomings, may convince those in responsible quarters, all thoughtful people, but especially the young intelligentsia, that some of the author's suggestions are perhaps not completely wrong and not completely impossible and, perhaps, even worth while trying. If this small publication—again however incomplete, as the author admits it to be—can contribute even in a slight degree towards the realization of these suggestions and ideals, the author will feel himself fully rewarded. For this is the only and exclusive purpose of this book. I repeat that I have had not the slightest intention of hurting any feelings, either of individuals or of groups. Indeed, should it happen that by steering my course too straightly, by fixing my eyes too tensely on my final purpose, that I have unwittingly hurt anyone *en route*, I most sincerely apologize.

There are all sorts of reasons for writing all sorts of books ; but here, in the writing of this book there has been but one purpose, one ambition : and that is to contribute towards concord and understanding between the heirs of our Western civilization and those of the older civilization of the East.

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It was my original intention to end this book where the foregoing chapter ends, but friends of mine who are competent orientalists argued that it would not be complete without a bibliography in some form or other of good books on the Far East; to which I made objections. For to have any sort of completeness such a bibliography would extend to a hundred pages or more, and so would be seriously out of proportion to the rest of the book. Readers, I said, remembering La Fontaine's

Les longs ouvrages me font peur

Loin d'dpuiser une matiere

On n'en doit prendre que la fleur

would probably never reach even the twentieth page. I also pointed out that there are already a number of trustworthy bibliographies in existence. Oskar Nachod has compiled a good one of books on Japan; and there is Fr. V. Wenckstern's *A Bibliography of the Japanese Empire* in two volumes. There is the *Encyclopædia of Books on China* by Arthur Probsthain listing more than four thousand titles in forty-three sections with terse but descriptive annotations ; and the monumental *Dictionnaire Bibliographique des Ouvrages Relatifs a l'Empire Chinois*, in five volumes comprising 4,500 pages, by Henri Cordier. But, replied my friendly critics, those are for scholars and very serious students ; there is nothing there for the average reader.

I made a further objection : that though I have spent fifteen years in this field of study there are scholars who are better qualified by having worked in it for twice that length of time; but this objection was " not sustained," and I betook myself to the writing desk to puzzle over the form in which to cast this chapter.

I could, of course, compile a list of books with notes of the exact date of publication, place of appearance, name of publisher, number of pages, and so forth; but that would be too boring. I could resort to the writing of a short review of every book I have read on the subject, but I feared this, too, would be dull reading, as I have not sufficient command of the English tongue to find all the varied words and phrases necessary for expressing the nuances of " good," " better " and " best." I have therefore decided to ask for a dispensation from the traditional method

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which begins with a classification into General Works, Civilization, Geography, History, Philosophy, Religion, and so on, and to be permitted to write in my own way.*

Taking into consideration only works published in European languages I must say that I have derived the greatest profit from the more or less regular reading of the following periodicals, some of these being the best obtainable on the subject :

The Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan, The Transactions and Proceedings of the Japan Society, Bulletins de la Maison Franco-Japonaise, Cahier d'Information, Mitteilungen der Deutschen Gesellschaft für Natur und Völkerkunde Ostasiens, Nippon, Monumenta Nipponica, Monumenta Serica, Journal of the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, The China Journal, T'ien Hsia, Fu Jen.

If the reader can get hold of any numbers of these publications he will be in possession of material which can be labelled from "trustworthy" to "of first importance."

I would next advise the reader to buy *Things Japanese* by Basil Hall Chamberlain, and *Things Chinese* by J. Dyer Ball. That will save me much trouble, for in both these works are mentioned a considerable number of trustworthy books. Both were first published rather a long time ago, so I would advise the reader to buy the most recent editions.! I would also recommend the reading of the many other works of these two distinguished scholars. Here and there you may find something a little out of date, but on the whole the works of these authors give first-class information even for to-day. In the preface to the Fifth Revised Edition of *Things Japanese*, Chamberlain himself wrote : "In the unlikely event of anyone instituting a minute comparison between this edition and its predecessor he would find minor alterations innumerable—here a line erased, there a paragraph added, or again a figure changed, a statement qualified, a description

* In this chapter I have spelled the titles of the books and the names of their authors as the authors spell them themselves. It must be understood therefore that what I have said about spelling in my Introduction does not apply to this appendix, which involves some breach of uniformity. This, paradoxically enough, is an advantage, because to adhere in this chapter to the rules I laid down for myself throughout the book would have confused the eventual purchaser.

II cannot help feeling that Professor Chamberlain has a more vital grasp of his subject-matter than Mr. Dyer Ball.

% It may be necessary to ask the reader again to distinguish the celebrated Oriental scholar, whom we are quoting, from William Henry Chamberlin, whose works are of much less importance to the student of Oriental matters.

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or a list brought up to date. But take it altogether the book remains the same as heretofore. It would seem to have found favour in many quarters, to judge from the manner in which, years after its first appearance, newspapers and bookmakers continue to quote wholesale from it without acknowledgment; and the title which cost so much cogitation, and which we borrowed ultimately from the Spanish phrase *Cosas de Espafia*, has passed into general use, even coming to supply titles for similar works written about other lands in imitation of this one."

These two excellent works are not just to be read straight through. They do provide very pleasant reading, but they are works of reference and have indexes which provide every facility for the student.

And now from the work of these distinguished scholars to a work of a very different kind, *My Country and My People* by Lin Yutang.* Of this book, Pearl Buck, who knows a great deal about China, writes : " It is the truest, the most profound, the most complete, the most important book yet written about China." This is indeed great praise, in face of which I must ask forbearance for my own critical remarks. In the first place it seems to me that here and there Dr. Lin writes too much of the China that is passing and not enough of the China that is emerging gloriously at the present moment. And I somehow get the impression that he writes too much with an eye to the foreign reader and that occasionally he is poking just a little too much fun at his own people as, for instance, when he says : " A Chinese funeral procession is a perfect symbol of Chinese humour. A solemn funeral is inconceivable to the Chinese mind. To this day I cannot distinguish between a funeral and a wedding procession until I see a coffin or a wedding chair."

That is a little too sweeping, I think, because I myself know of and have been present at very solemn funerals. I But for all that,

* Bom the son of a native Christian pastor, he renounced later the faith of his youth and visited Harvard and the universities of Jena and Leipzig. Back in China, he was appointed to the staff of Peking University and showed some interest in politics. Later he went back to America, where he is still residing at the present moment.

t Some of my Chinese friends have told me that certain passages gave them the same impression.

X A few years ago the death of Marshal Wu P'eifu occurred. One of my friends was present at the funeral. Later he wrote the following account of it in *Fu Jen* : " While storm clouds raged over the wind-swept city of Peking, the great funeral procession of the

My Country and My People is an outstanding work. I have read some of the chapters four and five times over. Nowhere have I read anything so instructive, beautiful and lucid as his chapters on *The Chinese Mind* and *The Artistic Life*. Though I am acquainted with only three of his other works, *The Importance of Living*, *A History of the Press and Public Opinion in China** and *Moments in Peking*, I feel confident in saying that any work by Dr. Lin will add greatly to the reader's knowledge of China.

Japan has never had such an able interpreter as China has in Dr. Lin. Among the many works I have read in which Japanese tried to interpret their country none shows such skill and genius as Dr. Lin's. In a single book, he draws the essential greatness and the weaknesses of his people. Though there is no Japanese writer of Dr. Lin's calibre, there are still some excellent books by Japanese. There is, for instance, the exquisite *Book of Tea* by Okakura, in which so much learning flows from cover to cover with a modest and peculiarly Oriental reserve. Here are no schematic moralizings, no sharp doctrinal definitions; but thoughts light as thistledown, fitful as perfume, intangible as the rainbow; a delicate playing with ideas, not because they are playthings but because they are delicate. Then there are Marquis Okuma's *Fifty Years of New*

Marshal, several miles in length, got under way. Gigantic gods and goddesses of the underworld towered like monsters above the mourners and fairly dwarfed the crowd below. Traffic was suspended completely for vast stretches of road because of the seething crowds estimated at upwards of 50,000 persons. As customary, every article which might be conceived as useful for the deceased in the realm of death had been prepared for him—all in gorgeous paper, of course. Houses, palaces, summer residences, theatres, wives and servants and retainers without number, fleets of motor cars and guards of honour, detachments of infantry and cavalry—all were there! The funeral procession, after about ten hours' march, came to its close as twilight fell and when the temporary burial place, a venerable temple, had been reached. Solemnly the coffin of Marshal Wu P'eifu, soldier and strategist, peacemaker and politician, and founder of a new religion, 'The New Society for Saving the World,' was laid to rest before the statue of Buddha in the Temple for Plucking Flowers. The rank of 'Fairy' was given him, and soon the tapers began to gleam in the dusk of the temple on the altar before his mortal remains and, as the incense on the altar began to float toward the dusky rafters of the temple, great billowing clouds of smoke and flame might be seen surging from the courts outside. Here the Marshal's paper palaces had been gathered and all his equipment for life beyond the grave. Long did the flames roar. The whole funeral made quite a striking impression. Thousands of weary feet began to turn home at last, all was silent and dark—save for the chanting of the monks nearby: 'Omani Padme Hum,' 'Omani Padme Hum!' * O Thou Jewel in the Lotus Bloom, have mercy, have mercy!"

* A worthy counterpart of this work is *The Press and Politics in Japan* by Kisaburo Kawabe. It is for the greatest part based on Japanese sources. The author gives a fair objective judgment about the degree of reliability of the great papers and talks very interestingly about such subjects as make-up of newspapers, social position of journalists, censorship of journals, and the rise of public opinion, and so on.

Japan, The Risen Sun by Baron Suyematsu, *Japan by the Japanese*, *SdXomi's Japanese Civilization*, and the works of Fujimoto, Kagawa, Hibino, Noguchi, Nakamura, Miyamori, Harada and many others about which I shall speak later.

One of the most able interpreters of Japan is without doubt Professor Nitobe ; and though some of his works, owing to current circumstances, may temporarily be deprived of the acknowledgment due to them, his *Japan: Some Phases of her Problems and Development*; *The Japanese Nation: Its Land, Its People and Its Life*; *Western Influences in Modern Japan*; and *Japanese Traits and Modern Influences* give enlightening reading even for the present day. The books of Dr. Nitobe are easy to read for us Europeans, as he is thoroughly familiar with the Western way of thinking and, therefore, he can translate *Things Japanese* into a language easily comprehensible to Westerners. Regarding Christianity, Dr. Nitobe writes in *Japan: Some Phases of her Problems and Development*:

" Nothing is farther from truth than to call Christianity an alien faith, excepting that it means a new importation. It should not be more alien to the Japanese than the doctrines of Confucius or Sakya Muni. If it is more alien because of the geographical distance of its place of origin, may we not say that, intellectually and spiritually, it is nearer to Japanese thought now than it was to the Occidental when it was first introduced into Europe? . . .

" The way by which our nation is approaching Christianity is different from the way taken by Western nations. We wind along the streams and mountain paths faintly marked by crosses and still pointing in the right direction, and before very long the Christian faith, enriched by the intellectual treasures of centuries and deepened by Oriental mysticism, will be a part of the forces which will drive the nation towards its destiny."

Let me return to the Asiatic continent. I read Pearl Buck's *Good Earth* when it was just out. I remember vividly the circumstances in which I went through it. I was aboard ship somewhere off Haiphong when I began to read it, and when we moored in Shanghai I had just come to that part of the story where the two sons held Wang Lung, and the old man himself held " the warm, loose earth." It speaks for itself that this masterpiece has been translated into most of the principal languages of the world, including Japanese. It is a fine description of the struggle for

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livelihood in China. Yet in spite of the author's thorough knowledge of China I feel that what a reviewer once said of other works of hers is to some extent true of the *Good Earth* also : " Her art makes the story one not essentially Chinese, but of humanity." Consider, for instance, this extract :

" Thus spring wore on again and again and vaguely and more vaguely as these years passed he felt it coming. But still one thing remained to him and it was his love for his land. He had gone away from it and he had set up his house in a town and he was rich. But his roots were in his land and although he forgot it for many months together, when spring came each year he must go out on to the land; and now, although he could no longer hold a plough or do anything but see another drive the plough through the earth, still he must needs go and he went . . .

" Spring passed and summer passed into harvest and in the hot autumn sun before winter comes Wang Lung sat where his father had sat against the wall. And he thought no more about anything now except his food and his drink and his land. But of his land he thought no more what harvest it would bring or what seed would be planted or of anything except of the land itself, and he stooped sometimes and gathered some of the earth up in his hand and he sat thus and held it in his hand, and it seemed full of life between his fingers. And he was content, holding it thus, and he thought of it fitfully ; and the kind earth waited without haste until he came to it."

Now if we were but to change the name " Wang Lung " the whole might pass for a passage out of *De Vlaschaard* by the Flemish author, Styn Streuvels. But, for all that, *The Good Earth* is such a work as appears but once in a lifetime. Many other of Pearl Buck's works reveal the same grandeur and deep insight into Chinese life ; but it must be known before you approach them that in her eyes missionaries are all more or less queer and ineffective folk from whom not much that is useful is to be expected, which is an attitude that is hardly understandable in one who is the daughter of a missionary.

In order to get still more information about peasant life, I should advise reading R. H. Tawney's *Land and Labour in China*, a book of a quite different kind. It is the work of a man with a tremendously rich experience who has marshalled a multitude of facts and has well digested them. Here is an extract from his

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last page, written in 1932; and developments since then have proved the soundness of his views :

" Much talk about the Westernisation of China is remote from realities. It is a kind of incantation, which proceeds, not only from foreigners, but, occasionally also from Chinese themselves. The contrast between China and Western civilization heightens the impression which the latter makes on them, so that the formula derives part of its magic from the very circumstances which make it incapable of application. Young men educated abroad are swept off their feet by their first glimpse of the comfort and power of a new world. Conscious of the feebleness of their country, and eager for its progress, they would lift its burden by transplanting to it the apparatus of material prosperity whose vast power has dazzled them. China requires, it is true, the scientific and technological equipment of the West; poverty and weakness such as she endures to-day are dreadful evils. If Western nations could bring themselves, instead of regarding her as a field of enterprise, to realise that, on a long view, her major interests are also theirs, and to help her to attain them, they would reap a harvest of gratitude which would more than repay them . . . But the problem is more complicated : *porro unum necessarium*. The machinery is useless or destructive in the absence of a philosophy of life to control and direct it. The West staggers blindly for lack of one, helpless amid powers it is unable to use. It cannot give to the East what it does not possess. Itself bewildered and confused, it can bring to China little but uncertainty and confusion . . . Thus the imitation of America or Europe, which has profoundly influenced Chinese education, offers no solution of the deeper problems of China. It was a necessary stage in her evolution ; till she fully knew the West, she could not fully know herself. For certain of her difficulties, foreign experience still has useful lessons to teach. Critically sifted, by minds which know what to reject as well what to accept, it can offer suggestions as to economic organisation, social policy and administration which may aid China in equipping herself with the structural framework of an ordered state. But, though a nation may borrow its tools from abroad, for the energy to handle them it must look within.

Erquickung hast du nicht gewonnen,

Wenn Ste dit nicht aus eigener Seele quillt.

It is in herself alone, in her own historical culture, rediscovered

and reinterpreted in the light of her modern requirements, that China will find the dynamic which she needs. The most fundamental achievements of her revolution are still to come. The problem is to translate political rejuvenation into practical terms of social institutions and to build with a modern technique, but on Chinese foundations. It is to her schools and universities that she must look for the builders."

In 1939 there appeared *Agrarian China*, a compilation of material from Chinese authors translated by the research staff of the secretariat of the Institute of Pacific Relations, with an introduction by the same Mr. Tawney. The book is divided into four sections. The first is concerned with the distribution of landed property; the second with the farm management; the third with marketing and finance ; and the fourth treats of the present position of rural crafts with which the peasant in the past has supplemented his income from the land. I need hardly say that this book is for advanced students only.

Much easier reading is G. Se well's *The Land and Life of China*. It is of a more general nature. Almost no reading at all is *Chinese Farm Economy* by John Lossing Buck, which is a study of 2,866 farms in seventeen localities and seven provinces of China. The distinguished author, who is Professor of Farm Management at the University of Nanking, says in his preface : " While this book is not planned for the general reader, it is intended, nevertheless, to be such that anyone can follow the text without difficulty." I found this to be an understatement, for the non-specialist becomes bewildered by the abundance of data and the numerous tables and statistics.

A preface that I can endorse to the full is that written by Professor Malinowski to a field study of country life in the Yangtze valley, called *Peasant Life in China* by Hsiao Tung Fei. This is what Malinowski says :

" I venture to foretell that *Peasant Life in China* will be counted as a landmark in the development of anthropological field-work and theory. The book has a number of outstanding merits, each of them marking a new departure . . . A dispassionated, detached and dignified attitude characterises all the Author's observations. That a Chinese to-day must have bitter feelings against Western Civilization and the political rule of Western nations, is understandable. Yet no trace of this will be found in the present book.

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In fact, throughout my personal acquaintance with Dr. Fei and some of his colleagues, I had to admire the absence of national prejudice and national hatred—a moral attitude from which we Europeans could learn a good deal. The Chinese seem to be able to distinguish between nationhood and the political system. There is no hatred even of the Japanese as a people. (First published in 1939, three years after the beginning of the war). On the first page of this book the Author refers to the invading country only in terms of dispassionate appreciation of its role in consolidating the Chinese nation and forming it to build up a united front, and so to readjust some of its fundamental problems, economic and social.”

It is indeed an excellent book for all students of Chinese culture, giving a descriptive account of the system of consumption, production, distribution and exchange of wealth among Chinese peasants as observed in Kaihsienkung, a village south of Lake Tai in eastern China. Exceptionally interesting are chapters three, six, seven, eight and twelve. The author throws very interesting light on Chinese family life. I think it is fine of Dr. Fei, this great, loyal patriot and ardent lover of his country, that he nowhere attempts special pleading or justification in the cause of China; the result being that his work is all the more convincing.

Something of the same kind about Japanese life we find in John F. Embree's *Suye Mura*, which is based on direct observation of a Japanese village community. The author gives a detailed description of village organization, the forms of co-operation, the social classes and associations obtaining in the village.

Lighter reading is *The Daughter of the Nohfu* by Inagaki Sugimoto, which gives a clear insight into rural life in Japan and shows how, in spite of the inroads of new ideas, the old opinions still prevail. The works of this authoress are always worth reading. Very delightful is her *The Daughter of a Samurai*, with its true picture of Japan as it was and, on the whole, still is. The fact that all young missionaries of a certain organization are strongly advised to read it is perhaps as good evidence as any of its worth. I have often had the pleasure of discussing with this authoress the problems of modern Japan. She is now a very charming old lady who talks as delightfully as she writes. Even after Pearl Harbour the happy relationship that existed between us remained unchanged.

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The Rev. Walter Weston, the greatest foreign mountaineer Japan has ever seen, has written, besides *The Playground of the Far East* and *Mountaineering in the Japanese Alps*, another quite interesting book with the title *Japan*. His admiration for the Japanese peasant and the Japanese woman is genuine and sincere. The fourteen chapters cover a vast field and touch on many problems.

The foregoing volumes will give the student a vitally necessary lesson in the fundamental importance of the soil; for, besides the food crops, out of the soil grows the civilization. It is scarcely a metaphor to say that whatever cloudland we thrust our head into, disaster must follow if our feet are not firmly planted on the soil. It is the final, bitter lesson of history that with all the refinements of industry and trade and science and philosophy and art that may be achieved in a powerful nation, the rot sets in when the people abandon the soil for the cities.

Looking now upon the soil from another angle, I would recommend *China's Geographic Foundation* by George Babcock Cressey. "China," he writes in his preface, "is passing through social, economic and political readjustments without parallel in all history. A great nation which has been characterized by isolation and tradition is rapidly readjusting its life and becoming a member of the family of nations. Geography cannot pretend to solve the many problems which these changes present, but it can indicate something of the environment in which the drama is being enacted. Where people live so close to nature as in China, an appreciation of geography is fundamental in understanding human affairs." That is very sound. An astonishing bibliography testifies to the author's extensive researches. The colossal energy and tenacity with which Dr. Cressey has pursued his work may be guessed from his own words :

"This book has evolved during a decade of travel and research . . . Numerous vicissitudes have accompanied this work. Bandit encounters and civil warfare have several times complicated field studies. Interior travel has also brought difficulties.

"Following three preliminary mimeographed editions, which appeared in Shanghai from 1926-1928, work on the present manuscript was commenced in 1928. The book was originally to have been published by The Commercial Press of Shanghai. Numerous delays held up press work, but the book was about to

appear when the plant of the Press was destroyed by the Japanese invasion of Shanghai early in 1932. This resulted in the loss of all maps and photographs. The present volume has been re-organised and completely re-written."

Let us now pass from this special work, to publications of a more general nature; works which can be recommended are indeed numerous. Scanning my shelves I see there : *Chinese Civilization* by the Professor of the School of Oriental Languages in Paris, Mr. Marcel Granet. It combines deep research with an imagination which seeks to penetrate deep into the facts of Chinese life. Furthermore, *China* by Emile Hovelague, translated by Mrs. Laurence Binyon ; *The Lore of Cathay or the Intellect of China* by Dr. W. A. P. Martin. L. A. Lyall who spent forty years in the service of the Chinese Government has written *China*, a work of high standing. He is rather outspoken, and openly confesses to the faults of Western nations in their dealings with China and—fully endorsing my own experience—traces back the development of anti-foreign sentiment principally to the overbearing haughtiness of the foreign nations themselves ; a very good book if you want some insight into the history, characteristics, religion and family life. A magnificent work is *The Problem of China* by the learned Bertrand Russell.* Nowhere have I found such a lucid exposition of the contrasts between Chinese and Western civilization.

The name, H. A. Giles, guarantees the quality of *The Civilization of China*. Reading worth while is also Lionel Curtis's *The Capital Question of China*, which I quoted in a foregoing chapter.

Smith's book, *Chinese Characteristics*, which I mentioned also before, was written some fifty years ago. He shows an acquaintance both wide and deep into the China of his day. His observations, unfortunately, are often coloured by his own point of view. The picture he draws is a sombre one; but this need not astonish us in a fervent missionary of that time. Nowadays missionaries have quite a different outlook. He finds Chinese action consistently motivated by traditional formalism and stresses too strongly throughout the book the hiatus in the Chinese character caused by the lack of truly spiritual motives.

Agnes Smedley's latest book, *Battle Hymn of China*, which

* This famous author should not be confused with James M. Bertram who wrote *Crisis in China* and *North China Front*. These works are of less importance.

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came out quite recently, shows great progress in the authoress's knowledge of China. I mention further, *China But Not Cathay* written by Hsiao Ch'ien, China's foremost journalist who is at the present moment in England. There are plenty of war-books on China. *The Chinese Army: Its Organisation and Military Efficiency* by E. F. Carlson, *China Fights for Freedom* by A. L. Strong. The wife of a prominent Chinese army officer wrote *Destination Chungking*. *China Can Take It*, by Ronald D. Rees, treats much about mission work and missionary conditions. I was pleasantly surprised to read in the eighth chapter, "War is a severe testing-time. The number of church members in China, Protestant and Roman Catholic, is only one per cent, of the population. Their wide influence is due, by the grace of God, and in spite of all shortcomings, to their moral integrity and spiritual power. The attitude of Chinese Christians towards their enemies has often been commented on. One of my friends in South China, by name Sz-To Wai, a genius in education and a man of keen artistic soul with a delightful sense of humour, a gift mercifully given to the Chinese, heard that the school he had built up for Chinese boys in Saigon had been confiscated by the Japanese. They had already destroyed one of his schools near Shanghai. He was asked what he did when the cable came bringing the news. He said: 'I just sang a song.' It would have been so easy and natural to burst out in bitter words of indignation. We know the feeling all too well. There are some amongst us urging us to fill our souls with hatred for Germans and Japanese. Chinese Christians, almost to a man, I believe, are firm for resistance. But if you go into their churches you will find them confessing their own sins, as a nation and as individuals, asking to be kept free from the spirit of hatred and revenge, praying for the Japanese people, even for the soldiers and airmen who injure them, and looking forward in faith to the time when their two peoples may co-operate again. This is no easy-going sentimentality, but something that is rooted in the amazing love and generosity of God which they have learnt at the Cross of Christ."

China After Five Years of War got a preface by Dr. V. K. Wellington Koo, China's distinguished Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. A good war-book, I think, is *Twin Stars of China*, a behind-the-scenes story of China's valiant struggle for existence,

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by the above-mentioned Evans Fordyce Carlson, a U.S. Marine who lived and moved with the people. The book begins with the struggle for Shanghai, in 1937, and ends with the fall of Hankow. The author shows great interest in the social and human elements of the struggle and I concur completely with what I have read somewhere in a review that " his appreciation of the Eighth Route Army group and its leaders counts far more than the panegyrics of Agnes Smedley and Edgar Snow."

Drawing on her rich experience, covering thirty-six years in several parts of China, Mrs. J. G. Cor mack has given us *Everyday Customs in China*. Similar works about Japanese customs are numerous, but I doubt whether at the present moment there is enough interest in them to justify a more detailed description. As far as the religions of China and Japan are concerned, there are many excellent books from the hands of great English scholars, e.g. *The Religions of China, Confucianism and Taoism described and compared with Christianity*, by James Legge. From the hand of the same author we have *The Chinese Classics Translated into English*. All the works of James Legge, a most outstanding English Orientalist, are scholarly. I often wondered how it came about that England produced such excellent Sinologues, yet so few who wrote learned books about Japan?

From Herbert Giles we have *Confucianism and Its Rivals*, a booklet of only sixty pages. *Religions of Ancient China*, by the same H. A. Giles, tells us the whole story in a nutshell. In *The Wisdom of the East Series* are many good publications concerning Far Eastern religions. It may suffice to mention Henri Borens *The Rhythm of Life*, translated from the Dutch (This booklet was first published under the title *Wu-Wei* which soon went out of print); and *The Sayings of Lao Tzu*, translated by L. Giles. Important also are the very good books of Professors W. E. Soothill and Edward Parker. Both these names guarantee the contents. Marshall Broomhall has given us *Islam in China*, a neglected problem. A magnificent work is the *History of the Religious Beliefs and Philosophical Opinions in China from the Beginning to the Present Time* by Dr. Leo Wieger. I like the translator's preface, particularly when he says : " Pere Wieger's magnificent labours in Sinology are too well known to need any comment from me. My satisfaction in concluding the fascinating task of translating this work one of the most important which has appeared for

many years—is that English readers will have the pleasure and profit of studying in their own language the religious and philosophical ideas of the Chinese dealt with therein, hitherto only accessible in the original Chinese or in piecemeal translations. For it is through a knowledge especially of the religion and philosophy of any people that we obtain the clue to the interpretation of their character, and are thus enabled to form sound views on their past and future history."

Also a translation from the French, but of a more popular nature, is the book *Researches into Chinese Superstitions* by Henry Dore. It is profusely illustrated and written for the general public, avoiding purposely too abstrusive discussions and is based throughout on personal investigations on the spot. It was published in 1914. Nowadays we no longer accept these kinds of illustrations. We have better ones.

Arthur Waley, the man who has such a profound knowledge of things Oriental and such a flowing pen, has written *Three Ways of Thought in Ancient China*. The author has made no attempt to explain what the Taoists mean by Tao, which, I think, is indeed quite understandable. An explanation would, I am afraid, be very un-understandable to the average reader or, to put it in another way, "those who know do not tell and those who tell do not know."

The Dutch Professor, J. J. M. De Groot, has given us *The Religion of the Chinese*. In a little over two hundred pages, in widely spaced print, the learned author gives a good general view of the subject. If anyone wants to study or to compile the still unwritten complete history of the Jews in China, he must get hold of the bibliography made by Rudolf Lowenthal and published in 1939. The student finds there a list of a hundred and fifty publications on the interesting subject of the Jews in China.

Good books about the religions in Japan are far less numerous. A French missionary, P. Martin, wrote two volumes about Shinto.* Before this there appeared, in 1905, W. G. Aston's *Shinto* the Way of the Gods*; as far as I know, this Englishman was the first to write a notable and comprehensive work on the subject. Since then nothing of this calibre was produced in the English language†

* Sinto, according to the Governmental system of spelling.

† The books of J. W. Mason on Shintd do not deserve a place in this chapter.

until D. C. Holtom wrote *The National Faith of Japan*, a study in modern Shinto. That appeared in 1938. He opens his first chapter thus : " The study of the sources from which a great people derive the inspiration of their major ideals and loyalties must ever be of importance to the rest of the world." The first part of the book deals with State Shinto and the second with Sect Shinto, a division at the present time of the greatest importance. From the hand of this great Shintologue there are several other excellent works : *The Political Philosophy of Modern Shinto*,* *The Japanese Enthronement Ceremonies* (very interesting), and finally, in 1943, *Modern Japan and Shinto Nationalism*. Of books published about things Japanese since Pearl Harbour, I have read some twenty-five. The best of them is, without doubt, this latest work of Mr. Holtom. My friend, Dr. C. W. Hepner, wrote a thorough study of the Kurozumi Kyo, one of the principal Shinto Sects. He gave me a copy at the time when we were both locked up in the same camp and, along with many other books, I also read this one behind bars. A work of a quite different kind is *Shinto, the Way of the Gods in Japan*, according to the printed and unprinted reports of the Japanese Jesuit Missionaries in the 16th and 17th centuries, by George Schurhammer. On the same page one finds the German and English text. It is ornamented with twelve beautiful coloured plates and 102 illustrations. The foremost Japanese Shintologue Kato Genchi, among others, has written *A Study of Shinto, the Religion of the Japanese Nation*. According to my opinion, he sees in Shinto too much in common with Christianity and Buddhism. Anesaki, professor at Tokyo Imperial University, has given us *History of Japanese Religion*, with special reference to the social and moral life of the nation. From the same author comes *Nichiren, the Buddhist Prophet*. Well suited for the study of Japanese Buddhism are the following works : A. K. Reischauer's *Studies in Japanese Buddhism*, Suzuki's *Essays in Zen Buddhism*, Tachibana's *The Ethics of Buddhism*, A. Waley's *Zen Buddhism and its Relation to Art*, and especially *Ancient Buddhism in Japan*, in two volumes, by Dr. M. W. De Visser,f late Professor of Japanese in the University of Leiden. I have often heard that this famous Dutchman could read old

* It will be very difficult to get hold of a copy. It was published in 1922, but the greatest part of the stock was destroyed in the great earthquake of 1923.

t Only for advanced students.

Japanese manuscripts even better than his Japanese colleagues. Originally a classical scholar, he switched over to Oriental studies which he made under Professor de Groot. After receiving an appointment as student interpreter at the Netherlands Legation in Tokyo, he went out to the Far East. Most of his earlier works treated of Japanese folk-lore, as for instance, *The Fox and Badger in Japanese Folk-lore*, *The Dog and Cat in Japanese Folk-lore*. Five years later he was appointed curator of the beautiful Ethnographical Museum in Leiden. Under his stimulating leadership this museum began to flourish again, and I myself have had the great pleasure of seeing the results of the curator's untiring efforts. I do not know any institution in England or America comparable with this Ethnographic Museum. Nowhere have I found such an abundance of Japanese books* and especially Japanese works of art. Permeating all his works we find much religious information of a quite special kind in the books of Lafcadio Hearn. This great writer looked upon Japanese life, upon the things that surrounded him, the tools and the toys, upon the people in their age-old setting at worship and work and play, in love and grief, and he was fascinated by it all. To one who comes fresh to him he conveys that fascination through a lucid English prose which is always equal to the occasion, rising at times from the rhythmical to the almost lyrical. Here is a Graeco-Hibernian who divested himself of everything Western except his mastery of the English tongue. To get a real insight into Japanese life and customs, his works are indeed extraordinarily valuable. His style is of a beauty seldom if ever surpassed, and he has penetrated deep, very deep, into the Japanese soul. But for an accurate and objective judgment of his works the reader should first make acquaintance with the quite peculiar character of this great artist. Much information is to be found in *Lafcadio Hearn, His Life and Work* by Nina H. Kennard, *The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn* by Elizabeth Bisland (2 vols.), *Lafcadio Hearn's American Days* by Edward Larocque Tinker, *Blue Ghost* by Jean Temple, and finally *Lafcadio Hearn in Japan* by Yone Noguchi. Sad experiences in youth, a wayward, erratic character which tended to extremes, his bohemian life with its natural consequences, and many other factors had the effect of making him too fierce a defender of things Oriental.

* The author has not yet had the pleasure of coming across any extensive Japanese library here in this country. He hunted half a year unsuccessfully for a few standard works.

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The following passage written by one of his biographers portrays him to a " T " :

" Things moved him artistically rather than critically, carrying him hither and thither in the movement of every whispering breeze of romance and poetry, equally prejudiced and intolerant in likes and dislikes of people and places as in literary affairs. * I had a sensation the other day/ he writes to Basil Hall Chamberlain, ' I felt as if I hated Japan unspeakably, and the whole world seemed not worth living in, when there came to the house two women to sell ballads. One took her samisen and sang; never did I listen to anything sweeter. All the sorrow and beauty, all the pain and the sweetness of life thrilled and quivered in that voice ; and the old first love of Japan and of things Japanese came back, and a great tenderness seemed to fill the place like a haunting \"

The Western world is always depreciated by him. The objectionable character in his many stories is generally a European. Thus prepared, the reader should start with his *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, *Kokoro*, *Japan an Interpretation*, *Out of the East*, *In Ghostly Japan*, *Gleanings in Buddha-fields*, *Kotto*. He can fiercely attack the missionaries, " these unsparing destroyers." However, at the end of his life he changed his opinion on this point and I am sure, if he could see what nowadays has already been achieved in the field of artistic adaptation—the only thing that counts for him—this same Lafcadio Hearn with the immense power of his language should have been easily converted into a still fiercer defender of the creative forces of Christianity.

To the reader, who has followed me so far, I would give a moment's pause till he gathers his forces anew to tackle another important subject, that of history. This appendix is not so much for reading as a piece of reference to glance at, when reliable information is wanted.

People who want to get information about China often think that they have done enough if they have read a few travel books or something about recent Chinese politics. By doing so, they will come across many insoluble mysteries, hopeless puzzles and numerous oddities which for the greater part would disappear if they were to devote some small time to the study of Chinese history. For this country is perhaps unique in so far as her ties with the past are concerned. No other people in the world is so

closely connected with its ancient history as the Chinese. Therefore a study of the ancient history of China is of foremost importance to everybody who wishes to get an insight into things Oriental. Indeed, if anyone should become surfeited with the chaos in Europe, I should advise him to imitate Goethe and escape into the study of China.

When, at the time of the battle of Leipzig, patriotic cares preyed upon his soul, this great German poet took refuge in the history of China. The novelty of the study, the new horizons which it opened up to him, had a very salutary influence over him as we learn from his own words: "Here I must mention a thing peculiar to my way of acting. Since some awful menace was threatening in the world of politics, I thought to take my attention from it by occupying myself even with things far removed from the Western mind and temperament. That, then, explains why, after having returned from Karlsbad, I devoted myself entirely to a serious study of the Chinese Empire . . . I have applied myself especially to China and the Chinese. I have, as it were, set aside this important country, put it in a place apart that I might take refuge there should ever the need arise, as, indeed, it does at the present day. To find oneself in entirely new surroundings, be it only in thought, is a tonic."*

We all have been brought up in the old order, where we had to study in our younger days so called universal or world history, as part of our education. All the books started (I think that will be probably the same in Europe and America) with the early Mediterranean civilization, beginning with the Egyptians or Babylonians, continuing with Greece and Rome and from there passing on to the North. At least, in the history books I had to study as a boy, not one line was devoted to China or Japan. I am convinced that from now on this will change in no slight degree. I often wonder how could we have been so hopelessly narrow as to neglect the oldest and perhaps deepest civilization the face of the world has ever known. Here there is something

* "Hier muss ich noch einer Eigentümlichkeit meiner Handlungsweise gedenken. Wie sich in der politischen Welt irgend ein ungeheures Bedrohliches hervortat, so warf ich mich eigensinning auf das Entfernteste. Dahin ist denn zu rechnen, dass ich vor meiner Rückkehr aus Karlsbad an mich mit ernstlichem Studium dem chinesischen Reich widmete Besonders habe ich China und was dazu gehört, fleissig durchstudiert. Ich habe mir dieses wichtige Land gleichsam aufgehoben und abgesondert, um mich im Fall der Not, wie es auch jetzt geschehen, dahin zu fluchten. Sich in einem ganz neuen Zustande auch nur in Gedanken zu befinden, ist sehr heilsam."

to be remedied. In order not to put the reader off, I will first call attention to a small booklet, *A History of China* by W. E. Soothill. Very good to get a quick and reliable acquaintance with the subject concerned. Of the same calibre is *A Short History of China* by Edward Thomas. We have an excellent book in *A Short History of Chinese Civilization* by Richard Wilhelm, with an introduction by Lionel Giles. This book, translated from the German, contains practically no enumeration of dates, wars or sovereigns, but is rather an account of the forces responsible for the various periods of China's civilization. Personally, I think that histories should always be written in this way. The good bibliography at the end of the book testifies clearly to the author's profound study. One of his many other books worth while reading is *The Soul of China*, of which the text was translated by John Holroyd Reece and the poems by Arthur Waley. More extensive is *The Chinese, their History and Culture*, by Kenneth Scott Latourette, in 2 vols. The first volume deals with the history of China, the second with its culture. Before starting this work, some acquaintance with Chinese history is necessary. The conclusion of the second volume, published in 1934, when there was so much uncertainty and chaos, clearly testifies to the author's sharp insight as well as foresight when he writes :

" The world should not lose faith in China. Many of us who have known and loved the Chinese have a hopeful confidence in the ultimate result and base it upon what we have known of Chinese history and of individual Chinese of to-day. We see no clear signs of degeneration in the native capacity of the race. Remembering as we do the ability which the Chinese have shown in the past to construct a civilization, we believe that they will ultimately recover from the stunning blows dealt them and will once more create a worthy culture."

More or less in the same tone writes Dr. Hu Shih in *The Chinese Renaissance*:

" What pessimistic observers have lamented as the collapse of Chinese civilization,* is exactly the necessary undermining and erosion without which there could not have been the rejuvenation of an old civilization. Slowly, quietly, but unmistakably, the Chinese Renaissance is becoming a reality."

As far as the old relations between East and West are concerned

* Most probably alluding to *The Collapse of a Civilization* by Nathaniel Peffer. Never perhaps was there chosen a more unfortunate title than this. This book does not deserve a place in this bibliography.

there are some good publications of Henri Bernard. Sir Frederick Whyte, who wrote several excellent books, has given us *China and Foreign Powers*, a historical review of their relations, concisely but very clearly written. The same must be said of a booklet just off the press, *The Netherlands Indies and Japan*, a dispassionate, sober and well balanced account of their relations during the last two years before the outbreak of the war. It was written by Dr. H. J. van Mook, former Director of Economic Affairs in the Netherlands East Indies, until recently Netherland Minister for Colonies. As I know a certain number of the persons mentioned in this book very well, I can state that the author's judgment is fairly accurate and objective. Also very recent is *China and Britain* by Sir John Pratt. The author tells us a great deal in a few pages. The illustrations are beautifully done and I can assure the reader that he will find in it very pleasant and instructive reading, especially the pages on Chinese art. Among other recent books, I may be allowed to mention / *See a New China* by George Hogg, a jolly story of a young Englishman's devotion to the Chinese people as he worked with them in the Industrial Co-operatives and shared their lives with them. Sun Fo wrote *China Looks Forward*. As son of Sun Yat Sen, the author holds of course, a unique position in modern China. The volume consists largely of speeches delivered to and intended for the Chinese people, and not for foreign consumption. D. N. Rowe has written a book which is better than its title : *China Among the Powers*. I know for certain that Chiang Kaishek and the whole intelligentsia of China hate to be called a great power. " We are a great nation and not a great power," is their constant reply. Lim Sian-tek, who worked for ten years translating stories from the classics and writing down tales he had heard from story-tellers in his native Fukien, published the results of his untiring efforts in *Folk Tales from China*. A considerable time earlier, E. Harper Parker* wrote

* Not to be confused with Sir Harry Parkes, one of the most outstanding representatives England ever has had in the Far East. At an early age he acquired a thorough knowledge of the Chinese language and of the Chinese character. The most striking episode of his life was his capture by the Chinese during the war of 1860. From 1865 until 1883, he was Minister Plenipotentiary in Japan. A high Japanese official has said of him : " Sir Harry Parkes was the only foreigner in Japan whom we could not twist round our little finger." Notwithstanding this, he is still revered in Japan. He did a lot of good for the natives. He persuaded the Japanese to adopt vaccination. Lock-hospitals and the elaborate lighthouse system were some of his creations. Lady Parkes' name will also remain in history, as she was the first woman who climbed to the summit of Mount Huzi. Formerly, no woman was allowed to climb higher than the eighth of the ten stations into which this sacred mountain is divided.

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Ancient China Simplified. However, I find it not yet simplified to that degree as to make reading very easy.

It is rather dry and abounds with names. Ts'in, Ngwei, Han, Chao, Yen, Ts'i, Ho Nan, Liao, Ts'u, Yueh, Tsin'wang, Chou, Shuh, Wei Yang, on one single page, will probably cause the reader to close the book. *China, a Short Cultural History*, by C. P. Fitzgerald, is intended for the reader who has not made a special study of Chinese history, but who will know a lot about it when he has ploughed through the six hundred pages. The work is liberally illustrated with plates and text figures, carefully chosen. This work deserved indeed better paper (I speak of the reprint published in November, 1942) or at least the paper should be of the same quality and colour throughout the book, which it is not. There is a war on, and the phrase "we are short of staff," explains and excuses nowadays everything. As our attitude of mind will not change immediately by the "outbreak" of peace, how shall we phrase the excuse then?

I may not omit E. Thomas Williams' *A Short History of China*, a rather modest title for a book of some six hundred and fifty pages. Of much the same size is *La Chine Antique* by Henri Maspero. Though I am not an authority on pre-history, I have read, with great pleasure, G. D. Wu's *Prehistoric Pottery in China*. It is a highly interesting book. It is especially so for me as I have several times worked on prehistoric sites in the Far East under the supervision of a skilled archaeologist, whose learning enabled him to conjure up before our minds, with the aid of the shells and shards and weapons that we unearthed, a vivid picture of life and customs as it was lived thousands of years ago. *Children of the Yellow Earth, Studies in Prehistoric China*, by J. Gunnar Andersson, provides also very interesting reading. It is translated from the Swedish. Concerning Japanese pre-history I know only two works of standing: *Prehistoric Japan* by N. G. Munro, and a work by G. Groot for which I did myself the proof-reading; it had just gone to press when the war with Japan broke out. The publications of Professor Torii seem also to be good. The following works are reliable: *An Outline History of Japan* by Herbert H. Go wen,* *A Short History of Japan* by E. W. Clement (only 150 pages), *The Progress of Japan, 1853-1871*, by J. H. Gubbins, *The Development of Japan* by K. S. Latourette,⁴ *History of Japan* by Sir E.M.Satow, Fapan D.Murray,

* Of this same author we have a book on Chinese history which, however, I have not read.

Japan in History, Folklore and Art, by W. E. Griffis, and especially the histories of James Murdoch (3 vols.) and Capt. F. Brinkley. Because this Captain Brinkley played such a prominent part in the cultural exchange between East and West, I may be allowed to record here a few personal notes. Born of a good Irish family, Captain Brinkley was educated for the army, and not long after he had passed out of Woolwich and entered the Royal Artillery, his battery, then stationed at Hongkong, was ordered to Yokohama for the protection of the first European settlement. From the very moment when he landed in Japan, Captain Brinkley was possessed by the charm of a country which appealed equally to the young soldier's love of adventure and to his own romantic and singularly artistic temperament. But he went much further than that and began to study the language with such ardour and enthusiasm that the results were soon forthcoming. With the sanction of the British Government he took up an important post in the military academy at Tokyo. Besides that, he founded the first English paper in Japan. At his death, in 1912, the *Times* wrote in its obituary column :

" His championship of Japan was sometimes too thorough-going to please his fellow-countrymen in the Treaty Ports, who had not his opportunities of seeing the best side of Japanese life. But his championship was founded in knowledge, and the event almost invariably justified the faith he had in the destinies of Japan. He was the personal and trusted friend of all that older generation of Japanese statesmen and thinkers who have been the makers of modern Japan. He was often their confidential adviser.

" He was a fine Japanese scholar, with a knowledge of Japanese literature and of all the refinements of the Japanese language, which excited the admiration of the Japanese themselves. He was a profound lover of Japanese art, and, though his home was at least twice destroyed by fire, and on one occasion with all its priceless contents, his beautiful house at Tokyo, standing in a large Japanese garden, which was his special joy and pride, still displayed not a few of the artistic treasures he had begun to collect long before the Western amateur discovered Japan.

" Captain Brinkley married an accomplished Japanese lady, who presided over his house with the inborn tact and unassuming grace peculiar to the best type of Japanese womanhood. He had made his home, in every sense of the word, in Japan, and for more than

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thirty years he had never again visited Europe. But, unlike many other Europeans who have settled altogether in Oriental countries, he had never lost his interest in European life. Still less had he become in any way denationalized. His handsome features and erect figure bore the stamp of his birth and early profession, and until within the last few years he retained all his physical activity and love of outdoor games and sport. He was at the same time a great reader, and he followed with such intelligent appreciation the literary and artistic as well as the political movements of the modern Western world that, in conversation with him, it was strangely difficult to realize how many years had passed since he stepped out of the West into the East to cast in his lot with the people of his choice. It was a choice he never regretted, nor had he ever reason to regret it. For seldom has a man lived to see, as he did, the fulfilment of so many hopes which, as he himself was fain to admit, seemed at one time the most extravagant of dreams."

This Captain Brinkley has edited *Japan, Described and Illustrated by the Japanese*. I had often heard about this work, but never set eyes upon it until the day when it fell to my happy lot to savour the charming hospitality of the kindly Benedictine monks of Buckfast who had built, upon what vandalism had left of an ancient shrine, a noble sanctuary by the purling waters of the Dart where once again the Divine chant mingles its harmonies with the sounds of stream and breeze and leafy wood, reviving the echoes of its former glories and giving them anew a forward impulse down the centuries to come. In such a place I found and read *Japan, Described and Illustrated by the Japanese*. It is a work in five volumes, on the most exquisite paper, beautifully and richly illustrated. However, I am sorry to say it is not critical enough, and it savours too much of propaganda. The best volume, I think—*salvo meliore judicio*—is volume five, on pictorial and applied art, written by Captain Brinkley himself.

Although it really does not come within the scope of this bibliography, I may not omit *Ten Years in Japan*, because this publication has evoked quite an echo throughout the world. I have often been asked from official as well as unofficial quarters what I thought of this newcomer, and I must confess in all sincerity that it was extremely difficult for me in this case to be outspoken and to say really what I meant, and this for various reasons. Among

others, to speak less favourably of this work of Ambassador Grew, when you know from your own experience that the author is indeed an outstanding high character with lovable and admirable qualities, is not a pleasant task. Therefore, whenever I gave my opinion, I felt like the surgeon who has to perform a painful operation on a near and dear relation. The book is composed of selected excerpts from the author's diary and other papers. From the viewpoint of entertainment, there is nothing to object to, for it provides indeed pleasant reading. But when the author says, in his introduction, "This book aims to present to our people and, I hope, to the people of all the United Nations, a more accurately focused view of Japan than is now widely held, for only through a correct conception of that country and its people can we approach with intelligence the difficult problems which will have to be solved after our military victory is complete," I am sorry to say that the distinguished author—doubtless without any fault of his own—has not succeeded in his primary aim. In the chapter, "The Diplomat of The Future," I mentioned the reason, namely, that the author had not come out to Japan fully equipped with the tools necessary for the understanding of the conditions and the mentality of a people so unlike his own. From Turkey he was—perhaps quite unexpectedly—sent to Japan. He had never seen the country before,* did not know the language and, thanks to a huge number of social engagements, has never been in the position to study the language thoroughly. Besides, he was tremendously handicapped by the fact that he was slightly deaf. Only those who have lived many years with the Japanese, and among the Japanese, can understand fully what an enormous disadvantage this is in a country where (especially in the higher classes and among the women) loud speaking is extremely impolite and even shocking, at any rate more than sufficient to shut their hearts and minds completely. Whenever I spoke to the Japanese on important matters of an intimate nature, I never raised my voice above a soft whisper. The raising of the voice makes the feeling and the mood disturbed, a thing of first importance with the emotional Japanese. Therefore you get serious doubts as to the creation of a favourable atmosphere when you read Ambassador Grew

* The most tragi-comical experience I have ever had with an ambassador was with the highest representative of a certain country who, removed to another country, told me in all sincerity, "I do not even know where that country lies nor what language they speak."

describing his first audience with the Emperor and the Empress :
 " The Emperor asked two or three of the usual formal questions, which I did my best to answer intelligently in spite of hearing only one word in four of Shiratori's translation (he had been told that I heard badly but simply couldn't raise his voice in the Imperial Presence).

" Immediately after, I went to the Empress. Madame Takagi* did the interpreting but much too low for me to hear, and it was fortunate that Alice was there to re-interpret to me everything that was said, for otherwise I could never have answered the Empress's questions. I suppose that sooner or later they will find out that they simply have to speak up if they expect me to reply intelligently. It's an awful bore to be deaf—especially at the Japanese court."

And in another place :

" I had terribly uphill work in dinner talk because the Japanese women, with few exceptions, won't help to keep the ball of conversation rolling; it dies after each remark, and even when they make an observation it is whispered, and I have to get my ear down into their plates to hear."

I wonder what the women thought afterwards! Incidentally, it is not at all necessary in Japan to keep the ball of conversation rolling. It all depends upon the atmosphere created, and what we think dull, boring or monotonous, might have been delightful to the Japanese.^t To show how heaven-high Mr. Grew stands above all war propaganda, I quote the following lines : " For me there are no finer people in the world than the best type of Japanese. I am rather inclined to place Hirota among them." And in another place : " That side of the incident (Panay sinking), at least, is profoundly touching and shows that at heart the Japanese are still a chivalrous people." Somewhere else the author speaks of his own book as a merely " day-to-day comment, hastily expressed, and it might well give erroneous impressions." This seems to be rather the opposite of what the author wrote in the beginning. All in all, Mr. Grew's book is a collection of notes jotted down and I am afraid that, distinguished though he is and

* Note by the author : Madame Takagi speaks quite clearly and understandably,

^t This you find well explained in a German book, *Japan Zwischen Zwei Kulturen*, by Dr. J. Witte, a German Protestant missionary.

pleasant though the book is to read, it does not enlighten the reader much about the Japanese character.*

Coming back to the subject of Japanese history, I must say that perhaps the best work I have read was in German, *Japanische Geschichte* by E. Naberfeld, which I myself perhaps, in future, will translate into English. I have already mentioned the excellent work of G. B. Sansom, *Japan, a Short Cultural History*. Of Captain Boxer, who is fond of delving into old papers and manuscripts (his knowledge of old Dutch is quite remarkable), I know the following excellent works : *Jan Compagnie in Japan*, *The Affair of the "Madre de Deus," A Portuguese Embassy to Japan*, and *History of the Mighty Kingdoms of Japan and Siam*.

Finally, in most of the general works on Japan, e.g. *Japan* by J. J. Rein, a considerable part is devoted to the history.

Of much value for the study of Modern China is *China Under the Empress Dowager* by J. O. P. Bland, but especially the biographies of the makers of modern China.

Dr. Leonard S'Hsu gave us, in *Sun Yat Sen, his Political and Social Ideals*, a translation of all the important writings of the founder of modern China. *Sun Yat Sen, his Life and its Meaning*, a critical biography by Lyon Sharman, is considered as one of the best biographies. Though it is not an accurate history, we get a fair presentation of the spirit of the great revolutionary in Gustav Amann's *The Legacy of Sun Yat Sen*. This German engineer was a long time closely associated with Sun Yat Sen and his successors. Very interesting reading is provided in *Memoirs of a Chinese Revolutionary* by Sun Yat Sen himself.

"For thirty-one years," he writes in his preface, "I have toiled hard for the welfare of the Chinese people. My life has been consecrated to the Chinese people, and my devotion to the tasks I set myself has remained unchanged during this long period.

* *The International Review of Missions* says of this book : "It is in no sense a comprehensive description of recent Japanese history and development. The interest of the narrative is confined to the political and diplomatic sphere and to the diplomatic life of Tokyo. There is very little of anything else in the record. Like most of his European colleagues, Mr. Grew was confined in direct personal intercourse to the handful of Japanese officials with a real command of foreign languages, and those who know Japan know too well how few these were. Isolated to a great extent in T6kyS, the diplomats could discuss business only with the nominees or puppets of those intangible leaders who wielded the real power behind the scenes. To the critic the position of the Diplomatic Body in Tokyo in recent times seems to have been somewhat 'phoney.' The record sounds cracked, however skilful the technique of playing."

† I am not contradicting here what I have said with reference to cultural and not general history.

Neither the might of the Manchu dynasty nor all the misfortunes of my life availed to turn me aside from the aims I placed before me. I strove for what I aspired to : and the more failures I experienced, the more I yearned for the struggle. That is why I was able to raise the mass of the Chinese people to revolutionary action, and thereby overthrow the monarchy and found the Republic."

Frank W. Price translated *San Min Chu /, the Three Principles of the People*. A master-work is *The Triple Demistn of Sun Yat Sen*, translated from the Chinese, annotated and appraised by Paschal M. D'Elia. This English transladon from the French *Le Triple Demisme* is even more valuable than the original, because the author has expanded the original work considerably with material from his own deeper researches. It is much more scientific than the translation from Mr. Price. The latter gives only the text and scarcely any notes. The main features of D'Elia's book have been clearly pointed out in the Chinese Recorder : " The author has the rare gift of presenting the most abstruse subject in a clear, concise, and even entertaining way. First of all, he gives a full translation of the text. Each lecture is preceded by a summary, each paragraph is numbered, and in the right and left margins references are given to standard Chinese editions of the work. Not only that, but the text is commented on in excellent footnotes, and a complete index makes the student's task easier still. Then the unwieldy mass of lectures is digested in an admirable analysis, giving the line of thought and the essential elements of Sun Yat Sen's teachings in a remarkably lucid and concise summing-up."

The last biography of Sun Yat Sen which appeared was written by Bernard Martin. As I have not yet read this book myself, I may quote part of what the able reviewer Sir Frederick Whyte has written about it : " Mr. Martin sat down to write this biography with full knowledge of all the obstacles to success ; and the best way to commend his book (as I emphatically do commend it) is to say that he has surmounted them. He steers the course of the happy mean between idolatry and iconoclasm; and when confronted with a doubtful passage in the record, he states the doubt as part of the story, and so arrives as near the truth as anyone is likely to attain.

"Let the reader not suppose that Mr. Martin is cold-blooded or fears to voice enthusiasm when his story kindles it. This is no

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detached or dissected biography. It is an authentic portrait drawn **with** sympathy and zeal for his subject."

O. M. Green, the able author whom I mentioned in a previous chapter, again appeared on the book stage with *The Story of China's Revolution*, which provides indeed enlightening reading.

Of the several biographies of the Generalissimo which I have **read**, the best is, without doubt, *Chiang Kai-Shek* by Hollington K. Tong (2 vols.). Pleasant reading is provided by Joyce Reason's *Chiang Kai-Shek and the Unity of China*. In seventy-nine pages **the** author gives a brief outline of the life of the Generalissimo. Interesting, like a novel, is Emily Hahn's book. *The Soong Sisters*. **The** author's friendship with Eling, Chingling and Mayling has **given** her access to excellent material. She seems to be on very familiar terms with this most distinguished trio.

Speaking about Oriental women, there is a large collection of **good** books dealing with the gentler sex on the other side of the globe. In *Ho Ming, Girl of New China*, by Elizabeth Foreman, we can read how a Chinese girl reared amid the quiet life of a Chinese farmer's home wended her way in present-day China **into** a new and larger life. An autobiography of a gifted Chinese lady is, *Fie Come a Long Way*, by Helena Kuo. To get a peep **into the** elegance of court life in China during the eighth century, we can look into *Yang Kuei-Fei, the Most Famous Beauty of China* by Shu-Chiung. Of the same authoress we have *Chao Chun, Beauty in Exile*, besides *Hsi Shih, Beauty of Beauties*. Less romantic but more solidly nourishing are the many publications of Miss Pao Swen Tseng, who gives us a good insight into the modern problems which face Chinese womanhood to-day. From Florence Ayscough we have *Chinese Women, Yesterday and To-day*. N. L. Swann has written a thorough biographical study of a Chinese woman: *San Chao, the Foremost Woman Scholar of China*. It goes without saying that the publications of Mme. Chiang herself are most valuable.

Here are some useful books about the Japanese women: *The Education of Women in Japan* by M. E. Burton; *Women's Movement in Japan* by Mr. Tetsu Katayama, a member of the Japanese Parliament. The Tokyo Higher Normal School for Women edited *Life of the Japanese Woman of To-day*. The foremost Japanese **woman** journalist, Waka Yamada, has written *The Social Status*

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of Japanese Women. The public-minded Baroness Shidzue Ishimoto tells her life-story in *Facing Two Ways*. Perhaps I know her too well to give an objective view of her book. I can only say that most Japanese women will not agree with her. Oriental women on the whole will never agree with birth-control, of which Baroness Ishimoto is such a fierce advocate. They are too healthy-minded. I have often addressed meetings of women (in European and Oriental language), sometimes composed of as many as twenty-eight different nationalities at one time, and talked to them about many problems concerning womanhood. Whenever I touched upon this subject I quoted Dr. Lin, and I must say never once was the slightest objection raised. This is what I have often quoted from Lin Yutang :

" Let us get the sexual relationships straight. It seems that a woman, when she becomes a mother, never thinks of her position as * dependent' on the pleasure of her husband. It is only when she ceases to be a mother that she feels her utter dependence. There was a time, even in the West, when motherhood and bearing and rearing children were not despised by society or by the women themselves. A mother seems to fit in with her position, a very highly honoured position, in the family. To bring a child into the world and lead him and guide him with her mother's wisdom into manhood, is enough work for any human being in a sane-minded society. Why she should be regarded as 'dependent' on man, either socially or economically, because she can do this noble work, and do it better than man, is a notion that is difficult to grasp. There are talented women, as there are talented men, but their number is actually less than democracy would have us believe. For these women, self-expression has a more important meaning than just bearing children. But for the common people, whose number is legion, let the men earn bread to feed the family, and let the women bear children. As for their self-expression, I have seen selfish, mean little wights blossom forth into gentle, all-loving and self-sacrificing mothers, who are models of perfection and virtue in their children's eyes. I have also seen beautiful girls who do not marry and who shrivel up in their thirties and never reach that second period of woman's beauty, glorious like the autumn forest, more mature, more human, and more radiant, best seen in a happy wife three months after her confinement.

" Of all the rights of women, the greatest is to be a **mother** . . .

By falling in love and marrying perhaps an unworthy husband, a woman may fall into nature's trap, whose sole concern is for her to propagate the race, but she also may be rewarded by nature with a curly-headed child, her triumph and her delight, more surprising than the greatest book she has ever written and saturating her with more real happiness than the moment of her greatest triumph on the stage. Isadora Duncan was honest enough to confess this. If nature is cruel, nature is fair. To the common women, as to the talented ones, she gives this comfort. For the joys of motherhood are enjoyed by the clever women and the common ones. So nature has ordained, and so let men and women live."

I would therefore say again that Baroness Ishimoto's book—although highly interesting—does not reflect the view of the normal Oriental woman.

I got Sumie Seo Mishima's *My Narrow Isle* from the authoress herself, when I was living in seclusion behind bars. Unafraid of the scolding policemen, she brought it to the internment camp where I read it with very great interest. She is a Wellesley girl like Mme. Chiang, and she looks back with sincere admiration and gratitude to America for all the treasures this country has given her. The style of her book is beautiful and I can promise the reader an interesting reading. Although it was published in America only in 1941, the authoress has since modified some of her views. I will close this section with Michi Kawai's *My Lantern*.

It is not without hesitation that I touch here upon the subject of Oriental literature; it is so vast that I do not know exactly what to take from its enormous riches. Would it not be better for the reader himself to buy two standard works : *A History of Chinese Literature* by Herbert A. Giles, and *A History of Japanese Literature* by W. G. Aston? There the reader can find out for himself who are the great authors and can order translations according to taste. From A. Wylie we have *Notes on Chinese Literature*, with introductory remarks on the progressive advancement of the art and a list of translations from the Chinese into various European languages. I myself enjoyed very much *The Works of Li-Po* translated into English by the Japanese Minister to Peking, Shigeyoshi Obata. Beautifully printed with the Chinese text inscribed like a decoration above the English, is the work *Chinese Poems in English Rhyme* by Admiral Ts'ai T'ing-Kan.

Translated by Florence Ayscough we have *Tu Fu, the Autobiography of a Chinese Poet*. And in every bookshop one can find nowadays *Festivals and Songs of Ancient China* by Marcel Granet. It is translated from the French by E. D. Edwards. E. Butts Howell translated *The Restitution of the Bride and Other Stories*. Several times I have given this book to hospital patients, and can guarantee its soothing effect. Here are the titles of the six charming stories : *The Restitution of the Bride, The Infant Courtier, The Luck of Jo-Hsu, The Courtesan, The Luckless Graduate, The Sacrifice of Yang Chiao-Ai*.

Translations from the Japanese classics are plentiful, and here we must mention in the first place the excellent translation of Murasaki's *Genji Monogatari* by Arthur Waley, in six volumes, *The Tale of Genji, The Sacred Tree, The Wreath of Cloud, Blue Trousers, and The Lady of the Boat* (2 vols.). These works of Lady Murasaki—though delicate in language and brilliant in style—do not treat particularly with high ideals nor are they very restrained from the moral point of view. The same Arthur Waley translated the classical work of another woman writer : *The Pillow-book of Sei Shonagon*. In addition, I can but recommend Isobe's *The Story of Ancient Japan or Tales from the Kojiki*, Matsuhara's *Min-Yo, Folk Songs of Japan*, Miyamori's *An Anthology of Haiku, Ancient and Modern*, Noguchi's *The Spirit of Japanese Poetry*, and Porter's *Hundred Verses from Old Japan being a Translation of the Hyakunin-Isshui*. To get some insight into Japan's modern literature, I may mention *Eminent Authors of Contemporary Japan*, in two volumes, by E. S. Bell and E. Ukai; Tokutomi's *Namiko, a Realistic Novel*, translated by Shioya and Edgett; Takatomo's *Paulozonia, Seven Stories from Contemporary Japanese Writers*, Kikou Yamata's *The Shoji*, and many others. One of the most popular of the Japanese modern writers is Soseki Natsume. Several of his works are translated into English and provide agreeable reading.

That the West has felt the influence of Eastern drama will become clear to the reader when he knows that many Chinese plays have been or are being translated into European languages. Perhaps the first play to be translated was *The Romance of the Western Pavilion*, the story of a scholar who was separated from his loved one so that he might compete in the government examinations. The Jesuit Premare translated another play in 1735 into

French. Voltaire adapted it for the French stage.* To-day many Chinese plays are available in English, French and German translations. Every bookshop of standing is provided with them. Beautifully illustrated is *The Chinese Drama* by L. C. Arlington, with a foreword by H. A. Giles. To get a good insight into Chinese life, read *Famous Chinese Plays*, translated by the same Mr. Arlington.

A study of the classical stage of Japan; we find in *Noh or Accomplishment* by Ernest Fenollosa and Ezra Pound. Lombard's *An Outline History of the Japanese Drama* is worth while reading. Mr. Miyamori has translated for us the masterpieces of Chikamatsu, the Japanese Shakespeare; and three modern plays have been translated by Messrs. Iwasaki and Glenn Hughes and published under the title *New Plays from Japan*. Let me close this section with Miyamori's *Tales from old Japanese Dramas* and Minakawa's *Four No Plays*.

Going back again to the Asiatic continent and touching lightly on several subjects, I will mention, for all those who want to understand Chinese music a little better, *Foundations of Chinese Musical Art* by Mr. Hazedel Levis. My countryman, Dr. van Gulik, has written a very profound study on the Chinese lute. According to the author, the old Chinese lute music will never completely disappear. This is what he says : " The present writer is one who—naïve and over-confident maybe—believes in the existence of eternal values. He believes that what is really **good or** beautiful will last for ever; that such things can be ignored, neglected or suppressed, but that they shall never vanish entirely." And I concur with him completely. More than once I have had the pleasure of listening to the flute playing of the author, who is at present Secretary of the Dutch Legation in Chungking, where only a year ago he married an accomplished Chinese lady; so now we may expect still more learned and thorough studies. A nice and delightful book is *The Chinese on the Art of Painting* by Oswald Siren, and much information is given in Soame Jenyns' *A Background to Chinese Painting*. I never **knew that** we Europeans were such a strange people until I read *As the Chinese See Us* by Thomas G. Selby, and *A Chinaman's Opinion of Us*, translated from the Chinese by J. K. Makepiece;

* Voltaire said of this play, *The Orphan of the Chao Family*: " *Malgré Vincroyahle, il y regne de l'imeret, et, malgré la foule des événements, tout est de la clarté la plus lumineuse.*"

I learned a lot about us from them. Not one reader will be disappointed when he takes an armchair and starts with *The House of Exile* by Nora Wain. This charming book is divided into three chapters : As a Guest, As a Bride, As a Matron. The first chapter is doubtless the most delightful. The authoress should publish more about her life with the great Chinese family into which she was adopted. I am sure she must have still many more beautiful memories. Moments of great amusement are to be found in Thomas Steep's *Chinese Fantastics*. The reader will surely laugh so heartily that he will overlook the fact that here and there the Chinese characters (they are used in chapter headings) are printed upside down. Now and then the author makes statements that are too sweeping and in order to be humorous he sometimes "lays it on with a trowel." I have often laughed to see "English as she is wrote," both in China and Japan, but I have never come across such perfect specimens as this author. Here is a laundry sign he saw : "We most cleanly and carefully wash our customers with cheap prices, as under—Ladies, \$2 per hundred; Gentlemen, \$1.75 per hundred." A camera store announced: "Photographers Executed." "Women Outfatted" was the sign of a ladies' tailor; and "Teeth Carpenter" signified the dentist, which is "coming it rather strong." Quite recently, literature about China was enriched by two works of Harold B. Rattenbury, *Understanding China* and *China, My China*. There are thirty years of residence among the people in China behind these books. I admire immensely the author's balanced judgment.

Among the latest works which I had to review, *My Father in China*, by James Burke, takes a prominent place. Notwithstanding the fact that it is written by a journalist, I am glad to state that I regard this work as among the best that have appeared about China during the last ten years. The author has made good use of the excellent opportunities he had to become familiar with things Chinese. The book is an account of the life of his father, an American Methodist, a missionary in China for more than half a century. In telling the story of this beautiful and exemplary life, the author displays an extraordinary knowledge of Chinese life and customs. Hand-in-hand with the maturing of the noble character of the missionary, the modern history of China is unravelled before our eyes. Without endangering in the least its objectivity, the book is written with love and deep respect for

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his father, and, judged from this point of view, it is better than Pearl Buck's account of her father's life, also a missionary in China. The substance of the book being so good, one can easily forgive the misprints, the incorrect romanization of some Japanese words and the abrupt ending. (Why did he not describe the preparation for the evacuation with the exchange ship " Gripsholm " and Burke's final farewell to the vineyard in which he had laboured so unselfishly for such a long time?) Apart from these small points, I must congratulate the author sincerely on this excellent book. Chapters like *A Scholar at Home*, *Taoist Spotlight*, and many others, display a great knowledge, and the unique chapter *Patriarch* has a suave and fragrant beauty. The author shows us clearly how missionary practices can change with a maturer knowledge acquired through deeper study and more sympathetic insight. In the beginning Burke often ended his sermons with an allusion to his own native country : " ' In the Country of the Flowery Flag, where I come from, everyone worships Zaung Ti and His Son. Because of that, there is no misery or sin in that country.'

" It was not an outright effort to delude the Chinese, this identification of America with all that was good and perfect. Patriotism and perspective played a large part in it. American missionaries, like any other nationals, placed their own country above others. And when they had come all the way to China, home pastures looked even greener, both by distance and by comparison with the lower standards of Chinese life."

However, some fifty pages later we read : " Shanghai was no haven of virtue before the Boxer crisis, and the new sediment of adventurers, gamblers and camp followers settling there in the wake of the foreign troops took nothing away from its celebrated tourist name, Paris of the Far East. Heavy drinking was proverbial; gambling, a major industry; opium, a legitimate business; prostitutes, a hallowed institution.

"As these plain facts pressed into Burke's once-serene conscience, his sermons to the Chinese began losing their references to the West, particularly America, as the embodiment of Christian culture."

Nowadays, some missionaries occasionally may go so far as even to excuse themselves before the natives for the fact **that they belong to** the white race. Has it come to this!

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In this book, in which I have tried to stress the urgency of a new training and a new outlook for journalists and diplomats, I have not mentioned the future missionaries. I have omitted this because it is a subject for another booklet which will appear within a few months under the title *The Great Hindrances*. In this publication I stress the fact, that the missionaries as well—or still better—that they in the first place should show a different attitude in future towards the people in the Far East.

Coming back to *My Father in China*, I should like to say finally, that the author makes the reader now and then laugh heartily. How would it be possible to depict a life in China without giving some space to the funny side of things? Sermons in the East are not always received with the same quiet attention as in the West. The preacher must know in advance that he may be disturbed at any moment by loudly crying babies, children playing hide and seek, by mothers suckling their little ones, and by all sorts of queer noises. I remember how once it was extremely difficult for me to go on undisturbed with the holy ministry, as a little child was determined to pull my silk slippers off and to strip off my socks. However, Burke beats my experiences completely : "As she was sitting in the little Hongkong chapel, her second week in Soochow, listening to her husband preach, Leila was shocked to see a peasant woman stroll in with a hen under her arm. The hen was in a productive mood and, after the woman had taken a seat, it proceeded to lay an egg in her lap. The proud fowl took a circuit of the lap and announced its feat in the usual spasm of raucous clucking. Leila looked nervously at Burke, expecting to see him do something drastic. But he kept right on preaching. And no one else seemed to pay any attention to the disturbance. Hardly had the hen calmed itself, when one of the loyal churchgoers, sitting on the front row, stood up and held out his brass teapot. * Mr. Burke,' he called, * I want to go out a minute and fill my teapot; it's empty'. Go ahead,' Burke said, looking a little irritable this time. Then he resumed his sermon. Again no one paid any attention—except Leila." A nice book, indeed!

I hope you will understand me when I say there are several books of which the authors' family name guarantees the contents, no matter what the accompanying initials. For example, take the name " Piggott." It does not matter whether it be " F.S.G."

or "F.T." or any other initials; the name "Piggott" on the cover of a book about Japan is a guarantee of the contents.* So it is with the names "Giles" or "Soothill" for books on China; father, son, daughter or other relationship—the name is a good one. I have already mentioned Professor Soothill's books; and I should like to close this bibliography with the writings of his daughter, better known as Lady Hosie. Born in Fukien, she became acquainted at an early age with that China about which she has written with such charm. Later on, she opened a private school for girls in Peking. Here she was assisted by Miss A. G. Bowden-Smith, by whose deep knowledge of China I have often profited, and who has been kind enough to read through this MS. Quite recently this same Miss Smith has written *China Our Ally*, which gives a lot of very enlightening information. The one criticism I have to make about Lady Hosie's work is at the same time a compliment. Let me illustrate by a story. One of my friends who has been many years in the Far East and who, as a leader of a Christian Women's Association, has travelled everywhere and come in contact with many thousands of Oriental women, a Westerner who knows the Far East inside out, was once asked why he was so enthusiastic about Oriental women. His answer was this: "One day I gave an address somewhere and afterwards began to play with the children in the garden. In the beginning they were a little shy, but gradually they understood that the great white man who looked so dangerous had a great kind heart. In the course of our game, one of the kiddies looked into my eyes and, with an expression of wonder and perplexity, exclaimed: 'Oh, look, how funny! He has *blue* eyes!' And then I told the little girl that if one considers the mountains, the sea and the people of the world with blue eyes, they appear much more beautiful than if looked at through black eyes. It is just because I look on Oriental womanhood with blue eyes that I am so enthusiastic about them."

It is by some such parable that Lady Hosie must explain the China she so lovingly describes; but, nevertheless, I do congratulate her on her attitude of mind. There are such huge dumps of books about the Far East written by people who have *not* got

* A list of the works of F. T. Piggott is to be found in the first volume of the *Transactions and Proceedings of the Japan Society*.

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blue eyes, but who have, indeed, smoked or even smutty glasses. And this being so, more power to Lady Hosie!

Let this suffice, then. It is incomplete, of course. I could go on and on but, at the risk of offending innumerable authors whose names do not figure in my list, I think it best to call a halt here. It would appear that I have made a very arbitrary selection from the many good publications in existence, but there have been two important factors governing my choice. In the first place, I have been handicapped by the fact that here I am living far away from the collection of books I have built up during years of study. Secondly, I am deprived of the use of my personal notes. The explanation is that these things remain in Japan. The Japanese police would not allow me to carry the least scrap of my own notes out of the country. In compiling this chapter, therefore, I have been forced back upon my own deficient memory and the limited collection of works I have been able to get together during the last two years.

But of this I feel certain : that the student who takes up the study of the Far East through the authors I have recommended will be well on the way to an unbiassed estimate of Oriental civilizations. Popular prejudices die hard ; but, being popular, they generally drag out a long and lingering existence and work much evil before their final extinction. The world continues to shrink, however, and with this process myths and misconceptions about nations other than our own gradually disappear. But we cannot afford to wait upon time. For the peace of the world and mutual understanding it is important that this disappearance be not too gradual. It is vital that we should possess a true estimate of the Far East, ridding our minds of all unfounded prejudices, all gratuitous assumptions, all yarns of purely " picturesque " or " sensational " or " globe-trotting " varieties. Perhaps this book may shake somebody's confidence in an ancient prejudice, or even stir to enthusiasm a new and healthy curiosity about the Orient. May it be so.

, APPENDIX

As this book is, perhaps, the first published in England in which a considerable number of Japanese words and names are spelt according to the governmental system,! I deemed it not inadvisable to give here a list of the syllables spelt according to this new system, as well as to show at the same time, where this system differs from the usual Hepburn spelling. The asterisks indicate the syllables that differ in the two systems.

SYLLABARY

GOVERNMENTAL SYSTEM					HEPBURN SYSTEM				
a	i	u	e	o	a	i	u	e	o
ka	ki	ku	ke	ko	ka	ki	ku	ke	ko
sa	*si	su	se	so	sa	*shi	su	se	so
ta	*ti	*tu	te	to	ta	*chi	*tsu	te	to
na	ni	nu	ne	no	na	ni	nu	ne	no
ha	hi	*hu	he	ho	ha	hi	*fu	he	ho
ma	mi	mu	me	mo	ma	mi	mu	me	mo
ya	i	yu	e	yo	ya	i	yu	e	yo
ra	ri	ru	re	ro	ra	ri	ru	re	ro
wa	*i	u	*e	*o	wa	*wi	u	*we	*wo
ga	gi	g ^u	g ^e	go	ga	gi	gu	ge	go
za	*zi	zu	ze	zo	za	*ji	zu	ze	zo
da	*zi	zu	de	do	da	*ji	zu	de	do
ba	bi	bu	be	bo	ba	bi	bu	be	bo
pa	Pi	pu	pe	po	pa	Pi	PU	pe	po

COMPOUND SYLLABARY

kya	kyu	kyo	kya	kyu	kyo
*sya	*syu	*syo	*sha	*shu	*sho
*tya	*tyu	*tyo	*cha	*chu	*cho
nya	nyu	nyo	nya	nyu	nyo
hya	hyu	hyo	hya	hyu	hyo
mya	myu	myo	mya	myu	myo
rya	ryu	ryo	rya	ryu	ryo
gya	gyu	gyo	gya	gyu	gyo
*zya	*zyu	*zyo	*ja	*ju	*jo
bya	byu	byo	bya	byu	byo
pya	pyu	pyo	pya	pyu	pyo

t I repeat, not in the last chapter in order not to confuse eventual purchasers.

