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LITTLE CHINA
THE ANNAMESE LANDS

'Le petit Prince s'est incline devant la tablette de S.M. Khai-Dinh.' (Page 203)

LITTLE CHINA

THE ANNAMESE LANDS

X

by

ALAN
HOUGHTON
BRODRICK

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WEST	CHINA	ANNAM	JAPAN
cir. 1540 B.C., Egypt, Thothmes I.	1766-1122 B.C. (conventional dates), Shang-Yin dynasty.	[Legendary Hdng-Bang dynasty]	Neolithic.
***cir.* 1300-1200 B.C.,** Aryans invade India.			
Foundation of Rome, 753 B.C.	1122-249 B.C.. Chou dynasty.	(1105 years of Chinese direct rule in Annam) ?-257, * Kingdom of Au-lac'.	*cir.* 60 B.C., 'Jimmu Tenno.'
Peloponnesian War, 431-404.	[722 B.C., break-up of China.	*cir.* 257-208, King Thuoc-An-Duong.	
	722-481, 'Spring and Autumn Annals'.	208, Chinese conquest of Annam.	
	481-205, ' Warring States']	208-119, 'Nam-Viet'.	
		119, Annam annexed to China.	
		A.D. 40, Trung-Trac's rebellion.	
		541, Ly-Bi, 'King of Van Xuan'.	
		546, return of Chinese.	
		Ng6 dynasty, A.D. 939-965.	
		Su'-Quan, 965-968.	
		968-980, Dinh dynasty.	
		980-1009, earlier le dynasty.	
		986, Chinese recognize Annamese autonomy.	
55 B.C., Caesar in Britain.	221-206, Shih Huang-ti the *First Emperor* (and his successor).		
Christian Era.	A.D. 206-220, Han dynasty (Eastern and Western).		
Saxons in Britain, sixth century.	14 minor dynasties, A.D. 264-618.		1 552, introduction of 1 Buddhism.
Norman conquest of England, 1066.	T'ang dynasty, A.D. 618-906.	1010-1225, Li dynasty.	A.D. 670-1050, Fujiwara period (Court at Nara, **700-784).**
	Five minor dynasties, A.D. 907-960.	1225-1400, Tran dynasty.	**1** 1192, establishment of 1 the Shogunate.
	Sung dynasty, 960-1279.		
	1280-1368, Yuan or Mongol dynasty.		
1337-1453, Hundred Years' War..	**1368-1644, Ming dynasty.**	**1400-1407, H6 dynasty.**	**1332-92, two and rival lines of Emperors. Ashikaga shoguns, 1338-1565.**
		(1400, Le-quy-ly usurper.)	
		1407-28, reconquest of Annam by Chinese.	
	1402-24, Yung-Lu, Emperor.	**1428-1788, later Le dynasty.**	
1492, Discovery of America.		**1471, final subjection of Champa.**	
1519-58, Charles V.		**1517, Mac usurpers. *1A* restored in south 1545, and in north 1592. Establishment of Chua or ' Shoguns'; Trinh in Tongking; Nguyen in ' Cochin-China' (1558).**	**1542, Portuguese discover Japan.**
1618-48, Thirty Years' War.	**1644-1912, Ch'ing (Manchu) dynasty.**		**1603-1868, Tokugawa shoguns.**
			Japan closed (1624).
Louis XIV, 1643-1715.			
French Revolution, 1789.		**1788-1802, Tay-son usurpers.**	
Napoleon, 1799-1821.	**1796-1821, Chia Ch'ing, Emperor.**	**1802, Gia-Long ' Sovereign of all Annam'.**	
		1808, Gia-Long, 'Emperor of Annam'.	
		1820-41, Minh-Mang, Emperor.	**1853, Commodore Perry opens Japan.**
Queen Victoria, 1837-1901.	**1821-51, Tao Kwang, Emperor.**	**1841-7, Thieu-Tri, Emperor.**	
	1851-62, Hsien Feng, Em- 1 peror.	**1847-83, Tu-feuc, Emperor.**	
		1884, *French Protectorate.*	
	1862-75, T'ung Chih, Emperor.	**1883-4, Kien-Phuc, Emperor.**	
		1884-5, Ham-Nghi, Emperor.	
	1875-1908, Kwang-Hsu, Emperor.	**1885-9, Dong-Khanh, Emperor.**	
		1889-1907, Thanh-Thai, Emperor.	
	1908-12, Hsuan T'ung, Emperor.	**1907-16, Duy-Tan, Emperor.**	
		1916-26, Khai-Dinh, Emperor.	
	1912, establishment of the Republic.	**1926- , Bao-Bai, Emperor.**	

and the mountains, the name was extended to the newly occupied territories. The movement of expansion ceased only when the rich region of the Mekong delta was reached in the seventeenth century. This southernmost of the Annamese lands is now known as Cochin-China,[1] although the name was commonly used in European speech until a few generations ago to designate the realm of the Nguyen princes at Hu6, that is to say all the territories of the Annamese except northern Tong-king where the Annamese kings had ruled directly. Until about the middle of the last century, however (that is until long after the foundation of the centralized empire under Gia-Long), the whole domains of the Annamese monarchs appear on the maps as * Empire of Annam'. * Annam', nevertheless, as a designation for all the Annamese lands is slightly misleading, although I have used it in the body of this book to mean them, except where it is obvious from the context that I refer only to the modern State of Annam.

To use the name ' Cochin-China' for all the Annamese lands can to-day, however, only cause confusion. *Little China* has seemed to me the best name for this book, for, as has been well said, the Annamese lands constitute for the French *'une ancienne Chine a domicile'*. Economically and politically they are of importance: their scenery is in many places beautiful; what their soil may reveal to the archaeologist and the pre-historian we are only just beginning to realize: they are the refuge of ancient Chinese customs and traditions dead or dying in the land of their birth; their people is, if not superficially attractive at first contact, rich in antique civilization and intelli-gence, profoundly interesting in its reactions both spiritual and-cultural. Whether you go to Little China as a tourist or as a specialist, on business or on pleasure bent, the country will be revealed to you as one of the most seductive and stimulating in all Asia.

Little China is a travel book. I have, therefore, devoted most space to the things that I have seen. The shifting accidents of European political domination have seemed to me less

[1] The name * Cochin-China ', that is often explained as meaning ' Little China', is probably derived through the Portuguese from the Arabic Kawshlm-Shin, that is KawshI (the Chinese Kiao che or Giao che', the common name for the Annamese) in Shin or China, and referred to the lands that since 1558 have been the appanage of the Nguyen rulers.

important than the reactions of the Annamese to the impact of Western ideas, traditions, and ways of life and thought. If I say little about the economy of the country it is because events are moving so fast that any references to such things could soon have only an historical interest. The background of my travels is made up of the ancient customs and modern manners, the human history of the south-east of Asia in the fascinating, beautiful country of the Annamese. If I seem, sometimes, to have assumed in my readers too slight an acquaintance with the Annamese lands I may, perhaps, be forgiven, if it is remembered that there is no work in the English language that covers the same ground as *Little China.*

I cannot here fully acknowledge the help of all those who aided me to prepare myself for the writing of this book or who, in Indo-China, made my journeys pleasant. Some, however, I must mention.

The Abbe' Breuil, most famous of French prehistorians, M. Marcel Mauss, the distinguished sociologist and professor at the College de France, who years ago impressed upon me the interest and the importance of Indo-China; M. Paul Rivet, professor of Anthropology at the Museum of Natural History and Director of the Museum of Man in Paris as well as his assistants, my friends and colleagues, especially MM. Lester and Champion and Mile Barret; M. Henri Laugier, the biometrician, professor at the University of Paris; M. Rene Grousset, Keeper of the Cernuschi Museum of Far Eastern Art in Paris; M. Georges Coedes, the Director of the *Ecole frangaise d'Extrime Orient* and his colleagues and assistants, particularly MM. Goloubew and Paul LeVy; M. Otto Jans6; Professor Huard of Hanoi; Baron von Heine-Geldern (formerly of Vienna and now of New York), as well as the many with whom I have been privileged to discuss Indo-Chinese matters, such as M. Henri Maspero and Father Koppers (lately of Modling near Vienna), and some of my colleagues and friends of the International Congress of Anthropological and Ethnological Sciences and M. Comert.

I must express my grateful thanks to the French Ministry of the Colonies and to the local authorities in Indo-China who, in every way, facilitated my journey in 1939 and enabled me to see so much. I am especially indebted to M. Philippe Rocques,

to M. de Perera, of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, to M. Brevie (former Governor-General of Indo-China), to M. Bienes, M. Grandjean and M. Silvestre de Sacy. Lastly, I must thank those of my Annamese friends—among whom I should particularly mention Mile Lu'u-thi-Nga—to whom I owe most of what I know concerning their land, their customs, their hopes and their fears.

I must also express my gratitude to Dr. J. A. Stewart, Head of the Department of India, Burma, and Ceylon at the School of Oriental Studies, who kindly read through the whole MS. in proof during my absence abroad. His suggestions have been of great value, and his painstaking revision of Annamese spelling leaves me solely responsible for any discrepancies or errors that may be found.

In those portions of the book relating to Great China I am especially indebted to the illuminating works of Waley, our leading Sinologist, as well as to the writings of Granet, Teilhard de Chardin and Weidenreich.

It may be found that there is in the Appendix some repetitions of what has already appeared in the main text, but I trust that the reader interested in Early Man in the Far East will forgive these as they are necessary for the full exposition of this story of human origins.

A. H. B.

Hanoi 1939
Paris 1940
London 1941

A NOTE ON SPELLING

Annamese is quite efficiently transliterated into modified Latin script by means of an elaborate system of diacritical marks. Although these are essential for the right pronunciation of the language, they do little more than bother the English-speaking reader. I have, therefore, reduced these to a minimum in proper names (to which it is hardly necessary in a book of this character to append their Chinese ideographic equivalents) perhaps not always in a very logical manner. In the few quotations I have given of phrases in Annamese, however, I have inserted all the apparatus of accentuation, for without it the phrases become meaningless,

PROLOGUE

THE NIGHT OF NAM-GIAO

At the Fifth Watch of the Night, two hours after midnight, the Emperor in his golden litter leaves the House of Fasting.

From the western side of the enclosure slowly crawls a flickering line of torches round inside the Sacred Grove.

The Son of Heaven is approaching.

The heralds cry aloud in piercing falsetto:

'Ring the Bells: beat the Drums . . .'

The Sovereign is clad in the antique costume of the Emperors of China as High Priests of the Nation. On his head is a tight-fitting bonnet surmounted by a rectangular slab of stiffened felt from which hang down twenty-four pendentives, twelve in front and twelve behind. He is robed in yellow, pleated kirtle and ample, long-sleeved, dark purple surcoat gold-embroidered with the Twelve Ornaments which only an emperor may bear all together: the Sun with the Three-legged Bird, the Moon with the Hare, the Stars, the Double Key-fret, the Aquatic Grass, the Double Pheasant, the Axe-head, the Mountains, the Double Dragon,[1] the Temple Cups (one with a Monkey and one with a Tiger), the Grains of Rice and Fire. Around his waist is a gem-studded leather girdle[2] attached to which are metal pendants which with every movement make the clanging noises that ward off evil spirits. Crossing his breast is a narrow golden stole. His feet and legs are enclosed in thick-soled, curly-tipped leather boots.

The Son of Heaven clasps in his folded hands a long tablet of jade.

The Emperor is slowly carried up the steps into the Azure House. Some of the attendant mandarins who surround him, the co-celebrants, are robed in vestments like those of the

[1] The dragon was originally some water-beast, perhaps a sturgeon, for he shows fins in early forms. The modern dragon dates only from Ming times.

[a] The girdle of leather and jade plaques was introduced by the T'ang to replace the girdles of metal rings used under the Sui emperors.

Sovereign but of dull greens, blues and greys. Others wear their long, richly embroidered and multi-coloured tunics of state, high boots, black bonnets with dragon-fly wings, and girdles with pennate projections sticking out behind them.

The long and complicated rite begins.

The Sacrifice takes place upon a night in spring chosen by the imperial astrologers. Early in the morning of the preceding day the imperial procession sets out from the Purple Forbidden City to escort the Emperor to his House of Fasting where he remains in prayer and meditation until the hour of communion with Heaven.

The procession takes a full two hours to wind from the Forbidden City across the River of Perfumes and along the tree-fringed highways that are adorned at short intervals with altars set under red canopies and between pine branches—emblems of immortality. The wayside shrines bear inscriptions reading 'Ten Thousand Years, Ten Thousand'. Clouds of incense from the gilded incense-burners and braziers drift over the crowds of men in black tunics and white trousers and women all gay with embroidered robes.

On the Night of the Nam-Giao[1] thousands of lamps twinkle on the enclosure walls. Great lanterns at the four gates illuminate the huge banners: black for the North, red for the South, white for the West and blue for the East. Only the southern and auspicious entrance is open. High cressets set on long poles blaze at each angle of the lowest terrace. In the south-western corner of the enclosure the flames from the pyre of the buffalo-victims dance high and throw long shadows among the trees. The air is richly perfumed with the heavy scent of aloes-wood and benzoin.

The dancers and the musicians with their instruments are massed in dark rows from the steps of the lowest terrace and on either side of the pathway to the south entrance until they merge into the night.

The topmost, circular terrace of the Altar is covered with a round, dark-blue tabernacle. Its opening is towards the south.

[1] That is 'Southern Suburb' in Sino-Annamese for the Chinese *Nan-Kiao.*

The sacred tent is surmounted by a knop. The whole thing is strangely like the felt *yurts* of the Central Asian nomads, and goes back, it may well be, to the time of the Chou conquerors who brought with them into China, one thousand years before our era, the Cult of Heaven from their homes towards the west.

Inside the Azure House are the altars to Heaven, to Earth and to the Imperial Ancestors. They are decked with flowers and hundreds of dark beeswax candles. Each shrine is composed of a draped table with a dorsal of stuff at the top of which another piece of tissue set upwards at the angle of the roofing is studded with six large gilt roundels.

The Altar of Heaven faces the doorway. The ritual colour is yellow for all altars to Earth or the spirits of the soil, and blue for all shrines to Heaven or the heavenly powers.

From the entrance a great beam of brilliance shoots out, cutting through the velvety blackness of the night.

Little can be heard but the shrill and quavering voices of the heralds, the jangling clicks of the metal pendants and the sizzling of the torches. From time to time a light breeze moves in the tree-tops. Now and then the pyre crackles as they heap more wood upon it.

On the second terrace there are subsidiary shrines each with its officiating mandarin and his attendants. Before the steps leading up to the Azure House is set the great yellow-covered Altar of Incense and in rows from it downwards stand Court officials, attendants, and the few visitors.

The impression you get of the whole thing is of something so archaic as to be timeless.

Inside the Azure House three heralds hold up high before them three small rituals. They chant the rubrics in high-toned voices from very far away and long ago.

They shriek:

' Prepare to enter';

' Strike the gong and the drum';

'Let the Officiant approach! let him wash his hands and wipe them';

'Let the dancers dance';

'Let his Majesty kneel\

The Emperor, throughout, walks with a peculiarly stiff, hieratic and antique gait and makes no turns but at right angles.

The ceremony is essentially a communion.

First comes the Washing of Hands, then the Cremation of the Sacrificial Buffalo, the Burying of the Blood and Hair (after the portions for communion have been removed), the Offering of Incense, the Advent of the Spirits, the Offerings of Jade and Silk, the Offering of the Sacrificial Flesh and the Food of the Spirits, the First Oblation of Wine, the Recital of the Prayer, the Distribution of the Offerings, the Second and Third Oblations of Wine and, finally, the Imperial Communion.

Now and again, as the rites go forward, the lay and military dancers perform their stately steps to the sound of gongs, lithophones,[1] drums, tiger-piano, bells, trumpets, and all kinds of music.

The singers sing their ancient songs: ' The Hymn of Happy Augury'; ' The Chant of the Exquisite ', or the ' Song of Approbation', in minor key and pentatonic scale that Europeans cannot easily imitate.

The time spent in the Azure House is a whole watch of the night and the Emperor advances very slowly to the Altar of Heaven. Three times he prostrates himself before the inscribed Tablet. After each prostration he retires to his place far from the Altar while new offerings are prepared. At last the co-celebrants fetch from the innermost shrine the wine and meat now consecrated and holy.

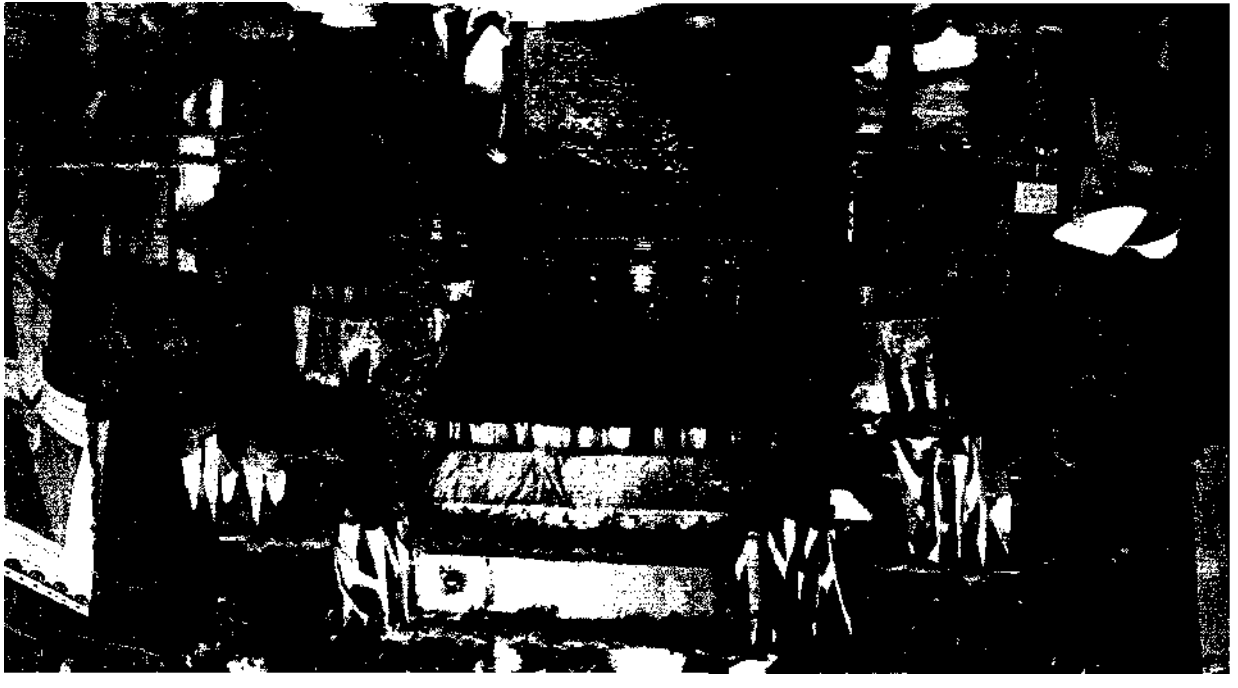
The heralds intone ' Compose thy mien'.

After genuflections, prostrations and obeisances the Sovereign kneels before the Altar with, on either side of him, two co-celebrants. All the mandarins, officiants, assistants, acolytes and servers without the Tabernacle and before the eight shrines and altars on the terraces, prostrate themselves.

One celebrant calls aloud to the Son of Heaven:

' Drink the Wine of Happiness.'

[1] The sonorous stones, shaped like a carpenter's square-rule have magic in the sound and are perhaps the oldest of musical instruments.



The wayside shrines bear inscriptions reading " Ten Thousand years, Ten Thousand".' (Page 2)
{E.F.E.O.)

The Emperor takes the cup, raises it to his **forehead and hands** it **on.**

Another celebrant cries out:

' Receive the Meat **of** Felicity.'

The Sovereign does with the platter as with the cup.

For a few fleeting moments he enters into direct communion with the Divine Majesty of Heaven.

While the 'Hymn of Celestial Succour' is intoned, the Prayer Tablets and part of the offerings are burned.

Not long afterwards the Son of Heaven leaves the Azure House on his way of return to the House of Fasting[1] as slowly as he came from it.

The imperial *cortige* fades into the night leaving streaks of light against the darkness. . . .

A few minutes later we were sitting in a tent outside the walls of the Nam-Giao, drinking champagne and eating caviare sandwiches with the Governor-General and his suite in full uniform and decorations, while the Minister of Rites in his Court robes but not in ritual vestments (for he takes no active part in the ceremonies) welcomed us in the name of the Emperor. It is rather pleasingly disconcerting to sit and chat in colloquial Latin-quarter French with an exalted mandarin robed in the state dress of Old China, after having witnessed rites that go back to the beginning of civilization in the Far East.

The Sacrifice to Heaven is the last great imperial ceremony of Eastern Asia.[2] Neither in Siam nor in Japan is there anything to vie with it in significance and in splendour. The most antique of Chinese rites is now but a memory in China itself. It Is in Annam that it lives on together with much else that is fast disappearing or has already vanished in the Middle Realm. The importance of Chinese things lies not only in their vast antiquity, but in their survival to our days. Three thousand

[1] **It is a mere hut, primitive in form.**

[2] **The Nam-Giao was annual at Hanoi under the old Annamese kings. The Emperor Minh-Mang made it triennial.**

five hundred years of continuity is an imposing record. It may have been surpassed elsewhere in countries that have been for ages severed from their past, but only in China and in the countries directly civilized from it can we find a tradition, owing little to outside influences, that is at once classical and a living reality.

THE CITY OF WESTERN TRIBUTE

IJLS day breaks you are sailing through a jungle. Except when in New York I used to walk up-town from Charles Street and never ceased to be surprised at great liners blocking the ends of the transverse roads, I had never seen ships on dry land. In the Saigon jungle you have them all about you, some dead ahead, some a stone's throw away to the right or left. The waterway is so narrow and so winding that you can hardly see it. The mangrove swamps slowly give way to a drier sort of bush. Here and there through the clearings you see a hut on stilts like pictures of lake-dwellers in old archeology books. Innumerable runlets trickle into the main stream. You are so near the fringe of high reeds that you can talk to the amphibious fishers and fowl-snarers and their pot-bellied, naked urchins.

For a hundred miles you glide and twist and turn and meander. The Saigon stream leads nowhere in particular except to Saigon town. The river is not even a tributary of the mighty Mekong, which has made all the flat lands of this corner of Asia with earth brought down from the hills and mountains of the north.

Although the modern Cochin-China becomes mountainous in the north and east, it is essentially Mekong mud which has been for ages deposited in the China Sea westwards of the last spurs of the Annam range which sink into the waters at Cape St. Jacques that you round before daylight just at the entrance of the Saigon River. The lands of the Annamese people are the Mekong delta in the south and the Red River plain in the north joined together by the ledge of coast between the great S-shaped swirl of the Annam mountain range. Although the Portuguese Abreu and Serr3o coasted off Sumatra and Malacca in 1501 and Jorge Alvares in 1514 crossed the China Sea to Canton, it was not until 1542 that Antonio da Mota touched at the coast of *Cauchinchina.* In one of the earliest maps of Indo-China (1580) we already have recognizable names—*Gamboia, Champa, Quanci,* and *Cauchinchina.* The van

Langerens produced in 1595 the first fairly accurate map of the Annamese lands which are thus described:

> 'ende beghint het landt ghenaennt Cauchinchina welck landt ende Custe streekt tot China, als gheseyt is. Dit landt van Cauchinchina is ghedeelt in twee ofte drie Coninghrijcken ... het volck is by naer van persoonen, wesen, usantien ende ceremonien als die van China . . .'

In Mercator's map as modified by Hondius, Xochinchina' is still west of 'Quancii', but Pieter Goos' atlas of 1666 not only marks 'Aynan' in approximately the right position, but Xochinchina' is moving south and now occupies a region in the southern Laos and ' Can-Nam' appears as the name of Tongking. In the 1680 map drawn up by Father Placide de Ste.Helene for the use of Chaumont's embassy from Louis X I V to the Court of Siam, Tongking, ^Cochinchina' (i.e. Annam), Champa (i.e. the modern Cochin-China), Cambodia, Laos, Siam, Pegu, and Arakan are all marked with considerable accuracy.

The 'Atlas Historique' of Guendrolles (1713-19) is not much better than that of Ste Helene, but with Robert in 1751 almost modern exactitude was obtained.

It takes you five or six hours to nose your way up the turbid tawny waters and through the thick jungle. You can see nothing of Saigon—except now and again the spires of the cathedral—until you are right on the town, for it is not ten feet about sea-level. Then monies a last turn and you berth alongside an interminable stone embankment. Liners tower so high above the quays that you need an elaborate contraption like the moving castles used for medieval siege warfare in order to scramble down on to the sweltering shadeless sand-strewn docks. The damp heat is penetrating. Cochin-China is a regular monsoon region: north-east from 15th October to 15th April when the day temperature is about 80 degrees, if you are lucky, and the night about 10 degrees lower; the rest of the year the thermometer sticks at about 95 degrees, day and night. Monotony is relieved by typhoons—which are not here so formidable as farther up on the Annam coast—tornadoes and deluges of rain.

The popular prophylactic against the climate is whisky, Scotch or Japanese, taken in large doses. Farther up the river beyond the so-called Spanish arroyo, between which and the main stream was built the old Annamese fortress, there is a little spit of land where you get a breeze or two in the evening. It is known as the *Pointe des Blagueurs.* It is set with tables around a sailing-ship's mast, such as you see in some old-fashioned seaside towns or on the lawns of retired sea-dogs. If you keep open table at the *Pointe* for an hour or two you will get the latest chit-chat of Saigon and hear enough flatly contradictory accounts of what is wrong with Indo-China, why the place has gone to the dogs, and what should be done with the natives, to write any sort of story for any sort of paper, magazine, or review in any country.

Saigon means 'Western Tribute/ and was from the times of the Annamese occupation of this ancient Cambodian land in the eighteenth century until the French annexed it in the sixties of the last century the seat of the viceroy. At the vice-regal residence known as Ben-Thach, Gia-Long proclaimed himself Emperor of Annam, at French instigation, in the early years of the last century. Although they are comparatively new-comers there are about six million Annamese in Cochin-China to-day, crowded, as always, on the plains and not venturing to the highlands except as traders or servants.

Although the rice of Cochin-China is not very highly thought of, the average native of the Mekong delta is better off than his fellow countryman in Tongking for the overcrowding is not so terrible. The Cambodians have long since retreated to the other side of the Mekong.

Fu-nan

In the early Middle Ages these lower reaches of the Mekong were part of the rather mysterious kingdom that we call, for want of a better, by its Chinese name—Fu-nan—from which state, later on, the tributary Khmers of farther north broke off to found their magnificent Indian-pattern civilization on the northern shores of the Great Lake and in the dry jungle of central Cambodia.

The transition from what is Annamese and Chinese-patterned

to what is Cambodian and Indian-derived, is startling. You bowl over the broad, flat, sanded highway westwards and suddenly, in the space of five miles or so, you are in another world. All the things you have become accustomed to through thousands of miles disappear.

Gone are the joss-houses and the dragons. The scarlet paper good-luck streamers inscribed with the sententious appeals to the spirits. The dusty, sour, aromatic smells. The crowds of heavily laden men and women in tunic and trousers tottering along unsmilingly under shoulder-poles and bundles: the muddy pools with coffee-coloured ducks: the slender grace and almost reptilian litheness of women so shaded by great limpet-hats that they are hardly human; the bird-like twitter of Annamese voices and the masses and masses of men and women who swarm in the fields, through the brakes, squat on the roadsides, peep and peer from every window and door. . . .

The landscape changes. You have exchanged a wet rice-lawn for a dry, dusty savannah dotted here and there with bottle-boled sugar-palms, tufts of scrub, bamboo groves, and trees along the roadway. It is in some irresistible way Indian.

There is hardly any one to be seen. The few men and women there are stroll or sit with seemingly nothing on earth to do but to grin at you very humanly or to watch the antics of their impish children, so lovable after the preternaturally solemn and civilized brats of the Annamese.

The Cambodians do not wear much. Their bronzed and muscular bodies shine in the sunlight. Their closely cut hair is not often covered. The women now, on the beaten tracks, swathe their chests in scarves or wear shapeless jackets, but step aside from the main roads and you will still see them showing their admirable breasts. Too soon, alas! they fall flaccid, unlike those of the Annamese, for although to reveal any part of the female body to the eye is unthinkable in the lands of Chinese culture, the Annamese women have an Indonesian shapeliness of form that they retain after repeated maternities.

In Cambodia you are in a land where the human body has been deified at its fleeting best. The more decently subdued sculptures of Angkor are akin to the splendidly unabashed

abandon of Kajuraho with its *maithuna* couplings, to the majestically twined and vibrating figures of Begram with turgent breasts and sex, and to all the aerial earthliness of southern India.

You are in the Middle East in Cambodia: the Middle East with its pungent, hot spices, its brilliancy of raiment and roof, its alphabetical writing. You are back to something that has common roots with us. The shaven-headed, yellow-robed Buddhist monks stroll by under their green-lined umbrellas, their little boy attendants trotting behind. Buddhas whose curly heads have come all the way from Gandhara and are the last evolution of the hyacinthine locks of Apollo, look down at you. Even the acacias, the tamarisk scrub, the tamarinds, euphorbias and areca palms seem familiar.

The border-line between Cambodia and Cochin-China is also the frontier of the *labia majora.* Farther westwards you move into the regions where you find more and more frequently that fully developed *yoni* whose stylization intrudes at every turn in India. Eastwards the shell-like and more infantile Mongoloid type of genitalia is marked by an almost complete absence of the larger lips. So little has yet been done in the classification and study of the soft parts of the body that it is hazardous to make generalizations, but it would seem that in Japan the peculiarities of outward form follow the racial type and that the Mongoloid absence of *labia majora* is found more often among the so-called aristocratic type, whereas among the coarser sort where Ainu blood is very often traceable the parts are fleshier and fuller. The social significance of these things is great.

Government House

Saigon is large and showy. It is a French provincial town buyt in the spirit of the 1900 Exhibition by men who thought Monte Carlo rather a fine place. There is a *Grand Palais* here and a *Petit Palais* there. Some of the streets are wide and interminable, but others are delightful in shade. False pepper-trees abound and great flamboyants like English oaks burst into vermilion blossom. But the nights are never cool enough for the spermatic, aphrodisiac odour of the peppers to thrill

you as they do in North Africa. The nights of Saigon have nothing soothing or secret.

On the boat had come to me an invitation to dine with the Governor, and soon after nightfall my poor sweating rickshaw boy jolted up to the sweeping marble steps of a super-Gram/ *Palais,* incredibly like stage scenery. One expected to pass through the door into the wings. There is an even more splendiferous palace in Saigon, that of the Governor-General, but he rarely lives there. It is a relic of the time when Saigon was the capital of the Indo-Chinese Union.

The great, cool rooms of the Government House are forty feet high. The marble floors were dotted with palms, sofas, and white-robed servants more silent in their movements than even the Chinese, who have a human quality of equalitarianism even when most formal.

It was a small party.

The Governor (for Cochin-China is a colony and not a protectorate like the other parts of Indo-China) and his wife; the Vice-President of the Dutch Council of the Indies and his spouse and a few civil servants. Except the Dutchman, who was a yellowed colossus, all had blanched faces and ringed eyes. The Governor's *fades* was quite Proust-like in its black-pouched pallor. The Dutch as a rule seem to stand up to the tropics better than other peoples. They go on the principle that you must eat and drink as much as possible and take no sort of exercise. The Dutchmen of Java are even bigger and fatter if possible than those of Holland. They work hard and they play no games. They seem to be much healthier than the French. It may be that beer is better than Pernods and whiskies, although perhaps one should not class them together, for an English friend of mine settled in France with a rather alcoholic husband told me with delight that 'Jim is practically on the water-wagon; he touches nothing but a French soft drink called Pernod'.

After some pleasing cocktails of fresh lime-juice and gin and pineapple-juice and rum with *glace piUe* we sat down to the sort of dinner you might get in a well-run sub-prefecture in the Dordogne or the Cote d'Or: *bisque de homard, soles DugUre'* (the ultra-respectable standby of all French official meals), *gigot de mouton* and *potmnes de terre soufftees, poularde a la broche*

'The sacred tent is surmounted by a knop. The whole thing is strangely like the felt *yurts* of the Central Asian nomads.' (Page 3)
(E.F.E.O.)

with salad (yes, washed in permanganate of potash, so one is always told) rushed down from the hill-station of Dalat, *souffle Rothschild, friandises, petits fours, fruits,* and so forth. Plenty of wine, white and red.

The temperature was about ninety degrees.

Conversation was the sort of thing you would expect in the more fashionable circles in Mont-de-Marsan or St. Cucupharles-Lys. When we had politely cursed the climate we discussed Health.

Had I been inoculated? Which was it, double shot, triple shot, or something still better and newer? No, I had not. I kept a package of Besredka Billivaccin ready for use in the bush but otherwise I just watched what I ate and drank. I added irrelevantly that I did not wear a solar topee, sun-helmet, or anything else but an old, very light and battered Borsalino feather-weight felt hat (this sounds rather like an advertisement for Signor Borsalino's products but no doubt any other make will do. I just happened to have a Borsalino and thought I would tell Saigon about it).

These almost blasphemous statements were met with stony silence and commiserating looks. Conversation flagged. Of course it was very hot and we were well flushed from the dinner, but the French who are the best and most stimulating conversationalists in the world when they are at home become almost British in their conventional dullness when they assume the white man's burden in the colonies. But perhaps the really brilliant conversationalists do not settle in Saigon.

The remark that sticks in my memory is that of my imposing and gigantic Dutch neighbour at table: 'Yes, we are there [Le. in the Dutch East Indies] for another three hundred years. Or, at least, so we tell them. . . .' More than two thousand years ago the Chinese sages wrote: 'The augurs must speak their auguries into the ear of the commander. The people must always think that all is well.'

I"slept on board my ship as long as she remained in port. By turning on the electric fan at full tilt a faint, dank imitation breeze could be sucked up off the river.

Cholon in Little China

Cholon is three or four miles from Saigon over a treeless and shabby plain. The official statisticians like to count its population in with that of Saigon when they are trying to make out that Cochin-China has the largest town in south-eastern Asia. Cholon is, however, a very distinct place from Saigon and it is more Chinese than many Chinese treaty ports. It is said that in 1680 about three thousand Chinese landed in Annam and demanded land to settle on. As they were rather truculent and well armed, the Annamese authorities at Hue' thought that it would be a good idea to send them to the half-conquered southern territories. The Chinese settled in two districts on the Mekong delta. Some of their descendants in 1779 founded Cholon or the ' Great Market'. The Tay-son rebellion reached its height in 1789 and overthrew the governments both of the Annamese kings in Hanoi and of their feudatory princes the Nguyen rulers of Annam, drove crowds of refugees to the south and favoured the settlement and development of what is now Cochin-China. The French had by this time already got a foothold in the country and their traders, missionaries, and agents there laid the foundations of French domination in Indo-China.

Van Langeren's map of 1595 confirms Father Alexandre de Rhodes's[1] description of Cochin-China in 1653 as ' *la solitude ou disert'*, To this day there are vast tracts of marshy and deserted jungle in the delta, such as the *Plaine des Jones* , whose brackish soil is always, according to official accounts, about to be improved by some new method.

Although census figures for Indo-China are notoriously unreliable we may take it that the population is not less than 23 millions. About 18 millions of .these are Annamese, 25,000 French (including the soldiers) and over half a million Chinese. The remainder is made up of Cambodians, Laotians, and various wild or semi-savage tribes in the hills. Half a million seems a lot of Chinese, but the proportion of them to the rest of the population is 37 per cent in the Federated Malay States and 50 per cent in the Straits Settkments. The Chinese give no trouble at all, but of course they are never assimilated, and although the majority of the Chinese of Cochin-China are

[1] 1591-1660. He was one of the pioneers of Annamese transcription into alphabetical script.

either first or second generation immigrants they do not differ in any way from the descendants of the men who have been in Indo-China for over 250 years. The emigrant is always conservative and he nearly always quickly grows to misunderstand his native land. The millions of Chinese of the diaspora around the China Sea come, as is not unnatural, nearly all from the over-populated seaports of the hilly southern districts of China. They are 'Cantonese' and therefore the most volatile, the most temperamental and the most revolutionary of the Chinese, if such epithets can justly be applied to men of their nation. The Chinese South, since it was sinized by the Han sovereigns well over two thousand years ago, has always been the home of lost causes and the cradle of political change. The Sung emperors ruled in what Marco Polo called Manzi for generations after the barbarians had seized the throne in Peking. Opposition to Manchu rule lingered on for years in the South as long as there were descendants of the Ming emperors around whom men could rally. Sun-yat-sen and all the revolutionary but highly nationalistic, xenophobic, and anti-foreign movement that broke the Ch'ing dynasty came from Canton.

Yet in overseas lands these same Cantonese are highly conservative. They are, for the most part, sons or grandsons of poverty-stricken and quite illiterate coolies. As soon as they begin to prosper they set up a Chinese school, a joss-house, and a Guild headquarters. In fact they reproduce abroad the old Chinese village commonwealth with its family system and its guild economy. On such units and upon no larger ones was' based the social and political organization of China. The imperial government's role was much more circumscribed than that of Western administration. It was failure to recognize this that led to many of the blunders which have been the fruitful source of much of the hatred of things European.

The overseas Chinese are active in their patriotism and they have subscribed lavishly to the war funds. Among the younger men and women the nationalism is more violent. It is they who enforce the boycott of Japanese goods, much to the secret disgust of the old-fashioned and realist Chinese trader. Yet these same overseas Chinese are not taken very seriously by

their compatriots at home. They look upon them as hopelessly antiquated. So they are. That is why it is pleasant to linger among them.

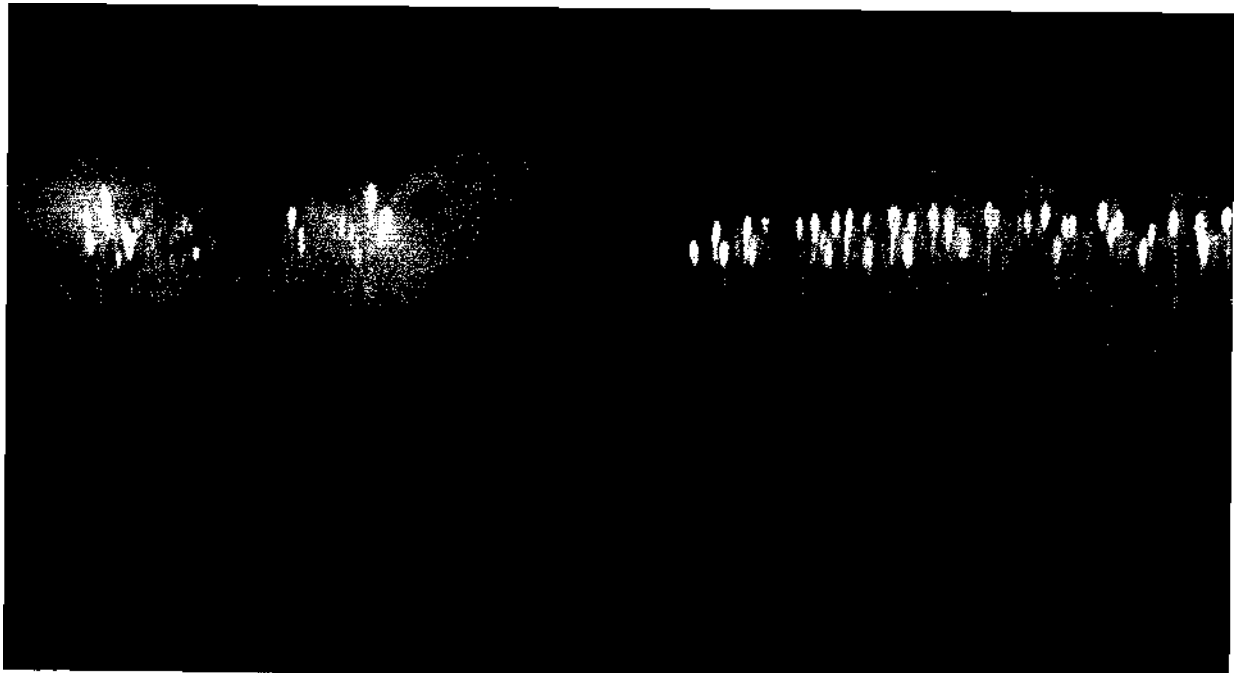
Rue des Mariniers

My Chinese friends who were staying a few days in Cochin-China on their way to Hong Kong had planned a meal at the rue des Mariniers restaurant. It is about the best in Cholon and it is very good, especially if you like Cantonese cooking.

You always have an hour or so to wait while a Chinese meal is having the finishing touches put to it. We spent the time exploring Cholon, where you see more of the old China mingled a little with the new than in most towns in China itself unless it be in the medieval walled cities of the Chinese Far West like K'unming, Talifu, or Chengtu, where sing-song girls from Suchow—they all say that they come from Suchow—and westernized engineers jostle Tibetan pack-drivers and strange men and women from the hills.

The Cholon streets are thronged at all hours by bustling crowds. Half the men are naked to the waist. The women wear the black trousers and white short-sleeved jacket of the South. The little girls are often brilliant in bright-coloured stuffs of the same cut. Some superb concubines deign to walk heavily-painted under umbrellas held by their mu-tsais. The mu-tsais are the slave girls whose existence in Hong Kong has moved humanitarians to action. You may recognize the girls by their hair hanging in a horse's tail behind and not coiled or dressed. The good old custom was to put a nice little mu-tsai into a bride's *corbeille de manage* so that should the bridegroom be repelled by the looks of his wife when he saw her, he could always console himself with the mu-tsai and have no desire for divorce, since that upsets family financial arrangements. Some of the smarter girls have already attained to the glory of the sheath-like 'national dress' of the Shanghai and treaty-port beauties. It is a dress that can look very lovely when its wearer is slender and graceful.

The humbler classes all over China, but especially in the South,1are conservative in their fashions. For the richer women



The interior of the Azure House photographed immediately after the Emperor and his suite had left. No pictures had ever before been taken of the Nam-Giao at night. (Page 5) *{E.F.E.O.)*

fashions changed at least with every dynasty like the name of the country. The Chinese are still the 'Children of Han' for the Japanese who got to know them under the second dynasty of emperors. Our word 'China' is almost certainly derived from the name of the preceding Ch'in rulers. Coxinga, the greatest of the condottieri who led revolt against the Manchu usurpers, was known as the 'Knight whose name is that of the country', for the anti-Emperor had conferred upon him the insign honour of the dynastic Name.

Cultural borrowers are ever more traditional than their lenders. The borrower does not dare to change for he cannot distinguish between the essential and the accessory. He is dealing in strange values. Much that may be recognized as metaphor, parabole, or hyperbole in the country of its origin becomes frozen as dogma when exported. Men come to pin their faith upon a pun and to battle for a mistranslation. What is recognized at home as a useful convention whether or not accepted as factually true, changes abroad to immutable doctrine. The Chinese called their sovereigns Sons of Heaven because that was the right thing to do. It is more dangerous in Japan to question the divine origin of the emperor than to reject the fanciful dates by which it is sought to push back into a dim past the comparatively recent institution of centralized monarchy in the land of the Rising Sun.

The Japanese national dress shows clearly when theji received the elements of civilization from China. The *haori* and the rest are just the ordinary clothes of the Chinese in T'ang times. The Annamese have never pretended not to owe everything to China, although ironically enough it is not improbable that they were a good deal more advanced culturally when the Chinese conquered them in the second century A.D. than were the Japanese when they first came into contact with the majestic complex of Chinese civilization. To-day the usual Annamese dress for both sexes, of trousers and a long tunic, is a Chinese survival, although the women have worn their present cut of clothes only since the time of the Emperor Gia-Long at the beginning of the last century. There is not even, as with us, any difference in fastening. Both men's tunics and women's button on the right-hand side.

Coolies shove through the Cholon crowd naked but for a

loincloth held in place by a leather belt to which is threaded a wallet that rests in the small of the back where the skin is especially sensitive to touch, so that wallet-snatching becomes a very delicate art even for the deft fingers of the East.

Green, red, and yellow heaps of all sorts of fruits and vegetables alternate with the dusky dried delicacies—cat's ear mushrooms, desiccated fish, and tangled roots. The men and women are stronger, taller, and more decided of movement than the Annamese. Climate has little apparent effect upon the Chinese whether of the North or the South. In Canada you may see these same Cantonese sitting in their shops or shuffling about their business with the thermometer below zero. In Cholon they shuffle and patter just as fast in the dripping heat. The biological survival value of the Chinese is unsurpassed. The Japanese wilt when far from an island climate.

We sauntered back to the rue des Mariniers through the crowds of children, cleaner, fatter, and a little less polite than in China itself. Our food was ready in a high, Canton-type building. The lower floor formed a cafe' and shop reeking of the characteristic smell of Chinese stores, dust, dried fish, and astringent herbs. Upstairs the floors were divided into common dining-rooms and *cabinets particuliers* whose wooden partitions reached half-way to the ceiling. Their doors are like those of the old-fashioned saloons in New York, just a couple of shutters fixed half-way between lintel and threshold. It is enough to prevent indiscreet peeping unless you grovel or tiptoe, but the outward proprieties are so strictly observed in public both in the old China and in the new that even if you hire some of the sing-song girls at three piastres each (special price for Chinese: you and I have to pay double for the poor girl's extra trouble in being amiable to pink men) nothing happens that the world would not be edified to see, at least in the highly fashionable restaurant of the rue des Mariniers.

We had an excellent meal. If the people at the Residency ate so, they would not have such dark-rimmed eyes unless they owed them more to the alcove than the table. Certainly for smooth and suave commerce between man and man it is well to remember they said of Napoleon that if he had made the mattresses groan more he would not have made the world groan so much. It may be true also that Vtfrf *la constipation qui*

rend l'homme rigoureux', but no one, I think, has suggested that it makes us vigorous, especially in the tropics.

Our hostess was a beautiful vision from the South with the grace of a Cantonese woman at her best combined with the poise of a Peking education. She could have given points even to Miss Butterfly Wu, the film-star who, also Canton-born, speaks excellent Mandarin. Her inappropriate name was Mrs. Rosie Wang. She had a small ivory male child aged three months who during the whole long meal lay quite flat in apparent content and comfort on a hard-wood table a few feet from us. He found a little woolly cap a very restful pillow and from time to time he gave us a protective glance just to be sure that we were still there. For the rest no one took the slightest notice of him.

Our host was a friend of Mr. Wang, left behind in Europe, and he was escorting Rosie home to Hong Kong where her family had sought refuge, perhaps—these things are always left vague in the East. You exchange a good deal of apparently intimate information about your private affairs but it does not all amount to much, and it is well not to put any questions, for the fertility in invention of your interlocutors is never at fault. Mr. Crying was Western-educated (Newcastle and Boston). Unfortunately, as a Fuchow man brought up in Peking, he knew little or no Cantonese and our hostess was, of course, much too well-bred to put in a word to help. So there had to be a good deal of writing, for our waiter could write and very well too.

We had classical dishes like sweet-sour pork, Cantonese spiced specialities, lacquered duck, a magnificent stuffed and steamed carp, bamboo shoots, abalone, yellow crab, fat, sharks' fins, prawns. All the wealth of southern vegetables and both jasmin and lotus tea. I am afraid that I have a weakness for lotus tea or, rather, tea scented with lotus pips, which some think tastes like soapy water. It is a luxury of Annamese cooking. In Indo-China, too, you get the wonderful teas of Kung-shan and Pu-eul, which latter smells musty but when it is good has a hundred merging flavours in your mouth. I brought back six different sorts from Yunnan, and I think that I could have told one from the other blindfold, though I did not, like the man in the whisky advertisement, try this out.

You may eat in the Fuchow style or that of Kweichow, Canton, Yangchow, Shantung, Peking, or Szechuan, and indeed in many other modes. Peking, like Paris, is full of *restaurants rigionauXy* and although some dishes are prepared all over the country, in other towns you get mostly the local style of food. It is almost always excellent although, of course, there is bad, cheap cooking even in China, but there is much less of it than anywhere else and there has been no such falling-off from old, established standards as constituted one of the most obvious and disquieting signs of the break-up of the French tradition of living.

You will get Mandarin duck and Peking duck, white fungus and sea-slugs everywhere: Suchow-style pork is as common as *bceuf bourgutgnon*; some of the purely vegetarian restaurants that you find in the big towns are good, but avoid the ' Mutton Houses', that is Moslem restaurants, where they sell no pork: the Moslems are the English of China as far as the culinary arts are concerned.

In Canton and the South, order *awabi* (a shell-fish) boiled or fried in lard, fish cooked in bean-curd grains, duck soup (no relation to that of the Marx Brothers), or stuffed chicken. The Szechuan specialities are delicious, pig's marrow stewed in pig's blood, and a complicated congee of beans and dates. Kweichow is renowned for its *mo-pu-tou-fo*, ' old pock-marked woman', a dish of many ingredients including mushrooms, soft and hard bean curds and red peppers. The *kan-pei* or scallops of Yangchow are famous.

In the north you have an *embarras de richesses*: Shantung style turnip cakes and fish cooked in wine and the Peking dishes that are innumerable, bear's claws, fat Peking duck with cabbage or fishes' lips fried in lard and served with soy sauce.

When the sun shifted and as the afternoon wore on, the high shutters were opened a little and an almost cool draught blew through from side to side of the building. We drank more and more tea in great cups with lids that you slip back to keep the tea-leaves from your mouth, for there are few teapots in the south and the padded baskets tucked under the arm are not much seen. The conversation was a little more lively than at Government House. We talked a deal about food. If you

admit—what is undeniable—that there are only two culinary traditions in the world, those of France and China, it is curious to remark that few Frenchmen in the East become connoisseurs of Chinese food, whereas I have met several Chinese in Europe who are intelligent and discriminating judges of French cooking. You cannot make love satisfactorily either to yourself or to your partner without intelligence, experience, and natural aptitude. The same qualities are as necessary in the enjoyment of food as in its preparation. France and China are the two countries on earth where you meet little of the sense of guilt complex that is so common in European-pattern communities. They are also the two countries where the erotic technique of women has been best developed. Sense of sin is so often to be cured by curing constipation, sexual frustration, and indigestion. A little native intelligence and enough education to enable you to instruct yourself are not bad either.

Mr. Ch'ing politely praised the Northumbrian pies he had eaten in his youth and even said that he had relished the bowls of milk his landlady left for him on Sunday nights when he came in late from a day with the girls. Chinese, as a rule, hate all dairy products, so perhaps this was said to please me in some strange way.

He had just come back from a six months' mission in Russia, and his Chinese secretary was one of the new-fashioned men whose only foreign tongue was Russian. Ch'ing's shrewd comments on Russia's eternal weaknesses, the indifferent quality of her air-force, her climate, her determination not to wage war, and her future were conveyed with all the subtlety necessary when discussing a quasi-ally.

From time to time Mrs. Rosie Wang would peck at a choice morsel with her chop-sticks and pop it into my mouth. This was nice and allowed me to see closely her beautiful hands in movement. Some one should publish a photograph album of Chinese women's hands. Nothing but that. Even a battered old coolie-woman's retain some grace and the most frail and flower-like are full of character too. Often full of menace and promise. Save for individual exceptions, the other women of the Far East have meaningless hands. Too rarely have the most lovely Japanese, Annamese, or Javanese hands any force of individuality. The delicate flattened edge of the Mongoloid

hand on the outside does not make the typical Chinese woman's hand look weak. The revival of woman's activities in the Middle Realm after their long enforced seclusion from Sung to Manchu times has nothing surprising about it if you look carefully at the hands.

The Mandarin Way

French Indo-China is strung out from north to south a full eleven hundred miles. The highway and the railway follow the curves of the coast so that from Saigon in the south to Hanoi in the north takes you forty-four hours in the train. In the north—Upper Tongking and Laos—the high hills merge into the mountain mass of south-western China. The Indo-Chinese highland extends south as a broad mountain chain, never far from the sea on the east except where the great Tongkingese delta of the Red River pushes out into the Gulf. The Chain of Annam sinks southwards to Cape St. Jacques, on the west of which is the plain of the Mekong estuary. Westwards and farther north the Chain falls to the Mekong valley and the low lands run right up to the great bend in the river, north of which is the tangled hill-country of Laos on the sunset side of the watershed. Laos shares with Cambodia an Indian-derived civilization and the Buddhism of the so-called Little Vehicle which is the common religion to Cambodia, Siam, Burma, and Ceylon.

The Trans-Indo-Chinese line runs north-east from Saigon towards the eastern coast which it reaches at Phantiet, the centre of n*u'o'c-mam* manufacture. *Nu'o'c-mdm* is the sauce made from a butyric fermentation of putrid fish and is the accompaniment of every Annamese meal. There is a brisk export business in this Worcester Sauce of the East, and it is found on Chinese and even Japanese tables. The nu'o*'c-mam* is bottled under government supervision and control. It is black in colour and its odour is very like that of tiger's urine. Annamese cooking, which Europeans generally prefer without much *nu'o'c-mam,* is a pleasing if rather monotonous variant of Southern Chinese cuisine, with some quite delicious features of its own such as stuffed pancakes, all sorts of crispy noodles and plenty of good fish. It is, however, a provincial thing and

the Annamese when they can, like the Japanese, eat *a la chinoise.*

The Trans-Indo-Chinese is comfortable if slow, even when the trains run on time. Sometimes they do not, for the rails are often blocked in Annam by typhoon-blasted landslides, and the line between Nhatrang and Tourane has only been completed within the last few years. The permanent way has hardly had time to settle.

The track follows the old Mandarin Way that the Chinese began to build over two thousand years ago when they subjugated what is now Tongking. Their direct rule lasted over a thousand years and it permanently moulded their subjects.

The Mandarin Way was extended southwards with every successive conquest. When in the tenth century the Sung emperors of China had to resign themselves to the autonomy of the Annamese, the expansion southwards was taken up in earnest. As the kingdom of the Chams—that Malay people of Hinduistic civilization whose sculptural remains are some of the most precious things in Indo-China—waned, the Mandarin Way twisted ever farther south along the shores of the Annamese Riviera above the China Sea.

There was an interlude of revived direct Chinese rule when the Emperor Yung-Lu, the third and greatest of the Ming rulers, reannexed the Pacified South in the early years of the fifteenth century and along the Mandarin Way the Imperial Writ reached the barbarians. The highway was completed under the Nguyen princes of Hue, when the frontiers of Annamese speech and civilization were fixed at Saigon. In the north the Way ends at the Gate of China just beyond Lang-son in north-eastern Tongking. Here the road merges into the southern Chinese post-road that eventually reaches Canton, where it links up with the great north-south artery of China.

Out of the 30,000 kilometres of roads the French have built in Indo-China, 20,000 are open and can be used by cars at all seasons of the year. This length of some 13,000 miles is enormous if one compares it with any other of the other countries in the Far East except the Dutch East Indies. I never struck a really bad patch of road in the whole of Indo-China, nothing half as bad as some even of the *routes nationales* were in France up to ten years ago.

Trans-Indo-Chinese Express

The north-south communications by railway are good. In addition to the Trans-Indo-Chinese (from Saigon in Cochin-China to Na-Cham—and on to Lungchow—1,930 kilometres) there are two shdrt lines: one from Saigon to Mytho (70 kilometres) and from TourChame(on the main Trans-Indo-Chinese railway) to Dalat (84 kilometres), and the Haiphong-Hanoi-Lao-cay line (398 kilometres) and on to K'unming in China (465 kilometres). The east-west communications are not good. Laos is quite unconnected with the rest of the Union by railway and many parts of it are inaccessible even by road in the rains. There is no line linking up Saigon through Phnompenh with Bangkok. The Siamese railway stops at Aranya, the Cambodian frontier, and there is a gap of about 35 miles before you get to the railhead at Monkolborey whence there is a line (322 kilometres long) to Phnompenh. This town is not, however, linked up to Saigon by rail. But if one considers how much of the 290,000 square miles of Indo-China is forest and mountains, the communications must be said to be satisfactory and even excellent if one compares them with those in neighbouring states.

Trans-Indo-Chinese Express

You leave Saigon in the evening. The scene in the station is something like the opening shots from *Shanghai Express* and the passengers are almost as mixed a lot as in that famous train. There are sleeping-berths of the old-fashioned two-to-a-compartment type and you can sometimes get a cabin to yourself. I have done the trip four times and have been alone twice. There is a shower-bath in the washing-cabin, and the best way to keep cool is to stand under it in your pyjamas and then when you are thoroughly wet walk in the corridor to cool off.

There is fairly good food in a dining-car incongruously fitted up to look like a Paris version of a Breton inn. The Annamese boys are obsequiously polite, quite inefficient and rather given to stealing one's cigarettes, but they are so smart and civilized that you cannot find it in your heart to complain. The passengers will be rather a mixed bag—one or two old-timers who have beach-combed in the Union for the past forty years. They are full of the good old times, the wickedness of the natives, and

gloomy as to the future. There will be a Corsican gendarme officer with his blousy, black, and hairy spouse, two or three ill-bred children with superb Marseilles accents. The French in the colonies are most prolific. A couple that would not think of having more than one child in France have half a dozen when they get overseas.

There will be a pallid *fits de famille* or two who have been making a new start in life for the past twenty years; a smart little Annamese schoolmistress very pert and Parisianized without ever having left the East; a tough ex-N.C.O. hotel-keeper or soup merchant, and then a sprinkling of those men with folders and brief-bags who make elaborate calculations on bits of paper and go into huddles with others of their kind, eternally discussing those complicated French business deals into which enter so much more politics, commissions, pull, intrigue, and artistic camouflage than business as elsewhere understood. It's all great fun.

Most of your quickly made friends on the train have only one idea and that is to get out of the country as soon as possible with as large a pension as may be. Some tell you mysteriously that they will never leave the East. They are rather like the man on the desolate island who was at last found by a landing party. When they invited him on board their ship to home and duty, he refused sadly, saying that he had sworn never to return to civilization because he had so suffered at men's hands that he would never live with his kind again. 'What was the trouble?' 'I can't remember.'

King Marie ist

You wake up in the morning not far from Cam-ranh with the train running high up on the cliff-side. You look down on little bays and pine-clad slopes. It is like the French Riviera on a larger scale and of wilder view. Cam-ranh is a huge land-locked and deep-water harbour that could shelter the whole of the pre-war French fleet. It is the half-way house between Singapore and Hong Kong. If it is strongly held, all the communications of the Southern China Sea can be controlled from it. Although the French talked so much about Cam-ranh that it has come to be marked on the new maps as a naval base and

many people in France thought that it was one, nothing much has been done to fortify the harbour or construct docks and repair yards. The Japanese have the hope of making it a key position in their naval lay-out.

As the day wears on you are sometimes on a coastal plain that seems like a South Sea island. Naked Indonesian-looking men shelter their eyes against the glare of the white sky as they gaze at you from their huts under great waving coco-nut palms that grow on all the coasts except in Tongking. The typhoons that periodically ravage the shores originate somewhere round about Guam, the American Pacific island that is set among the mazy network of Japanese islands, atolls, and reefs to the east of the Philippines. The ' cyclonic storms', as the purists call them, whirl past the Philippines and spreading out fanwise, north and south, strike the Annamese coast south of Vinh where it is no longer protected by the Island of Hainan. The northern storms never travel farther, it is said, than the mouth of the Yang-tse' river. Tavernier wrote: ' The astrologers of these parts believe that these terrific tempests proceed from the Exhalations that rise out of the Mines of Japan.'

To the west the mountains are full of primitive peoples—Mois, Khas, and Phnongs—and the other remnants of the Indonesian tribes that once occupied the whole country. Here in the eighties of the last century a hardy adventurer founded his phantom kingdom of Sedang.

'Marie ist' was a plausible soldier of fortune from Marseilles whose story has been written by Pourvouville and Sir Hugh Clifford. His Majesty, on his return to Europe to seek funds for the development of his realm, did a thriving trade in decorations. His first act was, in fact, to create ' The Royal Order of Sedang', 'The Military Order of Marguerite' and the 'Sedang Order of Merit'. There are amusing letters extant from otherwise quite respectable people hinting in most obsequiously respectful terms that they would be even more devoted to his royal person and cause if they could pin one of the Sedang ribbons on their chests. With a little more good luck or good management King Marie might have carved out for himself another Sarawak in Indo-China, so ill-defined and so little known was the country only two generations ago.

Here and there the line runs through maize plantations and

a few rice-fields in the hollows of the hills or beside the torrent beds. Occasionally the corniche widens out and there are quite fertile valleys.

The seasons in Annam are less regular than in Cochin-China. The north-east monsoon rains come in September and lower the temperature which, during the typhoon months of June, July, and August, goes up to nearly ioo degrees in the shade. The greatest heat is not, however, in these tropical and nearly tropical lands. It is much hotter every summer at Jibuti than anywhere in Indo-China. The highest shade temperature ever recorded was at Tripoli in Libya. But the sun is less killing so far from the equator. I have seen Henry de Monfried, the Red Sea rover, come aboard in the Gulf of Tanjurah hatless in midsummer, but the actinic power of the rays is not to be spurned in Indo-China.

You run over the ridged neck of Cape Varella, through Quinhon and Binh-Dinh down to Fai-fo, for ages one of the ports of call for Chinese and Japanese junks. On an island off shore there is an abundance of sweet water and in the town a temple housing one of the most lovely screens of gilded lacquer that you can imagine. It is carved with fish and water-monsters and graceful Kwannons and was a gift from the fisher-folk and mariners to the spirits of the deep. It has something almost Hellenistic about it that reminds you of those pieces in the Anthology about seamen's offerings.

The Japanese did not learn from the Chinese until the fifteenth century the art of constructing the sea-going junks that their continental neighbours had sailed for seven hundred years. These junks did not exceed ioo to 120 tons burthen and their length was about no feet by 30. Nagasaki was the port for the lines that ran to Vinh and Fai-fo and even farther south to the Cambodian ports, for the Japanese were always attracted by the stories about the marvels of Angkor before the Tokugawa shoguns shut them up in their islands for more than two centuries.

The countryside widens. Here and there the little hills of the plain are crowned with the great ruins of the Cham brick towers. They are obviously closely connected in style with some of the Javanese temples such as Candi Medut. The Javanese shrine of Tjandi Pari (fourteenth century) is pure

Cham. In some of the ruined brick towers of Annam, you may still see mutilated Sivas and battered Vishnus before whom the miserable descendants of the once-mighty Cham crawl to adore and to present their humble offerings.

The Heart of Annam

You are in the heart of Annam. On all sides are the rice-fields. Knee-deep in the slush, their trousers tucked about their thighs, are innumerable little figures of men and women under large limpet-shaped hats, bending, hoeing, replanting, or working the large racket-shaped scoops that shovel the tawny water from the runnels into the paddy-fields. Rice needs as much care to grow as it does afterwards to cook. When you cook it you must wash it thoroughly first many times until the water runs off clear. Then throw it into boiling water until it is well swollen but not at all soft. All the water is at once to be poured off. The rice will then cook itself so that each grain is well done, firm, and distinct if you leave it on not too hot a fire. If it begins to scorch throw a few dashes of water on to it.

Rice is the most delicate of cereals but it is the food of half the human race. It is not clear when wet, as distinguished from dry or mountain rice, was introduced into the old China of the north or what was the country of its origin, but the plant geneticians think that the islands and lands around the China Sea were its original home, so it may be that the eastern staff of life is indigenous to Indo-China. From rice is distilled a potent spirit which for ages, in the lands of Chinese culture, has been employed for sacrifice to the Spirits as well as for the pleasure of man. Father de Rhodes approved 'une boisson qui est d'un goust assds agreable et fort bonne pour Pestomach et supplea a nostre vin', Some have held, indeed, that the great God Shang-ti of the old Chinese pantheon—a deity afterwards identified with T'ien or Heaven itself—started his career as a rice demon.

The countryside is thickly peopled, for the strip of cultivable land between the hills and the coast is narrow. Half-hidden in bamboo brakes and dense clumps of trees, surrounded by rills of turbid water and muddy pools covered with ducks,

the villages crowd along the road and dot the landscape. Here, there, and everywhere are the tomb-mounds. The more pretentious ones have stone slab doors facing south. Some elaborate sepulchre entrances are flanked with low, semi-circular arms of stone which seemingly beckon men to join their ancestors. The living jostle the dead in Annam.

The larger farms are all screened in thick foliage. They have white arched entrance doors topped with dragon finials of green, yellow, blue, and aubergine faience and are covered with bold inscriptions in black characters. The sentences are, of course, primarily for spirits not for men to heed: 'For one hundred years without interruption wishes have been made that favourable seasons should return under the same sun and on the same earth' or 'May the Five Virtues arrive at this door'. In Annam, as elsewhere, the engravers, the printers, and the monumental masons mould and maintain traditions and their expression. The humbler huts are plastered with red paper streamers bearing messages of good-luck in gilt ideograms that so few of the Annamese can now read, although as a gesture of nationalism it is becoming quite the fashion for the younger men and women to make a play of learning the Chinese characters: it's like the use of Irish in Eire. A poor hovel will proudly proclaim: 'The clouds appear with five beautiful colours, emblems of the evolution of civilization'. A huckster's hut will be inscribed: 'The door of my shop is open and my customers rush to bring me gold and silver'.

In most of the villages of any size is a beautiful old *dinh*[1] or building dedicated to the communal cult of the hamlet. It plays the same part in the life of the Annamese as do the great communal houses in the existence of many South Sea peoples. The *dinh* are generally of unpainted fumed timber outside and of classical Chinese form, although in their use there is something Indonesian. The deeper you strike into the lives of the Annamese the more you see that the native substratum of beliefs is very much a living thing under the thick Chinese varnish.

Inside, the *dinh* is divided into two rooms: a common hall whose li*m* wood columns are inscribed in golden characters and an inner sanctum with the altars of the tutelary spirits, near

[1] The finest in Little China is perhaps that of Binh-Bang near Hanoi.

which are kept the drums, the gongs, the tom-toms and the festival standards that with their flame-fringed flags remind one so of the old Austrian banners. On either side of the altar will be great carved figures of cranes. Here are celebrated the ceremonies of the village genius that in their essentials are not different from the imperial sacrifices at the *Nam-Giao.'* Here are held the sacrifices for the peace of the community. Over the spirit altars will be some such inscription as ' Thanks to the visits of the Genius the people live in peace and happiness'. The cult is official in the sense that the Emperor confirms the rank of the *thdnh* or spirit and promotes or degrades him, and that the ceremonies are of two sorts, official and common to all the land and traditional or peculiar to the locality, but the village notables are the officiants: there are no regular priests as in the Buddhist shrines. The villagers organize and conduct their own rites of their own deities just as they arrange their own *tit* or New Year's rejoicings and their own *Thanh-Mink,* that is All Souls' Day or *jour des morts.* If one reads some of the good monographs devoted to Indonesian and other South Sea Islands' people (such as those of Williams on New Guinea) one is irresistibly struck with parallels between primitive practice in Papua and civilized survivals in Indo-China.

Looking towards the serrated ridges of Annam bathed in every colour from palest grey to deepest purple, ridges so thin in appearance that the peaks and chains might be cut out of layers of cardboard, the scene seems more Japanese than Japan itself can show. It is a colour-print by Hiroshige in a more luminous land. There is no wonder that the Japanese think that they would feel very much at home in Annam.

Here and there you see a whitewashed temple surrounded by spirit-walls gaudily illuminated with dragons. Often near by are clusters of men and women in holiday garb, blue tunics and black turbans, holding aloft green, blue, red, and yellow banners. There is a pilgrimage on at the Buddhist pagoda.

And everywhere—either wallowing in the mud or sousing in the turbid water with only a shiny papillate nose showing, or belly-deep dragging the rice-ploughs through the slime, or standing still with a deceptively gentle expression in their

[1] See 'Essai sur le Blnh et le culte du g£nie tutelaire des villages au Tonkin,' by NguySn-van-Khon in Vol. xxx of the *Bulletin de VEcole franfaise d'Extrime Orient.*

lustrous brown eyes while the pure-white false egrets pick and scratch their rumps, or plodding and swaying along with a small boy sprawling on their withers—are the buffaloes, mud-caked, mud-coloured, their murderous horns swaying slowly from side to side. They are, as a matter of fact, the most friendly of beasts until, under some intolerable provocation such as the sight of one of those abominations, sun-helmets, they become suddenly quite lively. Buffaloes like little boys more than men. Women they dislike and they will not allow, it is said, even little girls to mount upon their back.

The story of their preferences may be a fable intended to keep even the young of the feebler sex in their proper place, but you never do see little girls buffalo-riding, so there may be something in it. Buffaloes have a very keen sense of smell, as have all cattle. Every one knows this who has tried to drive bullocks. It may be that they can distinguish the immature male Annamese from the female but it must be difficult, for even when they are fully grown the Annamese, like all partly Mongoloid peoples, have far less body odour than Europeans. If it is not true that the Chinese think we smell like corpses they do think that even the cleanest of us is rather too naturally scented. Even the sweating and dirtiest coolie does not stink as do the people in, say, the Paris Metro. But animals are attracted or repulsed by smell. I once saw in Germany a bear-mistress crushed by her beasts when she was rash enough to venture into their cage while she was menstruating. Man is the only animal that is sexually excited by vision, although perhaps less exclusively than is generally conceded.

Your train stops a few minutes in imperial Hue', the capital of Annam, and you glide out of the station under the great brick Vauban fortress towards Quang-Binh and into the province of Thanh-hoa, the southernmost limit of the first Chinese conquests. Here are found those beautiful celadon porcelains, some Chinese imported and some made locally, that vie with the best products of the Sung potters.

After Vinh,whence starts the long and arduous road that leads over the mountains through the Plain of Jars down to Luang-Prabang, the capital of the delightful and fabled land of Ten Million Elephants and the Golden Umbrella, you lose sight of the sea. From Nam-Binh onwards you are running across the

fertile, teeming delta of the Song-Khoi or Red River of Tongking. The excellent tarmac roads are everywhere bordered with tall banyans and flamboyant trees. The forested hills—so unlike the denuded hills of China itself—have receded into the far distance.

The Land of the Red River

You are in one of the most heavily populated parts of Asia, comparable to Java, the north-east plain of China, or the Japanese lowlands. The fertile delta of the Red River in Tongking is a triangle about 150 miles broad which narrows 20 miles inland so that less than a hundred miles from the coast it is but a strip on either side of the river extending up to the mountain barrier at Lao-cay that forms the frontier of China. On this flat land live more than eight million Annamese, for the most part peasants—the *nha-que,* the real people of the Annamese lands—they are, most of them, under-nourished in spite of the fertile soil. In Indo-China, as elsewhere, European rule has brought about a vast increase in the population without any corresponding change in the social and economic structure of the country that might enable the surplus millions to eat and thrive. The Annamese, it is true, will not readily emigrate to other parts of the Union, for they loathe and fear the highlands whose clear streams are the abode of *ma-qui* or spirits whom they tremble to meet. The plainsmen of the north will migrate as labourers in the plantations of Cochin-China where wages are higher than in Tongking. They will even work in the nickel mines of New Caledonia, but no success has hitherto accompanied the attempts to settle them on the land in the western parts of Indo-China.

There is little difference between the Tongkingese, the Annamese of Annam, and the Cochin-Chinese, but you can with a little diligence distinguish them all the same. The Tongkingese, as dwellers nearer to China, are the most Mongoloid in appearance. They wear generally rusty brown clothes in the country districts. In the towns of the north and in Annam and Cochin-China the dress is white trousers and black tunic for both sexes, although everywhere the better-class girls and women put on fancy-coloured *cai do* or tunics,

', . . with the objects of the Cult spread before her sits' a Taoist sorceress . . .' (Page 65)

especially on festive occasions. None would even yet dare anywhere to show herself in yellow, the imperial colour, unless she be descended from the ruling family. There are in Annam alone, it is said, some three thousand women of royal descent. As you go southwards the Mongoloid 'Chinese' *fades* gets rarer and rarer and the majority of the men and women you meet look Indonesian in spite of their northern dress. Even in the north it is the 'Mongoloid' eye with its epicanthic fold that gives the Chinese look to the people. Their broad faces, flattened noses, very prominent cheek-bones and pointed chins make up something that is specifically Annamese. But the Indo-Chinese of the east are a very mixed people and other types are common. You sometimes find a physique that is not unlike that of the so-called 'aristocratic' Japanese. I have seen one or two Annamese girls in European clothes that you would be puzzled to distinguish from Japanese of the Cho-so type, and the Buddhist bonzes are often strikingly distinguished with their thin slightly aquiline noses and long, narrow faces. There is, of course, in Annam no trace of the social classes that have survived in Japan. 'We should wrong this country to say that there were no nobility there as indeed there are none in most kingdoms of Asia.' The Chinese had shed their aristocratic social organization before they conquered the south.

Slightly wavy hair that is seen at its best in the women is not very uncommon. It is almost unknown in China. Its waviness and its slightly blue-black colour, as distinguished from the jet-black of the majority of men and women, may be due to negrito influence.

The local variations in pronunciation and in vocabulary are enough to enable one to know from what part of the country a man comes. Between the Tongkingese dialect and the Annamese of Annam, the differences are mainly ones of pronunciation and phrasing, but Cochin-Chinese has a number of words peculiar to it. Nowhere, however, are the variations more than might be expected in a language spoken by people who are mostly illiterate. Between the tongue of a man of Hanoi and that of a Saigonese there is no more difference than between that of a Berliner and a Viennese.

When the Chinese first penetrated into the plain of Tongking, their chroniclers described all the people living to the

south of the Red River delta as 'negritos'. If they ever formed the bulk of the southern population they have certainly long since disappeared as a recognizable unit. Although there are in the very wild parts some tribes of obviously negrito admixture, there is nowhere anything to compare with the primitive jungle dwellers of the Malay Peninsula or of the Philippine Islands.

The Chinese historians, however, are often not very accurate in their accounts of 'barbarians'. The so-called 'yellow' peoples, as a whole, feel a great repulsion from negroes, and this distaste the Annamese share to the full. The Senegalese troops stationed in the Union sometimes have a very cool reception.

Once I was awakened in the early afternoon by a hullabaloo under my window. On going down to see what was the matter I found a bewhiskered and sweating French gendarme (not a Corsican) looking pathetically bewildered. He had been the butt of vociferous and shrill complaints from some of the local ladies of pleasure concerning the nonchalant behaviour of a coal-black African. Later on, after a wealth of concordant and damning evidence, the black man was condemned to quite a serious fine. My gendarme could not believe his ears! *'Merde, alors, Monsieur,'* he said, *'pensez un peu ou nous en sommes arrives. Dans le temps on aurait donne' un coup de botte dans le cul a tout le monde.'* But a modern young Annamese interposed with almost farcical dignity: 'If the French are not here to protect us against such outrages, what are they here for?' What, indeed!

Spring and Autumn Annals

Hanoi, the capital of the Indo-Chinese Union, is a French possession and an enclave in the protected territory of Tongking. In addition to the colony of Cochin-China the French held the towns of Tourane, Hanoi, and Haiphong as direct French property. Hanoi is a rather pleasant sort of place. It has an 'air', although it suffers for many months in the year from a local variety of Scotch mist known as '*le crachin tonkinois*' that wets you and warms you at the same time and is rather disagreeable until you get used to it. Tongking has a regular winter climate and you want fires on and off from

October to April, when there is a good deal of real rain and white frosts on the hills. The summer is exceedingly hot: anything from 95 degrees upwards, and you stifle until the evening brings a little breeze.

When they overcame the Giao-chi (as the Chinese used to call the Annamese from their national peculiarity of outward-twisted big toes), the representatives of the Han emperors established their capital at or quite near the site of the present-day Hanoi. In A.D. 40 T6-Binh, the Chinese governor, was obliged to flee the country following the uprising of Trung-TrSc, the Annamese 'Joan of Arc', but two years later the Chinese returned. In 541 one Ly-Bi led a successful revolt and founded the ephemeral kingdom of Ten Thousand Spring-times—Van Xu&n—with himself as king and his capital at Long-Bien, that is Hanoi since, like its prototype Peking, the Tonkingese capital has been known by a variety of names, for name-change is frequent in Chinese lands. The town has been called successively Long-Bien, Dai-La, Thang-Long, Dong-Khinh, and Ha-Noi. In 546 Ly-Bi fled to the mountains and the Chinese came back again. In spite of plundering raids by the Malays who ravaged the Red River delta in 767 and the Lolo and Thai incursions from Yunnan that imperilled the Chinese suzerainty in 846, 858 and 861, Chinese rule was maintained, although one of the viceroys, by name Ngo-Quyen, for a short time set up his own kingdom and moved the capital to a place called C6-Loa in the province of Bdc-Ninh.

In 968 the Chinese were forced, in the troublous days that marked the beginning of the Sung dynasty, to recognize the independence of the Peaceful South under a native ruler by name Dinh-bo-Lanh. 'The first that assured the Title of King was a famous Robber whose name was Din.' He established his court at Hoa-Da in the province of Ninh-Binh. At the beginning of the next century, however, in 1010, the founder of the Ly dynasty moved his capital back to Dai-La which he called Thang-Long or 'Rising Dragons', since two dragons arose from the waters of the Red River and guided his state barge back to the old city. Under the Ly, Annam enjoyed considerable prosperity and the whole culture of the country was too profoundly Chinese for any departure from

tradition to be possible, but the Annamese, although their art is more worthy of attention than is generally supposed, did not prove themselves the equals of the Khmers or the Chams in transmuting what they had inherited into new and majestic beauty. The Tongking rulers of the Ly and later dynasties used to have a dragon tattooed upon their thigh where, like the vein-patterned Holy Ghost of the Bourbons, it was a patent evidence of their royal origin. Tattooing is such an un-Chinese and so Indonesian a thing that here again we may possibly be catching a glimpse of tenacious old things that lived on under the Chinese surface.

When the Mongols plundered Hanoi in 1258, King Tr£n-Thai-Tdng of a new dynasty was on the throne. The nomads were repulsed. They came back in 1285 under a son of Kublai Khan but were no more successful then than at a last attempt in 1287. Annam never formed a part of the Yuan dynasty's dominions although the Court of Peking did not renounce its overlordship, and this suzerainty was, on both sides, admitted, until in 1884 the French signed the treaty giving them the protectorate over Annam and Tongking.

In 1371, in a last flare-up of energy, Che-B6ng-Nga, the King of Champa (in the south of what is now Annam) seized and sacked the city of the Rising Dragons and carried off as captives the queen and the children of King Tr£n-Nghe-T6ng.

By 1400 the Tr&n rulers had been overthrown by a usurper, Le-Quy-Ly, who moved his capital south to Tay-dd in the province of Thanh-hoa so as to be nearer the Chams. In 1406 the Chinese took advantage of the civil strife in Tongking to make themselves masters of Thang-Long (that is the modern Hanoi). The next year the legitimate sovereign, King Tran-Gian-Dinh, beat the Chinese in battle but could not oust them from the capital. In 1418 the War of Independence against the Chinese armies of occupation started. The Ming Emperor Yung-Lu sent an army down from Yunnan (which had been a Chinese province since the times of the Mongols). It was beaten by the Annamese general Le-loi, who promptly declared himself monarch and started the later Le dynasty (which was in no way related to the earlier Le) that survived until the troubles at the end of the eighteenth century. Le-loi nevertheless sought and obtained the investiture of the Peking Court and

received from the Chinese Emperor a Great Seal bearing (as did all those granted to tributary states) upon it the model of a kneeling camel. This successful condottiere took the throne name of Le-Thai-T6. In 1509, rebellions broke out and in 1517 the rebel leader Mac-Bang-Dung forced King Le-Xuan to abdicate in his favour. Shortly afterwards, however, the head of the Trinh family who later became *shoguns* or *moires du palais* restored the Le rulers in the southern province of Thanh-hoa and in 1592 the Mac usurper fled to Cao-Bang in Upper Tongking and thence passed over into China. In 1785 occurred the Tay-son rebellion of Nguyen-van-Hue (who was no relation to the legitimate feudal princes of Hue' in Annam or of their heir Nguyen-Anh, afterwards emperor of all Annam as Gia-Long). The last of the Le sovereigns, King LS-Chien-Thuy got away to Cao-bang and thence down to the Western Canton river into China. The way was open for the unification of all the Annamese lands under the Emperor Gia-Long, but the Tongkingese have never really taken the Nguyen sovereigns to their hearts and the Nguyen emperors have never resided in Tongking but always at Hue, farther south in Annam proper.

Still to this day the more old-fashioned Tongkingese will tell you that the real king is hid somewhere in the mountains to come forth when it is time, an Annamese Barbarossa.

Hanoi

In the centre of the town there is a roughly rectangular sheet of water about half a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide, known as the Little Lake or Hoan Guom (the Large Lake is outside the town limits). On an island in the northern part of the lake is the Ngoc-San Confucian temple. It is joined to the mainland by a graceful bridge which reaches the shore at a little peninsula. In the southern part of the lake on a tiny islet is the Ba-Kin tower. Bordering the lake on the south is the main commercial thoroughfare of the city—the rue Paul Bert, named after a French resident-general who obtained from the feeble puppet emperor Bong-Khanh the abolition of the office of *kinh-l'uo'c* or imperial viceroy in Tongking and the substitution of French 'semi-direct' rule.

Hanoi

Along the shores of the Little Lake facing the rue Paul Bert sit the flower-sellers beside their multi-coloured mounds of blossom. There is a moderately interesting * native town* with one good Chinese restaurant called the Golden Stairway, several dancing halls that advertise ' Sing-song girls fresh from Shanghai*, and variety cafes. There is a Chinese red-light district behind the station and there are masses of huge, imposing official and semi-official buildings varying from the Bank of Indo-China to the complex of Government-General administrative offices set in a great park. The quarter between the Little Lake and the Red River, on which are built most of the official edifices, is reclaimed marshy ground and part of the town is still below the level of the river at its highest.

A feature of Hanoi life is the street cries. Every sort of comestible and much else is sold in the streets from *se c&u,* that is, vanilla ice-cream, to *bdnh com,* a rather delicious sort of cake rolled in banana leaf. It is made of sugared and grilled green rice and sweetened bean paste. There is *bdnh gid,* meat paste cake, and *bdnh day,* sticky rice cake. The pretty little wild-mulberry girl sings: *at gidu chih cwa nhd ra-mua . . . a . . . a . . .* as she wanders along with her head wreathed in a black kerchief that makes her look rather like an Orthodox nun.

Nu'o'c voi nong an thuoc khong
Water hot tea smoke tobacco

chants the boy with the tea-pots, cups and pipes slung over his bamboo shoulder-pole.

At mia ra mu-a . . . a . . .
Who sugar-cane comes buy ?

intone the urchins with the fresh green sweet crunchy shoots.

An old woman sings

Tre hat sen
Syrup grains lotus

a delicious cordial. . . .

Annamese and Chinese

Annamese is a tonal language and it has been profoundly influenced by Chinese, but beyond that it is hard to say anything about its origins and kinship. It may be a Mon-Khmer language (i.e. remotely allied to Cambodian) or it may be a language of the Thai branch (i.e. related to Siamese or Chinese) or a tongue of the first group that has been subjected to the impact of the latter or vice versa. We must leave it at that. There are five tones: an even, a rising, a falling, a dull clacking, and an interrogative tone. It is now mostly written in Latin letters with an elaborate and rather clumsy but quite effective system of diacritical marks, the so-called *'qudc-ngu that was invented in the seventeenth century by the Portuguese missionaries—hence the Lusitanian combination of *nh**

The use of *quoc-ngu* has spread with the introduction of compulsory elementary education by the French. Most of the younger generation in the towns can now read and write their mother-tongue in this fashion. Traditionally, however, Annamese was written in Chinese characters as it still is in all official documents of the Court of Annam. The language as it exists to-day is made up of four layers. First there come the words of 'pure' Annamese origin, or at any rate of words that owe nothing to Chinese. They do not make up half of the whole and relate as may be supposed to the terms needed by a primitive people. The Muongs (who live in the hills of south-west Tongking) speak a tongue that seems to be a primitive and homogeneous form of Annamese. They are a people who live in Indonesian-type houses, perched on poles and they have

an aristocratic social organization. It would be rash to see in them the unaltered descendants of the early Annamese who escaped Chinese influence, but Muongs and Annamese are probably in some way related.

The next stratum of Annamese is made up of words derived long ago from Chinese and considerably deformed[1] (at least compared with modern Chinese pronunciations) such as *nha* (house) from *gia, ghe* from *ky* and *lai* from *le.* Then come the words of Chinese origin which differ in pronunciation or in sense or in both from their Chinese prototypes. Finally there is Sino-Annamese proper, that is, Chinese characters read aloud in Annamese. Very often in the olden days the Annamese mandarins all over the country exchanged letters in pure Chinese, intelligible both to Chinese and to Annamese. Annamese, however, was usually written in Chinese ideograms intermixed with other ideograms made up of Chinese elements but peculiar to Annam. This is the so-called *chu-nom* or Southern Writing.

The ideograms proper to it are unintelligible to one knowing only classical Chinese but they are formed strictly in accordance with Chinese principles and are not alien to them like the syllabaric characters of Japanese. Annamese itself has a different grammatical construction from Chinese (for instance the adjective follows the noun and does not precede it as in Chinese) so that for a Chinese to read Annamese written in *chu-nom* Sino-Annamese is very difficult whereas for a scholarly Annamese to read Chinese is quite easy since he knows the characters and the simple Chinese grammatical construction offers no difficulties. The Chinese classics, ancient and modern, are in fact still widely read and studied by the Annamese literati.

To the peculiar composite character of Annamese and its pronunciation that is at once archaic and provincial, we are indebted for much information about the pronunciation of ancient Chinese. The work of Henri Maspero has been impressive in this field.

Annamese literature is scanty and its development has been hampered by the discouraging existence of the vast and

[1] **Annamese has the letter 'R', unknown in Chinese, as are also the Annamese diphthongs.**

majestic body of Chinese classics. There is a popular epic called *' Kim-van-kieu'* that is known all over the three lands. In Cochin-China there is an interesting poem called *'Kim-thach-ky-Duyen'* or the ' Marvellous Union of Gold and Jade', the scene of which passes entirely in China: if there is little classical Annamese literature there is a rich harvest to be gleaned of popular songs, chants, and poems. Little by little they are being collected and preserved.

Some of the more 'assimilated' Annamese, as the French call them, are, or rather were, for the habit is luckily disappearing, inclined to mix up French words with their Annamese, like Rumanians of a generation ago who affected not to be able to express themselves in their own language. With the revival of nationalist feeling, pure Annamese is thought to be patriotic just like the dallying with Sino-Annamese characters. I have never found an Annamese who did not know his own language as did not some old-fashioned foreign-educated Russian grandees of a bygone day. In my youth I met a very old Prince Gagarin who had been an imperial ambassador but who never spoke Russian if he could avoid it and never dared to write it, so bad was his command of his own tongue.

Opening the Gates of Hell

The Red River rises south of Talifu in the western part of Chinese Yunnan. Near Hung-hoa in Tongking it receives the waters of the Black River, a much shorter stream from the western plateau where dwell the Muongs. Still farther south the Clear River, which is mainly fed from the Ba-be' Lakes, joins with the Red. At Hanoi the banks are low and the stream broad, swift-flowing, and turbid. It is crossed by a great bridge called the Pont Paul Doumer[1] after a French politician, who was an able Governor-General and an unfortunate President of the French Republic, for he was assassinated by a Russian called Gorguloff in 1932 or thereabouts. The Red River really is red, charged with silt from the ruddy rocks and hills of the Chinese south-west. It pours into the sea, staining the waters of the Gulf of Tongking for miles at the poor silted-up port of Haiphong, which the French have persisted in keeping as the

[1] The Doumer Bridge is 1,682 metres long and cost about £330,000.

principal harbour of Tongking even though some miles farther north at Hongay there is excellent deep-water anchorage in a sheltered and admirable natural port.

The Doumer Bridge seems to be chronically under repair, so that there is a tiresome system whereby the traffic runs one way for an hour and then the other way for the next hour. You always get to the curved embankment up to the entrance, in spite of breakneck skids of your driver to beat the gate, just as the traffic is being switched over. So you have an hour to take in the landscape. There is not much to see. If you are on the right bank you are on a roadway below the level of the river and look across a wide avenue to transverse streets and trees through which peeps a greyish temple. The town fanes of the Annamese lands have nothing very imposing about them. None of the long walls and huge roofed entrances of China. Just a couple of pillars surmounted generally with elaborate corolla-shaped finials. You follow a flagged passage between the houses and plunge into a dark hall out of which opens the sanctuary, generally divided from the larger room by a wooden lattice gate very much like a Spanish church *reja.* These little temples are called *chiia.* They are almost invariably Buddhist. Taoist temples are very rare and their priests or *ong-lao* little esteemed except as soothsayers and sorcerers. The Taoist divinities, however, especially the Jade Emperor, are venerated and they have a definite place in the religion of the people. As in China, there is nothing exclusive about Annamese popular cults; the Buddhist priests obligingly welcome Taoist ceremonies in their pagodas, for it is all grist to their mill. As in old China, again, the people take little part in the imperial state cult of Heaven and Earth, of which the Emperor is the Pontifex Maximus. The Emperor does not bother himself about the religions of the masses.

The Annamese are not so superbly tolerant and indifferent as the Chinese, and many of them suffer from considerable spiritual unrest not unrelated to their cultural inferiority complex.

The traditional Chinese imperial attitude was that it did not matter what was the religion of the people provided that they obeyed the laws and did not profess a cult that ran counter to the traditions of the country. It was the fanaticism and the

exclusiveness of the Moslems and Christians that got them into trouble. To this day, no one cares what religion a man professes in the Far East if only he observes the outward proprieties. No one in Japan would hold it against General Araki that he has had the queer idea of becoming an Orthodox Christian, but he must take his part in the Emperor Cult and the national ceremonies. So in China. The Vatican has only just rescinded the old injudicious ruling that Chinese Roman Catholics must not join in ceremonies of veneration of Confucius. But the evil has been done. There is no sort of chance now of wholesale conversions to any Western white-man religion.

Underlying all religious professions in Annam is the universal belief in *ma-qul,* that is, spirits. This basic animism has never found organized expression because of the Chinese over-lay, but *ma-qul* means something as vague and as pervasive as the Japanese *kami.* For the average Annamese the Heavenly Powers sort themselves out into a sort of pantheon much as follows:

Buddha

Lao-Tse- -Confucius

Heaven and Earth

|

The Spirits of Trees and Stones

|

The Imperial Ancestors

|

The Emperor

|

The Genii of the Village Communities

|

The Genii of Arts and Crafts

|

Ancestors

In this queer jumble of the Three Religions, the Official Cult of Heaven, the political cult of the Emperor, and of Chinese

ancestor worship with animism and village tutelary demon adoration, the Annamese would be hard put to it to define his faith. If you ask educated men what their religion is they will almost invariably reply Buddhist' unless they happen to be Christians or nothing at all. The people, however, depend in their daily lives upon the nearer and more accessible deities of the soil and the hearth.

Bao-phft[1] is Buddhism, that is the 'Way of the Buddha'. His priest or bonze is known as *hoa-thu'6ng.* You may tell him even in mufti by the buttoning of his tunic which does up down the front. When he officiates he wears a 'lotus' tiara made up of five or more sheets of embroidered stuff set side to side. In one hand he carries a high staff adorned with little bells and in the other his chaplet and rosary.

On either side when you enter the first hall of a *chiia*[2] you will probably find a statue, one of Quan-Thanh, the God of War, and the other of Diu-t&ng. There may be a Taoist shrine or two: one to the 'Kings of the Five Points' and one to the 'Ten Kings of Hell'. The innermost shrine is square and adjoins the farther of the long sides of the first hall: through the barred gates, or more clearly if they are opened, you may see the altars set with brass candelabra, incense-burners, and pricket-candlesticks before the images of A-di-da-Phat or Amitabha (the Buddha preceding Gautama) and Di-Lac, that is Maitreya, the Buddha to come. The image of the historical Buddha will occupy the highest place. In the gloom and the scent of sandalwood joss-sticks these little *chiia* are mysteriously attractive.

The first thing the bonze does in the morning is to shut the Gates of Hell that have been opened all night for the souls of the damned to pass through. Last thing at night he opens them again. These Buddhist Primes and Complines have the quiet dignity of inevitable and unquestioned things, but nowhere in Annamese lands have I seen Buddhist ceremonial on the majestic scale of some Chinese temples, especially in the Western provinces.

[1] D so written with a stroke through it is our D, and it corresponds to what we generally write as T in Chinese (although this is pronounced D). The Annamese 'D' has the sound of 'J' or 'Y', according to dialect.

[2] *Birth* is the communal cult temple. *Bin* is a national or regional temple (often called *'phit'* when dedicated to a female divinity). *Bi§n* is a small *Bin. Chiia* is a Buddhist temple. *Miin* is a small shrine.

Perhaps by this time the bridge gates may be open. Once you are on the west bank a perfectly flat plain stretches as far as the eye can see. The dusty roads are crowded with patient, unsmiling, unregarding, and apparently indifferent men and women bearing burdens. Man is the pack-beast of the East and any change in modes of transport and locomotion if too sudden would result in a frightful unemployment crisis. The Chinese have never been able to communicate to the Annamese their cheerful good humour. In his fears, in his hates, in his complicated and baffled spiritual unrest, the Annamese is as unlike the Chinese as can be imagined.

My Annamese driver who, like all his kind, drives faster than any Paris taxi-man, with a rapidity of reaction that is breath-taking, asks me if we have bridges like that in my country. He seems satisfied with the answer that we always drive right through rivers and never wait. My man is a government employee and gets very high wages, something like forty-five or fifty piastres a month, that is about twelve or thirteen dollars. He can, therefore, afford opium. You should always choose a driver who smokes. His nerve is much better. That is, until it suddenly breaks. The trouble is that you never know if it has not broken when he executes a particularly daring two-wheel skid round a mountain-road hair-pin. If you are lucky enough to get lent a government car, as I was, you give the driver a piastre or two per day for himself and he finds his own food and lodging. Wherever you are, even in the mountain wilds, he will dig out a fellow Annamese and roll up on his floor. In no case will he venture into the habitations or houses of the non-Annamese country folk.

The country is full of huts and villages set in clumps of trees. Here and there you see the dark brown splotch of a brick-kiln. You wind through village streets swarming with children, buffaloes, and chickens. The Annamese are not noisy about their work. Although they can on occasion break into the shrillest shrieks and they adore rhythmic music of the most monotonous sort they are in public rather a silent people. Their language has not the terse staccato crispness of Chinese nor its direct unambiguity but it is quite a respectable vehicle for the expression of ideas, probably, indeed, more unequivocal than Japanese, in spite of all its modernization.

You are still on the silicious alluvial plain of Red River mud. You run through the rice-fields until the jerky splash of the water-buckets becomes an undertone to the scenery. The pale blue sky is far overhead. You brush up clouds of dust. The road surface is excellent. Everywhere the French have built splendid roads in Indo-China. None of the villages is as sordidly filthy as those of China itself or those of Annam proper. The Tongkingese regard the Annamese as backward and dirty and the Cochin-Chinese as so modernized as not to be quite reliable.

The climate makes the Tongkingese and, in fact, all the Annamese drink much. Their bladder-capacity and resistance seem slight, and in fact my friends of the Hanoi Anthropological Society say that their investigations show that both are less than in the French. In any case in no land that I know of do you see so many men and women relieve themselves in public. Both sexes make water upright with their right trouser-leg rolled up without turning or shifting from where they may happen to be. Never in China do you see women so indifferent to the passers-by.

Bac-Ninh and its Chinese Tombs

Throughout the lands of Chinese culture you are always hampered by the tabu on tomb-opening. Mademoiselle Colani, to whom we owe so much of the little we do know of Indo-Chinese pre-history, was nearly mobbed once because she had with her some skulls in the train. She had to explain that they were twenty or thirty thousand years old.

In recent years the *Ecole franpaise d'Extrime Orient,* which is a sort of Ministry of Fine Arts and Ancient Monuments, has pushed forward with the exploration of Chinese sepulchres.

During their thousand-year domination the Chinese regarded the Peaceful South as an integral part of the empire and they buried their dead in what was considered Chinese soil. When the northerners left the country for good, many of the graves were opened and voided of their contents, not only bodies but grave-gear. In many cases, no doubt, the climate had already dissolved the bones. It is rare to find ancient human remains on the plains even when there is

clear evidence that a grave has not been disturbed. In some few cases rapid mineralization has preserved something of the dead.

The tombs, however, remained and many of them are fine and imposing. In the province of Bac-Ninh are perhaps the finest and the least damaged in Tongking. Some are almost little subterranean temples. Some are cruciform and some just chambers, but they are all vaulted. Glazed polychrome tiles, in the finest examples, line the twelve- or fourteen-foot-high walls. In one I seemed to be in an early Persian arched building such as Mr. Pope and his colleagues have made known to us. The Bac-Ninh tombs have few inscriptions: just 'Ten Thousand Years Ten Thousand' or a dynastic name-date, but they are mostly to be ascribed to the second, third, and fourth centuries of our era. In them MM. Parmentier and Goloubew found not only pottery and small bronze objects but a number of those delightful clay models of houses, farms, and palaces that are a feature of Han tombs in China. In 1916-17 the brick tombs at Nghi-Ve and Quing-yen, near the City of the Seven Pagodas, yielded up bronze mirrors and iron swords as well as pottery.

Land Pirates

After Bac-Ninh and B&c-Giang you come to Phu-Lang-Thu'o'ng, where mulberry trees line the roadside, for there they raise multitudes of silkworms and spin fine silk. Silk is as common in Tongking as cotton in north China; even the poorest have a best dress of silk, for it is cheap, although the Japanese sell their rubbish even cheaper.

The earth gets ruddy and the Rhaetian red sandstone stretches as far as Bac-Ld. Beyond that you are in the country of the Thai.

The little shaded, flowery Annamese villages of the plain are far behind.

Beyond Pho-vi are the corrugated ridges where, in 1884, the 'Black Flag' irregulars and the pirates, Annamese and Chinese, gave so much trouble to the French. The uprising imperilled the fresh French conquest, for the cost in men and money was violently criticized in Paris and orders were nearly given to

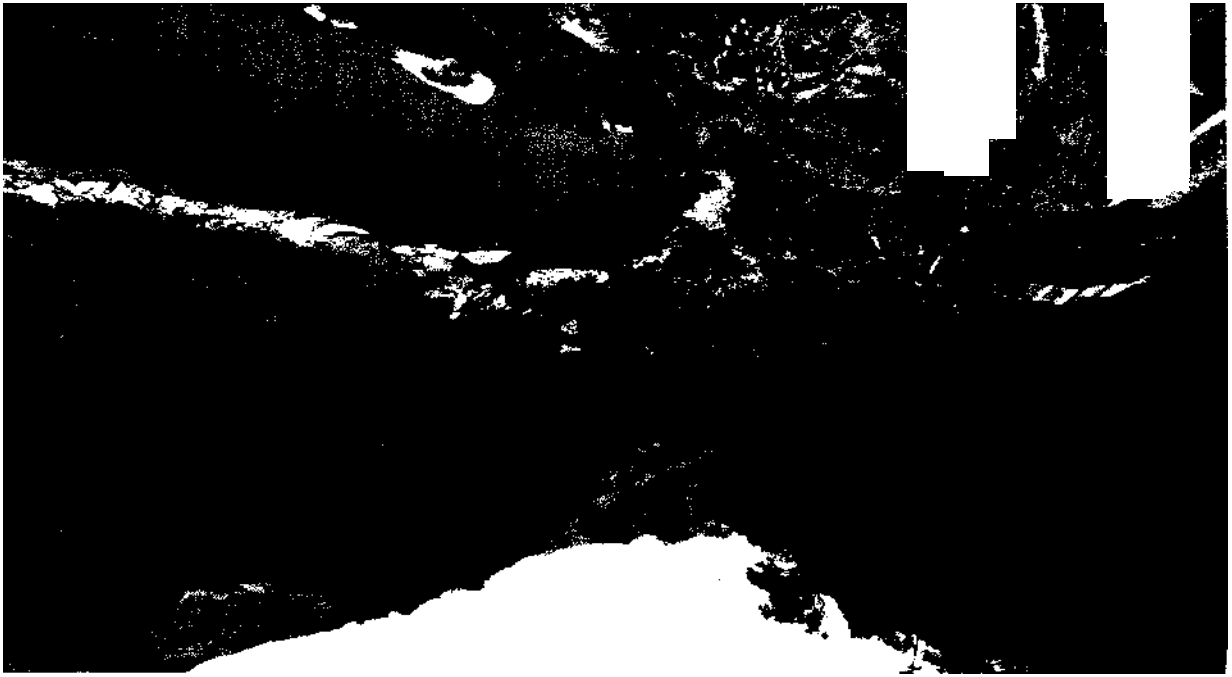
evacuate the whole country. The French had, for some reason or another, got into their heads that the Tongkingese and the Annamese of Annam were separate peoples[1] and that the men of the north were the disgruntled and oppressed subjects of the emperors in Hue', As a matter of fact, in spite of a certain amount of regret for their lost rulers of the Le' dynasty and their discontent at seeing the capital of the country removed from Tongking to Hue, the Tongkingese never gave any trouble to Gia-Long and his immediate successors. Tongking was ruled by an imperial Viceroy and there was a certain amount of local autonomy. The French overlooked the fact that from the point of view of language, tradition, customs, and stock, the two peoples differed from each other no more than the people of Lancashire do from those of Devon. It was not until 1891 that Governor de Lanessan conceived the brilliant idea of obtaining the apposition of the Imperial Great Seal to his proclamations. The political unrest died down at once. By 1893 there was a balanced budget for the first time, and the French felt so sure of themselves that they undertook to oust the Siamese from the Laos country. The Siamese, of course, have never ceased to claim these and other lost territories and seized the opportunity of the French collapse to press their claims with Japanese encouragement.[2]

'No Dogs or Chinese Admitted'

It is probable that European imperialism in the Far East is doomed. It was a good life while it lasted. Easy jobs, and even until quite recently, although times had sadly changed, there was a very good living for the white man in the East. We shall probably never realize how much of our easy indifference, how much of our self-righteous meddlesomeness and how much of those young traditions of superiority to the 'native' that do not go back 150 years have been due to the tribute we have exacted from the East. So many of the sheltered lives, the engagingly ingenuous views, the strange archaic hypocrisies,

[1] Yet Alexandre de Rhodes had seen truly years before—' Royaume de Tunquin et de la Cochinchine qui ne font qu'une nation pour la Communaute qui est entre eux de mceurs, de coutumes et de langage.'

[2] In 1941 the French had to cede to Siam all that part of the Laos country west of the Mekong as well as the Cambodian provinces of Battambang and Sisophon together with part of Siem-Reap and other regions.



'Yet this Nam-ti valley is one of the most lovely imaginable . . .' (Page 117)

have been made possible by the percentages sweated out of the East by one-sided treaties or political pressure. How many of us have been able to live in a world of dreams and subscribe to keep alive decaying customs, faiths, and fancies, to prevent cruelty to animals and try and prevent cruelty to children, because millions of poor heathen toil for twopence a day to keep up the facade of our life that has become ever more divorced from reality. The good old days of 'No dogs or Chinese admitted' has gone by and men have to get out and try to get their business from their Chinese clients, but the men who laid the foundations of our trade in the East did not feel themselves superior to the men they tried to deal with. Our customs and religions and faiths and superstitions and conventions only became Universal Imperatives when they were backed with guns and ships. For the Orientals had none. That day is gone for ever and with the Pink Man's gun goes the Pink Man's God.

Once there were three Japanese cruisers in Saigon harbour and huge crowds gathered daily to gaze silently upon them. In the crowds I would ask: 'Why the curiosity? You often see cruisers here.' 'But, yes,' the answer would come, 'these are built by men like ourselves and they say that these ships are as good as Europeans' and they belong here.'

The Mystical Mountains

After the town of Sept Pagodes the ground begins to rise. You are soon in rolling, down-like country interspersed with heaths. You are definitely off the plain and its teeming millions.

At Sdng-Hoa you are on the border of the limestone hills of Bdc-Son, where the flints and skulls come from.

On your right the rocky mass of Mount Nui-Dong-Nau towers up to 1,500 feet.

You leave the red sandstone for a Triassic formation of soberer hue. The country stretches before you a succession of moors, heaths, deep valleys full of forest and high wooded hills full of big game. Almost suddenly the knolls shoot up into high, fantastically shaped limestone islands, pitted with caverns, tufted with trees and often wreathed with wisps of cloud. They

are the mystical mountains of the great Sung painters, Tung Yiian, Hsii Shih-Ch'ang, and Ma-Yiian. You expect to see at any moment Lao-Tse himself, seated on his buffalo, emerge from a crevice in the cliffs. These inland islands occur in places from Thanh-hoa in northern Annam far into Chinese Kwang-hsi and Kweichow. The overwhelmingly strange Bay of Along is but such a landscape flooded by the sea. The formation seems to us typically Chinese because of its sublimation in T'ang and Sung pictures, but something like it is found also in America. The jutting rocks of the 'Garden of the Gods' near Colorado Springs would be, if clothed with vegetation, very like the crags of Tongking.

You are now in the Province of Lang-son. Between it and the shores of the Gulf of Tongking lies the little province of Moncay, half mountain and half plain and full of Chinese and Hakkas. The districts of Lang-son, That-Ke, and Cao-bang belong geographically to the Si-kiang basin and thus to China, but they have been Annamese ever since the Peaceful South has existed. The highway of human migration in very early times was, doubtless, along the coastal plain, but for two thousand years the road into China has led through the Chinese Gate on the frontier of Lang-son.

The limestone rocks jut up from the plain. All the cliffs are pierced with caves and caverns of which the greatest are those of Ky-lua, where the great star-aniseed mart is; then you are soon at Lang-son.

The town of Lang-son lies on an upland plain, green and gay for most of the year, and from this plateau rise the rocks full of sanctuaries and caves.

From one such cave that may have been a human shelter for countless ages you have a view of the fantastic landscape framed in a jagged edge of rock from which hangs a great bronze bell. Inside there are altars roughly sculptured in the rocks and a thousand inscriptions of pilgrims and travellers. You are right back to the cavern temple-houses of early men as in the Dordogne, where hunting-magic scenes and figures of the moving world are scratched in our first attempt to compel nature through art.

Lang-son

Lang-son is a straggling, shady, overgrown village that was meant to be nothing more than a district residency. For years, however, the railway line that was to link up Haiphong with Lungchow on the Western Canton River, stopped at Lang-son, and that made the little place a sort of jumping-off trail-end. When the Japanese invaded China, Lang-son became the haunt of all who had got into the war supplies game: the simple hotels were crammed with American missionaries, German bagmen, Chinese government agents, and international crooks. The fan-tan houses and the brothels did a wonderful trade. Lang-son got put on the map. It was still on the map when I last visited it, but since then the railroad has been terminated and the trucks ran, for a short time, right through to Lungchow. Then came the Japanese occupation of Nanning, and Lungchow and Lang-son dropped out of the news. With the Japanese penetration of Indo-China Lang-son's brief day of prosperity was over.

Lang-son has a cinema. In it I admired the grace of Miss Deanna Durbin in *'Trots Jeunes Filles a la Page'*, dubbed in French and with sub-titles in Annamese, like this! *' Thay lao Craig bo minh Donna lai quay dan ve' tim Michael thi b', chdng di dung lam ngo.' That Id dang kiep.'*

Dong-ddng

The village is huddled on either side of a valley and contains a mixed population of Annamese and Chinese with some Th6s, Nungs, and others of the little-known peoples of the highlands that we shall see more of later on. The fair was in full swing as we stopped on our way to China early in the morning. The temple and its precincts were crammed with a pungent crowd. Outside on little stalls were all sorts of sweetmeats and the kites and dolls painted in violent pinks and sky blues. Within the pagoda into which you made your way by two side doors, men, women, and children crouched, squatted, or stood while the local Buddhist bonze in scarlet robes, knelt in an attitude of perpetual adoration surrounded by his little acolytes, as inattentive to the interminable chanting and prayers as any servers in Southern Europe.

The frontier is a mile or two from Dong-dang on a road

that curves upwards above the valley towards a range of hills. The border is marked by an inconspicuous stone and the Chinese had a few picked men just beyond it ambushed in the thicket ready to pounce on any suspicious-looking persons who might have been foolish enough to think that the Gate of China was the real frontier. They had bagged a Japanese from the Haiphong consulate a day or two before I got there.

The Gate of China

We passed a few trucks on the gently winding, slowly rising road to the Gate of China. At the Gate the jam was imposing. I counted over seventy Matfords, Mack trucks, and Chevrolet lorries waiting to pass in and on.

The Chinese frontier command were more than amiable. The commandant had us at once into his office. The guard-house is a dank building of high ceilings and moderately grubby walls. It faces the Gate and forms, with it and the out-buildings between, three sides of a square. On the fourth side —the right as you enter the Gate—the hillside is sheer. Along it runs the road to Lungchow. On either side of the Gate you have a small Wall of China that twists and dips over the hills as far as you can see.

The Chinese side of the Mandarin Way, after a few hundred yards, widens out and you are on the new railway line. A bright valley carries the road, often shady with drooping trees. The railway cuttings keep near to the old roadway.

The red earth of these parts when freshly cut is bright vermilion. On ledges at all angles and all heights thousands of little figures in blue were toiling, shovelling the ruddy earth, carting and dumping it. The Chinese can handle a shovel well. The Annamese cannot or will not. They scoop what they have to carry into flabby wicker-bags and balance them on their shoulders. In Little China most of the mortar-mixing, excavation, and carrying for construction is done by women whose tirelessness, sturdy, flat-footed walk and rhythmical hip movements belie their frail-seeming bodies.

The Chinese coolies work from dawn to dusk and every day

for about fourpence, out of which they save, pay a commission to the man who got them the job, and feed themselves.

The morning sun lit up the whole valley and its thousands of scratching figures. Down on the road under the trees behind their wooden tables covered with bowls and cups for rice and tea stood the hash dealers, alert, cautious, tireless and always ready for business: the image of China.

The cuttings were almost finished in March 1939. The fifty miles of railway to the important junction of Lungchow was opened to traffic about August of the same year. The Japanese, of course, bombarded the line both during its construction and while it was working and within a few weeks the Japanese had advanced from Pakhoi on the coast of the Gulf of Tongking (but in Chinese territory), right up to Nanning and had occupied Lungchow. It was obvious to any observer while I was there that the construction of the line was useless and that for the short time that lay before them until the Japanese occupation it would have been better and cheaper to have gone on using the road. The explanation is, of course, a combination of Chinese 'squeeze' complex and French procrastinating commission-hunting. The plans for the railway had existed for years but only under pressure of the Japanese invasion was it possible to make a thoroughly good deal.

Back at the frontier post we were received with honour. From behind the scenes scurrying little men brought out samshu rice-wine, of which we took generous doses from the thick earthenware Bols-like bottle. The paneless windows looked out upon a disorderly garden. Again and again in these out of the way parts of China I am reminded of old Russia: the same disorder, the same waiting for the unexpected, the same indifference to dirt, the same hospitality, the same lack of indignation; yet, China, even at its shabbiest and most unimpressive, is always civilized in a classical, unsentimental way. The Captain gave me a gruesome brochure illustrated with photographs of Japanese atrocities, evirated men and women with skewers through their privy parts.

Northwards and westwards from D6ng-d&ng you rise with every mile of the road. There are plenty of trees. One minute you are running through a Surrey lane, but it is a drier Surrey, and walking towards you is a tall, vigorous-looking Nung clad in a long, dark blue robe.

The origin of the Nungs is mysterious. The Annamese always tell you that they are half-castes of Chinese and Thos, and this seems to be at least to a certain extent true of those around Ba Chu who are apparently a Thai people sinized by the neighbouring Hakkas. The Nungs to the east of Cao-Bang, however, are both by language and custom a Thai people although they are recognizably different from their Tho neighbours.

Then, again, you are in a delightful mountain country of woods, deep valleys, pine forests, and oak thickets. From the twining road the view changes with every turn. You look over wide spaces of green mountains down into dales with rippling, clear streams and every now and then you run through gorges of limestone cliffs whose caverns and caves gape through the tangle of trees and scrub. This is Upper Tongking. In these caves have been made the discoveries of early man, for prehistoric sites are always in limestone country since only in the calcareous hills are found the caverns that were our first homes and shrines. To this day Upper Tongking is a seething cauldron of peoples and their mixtures.

Hereabouts is the country of the men whom the Chinese call Yaos and whose name (like those of all the 'wild peoples of south-western China') they write with the ideogram for 'dog' as part of the word. Maybe that herein is preserved something of the dog totem that crops up in ancient China. Higher up in the hills there are Miao-tse, as the Chinese name them. The Miaos are recent comers into Tongking whither they arrived from the north two or three centuries ago. They are shy and savage and ravage the land they pass through by burning the vegetation for their dry rice crops. The bulk of the population, however, is made up of Thos (which is just the local name for the Thai tribes settled in Upper Tongking). The Th6s, divided into two main branches of white and black (from details of their costume), are a strongly built people, fairly hard-working, making excellent native troops, but rather given

to pilfering and quarrelling. There are a few Lolos farther on to the north-west who, like the Miaos, are relatively late-comers spilt over from Yunnan that is the great reservoir of their kind.

The Thos speak a Thai language that is nothing but a primitive or provincial form of modern Siamese, but the Thos write in Chinese characters. The Miaos (who extend right into the Chinese province of Kweichow) speak a tongue that some observers have thought showed affinities to the Altaic languages. But they as well as the Man represent, no doubt, the uncivilized remnants of the numerous savage tribes subdued by the Chinese when they pushed their civilization south and west over all of what is now the Chinese South. The Lolos have their own Tibetan-Burman language for which they possess but do not now much use a peculiar writing.

It is a long way and a twisting turning way from Dong-dang to Cao-Bang—it takes you all of four hours. Many a time I regretted my potations of samshu. And as often I had to stop the car to admire the view on which the Annamese driver looked with intense distrust. In these parts the Annamese is postman, schoolmaster, or petty trader and he keeps strictly to the towns.

The thickets often flash with gleaming birds, but on the whole you see little wild life by daytime in the sub-tropical lands even if your roads lead through almost uninhabited ways, but I have met in Cambodia young tigers gambolling at dusk in the middle of a road. At the near approach of the car they got up, shook themselves like cats, and trotted off into the under-growth. Once I encountered a small herd of elephant lumbering past without so much as a sniff at me while I sat on the ledge of a ruined temple at Bantey-Srei and smoked my pipe. Generally, if you want beasts you must go and look for them.

You find fewer Nungs now and their place is taken by the Tho men and girls. The women are often most attractive, with their broad rather flat faces, high cheek-bones and huge eyes. There is something about them that makes one think irresistibly of deer and antelopes as they skip over the rocks with their bare feet and legs. They wear dark blue clothes of a rather bunchy cut, a large white-fringed sailor collar and baggy drawers like shooting breeches. On their head is an enormous

cart-wheel straw hat that they hold before their faces as you meet them, partly from shyness and partly to keep out the dust. Although they give an impression of quite fine physique and healthiness the Thos have a very low birth-rate and are diminishing in numbers. This is partly due to the custom whereby a married couple live together and the husband has control over his spouse only after she becomes pregnant. Not unnaturally she endeavours to put off the yoke of married life as long as possible. There is the same custom among the Nagas of Assam (as von Fuhrer-Haimendorf tells in his charming book about these hill peoples) and the village of Thi-Thon in B£c-Ninh province enjoys an equivocal reputation among the neighbouring Annamese because the girls have the same pleasing custom. Thi-Thon, however, owes its privileges to its tutelary goddess whose amorous adventures make her especially indulgent to human frailty. Where these customs prevail men are even more rarely the physical parents of their children than elsewhere:

[1] We are bastards all,
And that most venerable man
Whom I do call my father
Was I know not where
When I was stamped.'

But physical fatherhood and social parentage are two very different things among many so-called 'primitive' peoples, and the latter is much more important than the former.

Early Man in Eastern Asia

Most of the prehistoric sites are strikingly beautiful. The Phd-binh-gia cave in the Bac-Son region is set in a lovely valley. Farther south the Dong-thu rock shelter gives on a wide expanse of rolling- landscape. From the Lang-Met, Vo-muong, and Binh-Long caves you have a magnificent view.

It is perhaps not fanciful to think that many of our apparently instinctive reactions to beauty in nature are inherited from the times when man sought shelter in limestone caves and needed them with as wide a view as possible in order to sight the approach of his enemies.

The Indo-Chinese peninsula was consolidated and had taken on more or less its present form in Secondary times. The vast earth-shaking movements that gave rise to the Alps and thrust up the Himalayas, where there had been in Miocene times a great inland sea, do not seem much to have influenced Indo-China. Volcanic activity is, however, not quite extinct, for there was in 1923 an eruption in what is known as the He des Cendres. There is much basalt scattered about in different parts and the glassy tears called tectites are common enough on the Dalat plateau in southern Annam.

High mountains are always geologically recent mountains, for if they were ancient they would be weathered and rubbed down like our own in Britain. We must not, therefore, look in Indo-China for the stupendous peaks of the Himalayas, and although the Chain of Annam is soldered on to the mountain mass of south-western China which mass itself merges into the Tibetan core, the hills of Annam are much more ancient than those farther north. The Himalayan foldings were, however, finished before the so-called Stegodon deposits of Langson (thus named because of the presence of stegodent elephants) were laid down. By that time the rivers had assumed their present courses, the sea coast (except where it has been pushed out by alluvial masses) was roughly where it is now and the covering of laterite that is characteristic of much of Indo-China was in place.

Indo-Chinese pre-history, that is to say of the epoch of which we can definitely be sure that man inhabited the land, starts after the formation of the laterite buckler. He must have witnessed the last eruptions of basalt.

Indo-China is, therefore, a region of ancient human settlement.

South-eastern Asia has been, without doubt, one of the most important of the differentiation areas for mankind. Indo-China lies half-way between Peking and Java, that is to say between those places where the most ancient remains of man or rather of pre-hominids have been brought to light. The ancestors of our nearest living relations, the apes, appear in remote geological ages. Pre-hominids, such as the Pithecanthropus of Java and the Sinanthropus of Peking, are, on the other hand, a relatively recent phenomenon. If creatures recognizably Simian

lived many millions of years ago, we have perhaps to set about 750,000 years and 500,000 years as the age of the Ape-Man of Java and the Peking Man respectively.

Java is separated from Sumatra and that island from the Malay Peninsula by short stretches of very shallow sea. If the sea-bed were raised even less than 100 fathoms there would be a continuous land mass reaching from south-eastern Asia to Borneo. The distribution of the Indonesian fauna makes it almost certain that such a land-bridge existed in comparatively recent geological times.

The Pithecanthropus finds in Java were, until a year or so ago, rather overshadowed by the discoveries near Peking, and that because for many years our only evidence for the existence of the Java Ape-Man was the incomplete skull found by Dubois in 1891, to which were added, as time went on, some small but very instructive fragments of other bones. Within the last few years, however, Dr. von Konigswald has brought to light remains that quite set at rest any doubts that may have existed as to the exact status of Pithecanthropus. From the Dubois skull it was evident that the Ape-Man had a brain capacity beyond that of any ape. Its content was about 900 cubic centimetres, whereas that of the largest gorilla skull ever noted does not exceed 650 c.c. Von Konigswald's finds of further skulls and especially of a lower-jaw prove that the Ape-Man was a true hominid. In fact the jaw resembles the jaw of the much later Heidelberg Man of Europe, whereas the teeth are more like those of the Peking Man or Sinanthropus.

The imperative importance of the Java discoveries lies in the fact that they have enabled a morphological if not quite satisfactory stratigraphical| sequence to be established from|the Pithecanthropus through the type of fossil man (also found in Java) known as the Man of Solo to the Australoid skulls which E. Dubois dug up at Wadjak (also in Java). Now these Australoid Wadjak skulls are not only evidently closely akin to the crania of modern Australian black-fellows, but they are also very similar to the Australoid skulls found by Mile Colani and M. Mansuy at Lang-Cuom in Tongking. The very ancient Talgai skull from Australia proves that men akin to the present-day Australian aborigines have long lived in the island continent.

Although as yet no Palaeolithic man has been discovered in Indo-China, we have clear evidence that in ancient days a primitive Australoid type of man lived in Australia itself, in Java, and in Tongking.

When we say 'Palaeolithic Man' in connexion with south-eastern Asia, we mean only remains of men found with Old Stone Age tools. We must beware of thinking that the terms 'Palaeolithic' and 'Neolithic', as applied to regions so far apart as France and Indo-China, connote any contemporaneity.

Where then was the dispersal centre of this type of man? Was Pithecanthropus and were his hypothetical descendants native products of Java? It seems hardly probable, for Java is in every sense of the word a peripheral and excentric area. It would seem much more likely that Indo-China will afford the clue to the mystery. Indo-China was almost undoubtedly the matrix whence issued the populations of Insulindia and Oceania. Not only have we the Australoid skull of Lang-Cuom but in the most ancient layers where have been found neolithic stone instruments have also been discovered skulls of Melanesian type, for instance at Duong-Thuoc, Khan-Kiem, and Lang-Cuom itself. Prehistorical research in Indo-China is complicated by the difficulties of establishing a precise stratigraphy and also by the fact that, at all times, Indo-China seems to have been a region where different races living at different cultural levels have jostled each other. It is in fact a prodigious *vagina gentium.*

As a comparison it is interesting to note that in the Philippine Islands where the sequence of races has been well worked out, you have associated with an Old Stone Age culture (perhaps 50,000 to 100,000 years ago) a mixture of Australoids and Negritos, with Mesolithic culture (perhaps 10,000 to 20,000 years ago), a Proto-Malay type and then in New Stone Age times you have two layers, an Indonesian *(a)* (6,000 to 8,000 years ago) and an Indonesian *(b)* (3,000 to 5,000 years ago) with a strong admixture of Papuan and Melanesian. This Indonesian population with elements resembling the men of New Guinea and the Solomon Islands is the essential population make-up of the modern Filipino except in so far as he has been influenced by quite recent admixtures of Spanish, Chinese, and so forth.

Of course, when we say 'Indonesian' we do not mean that

such people come from the island-world that we to-day call Indonesia. What we mean is a type now found characteristically in Indonesia. Everything points to all these races having come from the mainland of Indo-China. Indo-China is, in fact, a veritable Corridor of Time.

The North China finds of early man began only about fifteen years ago. To-day the remains of nearly forty individuals of 'Peking Man' have been recovered from the site in the Western Hills. All the Sinanthropus skulls bear traces of blows that seem to have been inflicted before death. The Pithecanthropus skulls of Java, on the other hand, bear no such vestiges of ill-treatment. Their owners were overwhelmed in volcanic dust and scoriae. Perhaps Peking Man was head-hunted, for head-hunting goes back to something very fundamental. It is linked with the hunting-magic that is one of the most archaic manifestations of the religious attitude.

There is some reason to suppose that the very primitive Sinanthropus was, in part at least, the ancestor of the modern Mongoloid peoples, for his skulls show what seems to be Mongoloid peculiarities, the principal of which are the 'shovel-shaped ' incisor teeth and the torus or ridge on the inside of the lower jaw.

It is, of course, possible that the Man of Peking may be just a slightly modified Pithecanthropus wandering northwards in the favourable climatic conditions of the Gunz-Mindel interglacial period. In this case we should expect to find evidence of his treks in south-western China and in Indo-China. Up to now such slight prospecting as has been undertaken has not brought to light anything of very great moment in southern China. Our knowledge of the palaeontology of China is distressingly patchy and unsatisfactory and the south and south-west are almost *terrae incognitae* to the archaeologist and palaeontologist. Caverns have, however, been explored in the province of Kweichow which belong geologically to the same strata as the deposits in North China where Peking Man was found. The fauna is similar to that of Choukout'ien in the Western Hills. These so-called *hystrix* caves (from the abundance of fossil porcupines there discovered) have unfortunately yielded no human remains, but porcupines are great bone crunchers.

When we come to something nearer to us in time, however, things begin to look more promising. In the Chinese province of Kwang-hsi (one of the least known in China from any point of view) as long ago as 1935 geologists (including Father Teilhard de Chardin, S.J., and Dr. W. C. Pei, both of them distinguished in Chinese palaeontology and geology) discovered in caves and caverns objects belonging to a mesolithic (i.e. intermediate between the Old Stone and New Stone type) industry which is clearly similar to the so-called 'Bacsonian' of Indo-China. There was no pottery, but the artifacts included green slate grinding-stones—perhaps a primitive sort of quern but not unlike the slate palettes of early Egypt and Portugal—and stones perforated by pitting. The caves extend over a large area from the Tongking frontier to the north of Kwang-hsi. Now this 'Bacsonian' culture is the most ancient yet found in Indo-China. It takes its name from the district of Bac-so'n, where Mile Colani, her sister, and M. Mansuy first found the objects now catalogued as 'Bacsonian'.

Both at the sites in Bac-Son and at Lang-Cuom, small and large type Austro-Melanesian skulls were found and at Lang-Cuom and Phi-Binh Gia, with the proto-Melanesian (of an exceptionally long-headed type) Indonesian crania were discovered. The Australoids and Melanesoids have quite disappeared in Indo-China. The Indonesians are represented by most of the semi-savage tribes of the great mountain core of Indo-China, who are divided up into a great number of tribes of widely different customs and standards of culture and speaking languages belonging to several different families—'Indonesian', Mon-Khmer, and so forth—although, naturally, here as elsewhere, language is no guide to 'race' or even to culture.

Now there is a curious parallel for the state of things revealed in the earliest sites yet discovered in Tongking.

Upper Palaeolithic Man (that is of the latter part of the Old Stone Age) was, until quite recently, unknown in Eastern Asia. Only a few years ago the remains of seven individuals, including their skulls, were found in the so-called Upper Base quite near the main dig whence are brought forth the immensely older remains of the Sinanthropus. The skulls have been much crushed but the facial bones of an elderly man and two women

have been well preserved. The old man suggests an Ainu type. One of the women might be a Melanesian and the other an Eskimo. We may set the date of these ancient 'Chinese' at anything between 20,000 and 50,000 years ago. There was evidently no racial purity then! Tens of thousands of years ago, the populations of north-east Asia were very mixed. The modern type of man has been cross-bred from remote times. As a distinguished French anthropologist, Professor Paul Rivet, has well put it; 'The men of Neanderthal resemble one another as wolves, modern men differ from one another as dogs/

There are two principal stone-tool industries revealed by the digging in Tongking. One is coarse—Bacsonian and Hoabinhian—and one very evolved, known as that of the 'haches a tenon', or tanged axes. They are axe-heads with a projection that fitted into the mortice of the handle. Their shape is highly peculiar and characteristic and they are found in very restricted areas: in a region extending from Bdc-Son to Quang-Binh in Annam; around Perak in the Malay Peninsula; and in the valley of a river flowing into the Bay lagoon in the Philippine Islands. They have been dug up in Chota Nagpur, Assam, Japan, and Corea, and are still used in Polynesia. The *'haches d tenon'* culture is characterized by these axe-heads and by almost no other tools at all; the other instruments may have been of wood or bamboo. It is conceivable that the tanged axes may have been copied from metal models. In the Samrongsen kitchen-midden of Cambodia, the axes have been found associated with bronze tools and an evolved pottery. In the famous site of Dong-son, tanged axes are found among bronze, iron, and objects in carved schist, for one of the astonishing things about digging in Indo-China is that one is continually finding, side by side, objects belonging to quite different cultural strata, but this juxtaposition may be sometimes due to the different cultural habits of different classes within the same social complex.

Tongking is a country of eruptive rocks and therefore, instead of flint tools, you have them chipped from pebbles of rhyolith and diabase.

In these limestone grottoes there are three principal layers. The uppermost shows a transition from stone to bronze with a fine ceramic technique—bracelets and ornaments. The spiraloid

ornamentation on the bracelets can be paralleled in pre-Gupta India (where it never occurs in post-Gupta times) and among the modern Dayaks of Borneo, the Mois, and the Annamese, so that there has been a long persistence of design. Then below this layer comes pure New Stone Age with no bronze at all. In Annam this phase is represented in the kitchen-middens of Bao-Tran and Minh-Cam and at Ham-r6ng. These sites have also yielded three orania, two Indonesian and one (from Minh Cam) of a negrito child. In 1924 there was also found a Melanesian skull in the kitchen-midden at Ba-but. The lowest stratum is the Bacsonian or old Neolithic.

Among the human remains found there are Austro-Melanesian, Proto-Melanesian, and Indonesian, but nowhere anything Mongoloid, which tends to show that the Mongoloid type is of comparatively recent immigration. There are good grounds for believing that this type's origins are to be sought much farther north—perhaps in northern China. Last of all, but not yet easy to distinguish from the Bacsonian with which it must be provisionally classed, comes the Hoabinhian which may stretch back into the Old Stone Age, although nothing unquestionably Palaeolithic has yet been found.

Professor von Heine-Geldern distinguishes three Neolithic civilizations in Indo-China: (1) that of the axe pointed at the base and of oval section, occurring also in British India, in Japan, and in New Guinea; (2) of the tanged axe, 'typically Mon-Khmer'; (3) of the axe of rectangular section imported into Indo-China by the tribes left behind during the great migration of Indonesians from the north through the Laos and Siam to the Malay Peninsula.

We know less about the pre-history of Siam than of French Indo-China, but the little that was revealed by Professor Fritz Sarrasin after his prospections there in 1932 is enough to make one realize that in Thailand and the Laos and Tongking lies a solution to the riddle of Far Eastern pre-history.

There are no traces, as yet, in Tongking of tools comparable to the primitive Chellean or Mousterian in Europe. As, however, the Indo-Chinese tools were fashioned with a good deal of the stone untouched, and the rest hacked sharp with large chips out of hard material, they often look as coarse as Chellean or Campignian in Europe. Industries of the Bacsonian type

have been found in Laos, Siam, Malacca, Borneo, and the Philippines.

Tongking, Laos, and Upper Siam, together with the Chinese provinces of the south-west, Yunnan, Kweichow, and Kwang-hsi, probably hold somewhere in their soil traces of the connecting link between Pithecanthropus and Sinanthropus, perhaps of a form more simian than either, for this region may be the very womb of humanity.

'C'est le carrefour ou se croisent tous les fils d'Ariane de toutes les recherches et de toutes les hypotheses.'

Cao-Bang

The frontier provinces of Tongking, with the exception of Moncay on the coast and Lang-son next to it northwards, are under military administration and this not only because of the 'pirates' from over the Chinese border but also because of the clash and jumble of peoples. With Annamese and Chinese, Nung and Man, Miao and Tho, Lolo and Hakka and their subdivisions, the semi-paternal administration of the French army gave good results.

Cao-Bang, built in the bend formed by the meeting of two rivers, is the capital of the Second Military Territory and it is a pleasing mountain town, clean and quite lively. There is a decent hotel, an important market, several eighteenth-century Chinese-style buildings that give the place a permanent look, and plenty of bungalows set in gardens. Four mountains protect the city and the climate is refreshingly cool at night, and the surrounding country is wooded and rolling. Cao-Bang lies high above the Song-Bang Giang that flows south-east and joins the Western Canton River at Lungchow. Here it was, as we have seen, that deposed and fleeing Annamese monarchs used to make their way before taking refuge in China. In a popular song that you may still hear in Little China a man who must flee and leave his family laments:

Du anh di tray nu' o'c non Cao-Bang

The last of the Le sovereigns driven from his throne by usurpers slipped down this river one night with a few retainers.

"There you see in a glass case the mummified body of Hai-ko, a saintly bonze who died at a great age in the reign of the glorious Emperor K'ang-Hsi.' (Page 135)

The Road to the Prefecture of Double Felicity

There is not in the Chinese East that feeling of legitimacy that still lingers on with us. A monarch who rules happily is obviously legitimate, for he has the Mandate of Heaven, but in the subconsciousness of the Annamese there may nestle some pre-Chinese ideas about sovereignty, although they cannot be compared with the full-blown feudal fables and Emperor-worship of the Japanese.

The Road to the Prefecture of Double Felicity

From Cao-Bang the road is still long to the Chinese frontier and more mountainous yet. There is not much traffic on the precipitous highway, but the Cao-Bang bus, painted a dull red and crammed and loaded with a variety of costumes, skids dustily by. By the roadside there are plenty of Thd men and women, Man-Coc and Man-Tien marching along down to Cao-Bang or towards Trung-khanh-phu. You are moving towards higher ground that opens out every now and again into a plateau, or narrows into a thickly wooded valley full of pheasants. It is on the lower slopes of the Himalayas that the rich fauna of India and Farther India begins. Pheasants and jungle-fowl are common to both and it cannot be said where their origin lies. The fauna (and to some extent the flora) continues until the break beyond Bali and Borneo.

The hills get lower and seem farther off. You are on an upland. The countryside looks more Chinese. Temples flank the rocks, masking grottoes that have long been sacred. 'The Heavenly Dragon King', reads the high inscription over a black and white shrine set against the rock on the other side of a wide, shallow stream. We are approaching the Prefecture of Double Felicity. The humble frontier post of Trung-khanh-phu bears indeed the same name as the capital of China, Chung-king-fu.

The flat land is broad enough—a mile or so from side to side —the late afternoon is damp and dull. These uplands are moist and often chilly. The road is bordered with little houses set in large gardens. On the left hand the bare trees are all decked with little red flags. In the midst of the garden, with the objects of the Cult spread before her, sits a Taoist sorceress—most of the magicians of these parts are women and Thos, perhaps

representatives of the ancient shamanesses who played so important a role in the rites of early China—exorcising and blessing and perhaps carrying out the 'fishing up of the sour. The odour of sandalwood and sawdust incense joss-sticks whose perfume (say the Chinese merchants who sell them) is so agreeable to the spirits, wafts across the road. Ritualization is a powerful cure for the boredom that lurks in wait for those who suffer from the impact of alien civilization. Boredom is the chief cause of primitive peoples' decay and disappearance and also of the heaving discontent that follows foreign rule among the civilized peoples of Asia, and, indeed, among ourselves—floundering in the morass of new knowledge and techniques without any wisdom to inform our lives—the cause of many of the miseries of frustration that haunt us.

It is difficult to overestimate the psychical support afforded by ritual in any stage of society.

I halted the car just near the shamaness who glanced gravely and with dignity on her narrow face, but she was, clearly, as the Annamese say, *boi roi nhu' ba su' de,* as puzzled as a pregnant nun, for she could not see my host and hostess strolling towards me or account for my strange gestures. They advanced as unconcernedly as though they were walking to meet a guest on the drive of a Touraine chateau: he a tall officer in light colonial khaki, she, unchanged since I had last seen her in Paris, the eldest daughter of a ducal family who had astonished the *monde* by her academic successes. We were all now within eyeshot of the shamaness who could watch us keenly without neglecting the rites. Our greetings and gestures intrigued her for she told afterwards that we were evidently forcing the God. The whole quest of Man is to find the formula that will coerce the God, since deities will hardly yield to mere persuasion and sacrifice.

The frontier post lies at the end of the village—a cluster of huts around a pillared, roofed market-place. The alleys are deep in mud. The shiny, greasy, unstained wood of the buildings has a really Chinese look. This is Thd country and although the Thos are in a minority in the Prefecture of Double Felicity they dominate the countryside. To the right where the country widens out there is a high crag crowned by an old fort. The Post is a sort of Tongkingese edition of Dampierre.

The *corps de logis* forms the barracks, armoury, and stables. Over the great main entrance gate shines no Sun of Louis X I V but a huge terrifying mask as Tibetan as may be. To the left and right are lower wings just separated from the main buildings. They are the quarters of the European non-commissioned officers and of the commander of the post.

Behind, over a little stream, begins the track to the border. It is heath-like country reminding you of parts of Scotland, were it not for the far fringe of jagged mountains and isolated crags of limestone. You are fifteen miles from the Chinese frontier station and until a short time ago there was no road, nothing but the slimy track d'Alverny and I nearly lost ourselves in.

From Neolithic to Air Age

The next day we were off to inspect the new Chinese road from the border to the Yu-kiang. We were a queer outfit: d'Alverny in uniform swinging the aged flivver round and holding her down to the road with his gigantic hands, muscles all taut. He has spent half his life as a Meharist in the Saharan sands, and is an ' African' through and through. The reptilian quality of Asia hardly attracts him. The hold of the French, as indeed that of any Europeans, must be feeble on this soaked steaming land that exhales death for the pink man. Khanh, the excellent Tho sharp-shooter, sits on the back seat. I keep next to the driver, but we spend most of our time trudging, shoving, shouting for help, or sending Khanh off through the jungle to find gangs of countrymen to haul us out of the red slime.

The country soon changes and becomes heavily wooded. The sun broke out over a delightful valley of bright grasses, but we were bogged in a deep lane. Once free again and over the covered bridge, the countryside had an inviting look. If ever I had to live in a hermitage I should choose it, I think, in an old thatched, verandahed house just the other side of the covered bridge. You see more birds than men, yet whenever we wanted help with the flivver a few minutes' search brought a bunch of willing Th6s to the rescue. Their fields are hidden from the roadway by high growth of grasses and reeds.

A few miles on, the road got a little better, not on its surface,

but in its gradients. We were in another world of green swamps and giant cliffs round whose base we scrambled. It was so quiet that any sign of man almost shocked. Then the flat ground widened out. The hills, the limestone islands, and the great rocks rose sheer out of the ground. There is no slope to their feet. It is just as though a sea had been emptied and you were walking on its flat bottom. To the left a very high and seemingly inaccessible crag is topped with a dull yellow blockhouse, the road zigzags and then disappears sharply behind a wall of hills. To the right a huge slab let into the rock-face contains the title and protocol of the frontier delimitation treaty.

Another turn and a smudge of light colour in the haze. It is Yo-hu, until the end of 1938 an insignificant frontier post for the control and observation of men painfully trudging across the mountain tracks. For the past three years it has been the terminus of a broad new road which was destined to be cut by the Japanese as soon as it had begun to serve for through communication along a new highway the French built in 1939 to replace the track we had bumped over and slid through.

We were expected. In the large village of bamboo huts the inevitable busy life of China was going on—huckstering, trading, cooking, construction—every one occupied scurrying or shuffling in a purposeful way with an air of serious business. Captain Yu and his staff received us in the main hut, the rooms of which were papered with yellowish French journals. We sat on and around packing-cases while relays of smart, wily little boys brought in magnums of Perrier Jouet champagne and tins of British biscuits. We toasted China in sweetish but quite cold wine while our eyes wandered to 'Lebeau est-il Tassassin de la petite Lacrotte?' or 'Nous sommes trahis, mais la France saura se faire respecter', or 'C'est de votre faute, Monsieur, si Madame est frigide. Prenez du Forsex.' The female portion of the staff peered out from the black hole at the back of the room. It was all very Chinese in its utter lack of provinciality, its adaptability, its classlessness, and its inevitability. The Chinese, so to say, have it ail worked out. The Europeans they dislike the least are really the French, whose magnificent cooking and sexual technique extort their admiration.

This new Chinese road is broad and smooth and it leads through nothing but a wilderness to the town of Po-seh, fifty miles off, on the middle reaches of the Yu-kiang, an affluent of the great Western Canton River. The Yu-kiang rises in Yunnan, and down it can be floated the produce of the Chinese west. The new road was laid out in six months by coolies imported from farther east, for these wilds have no settled Chinese population. Two-thirds of the inhabitants of the province of Kwang-hsi are Skias, another of the primitive tribes of unsinized southern China. The substratum of the neighbouring province to the north, that of Kweichow, is Miao. None of these peoples make good labourers. There were, however, crowds of Th6s and Mans by the roadside to gaze on their first white men. We both terrified and allured them. The women, especially the younger and prettier ones, stood it longest. Many of the men fled groaning. The girls took a flimsy shelter behind their big hats, but they peeped over them or over their shoulders if they had been moved to turn their backs to us. They had stepped from Neolithic into the Air Age. The aeroplanes that droned overhead, maintaining communications with the towns of the interior, they had come to look on as man's normal method of transport. Cars they hardly knew, and pink-coloured men were to them an horrific and improbable vision. All the way to Po-seh this chip of China was so wild and mountainous that at the end of fifty miles you felt as though you had explored a continent. We were, in fact, the first Europeans to travel on the road that a few months afterwards was to become a highway of busy traffic. Perhaps we were the first white men ever to set foot in this wild west. Every now and again you could see high up on the mountain face or winding over its crest the age-old coolie tracks by which wood oil, star aniseed, tin ingots, quicksilver, wolfram, and some gold find their way towards Tongking, and by which way opium is smuggled. The Indo-Chinese Government gets its opium in India and forbids the importation of the Chinese drug, but, of course, it gets in. A stalwart coolie can keep up a jog-trot endlessly with a burden of about forty pounds weight. The frontier region abounds in 'pirates', smugglers, and traffickers of all sorts.

The Sealed Mouth

Somewhere in these wild parts brigands and smugglers would bury their treasure, secure from plunderers by the protection of the Sealed Mouth. Legend has it that the Chinese merchant-pirates, when they made for the north, would take with them a kidnapped child that must be a girl and a virgin, so they would chose an infant of four or five years old. When they reached the spot selected for the treasure cache and had carefully carved it out of the rocky earth, the little girl would be drugged with opium. When she was quite unconscious they would seal her mouth with plaster and bind it about with a silken sash. Then into her ears, first in one and then into the other, would be whispered the word or formula of access to the treasure. When her limp, senseless little body had been placed in the vault the whole thing would be skilfully concealed and the men would go on their way. The little child would die alone without having been able to repeat the formula, so that should any man try to extricate the treasure without repeating the secret words her ghost would strangle him. There is a whole lot of primitive practice packed into such a ceremony: the virginity of the victim, for virginity makes men like spirits that do not have intercourse; the compelling formula. It is all very ancient.

The Siamese Mission

The next day at Trung-khanh-phu we had the visit of the Siamese Military Mission of half a dozen smiling, urbane officers who spoke better English, of course, than French. They expressed polite admiration of the wonderful roads the French have made in Indo-China, for Siam is practically a roadless country. The Governments there had the brilliant idea that if no roads were built men would have to use the Government-owned railways, but unfortunately there are very few railways, and the greater part of Siam, a most interesting country, especially from the archaeological point of view, is almost inaccessible. Something is now being done to remedy this state of things, but it will be years even with the encouragement of their Japanese friends before the Siamese will have a network of roads like those of Indo-China or the Dutch East Indies.

Siam has territorial ambitions. The Thai irredentists claim the Laos country (for the Laotians speak a language akin to Siamese, and they are evidently a Thai tribe left north when the ancestors of the present-day Siamese settled in the Menam plains), and they dream of lordship over the Thos and all the Thai-speakers wherever they may be found—from the Burmese Shan States far into South-western China.

'You see,' said one of the Siamese to me, 'these people understand perfectly what I say.' And the stocky Thos certainly did seem to have a general idea of what he was talking about.

Reading and Re-reading

In Trung-khanh-phu market you can find all the produce of the hills and the interior of Kwang-hsi. You can buy a blue-and-white teapot large enough for twenty-four people for two piastres; a snow-leopard's skin (but full of holes and badly tanned) for half a crown; even some jade jewellery, if you can tell the real from the false.

My Annamese chauffeur lodged with his fellow-countryman schoolmaster, very much the Babu and full of affected contempt for his class of little Tho children. He was, he said, a much neglected man whose science and merits ought to have secured him a good job in a large city. But then, country schoolmasters are apt to tell one this in all parts of the world.

After dinner that night we had the visit of M. Do in the snug little boudoir on the first floor that Mme d'Alverny had fitted up with whatever came to her hand. M. Do was a Tho with literary tastes. He spoke excellent French, had been a Civil Servant, and had retired to the Prefecture of Double Felicity, there to end his days reading the Chinese classics. We asked him if he would like some French books. 'Alas!' he said, 'I shall not quite have time to read all the classics I need for my edification.' Perhaps the far-off and original kinship of Thai and Chinese has something to do with it. M. Do seemed more secure in his civilization than the children of the Pacified South. As the evening wore on, and after he had gone, in some strange way he reminded me of those men you find in out-of-the-way villages of Eastern Europe. Once

in a God-forsaken Bessarabian hamlet at a time when the villages of the plain were ravaged with typhus and often empty of men and full of dogs gorged on men's pestiferous corpses, the local Jewish doctor asked to see me. He was lying dying by inches with one of his legs a mass of gangrene. I offered him the few books I had with me. He pointed to his little shelf and said, 'I shall not have time to re-read what I must'. Strange that men still want to know even when they know that soon their knowledge will be useless. Perhaps it eases the transition to feel that you understand. The natural dislike of dying is weakened if there is a rich experience to look back upon.

The Chief est Sinew and Strength of Wisdom

The rush down through the BSc-kan lake region that is a wonderland, bright water and waterfalls and friendly trees, to Lang-son, I made at breakneck speed, for I had a luncheon engagement at the Residency. I was so late that the Resident had sent men out to look for me, as he feared for his excellent meal. But I got to Lang-son in time for the end of an interrogation. That morning a German had crashed the frontier guards at the Gate of China, and when called on by the French gendarmes to pull up his big car, he had whipped out a gun and threatened to shoot. He was rushed, neatly tripped up, handcuffed, and searched. While being led off to the Resident, he shouted for joy, 'Now at last I am safe', The whole thing was play-acting to make good his escape with his commissions, for he was stuffed from head to foot with bank-notes of various currencies and to a value of fifteen or twenty thousand pounds. He was more delighted than ever to be sent down to Hanoi for trial.

There was no pretence at a party—just the Resident, his secretary, and myself. The food was mostly Chinese, with caviare from God knows where (but it seemed to me the best I had ever tasted out of Europe, except the Caspian caviare they give you in great dollops at the Baghdad hotels), *foie gras* remotely from Bergerac, cool French wines, and ice-cold champagne. The Resident was a charming Corsican. He had the urbane philosophy of the moderate opium-smoker, and

after forty years in the East there was nothing provincial about him. It is a far cry from Cargese, the Greek colony in the Isle of Beauty, to Lang-son, but your Corsican is a born wanderer and more adaptable than most Frenchmen, for there is little to eat on his island. Napoleon's fellow-countrymen generally follow one or more of the closely allied professions of politician, policeman, or pimp, and they are the backbone of French colonial administration. They compare very favourably, in the Colonies, with the Frenchmen from other parts of France.

Giacobbi had no wife. He was, therefore, well armed for success in the East. Since white women have taken to residing in Asia, they have there caused more trouble than all the missionaries put together. We did a good deal better in India when our men bedded with the women of the country. Those burly Scots and others who had Moslem concubines in the good old days got to know the country as only you can through its women. The proverb assures us that men cease to know a woman once they have taken her as a mistress, and that women never know a man until he becomes their lover. If, however, a woman hides herself completely from her man she reveals to him her country as no man ever can or will to his love, thus women's interpretations of strange lands nearly always have a quality of silliness.

We sat for hours in the lofty, cool hall. In the half-light gleamed here and there an Annamese brass—they are not, alas! always too finely chiselled, and brass is a poor substitute for its nobler cousin bronze. We enjoyed the fleeting Eastern ease that Europeans have, up to now, made for themselves in Asia. We smoked fresh silver-paper-protected Dutch cigars, and drank lime-cup chockful of tinkling ice. Giacobbi poured forth his wisdom of the East. You may succeed with vegetable growing if you are sure to use only imported seeds. You must distinguish between Chinese amahs and Annamese congais. In the Annamese lands you will get no Chinese servant but a chauffeur or an amah. The Chinese nurses are incomparable, but the parsimonious French are apt cheese-paringly to engage Annamese girls who, having little of the character of the Chinese, are too indulgent to their charges. They also masturbate them to keep them quiet.

The Chief est Sinew and Strength of Wisdom

We listened as the afternoon waned to the Mediterranean incredulity and indulgence :

> 'The chiefest sinew and strength of wisdom, saith Epicharmus, is not easily to believe.'

The refusal to trace the untrackable, that was what emanated from the old man. He was not out to seek

> 'The trace of an eagle in the air, the trace of a serpent upon a rock, the trace of a ship in the midst of the sea and the trace of a man in a maid.'[1]

He kept himself to the things that cannot be hid, as the Persians say—love, pregnancy, musk, and riding upon a camel, which we overlook in our ignoring of the obvious. These obvious things in the East are writ large upon the wall and they bode no good to white men's domination.

The pallid, taut face and tell-tale musty odour of the old-timer lent something definitive and objective to all he said. He must long ago have renounced all loves but his pipe.

'The Annamese girls are often attractive or lovely, even with a southern grace and seeming fragility, and many men like them better than the Chinese. But in this country few of us have the opportunity of finding a nice Chinese girl. The Annamese have not much of the elaborate comportment code of the Chinese or their superb self-assurance. A Chinese woman hardly ever troubles to hide her distaste of Europeans as prospective lovers, and they are often made ill at ease by the elaborate if splendid erotic technique of the Chinese. The specimens of Europeans, too, that we get here are pretty coarse and vulgar. The Annamese girl, in spite of her generally hopeless promiscuity, often forms genuine attachments. The old Annamese saying is, What you can do without undressing is nobody's business. The trouser-legs of the Annamese are very wide indeed!'[2]

[1] The word is 'trace' or 'track', and not the ambiguous 'way' substituted in our Version. Thus read the thing makes sense.

[2] Tavernier tells a horrid tale: 'The Laws are also very rigorous against Adulterie, so that if a woman accus'd of this Crime be convicted thereof she is cast to an Elephant bred up to this purpose who presently throws her up into the air with his Trunk, and when she comes to the ground tramples her under his feet till he can perceive no life in her. Brother Daniel saw a Princess so handled for being taken in the Act with a certain Prince.'

Ecole frangaise d'ExtrSme Orient

I did not then stop more than a few hours in Hanoi; just time enough to pay a first visit to the French Far Eastern School. It is one of the really useful institutions the French have set up in Indo-China. It is a centre of Far Eastern learning, it is a Ministry of Fine Arts, and it is an indispensible help to the traveller who would see the country and its monuments. Georges Coedes, the director, has around him a little body of men who are worthy successors of the great French savants and archaeologists of the past who did so much for the understanding of the Far East. I was headed for Thanh-hoa to visit the sites of Dong-son and Bim-son, where Otto Janse' has dug so fruitfully in the last few years. Luckily Coedes was able to tell me that Janse and his wife were still at the dig, so I hurried off towards the south.

Thanh-hoa

You hardly know that you are getting out of Tongking, for although the Thanh-hoa is traversed by its own river, the S6ng-ma, the country really belongs to the Red River lands. The road runs alongside the railway tracks and some of the bridges are common to both roads. There is a ferry and a toll to pay, and you know that you are in Annam proper. The town of Thanh-hoa is a long street of houses on either side of the highway. The mountains are quite far away to the west, and the sea-coast is some fifteen miles to the east. The surrounding country is rolling rather than hilly, but a pleasing change from the monotonous flatness of the Tongking delta.

It was dusk as we rolled into the town that seemed unusually noisy. Just opposite the hotel was a new shop being inaugurated with continuous gramophone records of Annamese music and the nasal whine of chanting. The shops in the main street are gaudy with Chinese banners and inscriptions that you see more rarely in the north.

The province of Thanh-hoa is famous for several things: its celadon ceramics; the fact that it is the cradle of the reigning imperial dynasty; and its beautiful strange rocks and caverns, among which are the unpretentious tombs of the Le sovereigns[1]

[1] At Phu-Tho. In the neighbourhood are to be seen the vestiges of Van-Lai, capital of the realm from 1544 to 1592.

in tree-clad steep hills that again and again remind you of the Vezere valley and the country around the prehistoric sites of south-western France. The place makes you sure that men have been here settled for a very long time.

Thanh-hoa is, however, most of all significant for the discoveries that have been made at Ddng-son.

Dong-son

As far as we can reconstruct, with the scanty material at our disposal, the early history of Indo-China, it seems to have been like this: Some time after 2000 B.C. a megalithic culture (characterized, that is, by huge stone monuments) spread down from the north into the peninsula and thence to the islands of the south. Of this megalithic culture few traces have been found in China, for the line of diffusion was probably through the little-known west, and then Northern Indo-China, Sumatra (and Nias, the islands off the southern shore of Sumatra that show so peculiar a culture) to Java. The stones of the dolmens seem to have decreased with the passage of time until the monuments became megalithic sarcophagi whose place was eventually taken by stone and finally by earthenware jars. The stone vases on the 'Plain of Jars' that you pass through on the way to the Laos country are the remains left by a people of degenerate megalithic culture. Jar burial is spread far and wide through Eastern Asia. Pottery jars containing human remains are not rare in Japan, the funerary jars of Tinnevelly and Pondicherry in South India are well known, and some years ago clay jars full of incised pottery and cornaline necklaces were dug up in the seashore sands at Sa-Huynh in the Annamese province of Quang-Ngai.

Who the bearers of this megalithic culture were we do not know, but they pretty certainly had nothing to do with the embryo Chinese civilization of the north-east.

Some time—a few hundred years probably—before the Chinese invasion of the Peaceful South a distinct Bronze Age culture spread southwards through Eastern Indo-China towards the islands of the south. This culture is now generally known as 'Dong-sonian', It is definitely different from the bronze Chinese culture introduced into the country in the third

century B.C. 'Dong-sonian' objects (which have been found in sites as far apart as Yunnan, Dong-son itself, and the Indonesian islands) bear strong resemblances to the Bronze Age things from the Steppes of Central Asia, from Western Asia, and from Hallstatt in Upper Austria. Such evidence as we have, therefore, suggests a great culture stream that poured round from the north-west to the south-east, leaving untouched the lands to the north-east, where the specifically Chinese culture was being elaborated, although it seems clear that there are resemblances between the art style of Ch'in (which antedated the emergence of the Ch'in dynasty as rulers of all China, although it may have originated under Western influences in the Occidental Chinese feudal state of Ch'in), and that of the Dong-son objects.

Attempts to equate 'race' with culture are always dangerous. We may perhaps, nevertheless, guess that the bearers of the Megalithic culture were what we now call Indonesians and that the bearers of the Dong-sonian culture were, at least in part, the ancestors of the Annamese; it may be they were the half-mythical 'Lo-Yue' people.[1] The present-day Annamese are, of course, a very mixed breed. It is possible that the rather primitive Muong people may be the modern representatives of the Bronze Age Dong-sonians and that the Annamese are, essentially, their sinized cousins upon whom the Chinese imposed their civilizations more than two millennia ago. If this theory should ever prove to be well founded the specific characteristics of the Annamese that here and there show through their Chinese dress would have a most respectable origin. In any case, it is fairly clear that when the Chinese advanced first into the Red River delta they there found, not, as their chroniclers pretend, a barbarous people but one already in possession of an advanced Bronze Age culture. The situation was different in the peripheral regions of the north and east. There is, for instance, no evidence whatever that before the coming of the Chinese there was anything but a Neolithic culture in Corea. Japan received all her civilization through China. Once the Chinese influence was established, so unifying

[1] Few traces of human remains have been found at D6ng-son, but a female skeleton from a near-by limestone grotto was examined in Paris at the anthropological laboratory of the Museum of Natural History, and proved to be that of an individual of modern Annamese type.

was the powerful Han machine that in two regions as far apart as Corea and Tongking the remains of early Chinese domination are almost identical.

Little or nothing can be derived from language to throw light on these matters. The language of the Muongs does look like a primitive sort of Annamese and that is about as far as we can go, for we know so little of the history and development of Annamese speech, and we cannot even be sure that it was a tonal language from the beginning.

One thing, however, is pretty plain: the Annamese are not the descendants of the megalith builders. These are represented throughout Indo-China by the Indonesian semi-savage tribes of the interior generically known as Mois. They show both in essential cultural elements and in physique a remarkable likeness to the populations of the Southern Isles. There has been throughout Annamese history an inextricable amount of cross-breeding. You can find town-dwelling Annamese who are almost indistinguishable from southern Chinese, some who look like Lolos, and others who can hardly be distinguished somatologically from Sumatrans or Filipinos. It is the community of culture, dress, traditions, and language that enable one to recognize the Annamese generally at a glance.

The finds at D6ng-son were made in 1924, and among the first things to come to light were bronze drums, like those already known from medieval Tongking, but differing in details of the ornamented surface. The Ddng-son drums bear incisions of men wearing what seem totemistic head-dresses. Of recent years the site has been dug over by Otto Jans6, a Swede who long worked with that gifted but difficult master, the late Salomon Reinach, at the National Museum of Antiquities at St. Germain-en-Laye. It says much for his professional conscience that Janse parted company with Reinach rather than support the old man's passionate and extravagant acceptance of the Glozel frauds.

M. and Mme Jans6 and I dined together and spent an evening talking all sorts of nice and wild archaeological theories, but we were off early in the morning to dig.

The modern village of Dong-son (that just means the Eastern Mountain, in Chinese Tung Shan) lies behind a long

down that slopes steeply on the far side to the course of the S6ng-Ma. The river has long encroached on the land. Its bed covers some of the old graves that have been prospected during the dry seasons. The hamlet, like most of those in Annam once you have left the Mandarin Way on the plain, is filthy and poverty-stricken. It straggles and winds up the rump of the ridge. The steep, rocky streets are muddy or dusty and malodorous. Great black, baggy-bellied sows root among the offal. Snarling curs jump around you. Snotty-nosed children gaze round-eyed. There is a broken-down temple. Each house has a walled courtyard before it and some of the better sort are fairly large. As everywhere in Annam villages there are trees and shade. You climb the winding street to the crest of the down. They all know Janse' and offer us with discretion bronze arrow-heads—mostly badly chipped, for the bright green oxydization makes them very brittle—coagulated masses of ' cash' the same as those used to-day. I have dug up some that I have compared with those strung on a cord and used by the fishermen on the shores of the China Sea. Save that those of the N'guyen emperors are made of brass and bear a slightly different inscription, the shape, size, and weight of these coins have not varied appreciably for two thousand years. But all these things are Han and Chinese. The real Dong-sonian stuff, the famous peculiar axe-heads and so forth, are not come by every day. The peasants also offer you T'ang and Sung porcelain bowls, some of them beautifully *craquelfo.* Most of these are of local manufacture, but they are better than anything that is turned out in the local kilns to-day. You can buy javelin heads, small axe-heads and knives all of bronze. There is no iron, and if there ever was any it has long since rotted away. Of the common materials of man's use only bronze and pottery survive the climate.

The really fine Dong-sonian things have been long since removed and are either in America, in Hanoi at the Finot Museum, or in the Cernuschi Museum at Paris, where Rene' Grousset has done so much for his Far Eastern Art collections.

The surprising thing is that the tombs and graves at D6ng-son and other sites in Annam yield Neolithic objects and Dong-sonian bronzes and Chinese bronzes: three culture stages

side by side. There seem to be two art styles represented by the Dong-sonian objects. One shows spirals like those on the bronzes of Hallstatt and the same spirals have persisted on the bronze drums of Annam that reproduced, until quite recent times, the bronze drums found at D6ng-son; and another style, apparently more ancient, shows analogies with the fantastic animal styles of Indonesia and especially of Borneo.

Nothing is more exciting than the comparison of these identical art motives from places far apart in space and from far back in time. One of the most beautiful bronze drums ' in existence is that which Heger acquired years ago for the Vienna Ethnographical Museum. It has a most complicated series of concentric friezes, one of which represents male and female beasts of the deer tribe all bearing horns. It has been pointed out that the only deer of which both sexes bear the same horns are reindeer, but it would be rash to make far-reaching deductions from this possibly fortuitous identification. Last time I was in Vienna, von Heine-Geldern pointed out that the spirals on some of the Hallstatt pieces in the Vienna Museum are absolutely identical with those on Heger's drum.

In central and later in northern Europe (about the archaeology of which regions we know much more than about that of southern China or Annam) there existed from the close of the Old Stone Age an abstract and ornamental form of art that for thousands of years sought no imitation of nature. The main features of this art were decorative patterns sometimes in association with what are quite fantastic animals or highly conventionalized representations of the human figure. In all its phases this decorative art showed close likenesses with that of the East and of early China.

For primitive men the world was full of unknown powers that had to be placated. Stones were awe-inspiring things endowed with a power that might be turned to the good of man. Ornamentation has magic virtue to conjure evil forces, but the spiral interlacings, the step-patterns, and the stylized foliage-scrolls are no mere haphazard adornment. For instance, the European interlacing motive may perhaps be traced back to

[1] The metal drums are not very ancient, and none, it would appear, much ante-dates our era.

"The *Kwei-Hwa-Sseu* dates from the beginning of the fifteenth century . . . in the shrines is housed a Chinese Chamber of Horrors designed to warn the wicked of the consequences of their ill-doing.' (Page 136)

early Chaldea where it was conceived as the representation of running water that first fertilized and then later purified.

The Dong-sonian objects that recall the fantastic animal styles of Borneo, like them are linked up with northern and western European art motives. The bronzes of Annam and the wood-carvings of Indonesia are of the same origin as the ornamentations of early Irish art, as the Book of Lindisfarne, and as the Jellinge Cup from Denmark. The close resemblances between the details of all these things cannot be fortuitous.

You can let your imagination play for hours and, little by little, material is being collected that will enable us to see clearer into these mysteries. The soil of Indo-China and that of the countries near it holds, without doubt, the solution of an art riddle as well as the key to unlock the door behind which we shall see the mystery of our beginnings.

Just as ideas of the beautiful in nature may have been conditioned by the sites of early men so may our ideas of the beautiful in art be commanded by the ornamentation ritually and magically ordered in the distant past.

The Citadel of the Ho

Imagine a great walled city with huge high-arched entrance gates of beautifully jointed stone forty paces thick, fresh, majestic, and imposing in their starkness. At each side an arched gateway, and that to the east greater, higher, and more monumental than the others. Without, the city walls are thirty feet high; within they reach only to a man's breast, for the inside of the city is waste. Nothing but uneven ground, puddles, pools of stagnant water, traces of fields and weeds. This is the Citadel of the Ho, Chinese governors who here set up the capital of their ephemeral Annamese sovereignty in the fourteenth century. They planned on a splendid scale, but within the great stone walls there was probably never anything much but wooden buildings. We dug a little and found some Sung ceramics, broken sherds, and some fragments of fine eggshell stuff with a brilliant lustrous fracture. In the lengthening shadows of the afternoon, groups of labourers and peasants plodded through the gates, dwarfed to mere toys by the height. For them the Citadel of the Ho was just a short cut home and

its sharp massive dark grey walls, so frowningly Imperial China, held not even a memory.

Sam-son by the China Sea

Thanh-hoa reeks of malaria and if you stay there late in the season you must dose with quinine and premaline. Those who can, take to the bathing-beach at Sam-son, fifteen miles to the east. The strand of firm white sand filled with sea-shells (some whorled ones six or eight inches long are so sharp and pointed that you might use them as stilettos) curves round the bay between one grey rocky headland and another. Right down to high-tide mark grow the tall pine trees. It is a duller, less colourful replica of those beautiful little strands on the Cote des Maures, such as Cavaliere or Pramousquier.

On the wet sand are the boats of the fishermen and we bargain with them for the great prawns that are the delicacy of the place. They are as sweet and toothsome and even larger than those you get on the Moroccan coast at Fedhala. We pay the fishers in cash strung on cords, for their calling makes the use of paper money uneasy.

The sea is pale green and dotted with sailing ships, and it all looks so calm and smooth that you might strike right out and never stop until you reached Manila.

There are villas with the straggling, unkempt gardens of the seaside. There is a hotel with a broad veranda. It is run by the same people as the hostelry at Thanh-hoa town. They are both decent unpretentious places where they give you excellent food, and that is worth noting for Indo-China. The *patronne* is half-Japanese but born and bred in Marseilles, and she produced a very good China Sea edition of a bouillabaisse after our magnificent prawns. We sat on the loggia or strolled on the deserted shore until it was time to go. If only there were enough French men and women or Annamese French-trained they might make of this land and coast an Asiatic Riviera, and that for the delectation of all the Far East.

That night we went to the local cinema. The French are queer regarding what they allow to be shown in their colonies. The film was a dreary, old-fashioned, slap-stick French farce called *Les Digourdis de la Onzikme* of the usual garrison

town type with a comic colonel, two clowning corporals, a girl's school that is mistaken for a brothel, and the rest. French authority was present in the shape of the Resident of Thanh-hoa province. The Annamese audience showed no signs of impatience. It is astounding what Eastern audiences will sit through. Once, at a country town in Cambodia, I went in and out for at least three hours to check of! the slow progress of an interminable film version of the Hindu epic Ramayana. It was a Telugu talkie. Not a soul in the place knew a word of Telugu. The photography was abominable. The make-up of the actors farcical. Their acting childish. The fairy-like Sita was a blowsy Indian matron and Hanuman a golliwog. But just because it was labelled Ramayana, or perhaps just because it was a movie, stolid Cambodians, fat Chinese merchants, and sleek Annamese ' boys' sat motionless for hours. I have never seen anything like them except those bovine German audiences whom custom forbids to get up and leave even the most tiresome show.

Bim-son

The Janses were digging in 1939 at Bim-son, a few miles from Thanh-hoa northwards. The tombs are almost all rather humble Chinese Han period graves, mostly long vaulted chambers just under the level of the ground. All those we opened had been cleared or pillaged in the past and the interiors were filled with a core of caked mud. Some good little bronze things came out, however, but nothing like the strange Dong-sonian human-figure lamp that remains one of the most intriguing things brought forth from Dong-son.

I left Thanh-hoa, and the village notable in purple tunic and patent-leather slippers gazing on the field of tombs, the little Annamese secretary dancing round Janse and holding his little book of beautifully drawn plans, his every second word a polite 'Mais oui, docteur', and the archaeologist himself just going down under an attack of malaria. You must take a little quinine daily in these regions, but for the rest I did not even have an anti-typhoid inoculation. Billivaccine Villette, of the Besredka formula, is the best thing to have handy. You take a pill of bile on an empty stomach in the morning and then

z quarter of an hour afterwards you swallow a cachet of the vaccine. You do not eat for an hour and you repeat the dose for three days.

Hadong

The words Ha-Dong look as though they meant 'East of the River', but they do not. As so often in Chinese place-names, Ha-Bong is a compound. It is made up of first syllables of HA-noi and DONG-khinh, the ancient land-divisions out of which the modern province of Ha-Dong is composed. In the same way the province of Phuc-Yen does not mean 'Bright Happiness', but is compounded from the name of the province of Da-PHUC and that of the *huyen* or canton of YEN-lay.

Hadong is the heart of Tongking, the region of which Hanoi is the natural although not the administrative capital. It is a land of two contrasting landscapes. There is the Tongking plain dotted with villages and covered with unending rice-fields with here and there a lotus-covered and shaded mere. The pagodas and temples are surrounded with groves of fine old trees that have been planted by men to shadow and protect with their spirits the sacred places, for the level ground has been shorn for centuries of all its jungle forest. This thickly populated Hadong is a district of all sorts of commerce, industry, and farming. It produces silkworms and every hut and hamlet swarms with pigs and chickens. There are small-scale factories, tanneries, breweries, and potteries, often owned and run by Annamese. A mandarin, H. E. Hoang-Trung-Phu, and his brother have made themselves into veritable captains of industry by their intelligent encouragement of arts and crafts. There are carpet manufactories where very beautiful and expensive rugs and carpets are woven. Some of the looms were set up at the Paris Exhibition of 1937 and the fabrics sold at 500 francs (then about three pounds ten shillings) a square metre.

The workshops at Phu-Xuyen turn out quantities of the Tongkingese mother-of-pearl inlay cabinet-work. It is curious and finely wrought rather than artistically satisfying but the craftsmanship is excellent.

Hadong

'Ils s'attachent a quelques autres observations ridicules qui monstrent bien la foiblesse de leur esprit et la force des illusions dont le Diable les a miserablement enchantez.'

Over the Day River comes another world of wooded hills among which are found many of the delightful temples and pilgrimage pagodas that are such a feature of the highlands of central Tongking.

The pilgrimage to Huong-Tich is one of the most popular. The temple is white and rococo. The triple entrance of willow-pattern architecture gives on to a wide, square esplanade crammed with booths, stalls, and pilgrims. Standing on the steps of the shrine and looking through the tall gates to the background of sharp, pine-covered peaks, the steps and square pillars crowned with curly finials, the whiteness against the blue-black forest reminds one possibly of the northern Portuguese hill-shrines on a day of *romeria.* There is such a place that bears the pleasing name of Nossa Senhora do Coito. Huong-Tich is also dedicated to a goddess. Phat-Ba-Quan-Am has here been enthroned since 1697. In the first month and in the third month of the year the streams of pilgrims throng the roadway from and to the little village of Yen-vi some fifty miles from Hadong town. They pass through the temple there to make their offerings, to barter and buy, to eat and to drink, and to jostle each other in the true spirit of pilgrimage all over the world. Who was it that said, referring to Lisieux, that *'piUrinage avec pdturage et labourage est la troisiime mamelle de la Normandie'?* The pilgrims pass through and on to the holy of holies, the sacred Grotto of Good Luck. Three miles to the grottoes through the bush and scrub winds the sacred way of roughly laid flags. Round the entrance sit the blind musicians; within there are stone altars, shrines, and chapels in the bays and alcoves of the great caves. But the things the pilgrims come to touch are the rocks, large boulders scattered about the floor of the caverns. There is the Mount of Boys where women rub themselves to secure male offspring, the Mount of Money, the Mount of Paddy—a mount for all the primal needs of man. You caress the surface with your hands or rub it with your body, you make an offering, you burn a stick or two of incense, and you clap your hands in

prayer. Then perhaps you drink of the sacred wishing well, and if your wishes are not conceded then it means that either you have not asked rightly or that it is not meet that such things as you ask for should be.

Pity and Terror

The country temples and pagodas of Tongking are among the most beautiful things in the country and it is in and near them that you may best learn something of the soul of the people and of the traditions of their heart. Some, like the Chua-Cham pagoda built near the village of Long-Ch&u in 1700, mask the entrance of caverns that perhaps were men's dwelling-places before they were superseded by the spirits who are never far from men and from where man has buried his kind. In the dim recesses of Chua-Cham is the sanctuary of the Thousand Buddhas. Some shrines are quite ancient. The Voi-Phuc temple is shrouded in dark trees and mirrored in a limpid lake covered with nenuphars and white and red lotuses. It dates from 1258 and is a memorial to a son of King Ly-Thai-Ton. The son-in-law of another Ly monarch, by name Ly-Gia-Thdng, is commemorated in the Quan-Gia shrine near the village of Yen-So. Ly-Gia-Thong was victorious over the Siamese and the villagers keep his memory alive in curiously picturesque festivals where the notables of the hamlet wear a huge red-lacquered sombrero and an ample red tunic of ancient cut. A portico of more majestic proportions than usual in the Annamese lands gives on to a huge flagged courtyard beyond which, in the recesses of the temple, there is much old porcelain and a great bronze horse.[1] At dawn or dusk you have from the temple steps an incomparable view over wooded hill and dale. It is an abode of ancient peace.

In the fourteenth century there lived at the Court of Hanoi a scholarly sage called Chu-Van-An. When the advice that he had tendered his sovereign, to hang seven mandarins found guilty of peculation, had been rejected, he forsook the Court and retired to the little village of Huynh-Cung (now on the road from Hadong to Van-Dieu) where he set up a School of

[1] **The temples dedicated to male divinities generally contain a richly caparisoned horse of wood or bronze; the shrines to goddesses a lacquered palanquin.**

Wisdom. A temple was built to his memory in 1370 and restored in 1775 and in i860, so pious are the men of Hadong to his spirit. The central courtyard has an enormous incense-burner in stone that gives off clouds of perfume among the high overhanging trees when on the twenty-first day of the first month and the twenty-sixth day of the ninth month a very select festival is held to which only university graduates from the canton of Thanh-Tri are admitted, so strongly has the academic tradition survived in these ancient shades.

In the time of King Tran-Trung-Quang there lived a great mandarin who came to visit the villages near the S6ng-Nhue-Giang that were ravaged by the horrors of pestilence. Riding out at night alone to seek the supernatural authors of the miseries he came upon a flock of demons like men in shape but with buffaloes' heads. The moon lit up their hideous gambols but the great lord rode fearlessly among them and by the majesty of his port and the eloquent splendour of his words forced them to humble themselves in the dust and swear nevermore to plague the land. He then returned to the villages, where he cured five men sorely stricken. His genius is still the presiding spirit of the Truong-Hoi temple. It is bathed on three sides by the swiftly running water of the S6ng-Nhue-Giang and backed by a great throne-shaped hill. It is an extraordinarily propitious site for the shrine of Hac-Y-On-Bo-Nguyen-Suy, since the combination of *feng-shui* or 'wind-water' is almost ideal. On the fifth day of the first month and the twelfth day of the third month men gather still to reverence the great man's memory and to implore his protection. Inside the temple is a fine wooden horse, perhaps that which pranced among the bubalocephalous devils. Beside the shrine you may still see a fine gold and red lacquer palanquin in which the divine Hac-Y-On-Bo-Nguyen-Suy lolled when he lived on earth.

At many of the temples sorceresses and shamanesses take a first part in the ceremonies: *'le Demon entre subitement dans le corps de la Pythonisse (Dieu le permettant ainsi en peine de Vinfideliti de ce peuple) et Vagite de furieux mouuemens, faisant paraoistre son visage, tantost rouge come un fer enflamme', tantost pasle et de couleur de suifet puis affreusement noir, pour temoigner le vilain hoste qui la posside'.* Their dances before the altar,

holding in their hands long paper-flowered rods, remind you at once of Shinto and Seville. When the Gods choose their ministers from among women they invest them with more of pity and terror than any mere priest ever conveys. The shamanesses of Di-Trach seemed to me archaicly impressive in their evocation of the Earth deity and the bloody ceremonies that marked her cult in early times.

Annamese women have always enjoyed by tradition and by law a more independent position than that into which those of China fell during Sung times and remained until recently. It is perhaps no mere insignificant coincidence that the independence of the Annamese lands was effected at the beginning of the Sung Dynasty. It will be remembered that as far back as A.D. 40 the first rebellion against the Chinese overlords was led by a girl, Trung-Trac. Not a few of the temples and shrine9 of Little China are dedicated to women. Hung-Long pagoda behind the Buddhist sanctuary of Dong-Phu near the little town of Thanh-Tri is consecrated to two of the daughters of King Ly-Thanh-Ton. The Princesses Nhi-Vi and Bai-Thanh-Bd forsook their father's palace and became Buddhist nuns. Later they gave all their portion to the poor and buried themselves alive under two small barrows that are there to this day. After their voluntary self-sacrifice a fiery dragon descending from heaven trampled the grass around their tombs and this grass, thus miraculously threshed, cured all ills. As late as 1926 the saintly bonze, Hoang-Nguyen of the Vien-Thdng temple near Hu6 in Annam, penetrated with the desire the more swiftly to achieve Nirvana, jumped into a fire but was forcibly rescued. Shortly afterwards, nevertheless, he succeeded in his pious intention and starved himself to death.

The Dai-Lo temple is also dedicated to the spirits of women. At the end of the Tran dynasty, about 1400, the villagers of Thanh-Tri suffered terribly from floods. One day the peasants found together four hats and four pots which they gathered up. Then in the night appeared the drowned spirits of the wife and four daughters of the Emperor Vy-Ton[1] of the T'ang dynasty. They told imploringly how they had sought death rather than fall into the hands of the barbarous Mongols and adjured the countrymen to raise a shrine as a dwelling-place

[1] **So spelt in Sino-Annamese.**

for their spirits. The temple was built and the floods ceased. Here in the first and tenth month are held spiritualist demonstrations, that favourite feature of many an Annamese shrine: *'faisant apparoistre le difunct dans un miroir enchante'*.

The spirits of the waters that seize and drag men down are much feared in the Chinese lands. A Chinese friend of mine was once crossing a bridge in his native Fuchow when he saw a drowning man that not a boatman would aid or even allow to approach his boat. Running down to the water's edge and upbraiding the men, he got for reply, 'Do you not know that if we rob the spirits of their prey they will attack us next?'

The Tri-Nhien temple in the *phu* or country town of Thuong-Tiu is dedicated to the spirit of Chu-Ddng-Tu and the Goddess Tien-Duy, who on earth was the daughter of King Hung-Vuong. The story of their loves and trials is touching.

Chu-D6ng-Tu lived alone with his aged father whom he left one day to till the fields. When Tu got back he found that the house and all in it had been burned down and that his father was dead. The pious son sold what he had on him to pay for the funeral that he attended in borrowed clothes. After the ceremony he fled naked from the village to a solitary spot on the river's bank. There he lived, naked, on fruits and fish. When men approached he jumped into the water to hide his shame. One day, the Princess Tien-Duy, whose almost magic beauty could not hide her melancholy, came floating by on her state barge. When Tu perceived the royal company he plunged into the water and then wriggled into the sand on the river's edge so that only his nose stuck out. The princess was suddenly seized with a desire to bathe and bade her attendants put up her tent just near Tu's little sandbank. Soon she stood naked among her maidens with her beautiful slightly wavy blue-black hair streaming over her shoulders while her women threw cups of water over her before she took the plunge into the river. Each cupful as it trickled to the ground washed away some of the sand around Tu until he was revealed. Hardships had not marred his beauty and Tien-Duy knew as soon as she looked upon him that Heaven had ordained their encounter. She had robes put upon him (for those of men and women are the same) and took him with her upon her barge. As they glided over the

moonlit waters the women were sent to feast and the lovers were united in passionate embraces.

King Hung-Vuong, however, did not like the son-in-law that his daughter had brought into the palace and drove forth the couple. They wandered until towards evening they came to the Quynh-Lu mountain. Here they found the retreat of the bonze, Phat-Quang, who offered them shelter for the night. In the morning, as they made to leave, the saintly recluse gave Tu a hat and a staff with his blessing. All day the luckless pair stumbled on through the wilds and at last fell to the earth exhausted. Tu stuck the staff in the ground and placed the hat upon it to give a little protection from the elements. There was a flash and a roar and the pair beheld a magnificent palace set in fairy gardens, and servitors hurrying towards them. Here they lived their happiness for some time until the King heard of it. Unwilling that his daughter should share a wizard's bed, as he was that she should wed an unknown peasant, he dispatched an emissary with orders to bring back the princess to her father's Court. Heaven inspired Tien-Duy to ask the ambassador for permission to spend one last night of love with her Chu-D6ng-Tu. No sooner had the mandarin spoken the word than there was an awful crash and in a great storm the palace vanished and the lovers were caught up into Heaven for ever.

Vachay

Attempts have been made to turn Vachay into a Tongkingese St. Tropez,but it still looks more like one of those small villages along the *Cote des Maures* of a quarter of a century ago when summering on the Riviera was thought to be madness.

The pine-trees grow right down to the strand of the bay's wide curve. Behind, the hill-slopes are enlivened with the up-turned eaves of villas showing here and there through the trees. The setting sun catches a few walls pink-washed in the way beloved of the South both in Europe and Asia. Some of the double garden porches stand out in the twilight as lych-gates. They are the magic doorways of the East: the *torana* of Sanchi, the *torii* of 'Japan, and the enchanted gates of the Dayaks and all Indonesia.

Beyond the northern point of the bay and over the broad water are high hills of coal. At their foot the lights are beginning to twinkle in the deep-water port of Hongay. The coal of Dong-Trieu is being loaded into the waiting colliers. The anthracite mines of Tongking are the only ones that are worked on any scale in the whole of south-eastern Asia. There is, strangely enough, no railway communication between Hongay and the main Haiphong-Hanoi line. The French have persisted in attempts to maintain the wretched sand-silted port of Haiphong as the main seaport of northern Indo-China.

The Gulf of Tongking pierces inland for some distance between the Vachay spit of land and the Hongay coast. At the head of this inlet is Port-Courbet which appears to have been, in prehistoric times, the principal doorway for the human drifts moving down towards the delta lands of Tongking, since the islands of the bay and itsshoreare covered with kitchen-middens.

A little jetty, wooden and rather self-consciously Annamese, juts out from the beach. Fishing skiffs are pulled up on the shingle and above high-water mark there is a string of huts, villas, and small houses.

You get into a motor-boat. The moon has not yet risen and the opaque, sago-coloured sea breaks into little phosphorescent ripples. Fading into the gathering dusk is the white strip of Vachay beach. Two ships, Japanese, by the black smoke they are belching forth, are steaming out of Hongay. Eastwards and southwards the tepid waters stretch unruffled towards the archipelago, but you would not guess that a maze of islands awaits you beyond what seems a serrated wall of dark rock.

Princesse Turandot

Gradually bits of the wall break off and glide towards you until you are surrounded by islets. The moon, a great golden globe, comes up over the Hongay hills. The long rippling line of the islands' mass changes with every movement of your boat. It is now an immense writhing, serpentine thing of shifting colour and varying luminosity. You see why the Chinese and the Annamese after them call it *Hd-Long,* or the River of Dragons. Each sheer, lofty rock, as it slides towards you, is now doubled by its reflection. Everything is so still that you

seem to be gliding high in the air. There are all sorts of symmetrical things—Sceptres, Dorjes, Buddhas, Stupas, Bells, that change their form as you look at them from one thing to another quite unconnected with it, and with the timeless, noiseless, inevitability of dreams.

Sometimes the islets are so near to you that you think you can reach and touch. Sometimes you are in a maze or a land-locked bay, or in a mountain lake, or in a great port. Then you are in the clouds again with ships, obelisks, and palaces wafted past you, exhilarated and purged of memory.

At last, in the shadow of a great couchant lion, you slip towards an anchorage where rides a high, red, sea-going Hainan junk. You scramble aboard to sit a few moments in the prow alcove, and then go below to rest in a broad, low, scarlet and gold Chinese bed fitted in between the bulkheads.

I had the *Princesse Turandot* all to myself except for three silent 'boys'. They had put on the bedside table some American magazines—you are near to Manila—and I drowsily scanned the magnificent coloured advertisements depicting incredibly smart, debonair, and nonchalantly elegant executives and sportsmen. . . . 'With this ensemble/ I read, 'an old Etonian tie is worn.' . . •

The River of Dragons

The sky is often overcast during the day. You are not far from the tropics and at dawn the Bay of Along looks almost bleak. The sea is slightly milky and has the green opaqueness of Ming tiles. The Annamese generally call these waters *Luc-hai,*[1] or the 'Blue' Sea, not because they have no word for green, but because 'blue' for them means all shades of mingling blueness and greenness. The rocks and islands in the grey morning light are all shades of grey; grey-black, dark grey-blue, and sometimes quite light grey with granular white veins that look like marble. The shores of the bay are of sandstone and carboniferous strata, but most of the islets are limestone, except some of the larger ones—which do not belong to the same group as the fantastically shaped rocks that make up the strange glory of Along.

[1] *Vide* p. 254.

Do not be misled by the greyness of the sky into venturing without a hat. I was once foolish enough to spend a day on the bay's waters bareheaded. You can get a very effective sunstroke without ever seeing the sun. Your 'boys' will never suggest anything or proffer any advice, partly from politeness and partly from a keen desire to see what will happen. Your Annamese is a born *pince sans rire.*

By daylight the bay has for you, at first, a rather desolate air of *lendemain de fete,* but as the day gets more luminous everything is bathed in a softness that never, however, quite hides the underlying raw quality that sea things have.

There is a round to do. You visit caves with trivial names—the Cave of Surprises, the Cavern of Marvels, the Congai's Arch, and so forth, that by their suggestion of Montmartre or exhibition side-shows dispose you to deprecation. But you have to do at least part of the round and slowly the sensation of 'doing' a sight wears off. Firstly, because you are quite alone, indeed, at times you almost long to drop on a bunch of picnickers in shirt-sleeves popping beer-bottles and plying handy little can-openers; then, again, because it is all really unexpectedly beautiful. Limestone caves are very much the same everywhere, except when you have the excitement of discovering Perigordian or Magdalenian pictures, and there are none of these here. The caverns of the Bay of Along nearly all lead out to the light again, and they are refreshingly small. Even the tourist and tripper inscriptions of the sort we are used to are in a minority. Most of them are in Chinese characters. What they say is stupid and banal, but they look picturesque to us. Nevertheless you cannot really believe that any tripper but yourself ever visited the islets; you peer through a stalactite-fringed proscenium on to a little sea-creek with white sanded beaches, you clamber round the eroded bases of the great tooth-like limestone crags, and you are still quite alone. . . .

Not all the rocks are just peaks or truncated columns, some have little valleys and plateaux, but every nook and cranny sprouts with tufts of grass, shrub, and stunted trees showing grey-green against the dusky rock, here and there tawny blotched or splashed with white.

You anchor in a sheltered bay closed on three sides by cliffs, and there you see the first strangers of the day. Off-shore is a

long sampan loaded down with slimy mounds of the fiercest-looking spiky, rocky oysters that in size make Blue Points seem midgets. Around, with their trousers tucked up about their loins, paddling and grubbing in the ooze, are a few unconcerned men and women who do not even turn to look at you. Your boatmen do not call to them, hail them, or pass the time of day as in other lands. Nothing happens at all.

The Bay of Along is a maritime edition, a flooded version, of all those plains stuck with unexpected, gnarled, rugged, and pitted teeth of limestone that you come across from Thanh-hoa in the north of Annam, through Upper Tongking and Kwang-hsi to Kweichow.

Some of the Along rocks are mere splinters. Most are covered with a tangled mass of vegetation, others are fair-sized islands of irregular shape. All have their bases eroded by the waves so that at low tide they seem to have been ringed like hardwood forest trees. Incrusted below the tide ledge, are the same shells as you find on similar rocks far inland.

One island, at least, is hollowed out. You sail right towards a wall of solid stone. Suddenly you are in a low-vaulted waterway whose smooth roof is split with cracks that make the whole thing like the bony palate of some fossil beast. You twist and turn in the gloom and then shoot into the shallow waters of a steep-walled lake. There is no way out but the way you came in and that is masked by hanging creepers and tufts of scrub. The boatman ties up to a bush and dangles his splay-toed feet in the glistening, translucent water. The Chinese called the Annamese Giao-chih, or splay-toed, from the first, and curiously the nickname has a justification. All over the country, but especially in Tongking, the big toes of the Annamese stick out in a most peculiarly characteristic way. Nevertheless Annamese girls and women often have the most delightful little feet. Once in a Paris restaurant a broken glass fell on the foot of an Annamese girl and I volunteered to dress the scratch in the cloak-room. When I took off her shoe (she wore size 3J) and stocking the little tiny big toe snapped out as though it was a spring and suddenly we were a long way from Montparnasse, but then she was very sensibly wearing trousers and long pale blue and silver tunic.

My boatman had not often put on shoes. His big toes were

great spatulate things that seemed very much at home in the water. He sat and gazed at nothing, his mouth wide open for so long that I wondered that no dribble oozed from it. 'Why the open mouth?' I asked. *'Cho ngdp phai ruoV—'* yawning dog catch fly'—or *la fortune vient en dormant,* he snapped back; so he wasn't such a fool as he looked.

The clear water is gleaming with every sort of sea-blossom. There are corals of all shapes. Corals like stag's horns. Corals like the flames and the mountains of Chinese paintings. Corals like frangipani bushes, their tips budding into brilliant white flowers. There is no precious red coral in the East (the Chinese mandarins had to import their buttons from western seas) and the corals of Along are the polyps, medusae, and hydrozoa that make the white islands and coral gardens of the Pacific.

Some grow into flattened slabs that, when you hold them upright, are the very miniature images of Along islands. Set in silver sand in a large Chinese bowl resting on a black hard-wood carved stand, they are as beautiful as the prized slabs of veined Tali marble.

Some corals, like Araucarias, are so fragile that they crumble into the consistency of shortbread as you lift them from the water.

There are pink jelly-fish, obscene foetus-like shapes, that slowly tumble, turn somersaults, and slither through the jade-green craters of rock. There are sea-roses and sea-cornflowers, and all sorts of jewel-like things, turquoise, ruby, and bright emerald.

Reach for one. Pull it to the surface and you have in your hand a colourless lump of slime that reeks of decay. Break off a delicate coral frangipani bush. The revolting stench makes you drop it back into the sea. The coral slabs stink so that even your boatman spits.

The first smile of the day breaks over his face. He is delighted at your disgust.

If you look up you will see the steep, shelving cliffs alive with monkeys. How can they live on a springless island? Mystery. They will come near enough to eat sandwiches and drink soda-water. They are cheerful, chattering, impudent, and greedy.

You move off. The monkeys disappear into the scrub. You

get a last glimpse of the sea fruits and flowers, those zosteric things, as Colette calls them, in a beautiful passage of *Ces Plaisirs.*

You are through the gloom of the Dragon's Mouth into the deep water again. The sea regains its secrets.

I took leave of the *Princesse Turandot,*[1] half-Versailles and half-Canton, and drove straight for Vachay.

You see, in the daylight, that not all the islets are uninhabited. Some have hamlets stuck on them—a few huts on the beach that has formed when the drop of the cliffs is not too sheer. To the left, in a shelving strand of fine sand, is a sailors' burial ground.

Le Cercle Nautique de la Bate d Along

Monsieur Lapicque is one of those enterprising colonials who have a dozen irons in the fire. He is shipowner, yachtsman, landed proprietor, club president, builder, hotel owner, travel agent, banker and consul, and many other things. He made Vachay, and had things gone well, it might have loomed up as a Far Eastern Deauville. He bought tracts of the pine forest and built a number of charming bungalows in Annamese style that you could hire and live in. He built a hotel and a club. The right thing to do was to become a member of the *Cercle Nautique de la Baie d Along,* then you could live in the clubhouse and use the club boats and enjoy all sorts of other ill-defined privileges. Unfortunately, the crash came before anything was quite ready and no one is likely for some time to don the yachting cap of the *Cercle Nautique* or fly its pennant.

When I was there in 1939 the European population of Vachay, except for the gendarme, seemed to consist of a charming and bustling Burgundian brunette who ran the clubhouse, Mr. O'Connell, an Irishman who had not visited Europe for thirty years, engineer of a nearby Annamese-owned coal-mine,[2] and Mademoiselle Berg, who rented in the woods a house like a setting for the last scene of *Butterfly,* The four of us made

[1] Junks with solid athwartships bulkheads dividing the boat into a number of watertight compartments are at least 700 years old. *Princesse Turandot* had the mat-sails of the sea-going Hainan junks and not the ordinary Chinese batten sails.

[2] Vide *VIndustrie Minirale Indochinoise en* 1932.

'Beyond, footpaths lead up to the black and gold pagodas stuck on the sheer side of the cliff. Far below you is the lake, all shades of blue and green . . . (Page 139)
(Paul Levy)

up a sufficiently disparate quartette for illuminating exchange of views and ideas.

We sat after dinner under the pine-trees of a terrace. The bay was soft with the bluish haze that fills it before moonrise.

There was, it appeared, some other white man, a melancholy Frenchman who was love-sick for Mademoiselle Berg, but he put in no appearance.

O'Connell questioned me about Europe as one who was not quite sure that it still existed. Mademoiselle Berg, Shanghai-born of Danish father and Russian mother, had never left Asia, and was not interested enough even to ask about Europe. So that cleared the decks. Our hostess had spent ten years of her life in Tongking, had there lost her husband, had returned to France to find, as so often, that what had once seemed pleasantly inevitable and cosy and, at a distance in Asia, sentimentally desirable, was really pretty small beer. She had been glad to accept the energetic Monsieur Lapicque's invitation to come and run Vachay.

O'Connell delivered himself of a few aphorisms, as though, as an Irishman, they were due from him. 'The British Empire seems to me a necessary evil. Its moral disadvantages are all supported by the British and its material advantages are shared by all the world.' Not so bad; but, after all, he was the employee of a native Annamese company. His job will not be worth much under Japanese control.

We talked in English. Our Burgundian *directrice* was delighted to feel cosmopolitan. O'Connell thought it up to him as, after all, a European. Mademoiselle Berg, as a Shanghailander, was using her native language. She also spoke Russian, Danish, French, German, Italian, Chinese, as well as some Tibetan.

The Danish girls are certainly the most attractive in northern Europe and when you throw in a dash of Russian and a Chinese education you get something quite competent.

She was reported to be a spy because it is very difficult to get into French Indo-China at all, and she had just stepped off the Chungking-K'unming-Hanoi aeroplane without any papers in particular and made her way unquestioned to Vachay. Most suspicious; but, if one came to think about it, what was most suspicious was the action of the French in letting her in.

Still, no one cared much. Another thing was that she had no money. But this upstanding, healthy, green-eyed, and beautiful young blonde did not need any, it seemed. How could she spy at Vachay? Did not Japanese boats call almost every day at Hongay for coal? Then (and this was the most suspicious thing) there actually was an old Japanese couple living in Vachay village. Just to the left there under the cliff in a nice stone-walled garden. They had been in Indo-China forty years. They had run for a long time that typically Japanese combination of tea-house and private detective office, brothel and bric-a-brac shop, of which there were so many in Indo-China twenty-five years ago.

But if Suzuki was no longer in business he was still the agent for the popular Japanese aphrodisiac that advertises itself as 'great happiness for young girl married to old chap'.

In the early years of this century the Japanese regularly shipped girls from the homeland yoshiwaras to Tongking and elsewhere in French territory. Some went straight into special brothels where their art and cleanliness enabled them to ask and obtain much higher prices than their local competitors. Some stood by until they were chosen from the consular list to go and live with lonely colonials. Some went to the tea-houses like that run by wizened old Suzuki and his wife. All gave great satisfaction. The earlier writers and travellers in Indo-China are unanimous in singing their praises. They were wonderfully clean. They ran one's house marvellously. They kept the Annamese servants in order (already!). They never asked any questions. They were disinterested. They formed 'genuine attachments', and they all reported once a week to the Japanese Consul. The policy of Japan has always been to make enterprises self-supporting. In this way an excellent intelligence service covered Indo-China, not only without cost to the Imperial Government, but actually as a source of revenue, for, of course, the ladies had to turn in a percentage of their takings to the Consul. There are no better informers than the courtesans, of whatever grade. They always want money. They will always talk if you tackle them the right way. They, better than any other business people, know every movement of the market; they often get useful stories; they are generally fairly good judges of human nature, and they are freed from a good

deal of sentimental wishful thinking. Any time around 1936 and 1937 the girls near the Tegethofplatz and at the Prater gates would tell you exactly what was going to happen (and what did happen in 1938) to Austria. If you want the real stuff always make a dive into the Red Light district.

The French did not do anything much about the Japanese organization in Indo-China until the singularly profitable and inexpensive military co-operation of Japan with the Allies during the last war had quite died down, but for fifteen years or so until 1940 there were very few Japanese men in Indo-China and still fewer Japanese women.

It did not seem very likely that Mademoiselle Berg was going to get into contact with old Suzuki. Still, she was known to have been much attached to the Italian Military Attache' in Chungking, and he ought to have been sending her money, but he did not, although she got several very loving letters. Again, she had been one of Andersson's workers. Now Professor Andersson is one of the most distinguished of living Swedish archaeologists. His work in China has been *bahnbrechend.* He spent a season on the coast from the Chinese frontier to Haiphong, for there is a wealth of archaeological material lying about in this district. It links up with the work done by Shellshear in Hong Kong and the late Father Flinn on Lamma Island near thereto. A good many of the problems about the peopling and the culture currents into Indo-China are likely to be solved by work on this coast. Mademoiselle Berg was going to carry on some of the investigations the Swedish scientist had had to break off. This appeared all pretty fishy to Vachay, but with the true spirit of the East they did nothing about it. The people in Hanoi at the Government headquarters seemed to think that Mademoiselle Berg was a charming young woman. So she was. She also knew a lot about Tibet. It was a pity that there was no time to organize an archaeological expedition.

Black Country in Tongking

You can get back to Hanoi by two roads. Either you go on from Uong-bi through the 'Black Country' to Ddng-Trieu and thence by Sept Pagodes to B£c-ninh, or you turn south at

Uong-bi, cross the Nuideo ferry, go through Haiphong, Hadong (the capital of the metropolitan province, and a place of some 8,000 inhabitants), and Ban-yen-Nhan. The latter road is the regular route from Hanoi to the sea and is not very interesting.

The country just beyond Vachay is like a little Esterel. The same regular piles of cut and sawn wood by the wayside, but before you get to the sea you run beside a sluggish serpentine river full of junks and sampans and winding through marshes where the furry young buffaloes splash and nozzle and wallow in the slime.

The villages from Uong-bi to Dong-TriSu are smutty and begrimed. The incredibly fragile-looking miners, as black with coal-dust as are ours, although anthracite is so much cleaner than soft coal. The lot of these coal-workers is hard. They do almost Western work on Eastern food, and their cheap labour makes it possible to sell Tongking anthracite cheaper in France, in spite of the long haul, than Belgian, Rhineland, or, of course, Welsh. The hills are not only rich in coal, but contain veins of haematite and unexploited zinc deposits. The curse of the French colonial system is that the colonies are made to conform strictly to the economic needs, interests, and system of France. This or that cannot be exploited or developed because such and such a combine, such and such a bank has its tie-up elsewhere. Tongkingese zinc would upset the market for zinc extracted much nearer at home by companies that can exercise great influence and pressure, financial, political, and economic. Then, one may ask, why not use it to develop industry on the spot? The answer is, French colonies are still looked upon as dumping-grounds for French goods or goods in the carrying, financing, and marketing of which powerful combines find profit.

The result is that in a land swarming with cheap labour, over-population problems, and abundant raw material, there is no industry to speak of, and the country is and was quite unable to supply its most elementary wants in manufactured articles, and still less to contribute anything to its own defence.

The same sort of thing happens, of course, all over the world. Whenever it was proposed to vote public money to undertake oil prospections in North Africa, there was always a quickly

collected and cohesive majority in the French Parliament to oppose the measure. Men who have tried to get, for instance, British Guiana diamond-mines working have found that not all the difficulties are to be encountered in the bush, although even there queer things happen.

In any case, in spite or because of their rigidly utilitarian policy, the Dutch have less neglected the resources of their Indies.

The Temples of the Ly

About twelve miles or so on the road north-eastwards you come to the little village of Phu-Tu'-son, and there you turn off to the dynastic temples of the Ly kings. In and around the hamlet of Binh-Bang are eight temples hidden in the woods. Not only are they beautiful, each in a subtly varying way, but they afford you contemporary documents in their statues and paintings of Annamese costume from 1009 to 1225. Fashions have changed but little. Add a foot or so to the tunic of any girl you meet in the streets of Hanoi and put a girdle about her waist and you have her in the dress of her ancestresses of nine hundred years ago. 'Their Habit is grave and modest/ wrote Tavernier in the seventeenth century, 'being a long robe that reaches down to their heels much like that of the Japanese without any distribution of sex.'[1] He describes their tunics caught about the middle with a silken belt and their hair-dressing: 'The common people plait their hair and tie it up like a great Roll/ and this is still a not unusual coiffure of the Annamese women. The plait is brought round the head so that it makes a frame for the forehead that is singularly attractive if the wearer has a thick tress, and reminds you of a low Russian *kakoshnik.* In the seventeenth century the richer Tonkingese 'tied' their locks about their necks.

In fact, right up to the time of Gia-Long, who shortened the tunics of his people, the Annamese wore old Chinese dress and looked for all the world like the earthenware statuettes that are found in seventh- and eighth-century graves.

The tunics then and now are held together by small buttons or rather perforated balls (sometimes of gold), through which

[1] Only soldiers wore short, knee-length jackets.

you have to thread the double loops that are sewn on the stuff. It took me quite a time to get the knack of it.

Fashions changed more often in China itself. There were dynastic styles, but the Chinese people never adopted Manchu dress, although every man in the empire had to wear the Manchu pigtail to show that he was a subject of the Ch'ing sovereigns.

China, indeed, changed not only dress but name with each successive dynasty. Until republican times it can be said that China had no name. Even to-day—like the citizens of the United States—the Chinese have no specific name for themselves.

Our word China is pretty certainly derived through Central Asia from Ts'in or Ch'in, the north-western principality whose ruler made himself First Emperor. There are unmistakable traces of the name far too early to admit of theories that would derive it through Malay or other southern tongues, but Ch'in has never been more than a foreigners' name for China, like 'Cathay' (which is the Tartar appellation *Khitai* that has always been the Russian word for China). When, under the Han, the Chinese embarked upon their career of expansion, they were often called (and called themselves)' Children of Han' and although this name comes from the dynasty it is still territorially provincial since the founder of that line took his name from the feudal state of Han (and its ancient river), of which land he was a native. The other names, 'Middle Kingdom', 'Flowery Realm', or 'Celestial State' are poetical or literary.

The Black Impostor

Just before you get to Sept Pagodes, some three miles north is the *din* of Kiep-Bac, and it is the most famous Taoist temple of Tongking.

The shrine is dedicated to Prince Hung-Lao. It dates from 1288, and although like most Annamese buildings it has been frequently restored since, what we see to-day is not essentially different from the pilgrimage centre that has for over six hundred and fifty years attracted suppliants from all over the lands of the Eastern Capital.[1]

[1] Tongking or Tung-king, that is, in Chinese, 'Eastern Capital', To-Kyo has the same meaning.

The pilgrim is an international figure of human hopes. Once I was journeying north from Madrid through the grassy uplands of Old Castile in summer. In my compartment (when he was not prostrating himself in the corridor at his devotions) was a Passionist brother. At a wayside station there was a great throng of people, for it was a few days before the festival of St. James. The Passionist got out and as I saw through the window some pilgrims of Santiago I thought I would break my journey, too, and soon found myself beside some men in brown drugget with broad-brimmed hats on their heads and bearing in their hands long staves tied about the top with a bunch of cockle-shells. So I walked and talked a little. This, I think, was the closest I ever got to the Middle Ages, even in the Spain of thirty years ago, where you saw strange things: the Duke of Almodovar del Rio arriving in Seville in a cordovan leather coach drawn by six mules; visitors sending ahead their servants to knock on the nail-studded door of great white-washed walls, and when it was opened to them, holding their hats in one hand while they crossed themselves with the other, repeating an Ave Maria the while to show they had no hostile intent; reciters of the *Acta Sanctorum* selling broadsheets of the Patron Saint's life, martyrdom or miracles (they had a varied selection, for nearly every saint in the calendar) even in the streets of semi-pagan Barcelona. They do the same thing at Ki£p-Bac and they hawk the same flimsy blurred pictorial martyrology, but of the Taoist divines, sages, and saints, and no Tongkingese gullet can emit the imperative raucous barks of the Spanish *bondieuserie* vendor.

The Annamese pilgrims, with staves and kerchief about the head, are the counterparts of the sturdy tramps in the Japanese colour-prints. They all swarm, men, women, and children, to Prince Hung-Lao's shrine, pushing through the crowds, shoving the stall-keepers, the sellers of souvenirs, emblems, paper models and incense, streaming through the great portico on to the terrace before the Royal Temple shaded with mighty banyans. The pilgrims, halt, maimed, blind, lame, bereaved, eager, resigned, greedy, believing or hoping, are swept towards the Miraculous Well that cures all ills. 'Fanatics' groan and gesticulate. The Taoist bonzes are benignly indifferent, though keen-eyed enough.

The faithful take up '*les differentes postures ou ils se mettent pour jaire penitence et pour accomplir les voeux quCils ont faits selon leur superstition ou pour pratiquer leurs magies aux quelles ils sont fort adonnis'*, The possessed women,[1] dishevelled and muttering, wander round and round, the *bd-ddng*[2] fall into trances and foretell strange things, for, in all Taoist shrines, the shamanesses are much in evidence.

'The Magicianess, which the *Tunquinese* also consult, is called *Bacoti* and she keeps a great Correspondence with the Devil, to whom, if she has a Daughter, she offers her as soon as she is born, the more to oblige him. If any Mother bewail the death of her Child and she be desirous to know in what condition the Soul of the Child is in, in the other world, she goes to *Bacoti* who to satisfie the Mother, presently falls a beating her drum, to summons the Soul to come to her, who presently appears, as she pretends, and tells her its Condition whether good or bad. But most commonly she makes the silly Mothers believe that the Soul is happy and bids them be of good cheer.'

Non est alius nisi consolator animae medicus,

Tavernier got rather muddled in his account of the religions of the Tongkingese of his day. His ideas of Buddhism were especially confused: 'The second Sect had for its Founder a certain Hermite called Chacabout.' So far so good. But he makes a bad break when he says, 'and a goat is the idol which they adore'. 'Sakya (muni) Buddha,' if an unusual combination, is recognizable in *Chacabout*$_y$ but I must confess that I do not see where he got the goat story from unless the worthy Daniel had his leg badly pulled by his Tongkingese informants. Even vague and half-remembered stories about the Cham divinities, the bull Nandi of Siva, or the elephant-headed Gane£a, could hardly give us a caprine Buddha. Regarding Lao-Tse,[3] the sturdy old Huguenot becomes quite violent. 'Lan

[1] They are mostly, I think, manic-depressive cases.
[2] Female mediums.
[3] The best book in English about what Taoism was and might have remained, is Waley's *The Way and Its Power.* Henri Masp6ro's important article in the *Journal Asiatique* regarding the conservation of the 'Souffle Vital' illuminates the evolution of Taoism to magic.

Thou' he brands as a 'Black Impostor', adding, 'He was a *Chinese* by Nation and one of the greatest Magicians of the East', and 'taught much of Chacabout's[1] doctrine', which seems strange. . . .

A little after Sept Pagodes you pass the hillock of Pho-lai, crowned with the Buddhist shrine called that of 'Immense Benefits'; it is dedicated to Avalokitesvara, the Lord of the West. The name alone is a refreshing suggestion after the extravagances of what now passes for Taoism.

Up the Red River

You can fly from Hanoi to K'unming and on to Chungking in about four hours and a half. The round trip costs you (or cost when I was last in Indo-China in 1939) 440 piastres, that is, 4,400 French francs, or a little over twenty-five English pounds. The machines are Douglas D.C.2's of the Sino-American C.N.A.C. line. The Japanese occupation put an end to free air communication between Indo-China and China, and, as a consequence, the air-lines between China and Soviet Russia that used to run rather sporadically, if at all (you flew to Alma-Ata, but the rest of the trip to Moscow had to be accomplished by rail) were established with a regular service—Moscow-Alma-Ata (by 'Aeroflot' Soviet machines). From Alma-Ata to Hami, the Sino-Soviet 'Hamiata' concern takes over and the section from Hami to Chungking is operated by 'Eurasia', a company in which the Chinese Government is interested.

This is now China's only life-line in the air. Even two years ago, however, the best way to get from K'unming, the capital of Yunnan, to Chungking, the seat of China's Government, was by aeroplane. The roads are not too good between K'unming and the upper reaches of the Yang-ts6 (although what has been done in the way of road-making in China's Far West during the last few years is astounding). You waste a good deal of time if you are in a hurry, and it will be some time before the K'unming-Chungking railway-line is completed and working.

[1] The 'CH' being pronounced 'SH' *d lafrangaise.*

Up to K'unming, however, you must take the Yunnan railway and see one of the most astonishing railroads on earth.

You leave Hanoi in the evening and perhaps buy a bunch of fifty bananas, as viaticum, for threepence. You cross the Doumer Bridge over the Red River and strike north-westwards at a good distance from it. At Vinh-yen you are getting near the Clear River. In the distance is the Tam-dao range of three summits, and on them a hill-station and a high waterfall called the Cascade of Silver. A little farther on up the line there is a village on the Clear River banks known as Bach-hac, that is, 'White Horse',[1] and nearby a temple whose foundation dates from A.D. 653. It has been restored and rebuilt, but its present appearance seen through the screen of trees is, perhaps, not very different from that of the seventh century. You are in a country of old civilization. Near to the Hoa-lon-tu temple at Bach-hac is the hamlet of Bo-son with a shrine to the memory of the last sovereign of the Lac dynasty, who is supposed to have died in the third century B.C. Here we are on less solid ground, but the continuity of his civilization is to the educated Annamese unquestionable and, after all, it has been so completely grafted on to that of China that he is like a member of one of those numerous families whose ancestors in the Middle Ages adopted the name when they seized the lands of the older lords. The name was unchanged, and you would be thought ill-bred to-day to mention that identity of name is no proof of even theoretical, much less biological, descent. The Annamese, however, could with justice, if the matter ever entered their heads, plead that they were more in the case of those who adopt their maternal forebears' names. Yoii are always on sure ground when you trace descent through women. In fact, a pedigree from mother to daughter is the only one that has even the remotest likelihood of being true in anything but the most conventional and literary sense, although the Spaniards do say:

[4] El que tiene ruin padre toma el nombre de la madre.'

[1] The White Horse is one of the palladia of Tongking (as are the Golden Horse and the Jade Hen of Yunnan). There is a trace of things totemistic in these names and the legends that cling to them. The Bach-ma or White Horse Temple in Hanoi was formerly the private chapel of the T'ang envoy in Tongking. There a 'lovely Horse miraculously appeared' in 867 to Kao P'ien to lead him against the Chinese.

Ba-bi

Near Viet-tri the Clear River falls into the Red River, which then runs for a short while curving slightly south until the junction with the Black River. By the time the train strikes the now narrow Red River plain you are heading almost due north-west. The night is still warm, but not with the clammy heat of the delta. The level lands on either side of the stream are not now more than a few miles wide. First to your left and then on your right the mountains are quite near. You are in the Thai country. The Annamese are confined to the fluvial flats. You run through Yen-Bay,[1] where the memory of the clumsy and bloody repression of food riots is still fresh in men's minds. Andree Viollis tells the whole stupid, sickening story in *Indochine, S.O.S.* It is not for us to criticize the French. Our own record is none too clean, but it is jolting to think that had the revolt been repressed with far greater severity by native rulers, or even by Asiatic foreigners, the memory of it would have by this time quite faded away. The old Annamese rulers often scourged with scorpions.

Ba-bi

The Clear River, like the Red and the Black, rises in Yunnan. The *Riviire Claire* and its tributaries, such as the Song Chay to the west and the Song Gam to the east, drain all the hill country between the Red River and the mountain mass of which Cao-Bang is the centre. Some of the waters of the Clear River system flow down from the Ba-be (that is, Three Bays) lakes. There is really only one sheet of water, but it is divided into three by peninsulas. You can follow the course of the Nam-Nang River right up to Ba-be, where you row about on the surface and picnic off grilled fish on one of the two islands (for the Ba-be fish are famous), fresh-water prawns and turtles. The woods come right to the water's edge and cover the surrounding hills with a blue-green mantle. Orchids grow as clustering as ivy, and you can share your meal with families of swinging gibbons, black or grey, whose solemn expression goes ill with their swaggering gait when they walk upright, touching the earth with their hands. If you watch carefully, when the

[1] 'Yen' is the Chinese 'An,' that is, 'Peace'. The character is sometimes pronounced Chinese fashion (as in Annam), and sometimes Yen *d Vannamite.*

heat of the day is over, perhaps you may catch a glimpse of a panther slinking along through the undergrowth on the shore.

Not far off are the waterfalls of Dan-Bay and northwards over the hills is Man Mai that was the chief market for the little Annamese girls the Chinese traders bought, or kidnapped, to sell into China.

Men of the Mountains

When I went up in March 1939 the Yunnan railway was the main life-line of China, and the train was packed with all the bagmen, hucksters, prospectors, hustlers, and adventurers who had exhausted the possibilities of Lang-son: go-getter slick Americans (one with an incredible goatee) who would have been so much less slick in the United States; morose, bearded young Englishmen with old school ties peeping through their whiskers; a lady, like a stage butcher, off to seek the Wisdom of the East just on the Sino-Soviet frontier. French colonials, Annamese, fat Chinese, thin Chinese, Jewish-looking Chinese (they were Moslems). Incredibly elegant Chinese girls who showed up just as neat, polished, cool, collected, clean, and faintly friendly whether in the sticky evening air of the Red River valley, in the high mountains, or when they stepped down at K'unming after twenty-four hours cooped up in the train. Dutchmen with German passports. Germans with British passports: one of them the living image of Mr. Henry of Berlin, or rather of the Mr. Henry I met in Berlin in 1935 when he and I were both British delegates to an international congress. Seeing him wearing the Iron Cross at a great ball the Nazi Government staged for us in the Zoo, I made bold to say to him, ' Why, Mr. Henry, I thought that you were British'. 'So I am,' he beamed back, 'but I was not when I won the Iron Cross.' The etiquette of the Yunnan railway is more formal than that of the Trans-Indo-Chinese. No one is a bit pally. I cannot even remember with whom I shared my compartment. 'We always try and put Europeans together.' Alas! I had heard that tale once before in New York at the French Line offices. After two nights on a southern route boat, headed for Bordeaux via Vigo and Santander, two nights with a

Aslurian gentleman from Oviedo on his way home after having acquired a modest fortune in the boot-repairing profession, I got moved into the cabin of a Japanese lieutenant-commander. He and I seemed to have a good deal in common.

Lao-cay means Oldstreet. It is of no interest whatever, except as a gateway to China, and as a starting-point for trips into the wild north and still wilder north-west of Tongking. Oldstreet is a great place for diphtheria, for catching it, that is, not for getting rid of it, although to the south-west there is the hill-station of Chapa with a nice sanatorium. Chapa is about 4,700 feet or so up in alpine scenery. Much ado was made about the place when it was laid out, but nothing or little has come of it. The natives rot in the valley when they are ill and Europeans will not afford the money to stay at hill-stations. The foreigners who visit Indo-China have other things to do than to stay in a boring hotel with the sort of people they have been trying to avoid for years. The average French 'colonial' has one idea, and that is to live on a quarter of his pay and save up the rest for the happy day when he can get back to France. There are exceptions to the rule, but they are relatively few. In extenuation, it must be said that a European who means to settle down and end his days in Indo-China must be spiritually attuned and intellectually prepared as few of the worthy peasants who make up the bulk of France's *'coloniaux'* can ever hope to be.

The Lo-Sui-Tong mountain mass on which lies Chapa is, nevertheless, a refreshing place to wander about in. There are great ferns and all sorts of trees and grass and rills and cascades of clear water. Sometimes one needs these things after the dust and glitter and almost oppressive civilization of the plains.

Tongking is no geographical whole. The north and the north-west are regions of high mountains of very varying formations. In both the north and the hilly south a highly crystalline limestone layer covers substrata that in places are carboniferous. Between Yen-Bay (about half-way up the Red River from Hanoi to Lao-cay) and Hai-duong there are also large tracts of Tertiary rocks with coal outcrops.

The centre of Tongking is the land of wooded hills with forests of deciduous trees and great groves of bamboo. The

south-eastern Red River delta is, of course, all alluvial. It supports a population of over 340 persons to the square kilometre—as against 345 in Belgium.

The Red River cuts Tongking in two from north-west to south-east. It receives two tributaries of importance. On its left bank the Clear River (Riviere Claire) and on its right bank the Black River, which runs parallel to the Red until it reaches the Hoa-Binh region (there so many of the stone tools of early man have been found that a special type-name 'Hoabinhian' has been coined), where it swings north-east and falls into the Red River not far from Viet-tri. The waterways of the Red and Black Rivers are divided by a mountain range whose summits reach heights of over 10,000 feet.

The Song-Bang-Giang (that is, the River of Cao-Bang) has a basin of its own that is quite distinct from that of the Red River and its affluents. The country is made up of great, grassy rolling downs intersected by broad valleys, but as you go north and north-east, after Ba-Chu, the high limestone islands, sugar-loaves, and up-jutting rocks begin to make the country look less familiar. When you get to the region to the west of Trung-khanh-phu you are in the Chinese Canton River area with streams and waterfalls. Some of the cascades, like that of Ban Giot, a little to the north-east of the Prefecture of Double Felicity, are very beautiful and wild.

Now, all these highlands are the abode of the non-Annamese peoples of Tongking. There are in Indo-China two main groups of uncivilized and semi-civilized peoples. In the northern parts of Tongking and the Laos you have the varied stocks—Meos, Man, Tho, Lolo, and so forth—who have come, in comparatively recent times, from farther north, from over what is now the Chinese border. They have pushed down into the main range of the Annam Chain the Indonesian peoples who preceded them in the peopling of the eastern part of Indo-China. The Indonesian peoples, commonly called 'Moi', are quite different in every way from the hill-men of the north. The bulk of them probably live within the boundaries of Laos and Cambodia, although we see something of them in Annam.

All these semi-civilized tribes of Upper Tongking are what may be roughly called 'Mongoloid', and they all have the bulk

of their blood relatives on the other side of the frontier in China itself.[1]

There are three main groups: the Tho live in the valleys and on the lower slopes of the mountains, the Man higher up on the hills and the Meo on the hill-tops, although this repartition is not absolute, and there is a good deal of contact between the three peoples with, however, very little, if any, intermingling.

The Thai group seem to come immediately from Yunnan, where their realm in the early Middle Ages was divided into two kingdoms—one, Ngui Lao, had its capital at the modern Talifu, and the other, called Bat-Ba-Tuc-Phi, had, as its chief town, the present-day Pu-eul. In the eighth century there were Thai sovereigns of what the Chinese, who conquered it, called the state of Nan-Chao. This ceased to exist as an independent realm in A.D. 899.

We saw something of the Tho at Trung-khanh-phu. Their name is said to mean 'earthem'. They are, compared to the Man and the Meo, rather lazy and given to indulgence in alcohol and opium, but they are a pleasant people, and their women, who hold an exceptionally low position and are practically beasts of burden, always have a smile when you speak to them. The Tho have been more influenced, in recent times, both by the Chinese and the Annamese than either the Man or the Meo. The Tho vocabulary is about a third of Annamese origin. They have a complicated and developed ancestor-cult and vaguely call themselves Buddhists.

With the Thai-speaking tribes it is convenient to class the Nung[2] and the Nhang. The Nung are about 80,000 strong in Upper Tongking, and they undoubtedly come from the Si-kiang (that is, the Western Canton River) region. In appearance they are something between the Chinese and the Thai—hence the belief that they are Thai-Chinese half-castes, but they speak a Thai dialect and there is no reason to think that they do not form a separate people, although it is true, strangely

[1] The peoples are sub-divided into tribes with picturesque names: Of the Thai-speaking group there are the Thd, the Blue Thai (on the upper reaches of the Red River), the White Thai (on the northern banks of the Black River), the Nung, the Nhang, the Pa-y, the T'ou-Lao and the Lou. The Man are divided into Man-lan-teu, Man-ta-pou, Man-tien, Man-quan-trang, Man-coc and Pa-seng. The Meo subdivisions are Heu-Meo, Peu-Meo, Hoa-Meo, and Meo-Mong-Cha.

[2] The name apparently means in China ' sticky'.

enough, that admitted half-caste Nung-Chinese tend to revert to the Nung community rather than become sinized. The Nhangs, of whom there are not more than 10,000, are akin to—though slightly different in speech, costume, and custom from—the Nung.

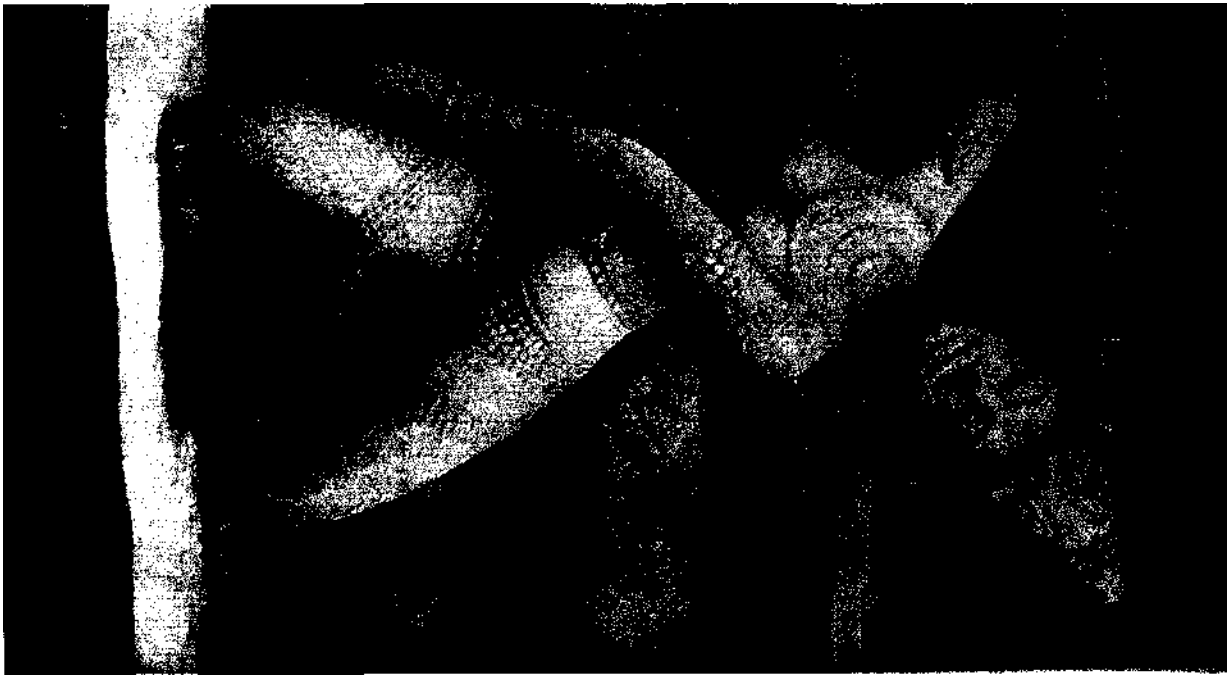
The Man, whom the Chinese call '*Yao'*, are much less contaminated by civilization than the Thai and, therefore, more interesting from every point of view. They have a romantic origin, for they are descended from a dog. It is true that their ancestor was no ordinary hound but a hero, the famous P'an-Hou, who hearing an Emperor of China distraught by the attacks of his enemy, declare that whosoever should bring him the rival monarch's head should have the Imperial Princess, his daughter, in marriage, together with half the land in the empire as a dowry, trotted off to the enemy's camp and brought back to the Chinese monarch the dripping trophy. He duly espoused the Princess and begot on her six sons and six daughters, the fathers and mothers of the Man-Yao people. The Emperor of China, however, in apportioning his daughter's dowry, used a subterfuge and divided the land horizontally so that the Man-Yao got only the upper slopes of the hills and mountains, where they dwell to this day.

The Imperial Rescript that confirmed the division of the empire was what is known as the ' Charter of the Man people ', whereby they were authorized to 'Plough with the sword and sow with Fire', that is, to hew down trees and to burn the stumps and stubble for their crops. The whole story is highly totemistic and the Man, doubtless, represent contemporary ancestors of at least a part of the Chinese people.

The Man-Yao have elaborate funeral ceremonies; they put rice grains and pieces of money into their corpses' mouths;[1] they make offerings of rice to the spirits of their forefathers, and they have the rite of Calling Back the Soul,[2] that is so antique in the Chinese lands.

As the old Chinese proverb has it: 'When the rites have been lost, they must be sought among the people of the countryside.'

[1] **Borrowed from the Chinese or of common origin with the Chinese rite ?**
[8] **Compare the rites at the Imperial funeral on pp. 244 et seq.**



' . . . but the most alluring thing of all is the Dancing Girls' Frieze . . . you must stand still and long admire such ease and mastery and grace.' (Page 152)

Men of the Mountains

There are about 55,000 Man in Upper Tongking; their homeland is in the mountain fastnesses between the Si-kiang and the Yang-tse-kiang, where their cousins the Chinese Yao still dwell. They appear in Tongking about the thirteenth century of our era.

They dress in dark indigo clothes, often embroidered with swastikas. Their houses have as a rule no windows and are roughly made, but the people are very easy to get on with. The girls and women have a fairly pleasant life. There is plenty of abortion and illegitimate children are just killed and nothing more is said about it. The Man are great practisers of incantations, the women, especially, are adepts in witchcraft and enjoy the esteem mingled with fear that such powers confer.

When the Man do not undermine their health with narcotics and intoxicants they are exceptionally robust, and the burdens with which you see them hopping up the hill-side are astonishingly heavy.

There are about 40,000 Meo in Tongking, where they arrived long after the Thai and the Man, and doubtless from the Chinese provinces of North-eastern Yunnan and Kweichow, it may be not more than two hundred or two hundred and fifty years ago. The Miao (that is, Meo) of China still practise the *couvade* whereby the husband takes to his bed when the wife is brought to hers. In Tongking the custom is unknown, but some traces of it probably linger in the interdiction laid upon the happy father to move out of sight of his hut until his wife is fully recovered from her accouchement.

Their houses, built right up on the mountain-tops, are exceedingly dirty, and you have to wade through filth to get into the doors, where you are met by the yaps of the special Meo dogs. For although the Meo, unlike the Man, do not claim a dog as an ancestor, they are very fond of their dogs that are all white with thick coats and rather long silky hair. They also have little ponies of their own, who are never groomed or clipped. They feed them on maize and what the Chinese call *ma-tsao,* or ' horse-grass'.[1] The Meo have no chiefs, rulers, or headmen, and they are sturdily independent. They have no

[1] **The Meo grow mountain-rice, buck-wheat, beans, and maize, and they have some cattle.**

clearly defined religion and are gay, carefree, and much given to the chanting and singing of distinctly erotic songs. They hold plenty of feasts, ostensibly to the spirits of their forefathers, but there is, however, no ancestor worship as such. They pay no attention to their dead except that they put on, as mourning, a white turban, but this custom may be a recent borrowing from the Chinese. The girls and women wear thick, bunchy clothes and long coats and aprons, for their climate is cool. Their turbans are often huge hieratic-looking things. The women are fairly promiscuous and female virtue is regarded with indifference.

In fact they are a very friendly people.

In a small valley between two hills at Dong-Van, in the middle of the Meo country, there is a sacred grove of beautiful trees. Rocks and boulders strew the grass-grown soil around a ruined temple. If any European ventures into the wood he is immediately spotted by the girls working on the hill-sides. They down tools and hop over the rocks into the coppice and, chattering in their whistling bird-like language, by unmistakable gestures indicate that they expect him to pleasure them. Grave offence would be given if any attempt were made to shirk man's duty. Compromising stories would soon be the common talk of the countryside.

Not all the nymphs of Dong-Van are Meo; some are Lolo, and the Lolo are of quite distinct stock from the other groups. The original home of the Lolo was, perhaps, in western Szechuan but they have been for many centuries the dominant people of Yunnan. Like the Meo they are a gay lot, but there are not many of them in Tongking and they are concentrated in the Bac-Lac district. Most of them are very poor, especially the *Fou-la,* the *P'ou-la,* and the *Peu-pa* (for their names sound like French puns). Their dress, for the most part, is less voluminous than that of the Meo but some is elaborate enough. I have seen a *P'ou-la* belle at festival time in tightly laced kirtle, clinging white trousers, bare feet (none of these mountaineers wear shoes), white scarf, and large white turban.[1] The *Heu-Lolo* or 'Black Lolo', whom the Annamese call

[1] The turban is the ordinary head-dress of most of the peoples of western and south-western China. The small Annamese turban, the ordinary head-covering of the better-class Annamese is but a civilized (although to us very un-Chinese-seeming) form of the head cloths of the north.

'Man-Khoanh' or Braided Man (for they do not distinguish between Man and Lolo) because of their bright, multicoloured and braided dresses, are, like all the Tongkingese Lolo, much less fierce than the Lolo of Yunnan, who are a pretty truculent lot. The Lolos in Upper Tongking do not exceed 12,000 in number all told and they give way continuously before the Thai, the Man, and the Meo. They are nearly all indolent and their women, when young, charming with very light skins, clear-cut profiles, and lovely melting eyes. The Chinese prize them highly and the 'Lolottes' often capture the imagination of Europeans. You can tell a woman's status by her coiffure. If she is unmarried she has her head covered with a brilliant cloth tied in six points to each of which is attached a little bell that makes a pleasing tinkle as she walks. Married women wear a broad straw hat and mothers have their hair tied up with red ribbons.

The second child always ranks as the eldest whether it be boy or girl. This reminds one of the Thai customs and those of the Assamese Naga. The Lolo speak their own Tibeto-Burman language with the to us strangely inverted construction that makes them say 'My good father has sold a house to the man' as 'Me father good house has sold man to',

Their funeral rites are simple. Corpses are buried on the fourth day after the death and a fire is kept lighted upon the grave during nine consecutive days for a man, eight for a woman, and six for a child. The *k^{y}an-feu-Lolo* (head-cutting Lolo) dig up bodies after three years and put the skull in a wooden box which they then place high up on a prominent and nearby rock ledge. Other Lolo have a queer custom. They stick a hollow bamboo pole into the grave mound and come every now and then to sniff at the end, when there is no more stench of decay, they dig up the remains and collect them together in a little case.

The Muong who are scattered about the country as far south as Thanh-hoa and in Ninh-Binh, the lower reaches of the Sdng-ma, and the right bank of the Red River, number from 50,000 to 60,000 in the Black River region alone. Hoa-Binh is their stronghold. The Muong are the people whose language, at least, shows a clear relationship to Annamese. They are a turbaned people with an aristocratic social organizatidn.

The chief of the Hoa-Binh Muong is known as the Quan Lang and they differ entirely from the tribes of relatively recent immigration into Indo-China.

To get to their land you sail up the Red River to Viet-tri and then get into the mountain-enclosed course of the Black River. The forest-clad heights are deep blue in the pale blue haze that lurks in the anfractuosities of the hills. The river narrows until you get to the Cho-Bo barrage beyond which navigation is dangerous, but the Muong boatmen shoot the rapids as skilfully as do the Laotians the cataracts of the Upper Mekong. Attached to the prow of each canoe is a talisman and guardian angel in the shape of a cock in a cage. When the smooth waters are reached the cock is killed and eaten. He has done his job.

Into Great China

You get to Lao-cay, the last French post, in the early morning and make a very bad breakfast in the station. Lao-kay is bunched into a narrow valley that is one of the natural entrances to China: only, the entrance is at the bottom of a wall of rock and China lies some mile or so higher up. The train slowly rumbles over the international bridge. Beneath, the swirling waters of the Red River and the lower Nam-ti meet, and at Ho-k'u you are in the first Chinese town. It is only 76 metres (say, 250 feet) above sea-level. You change trains and the Chinese customs men glance through your stuff just as it is dumped on the platform. A smart-looking girl in the uniform of the Chinese Maritime Customs (so far from the sea!) surveys the baggage examination. You clamber into the low, long, white Micheline—a Diesel-engine rail omnibus—and pack down with Chinese business men and elegant women, tight-lipped travellers of unknown nationality and a sprinkling of French and Annamese. The rest of the passengers—second and third class—have to wait for the ordinary train that takes three days to get to the capital of Yunnan.

You swing along as quickly as in the Italian *'Littorino'* from Ravenna to Ferrara, swerving right to follow the course of the Nam-ti. On the map it looks as though the obvious route for a railway would be alongside the upper reaches of the Red

River, but the gradients there would make the blasting of either road or railroad almost impossible.

It was in 1899 that a French group obtained from the Chinese Imperial Government a concession to build a railway linking up the line from Haiphong through Hanoi to Lao-cay, with K'unming the chief city in the Chinese province of Yunnan. ' The Chinese had been defeated a few years before by the Japanese. The Manchu dynasty was obviously tottering to its fall. Everywhere there was talk of the break-up of China. Foreign powers were wringing new economic and territorial concessions out of the Empress Dowager's government. The French, whose influence since their establishment in Tongking during the eighties of the last century had been considerable in the Chinese south-west, looked upon that region as their natural and legitimate share of the spoils. In view of what has happened since it is significant and ironic that the Charter should specifically have stipulated that the projected line was to remain open for the transit of war material at all times.

Almost incredible difficulties were encountered. Close surveys revealed appallingly sheer mountain-faces, precipices that afforded no foothold, and a deadly climate. Time and time again all the surviving coolies downed their tools and fled in the night. The European foremen, engineers, and surveyors died like flies. It is said that every sleeper of the track through the Nam-ti gorges cost the life of a coolie and that there is a European grave every mile. Yet this Nam-ti valley is one of the most lovely imaginable. The jade-green waters, curling here and there into foam around a sharp rock, ripple swiftly through the narrowing vale whose walls grow ever higher and higher. At first you are quite near the water's edge running through a tangle of banana bushes, castor-oil shrubs, palms, and masses of dark blue-green, shiny leaves. The tawny hillsides glow in the morning light. The sky is pale and brilliant. Over the surface of the stream dart sapphire-blue kingfishers, whose feathers were used to fashion those gracefully fragile tiaras, necklaces, and bracelets, in the working of which men soon lost their sight.

There are no signs of human life for the place reeks of death.

[1] **From Haiphong to K'unming by rail the distance is 854 kilometres (or a little less than 540 miles).**

Jungle-fever, malaria of a most malignant kind, and a thousand other ills grip any who linger by the banks of the Nam-ti.

You begin to rise steeply. The mountains of clayey schist give way to limestone cliffs. The track is cut into the face of a precipitous mountain-side. In thirty-five miles you climb from 500 to 6,000 feet above sea-level. The Micheline twists and twirls, shoots in and out of innumerable tunnels—there are more than three hundred of them on the line—over the 'lace bridge' that the Japanese so often and so unsuccessfully tried to bomb before they occupied Indo-China. You slide through a long corridor in the rock and out on to the 'cross-bow' cantilever bridge that spans a chasm between two dizzy precipices at Po-tu-ch'ing.

As a feat of engineering the line would be a marvel anywhere, even in South America, but when you reflect that everything had to be carried by coolie-back over almost pathless mountains, it is a wonder that the thing took only ten years to construct.

Even the native employees never spend more than a few weeks at a time on this lower part of the line, and it is said that nowhere until you get to the uplands do the women ever give birth to living children.

You are now high above the river. The air is cooler. The vegetation no longer tropical. The palms and bananas have given way to cynoglossae and rhododendrons. At the first stop you begin to notice burnt, singed tracts on the mountain-side and little wisps of smoke curling out of the holes in the rock where the lepers live. On the hills are blue patches of *ho-ts'ao* (Gerbera Delavanyi) that the French call *amadouette* whose leaves bear a white filigrane that the Chinese peel off and use as a fibre for small nets.

At Chih-Ts'un, the Village of Irises, the train leaves the Red River basin and crosses over to that of the Western Canton River. The Micheline hauls over a range of grey and purple peaks and then glides down into a fairy land. On all sides the earth is level up to the far barrier of surrounding hills that throw great folds like those of a skirt on to the plain. Shallow, marshy lakes merge into the ruddy soil. A russet haze hangs over everything. Here and there a yellowish-brown walled village encloses a jumble of upturned eaves. Hundreds of

figures in every shade of blue go bustling about their business. Strings of pack-ponies and draught-oxen laden with tin ingots, copper, lead, wolfram, or coal scramble over the tracks.

The train pulls up at Mong-tseu, a large town whose great battlements were built in 1482 and enlarged in 1615. It is the caravan junction and the depot and the storehouse for the tin of the Kokiow and other mines across the plain. Tin is one of the chief riches of Yunnan, although, as well as copper and wolfram, there is iron, antimony, and silver and gold. Sometimes the tin is mined in modern fashion and sometimes in the old way by pushing little boys into the narrow workings bored into the crumbling rock that often collapses and crushes them to death—Chinese chimney-sweep boys.

The surroundings of Mong-tseu are delightful. There is the Moslem village of Ta-chuang. Its mosque has a minaret, and that you do not often see in China. North-west of the town is the 'Grotto of the Swallows' *(Yen-tseu-tung).* A huge temple masks the entrance to the deep caves through which runs an underground river that at last plunges into a yawning chasm to reappear on earth miles away over the plain. The 'swallows' are the *colocalliae* or, as the French call them, *salanganes,* whose nests are used for soup. The Tsiin-chien-ssu is a temple built in the midst of a pine wood; for undergrowth and in the clearings and around the walls of the shrine you have azaleas, wild roses, and crimson camellias.

You are off again through cuts in the immense flounces of the raddled hills. You lift off the plains through stations with alluring names. 'The Pass of the Phoenix'; *Hei-Lung-T'an* or Black Dragon's Pool. . . . Then comes more magnificent mountain scenery and you are down on to another ancient lake-bed five thousand feet above the sea. As you pull up at Kai-Yuen, the model village of the Yunnan Railway Company, it is so full of cottages and herbaceous borders that you might imagine yourself in Normandy, but a drier and less leafy Normandy. There is an excellent hotel, run by an Annamese, and there you get much better European style food than you can usually find in Indo-China itself.

After I-Liang you leave the Western Canton River system and the country is thenceforth a succession of broad valleys and of intersecting bleak and bare mountains. Yunnan is made up,

for the most part, of Caledonian and Hercynian foldings, but the coal is in carboniferous Permian deposits. Copper is often found associated with basalt. The Yunnan formations are ancient and the region escaped the epirogenic convulsions that in the Miocene thrust up the Himalaya from the bed of the old Asiatic Mediterranean.

The afternoon fades away under a cloudless, pale blue sky. You are getting near to the heart of Yunnan and the approach thereto is almost terrifying in its magnificence. From the highest point on the railroad—7,000 feet—you look around you on a chaos of mountain summits. You twist in and out of schist gateways, swerve to the left, glide along the face of a stupendous mountain, and, as you curve round it, you see slowly opening before you an immense panorama of jagged peaks and at their feet a plain on which many hundreds of yards below you glistens a long luminous lake. It is something like the sight you have of the Wallensee as you go east, and magnified tenfold.

Almost suddenly you leave the wildness and are moving on to a plateau that is, by comparison with all that has gone before, thickly populated and familiar. Walled hamlet after walled town, acres and acres of sugar-cane, paddy-fields, water-buffalo, avenues of willow and poplar, innumerable grave-mounds, high funeral columns surmounted by flame-furred stone lions, paw raised upon a ball, their heads turned glaringly, orchards of peach and apple, of apricot, almond, orange, and lemon. You are in a land of nine-months' spring, a valley as sweet as that of Damascus at spring-time and set upon the penthouse of the world.

As the sun sets, the Mountain of the West throws long shadows on the shallow blue-green lake and its little islets decked with white pagodas and villas. The sampans of the cormorant fishers make broad arrows on the waters under the camel's-back bridges.

Halt follows halt, each little station surrounded with verdure; it is suddenly as civilized and tamed as Provence. K'unming is hidden by the undulations of the ground and by the fruit trees, thuyas and larches, until you are right on it. The huge walls rise before you unchanged (as you see them in the dusk) since Marco Polo came here as emissary of the Great Khan.

The plateau of Central Asia falls off towards the east in a series of declivities towards a great plain that stretches to the sea. Here and there the flat lands are broken by hills and mountains (as in the hilly province of Shantung), but for the most part the north-east of China is a region of yellow, porous clay, mud, or dust, according to the season. This is the famous loess, something like loam, that has been blown from the western deserts through countless millennia. It is this astonishingly fertile yellow earth that from very early times attracted men to the regions watered by the Yellow River and its affluents. Here was the cradle of Chinese culture. The colour yellow, that of the imperial dignity since Han times, is the colour of Chinese life.

The enormous continental mass of Central Asia has been caused by the converging movement of two immense folds of different age. On the one hand are the Hercynian formations of the T'ien-Shan and the Altai mountains (the former adjoining the mountain system of the Serindian mass and the other bordering upon the geologically very ancient plateau of Ankara). On the other hand, there is the Himalaya system that, in Miocene times, arose from the bed of the old Eurasiatic Mediterranean sea.

With the exception of the Tibetan plateau (which owes to its great altitude of over 10,000 feet an almost Arctic flora) and the Altai and T'ien-Shan ranges which, for similar reasons, show an Alpine vegetation with thick forests covering the foothills and sparse growth on the summits, the whole of Central Asia is covered by a longitudinal zone of grass steppes, wrapped in snow in the long winter, burnt up in the short summer, and covered in the spring with high grasses and wild flowers. The prairie steppes are almost fertile where irrigation is possible but they are everywhere losing to the desert. Desiccation is proceeding rapidly and has gone on all through recorded history. In the north the steppe region merges into the boreal forest zone of Siberia, Mongolia, and Manchuria. Farther south the steppes fade into the desert in three regions which are fast becoming quite Saharan in character. They are Qizil-Qum in Transoxiania and Qara-Qum to the south of the Amu-Darya (these will soon form a continuous wilderness), the Taklamakan desert in the closed-in basin of the Tarim, and

the Gobi desert, which extends over an immense area from the Khingan range on the Manchurian border to Lob-nor in the south-west where the Gobi meets the Taklamakan wastes.

This steppe corridor is the age-old land route to China. China, isolated by her girdles of mountains, has only been accessible from the north-west or through Burma and Indo-China from the south.

The highway of the steppes stretches from the Black Sea to the Yellow. There is a continuous line of them from Manchuria to the Crimea and from Urga in Outer Mongolia to Merv and Balkh in the south, where the steppes of the north and centre join up with the dry, sub-tropical steppes of Persia and Afghanistan.

The Tarim basin with its gold and jade, although always either menaced or controlled by northern hordes, developed in its oases an urban and commercial civilization, and through these oases Persia and India for ages communicated with China.[1] This highway of silk and pilgrims was the line along which passed the Hellenistic art of Alexander's successors and the lore of the Buddhist missionaries who travelled northwards from Afghanistan. To keep open this great route of world commerce was the constant preoccupation of Chinese policy from Han times to those of Kublai Khan.

North of this highway of civilization ran the broader road of the steppes—the Barbarian Way; by this route Scythians and Sarmatians pushed towards the north-east and the Huns moved westward. From Kiev to Peking there is no break.

In the first half of the first millennium B.C., owing either to increasing dryness or the domestication of animals, a pastoral nomadism became established in Central Asia, but the region had before this been occupied by sedentary planting populations similar in culture to the peoples of Neolithic China. It is probable therefore, that, in the New Stone Age, communications were easier between eastern and western Asia than they became later. It is clear that all civilization—with the exception of that of China—arose in a continuous land area of the Old World temperate zone and only in this zone is found the regular sequence of Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages. Elsewhere

[1] From Bukhara to the Yenissei there is a chain of gold-bearing lands.

the transition is from stone to iron. It is not too much to say that copper and bronze have been the very instruments of civilization.[1]

The connexions between Sumeria and Egypt to the west and the Indus Valley to the east are now easy to trace. Chinese civilization still seems, from many points of view, an isolated phenomenon but it must owe very much to importations from the west either directly over the corridor of the steppes or indirectly from India through the south.

For three thousand miles the Hoang-Ho winds down from the mountains of Tibet. In its lower reaches the river, choked with silt and dust, often floods the countryside, spreading death and disaster. Time and time again the Yellow River has changed its course, bringing misery and meriting its name of the ' Scourge of the Children of Han ',

No other part of the Middle Kingdom can support such a huge population to the square mile as the north-eastern loess plains, for the rest of China is in the main mountainous. On the plains of the Hoang-Ho are crowded a hundred and fifty million human beings.'

After making a great curve the Yellow River runs due south from about the point where it passes the Great Wall to where it receives the waters of the Wei-ho. Thenceforth the Hoang-Ho turns sharply eastwards, deflected by the high Tsin-ling mountains which are the real barrier for all their length between northern and southern China.

It is along the river valleys of the Wei and the Hoang-Ho, in the modern provinces of Shensi and Honan, that we find somewhere about the beginning of the second millennium B.C. the tribes which were to become Chinese.

The loess plain ends at the Tsin-Ling range which averages over eight thousand feet in height and a hundred miles in breadth. North of the mountains is what Marco Polo called ' Cathay' while south of them is 'Manzi', Between north

[1] **In addition to bronze, the pre-requisites of civilization include town construction, wheeled vehicles (which, appearing in the fourth millennium in Western Asia, took two thousand years to reach Egypt), domestic animals, cereals, and above all, writing. As a French biologist has said, ' Everything we *acquire* dies with us and our sons are less ours than those of our race. Nothing of the human past has impregnated the human beast. The civilization of ants is written in their chromosomes, that of man resides not in men but in libraries, museums, and in legal codes.'**

China and south lies the Yang-ts6 valley that is a world apart. Cathay is a temperate land of wheat and millet. Manzi is a hot region of tea and wet rice and, in the extreme south, of sugar-cane.

We are only beginning to learn something of the archaeology of China and up to now our knowledge is mostly confined to the north of the country. The Old Stone Age in the Far East seems to have been vastly prolonged, and of the people who lived in China during this time we know little except what we can learn from the Upper Palaeolithic human remains from the so-called Upper Base at Choukout'ien, near which have been found the bones and remains of Sinanthropus or Peking Man. When we come to the New Stone Age it is evident that several cultures were coexistent in time. Already in Neolithic times we can see some evidence of that parallelism between the circum-polar cultures as they have survived to this day and the culture of early China. A peculiar form of stone knife, pit-dwellings or ' earth-lodges', and the so-called ' compound-bow' are features common to the Neolithic all over north-eastern Asia. During the New Stone Age, millet seems to have been the chief crop in north China, though rice was apparently cultivated in central China before the beginning of the Bronze Age. Such evidence as there is, however, for the existence of rice as far north as Honan in Neolithic times, indicates that it was the variety known as 'dry' or ' mountain' rice.

All of the Neolithic sites, except the most recent, yield only dog and pig remains. The ox and the sheep, as domestic animals, came later. Some bones of horses have been reported from the sites but it is not clear whether these were domestic animals or wild horses (i.e. *equus Przevalskii)* used as food. Neolithic man in China made a coarse, unglazed pottery by the 'coiling' process and such ware survived late into historic times among the masses of the people.

As far as we can see, Neolothic men in northern China were animists performing fertility rites often accompanied by human sacrifice. Such sacrifices, in later times, are everywhere associated with earth-worship and female divinities and shamanesses, female rulers and matrilineal descent being prominent features of Neolithic culture in north China.

In 1922 Andersson explored the late Neolithic sites along

and near the great transcontinental emigration route, in the present-day province of Kansu. The excavations furnished not only a new type of ceramics—the so-called 'painted ware'—but also copper and bronze trinkets. Both the trinkets and the 'painted ware' look like importations, for the pottery, especially, bears marked resemblances to that unearthed in southern Russia. The ware seems, however, to have been what is called an 'individual culture trait', and, therefore, its occurrence may not indicate any abrupt change of culture. If we make bold enough to hazard a date for these Kansu finds—the closing centuries of the third millennium—we have the first 'Chinese' date. The 'painted pottery' would be, therefore, contemporaneous with the later phases of the Indus VaHey cultures and with dynastic times in Sumeria and Egypt. Compared, then, with centres farther west, there was a considerable time-lag in the cultures of the Far East.

After the 'painted pottery' period comes the so-called 'black pottery' epoch when men in northern China already had domesticated cattle, sheep, and perhaps horses, in addition to pigs and dogs. These men lived in small towns with tamped earth ramparts and they had come to know and to use the potter's wheel, but they probably did not make metal objects.

The 'black pottery' era ends in darkness and there is a gap in our knowledge the extent of which cannot be measured. We know nothing more until, suddenly—and this is the real *miracle chinois*—we find about the middle of the second millennium B.C. on the Yellow River plains and in the north of what is now the province of Honan a mature Bronze Age civilization about which we have in the last few years learned a very great deal from the excavations at An-Yang, the site of the capital of the Shang dynasts, the first historical rulers of China.

The Shang[1] civilization was characterized by the extensive use of bronze both for instruments of war and for ritual and ornamental objects. There is, however, at least up to now, little or no evidence of the employment of metal tools. The mass of the people remained, no doubt, in the Neolithic stage. Wheat begins to make its appearance under the Shang, and

[1] 'Shang' means 'trader', and is quite a different word from that in the Divine Name 'Shang-Ti.'

chariots drawn by two horses yoked (but not harnessed) were employed. Gabled buildings with columns and pillars were constructed, mainly of wood. Writing appears identical in all essentials with that still used.

The Shang realm was made up of a central state surrounded by subject- and tribute-paying lands. In spite of the magnificence of the Shang bronzes and the ample proofs that exist of the refinements of life, the civilization, as a whole, seems more impoverished in content than its contemporaries in the West: there were, for instance, no bronze swords.

The main lines of traditional Chinese history have been so surprisingly verified by excavation that there is a temptation to try to reconstruct the events that preceded the Shang era. The Chinese records tell of a dynasty—that of the Hsia—and it has been long suspected that there must be some historical basis for the legend. It is evident that a culture as advanced as that of the Shang must have had quite a long history behind it and it is not unreasonable to suppose that this civilization owed its blossoming, like that of all others we know of, to a clash of cultures.

Chinese tradition tells of three great heroes to whom are attributed inventions of arts and crafts: the 'Emperors' Yao, Shun, and Yii, of whom the latter is regarded as the founder of the Hsia dynasty. In the stories of these great ones lurk, perhaps, reminiscences of tribal groupings whose organization was totemistic. The word 'Shun', for instance, means 'mallow' and is perhaps a flower totem. It is not unreasonable to suppose that about the beginning of the second millennium B.C. there existed dotted along the valleys of the Wei-ho and the Hoang-ho a series of tribal organizations of Neolithic cultures which differed from each other both in cultural level and in speech. All these tribes were, however, cattle raisers and agriculturalists.

The area covered by these 'proto-Chinese' settlements included the valley of the middle Wei-ho and, farther eastwards, spread out towards the south so as to include most of the lower part of the province of Honan east of the Tsin-Ling range. The region extended northwards well into the provinces of Shansi and Hopei. It is almost certain that to the east in Shantung the land was occupied by quite different peoples

(who may have been 'proto-Tungus'), and right into historical times the region of Ch'i (as Shantung was then called) preserved characteristics that mark it off clearly from the 'Chinese' territories farther west.

Compared with the immensity of what we now know as China, the ground covered by these early settlements is small. We are dealing with things almost on a European scale.

Although we have no archaeological evidence to attest the existence of a Hsia 'dynasty' or even of a Hsia clan, and although it seems improbable that there ever was a Hsia dynasty in the sense that there was a Shang dynasty with a centralized government exercising dominion over a fairly wide territory, it is probable that there was a Hsia people whose comparatively advanced culture may have given them a place of importance among the clans. It has been suggested that the southern principality of Ch'u (in the modern Hupeh and centring about the Yang-tse' valley) which was established on the break-up of the Chou realm in the seventh century B.C. was, well into Han times (that is roughly from 200 B.C. to A.D. 200) a land not only of distinct customs and culture but also of non-Chinese speech. The people of Ch'u may have preserved a Thai language. It is clear that the linguistic and to a certain extent the cultural tie-up of the Chinese is with the south. The Chinese language is, in its earlier forms, demonstrably a close relative of the Thai dialects (of which the best known is modern Siamese). The various tribes and peoples of the south who were sinized comparatively recently were, many of them, of Thai speech. The spark that set alight the great torch of Chinese civilization may have been struck from an impact between an indigenous culture of the south and a western culture borne over the steppe way from the Nearer East.

The Shang rulers were priest-kings of an archaic type with whom ancestor-worship was probably the main cult. Among the ruling caste, at least, a rigidly patrilineal organization prevailed. Overshadowing the regular ancestor worship, however, the Shang felt the presence of the great God Shang-ti, the 'Supreme Ancestor'. Shang-ti rose steadily in rank throughout the ages until he became the Supreme Deity (the name was adopted by some Christian missionaries for the Christian God)

and seems, without doubt, to have been, in his origin, an ancestor, but whether human or totemistic is not clear. His cult either originated or was particularly strong in the un-Chinese region of the Shantung peninsula.[1]

In about 1040 B.C. the Shang realm was overthrown by the Chou, apparently a tribe from farther west whose level of culture was lower than that of the vanquished. The conquerors brought with them, however, new religious and political and social ideas. Their main deity was T'ien, or Heaven. They set up a feudal system in their dominions. They substituted a seven-day week for the ten-day period of the Shang. They erected grave-mounds of the classical central Asian type.

We have no direct evidence that the Chou were of the same stock or that they spoke the same language as the Shang. That they adopted Shang writing is no proof that the languages of Chou and Shang were identical but only an indication that the Chou had no writing system of their own. Many centuries later both Mongols and Manchus adopted the Chinese language when they mounted the Imperial throne.

Until 770 B.C. the Chou capital remained in north-western China at the eastern gateway of the steppe corridor. The region around the capital constituted the Chou state, properly speaking. In the rest of China which now extended as far south as the Yang-tse', the local princes enjoyed a large degree of autonomy. The Chou rulers were, in fact, the religious and political leaders of a confederacy. In the eighth century the Chou were attacked by the Jung, a people of ' barbarians' who may have belonged to the complex of northern peoples whom we call, for want of a better name, 'proto-Tungus'. The Chou had to retire eastwards and move their capital into north-central China. Their prestige was badly shaken. For the remaining five hundred years that the Chou dynasty lasted, the kings lost political power except over their own diminished patrimony and retained only their sacerdotal character. The Chinese confederacy became a congeries of warring states. These troublous times were, however, the heyday of Chinese classical culture, when philosophical speculation and intellectual refinement reached their highest pitch.

[1] **We are already in what Waley called the 'auguristiosacrificial' stage.**

The Crown Prince Bao-Long at the ceremony of his public recognition as heir and successor to the throne. (Page 195)

K'unming in Yunnan

At the beginning of the third century B.C., the Prince of the State of Ch'in annexed all the other Chinese lands one by one, proclaimed himself 'First Emperor' under the new style of *Huang-ti* as 'Shih Huang-ti', burned the books, built the Great Wall, founded the unified and bureaucratic empire, abolished the old feudal system and the class distinctions based on birth and privilege that were part and parcel of it and thus achieved the most lasting political monument ever wrought by man, an Empire that lasted essentially unaltered through changing dynasties for over two thousand years.[1]

The push to the south initiated under the First Emperor was continued after the fall of his dynasty by the sovereigns of the long-lasting Han dynasty. Under the Han, China took on the form and assumed the face that has been hers ever since.

K'unming in Yunnan

When Marco Polo wrote of the province of Caragian and its strange customs, the Chinese under their Mongol emperors had only just occupied the region they have since called Yunnan or the 'Cloudy South'.[2] From the eighth century until 1253 this mountainous, inaccessible, and vast province was known as Nan-Chao (it covers an area of 396,000 square kilometres or more than three times that of England). It formed an independent state whose kings were probably of Thai stock—that is to say of the same origin as the Siamese and Laotians, the Th6s and the Thai-speaking tribes who still survive in other parts of western and southern China. Between the Thai and the Lolos—who form the bulk of the 12,000,000 Yiinnanese—and the Chinese, the physical type does not greatly vary, although the Lolos can generally be picked out in a crowd even if they are dressed in Chinese costume. They have their own language and their peculiar costumes and customs.

The present governor of the province, General Lung-Yu—that is, 'Dragon Cloud'—who was long a quasi-independent war-lord before becoming reconciled with Marshal Chiang Kai-shek—is a pure-blooded Lolo who thoroughly understands

[1] See Arthur Waley, *Three Ways of Thought in Ancient China.*

[2] 'Cloudy South' is what the Chinese ideograms mean, but the real origin of the name is disputed. Yunnan is the Ming designation: the province has had during its history at least fifteen different names.

his people. You may compare Chinese and Lolo to English and Welsh and you will not go far wrong as far as an understanding of their political and social relations is concerned.

The great plain of K'unming was once the bed of a vast lake of which the existing shallow waters are the shrunken remnants. K'unming lake must have got smaller in recent times for Marco Polo speaks of it as being 'quite a hundred miles round', but to-day as in the thirteenth century 'there is found a great quantity of fish of the best in the world. They are very large and of all very fine kinds.'

To the west of the lake rises a long and lofty hill known as the Hsi-Shan or Mountain of the West and the far horizon is bordered on all sides by high mountains. K'unming itself is six thousand feet[1] above sea-level so that some of the surrounding peaks exceed ten thousand feet.

The plain of K'unming is intensely cultivated. Nearly all crops do well and there is an abundance of fruit trees—apricot, peach, pear, apple, almond, and plum—but, owing to the absence of grafting, the fruits are small and hard; the oranges especially are nearly all skin and pith. The countryside is amazingly varied. At one moment you might be in Devonshire, at another in a semi-tropical jungle. For the nine months that the dry season lasts it is never too hot under the luminous, high pale blue skies, although for some weeks before the rains break the atmosphere is so dry that you can comb sparks out of your hair, and nerves become frayed and tempers difficult.

Mohammedans have been for ages numerous in Yunnan. To-day you can hardly tell them from their Chinese fellow-citizens. Their Chinese-fashion mosques are tucked away in side-streets and almost the only sign of their presence is the little card they display on their stalls: it bears the opening chapter of the Koran—the Fatihah—in Arabic. If perchance they be butchers (as many are) they will stick out a little notice in Chinese, 'sells no pork', and this refusal seems strange in China. In the fifties and sixties of the late century the whole land of Yunnan was devastated by the Moslem Rebellion, which was bloodily and ineffectively repressed by the imperial authorities. The population of K'unming sank in two decades

[1] 1,900 metres, or over 6,000 feet up.

from 120,000 to barely 50,000 and the country did not begin to recover until the opening of the Yunnan railway.

Thanks, then, to its remoteness and to the ruin caused by the rebellion, this 'Colonial China', as M. Henri MaspeYo has well called it, remained, until the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war, one of the most old-fashioned of the Chinese provinces. Even now you can step aside from the main streets of the capital and find yourself in a land unchanged since the fourteenth century. All the features of old Chinese life are faithfully reproduced in Yunnan, which clings to the old ways with the tenacious conservatism of the convert.

K'unming is buttressed against a rocky pine-clad hill to the north, and although its surrounding walls have been here and there pierced they still enclose a great oblong of streets, lanes, temples, gardens, and fine private houses. The architecture of even the main street of the Old Town cannot have changed much in the past three hundred years or so. Its wooden-fronted shops and houses are painted *eau de Nil* green and you may watch a local house-painter still to-day carefully limning the Eight Symbols of Felicity on a lintel while a big, fat tom-cat, attached by collar and chain like a watch-dog, stares up at him. The people of K'unming are late risers. Shops do not open much before ten in the morning but business goes on until past eleven at night. Each shop and store is brilliantly lighted by naked electric-light bulbs and, there, sitting behind his heaped-up wares, smoking his pewter[1] water-pipe, is the merchant imperturbably quick-witted to strike a good bargain and unostentatiously keeping an eye on his bustling family and apprentices. You can buy anything in K'unming from dragon's bones to French scent, but although if you rummage about in the smaller shops you may come across some good pieces the place is no longer the store-house of rare things that it was a generation ago. There are silks, but from Szechuan, and good furs, sable, squirrel, fox, tiger, snow-leopard, panther, and wild cat, if you know where to look for them. You can find some good jade but none of it looks so fine as the morsels set in lovely, soft, pure gold the Lolo women wear when they come in from the country. You buy gold and silver by weight and from thirty per cent to forty per cent is

[1] 'Pei-tung' or 'white copper' is a speciality of Yunnan.

added for the workmanship. I could not discover any Tibetan jewellery worth bothering about, whereas at Talifu, the old capital of Yunnan, farther to the west, there are still bargains to be struck. Talifu is on the old caravan route from Tibet and any one who has time should push on to see it. Tali lake is another Garda and the town is not only fascinating in its mingling of many sorts of men but is still little invaded by the Chinese refugees from the east who are fast modernizing and jolting-up the mountain cities of the west.

When you get to Tali you are really exploring and if you want to visit some of the remote and lovely temples and shrines in the surrounding country you must fit yourself out for an expedition. It is worth it. The mountain shrine of the Black Phoenix where you may stay and meditate for days and gaze into the precipitous pool surrounded by ancient courts, is worth any fatigue to reach. South of Talifu the old caravan route joins the Burma Road and you can get back to K'unming therefrom in two-day stages through hill and vale and some of the finest pheasant shooting lands anywhere to be discovered, and there are snipe and crane, storks, egrets, hare, and quail, wild cat, roebuck, deer, and wild goat.

K'unming has become a sort of second capital of China and it has under the Republic regained its old name although foreigners still often speak of it as Yiinnanfu. It houses libraries, universities, and the Academia Sinica. Its population tripled or quadrupled between the beginning of the Japanese invasion of China and the Japanese occupation of Indo-China in 1940. High-powered cars dash along the narrow alleys. The new town to the south of the old is full of the modernized Chinese of the Treaty Ports as astonished by what they see as any foreigner. You run into women's brigades marching, lorries full of soldiers in greenish khaki cotton uniforms. Brilliantly attired and heavily painted sing-song girls toy with a fan as they bowl by in rickshaws. The engineers in European dress seem strangely out of place in the old-fashioned tea-houses all built about a central court of flowers and bamboos, each storey divided into spacious rooms.

The plain near the city is covered with hangars, flying-fields, and hutments. A railway is being constructed to link up K'unming more rapidly with Chungking.

But even in the main streets you are constantly being held up while caravans of shaggy little Tibetan ponies shamble past laden with half-globes of salt, ingots, or firewood. Troops of Lolos, men and women, gather at the street corners, their heavy burdens held on by forehead straps. Here and there serenely surveying the scene you will notice an old-style Chinese gentleman in long, black, padded gown, skull-cap with red knob, leaning on his stick, ageless and timeless.

In the narrow side-streets you will often be the only person in European dress, but no one will *fpvc* you a glance. You have no crowds of impudent urchins following you as in the lands of Islam. Every one is busy doing something or sitting or standing quite still. You see no more Methodist Missions (preferred, the Chinese will explain to you, to the Catholic, because the Protestant language—English—is so much more useful than the 'Catholic language') or strange bastard European style brick buildings. In the street of the coppersmiths the mallets make a pleasing din, the pewtersmiths fashion their wares without looking up. You stop to bargain for some carved wooden stands and find the shop in charge of a gravely smiling boy of about eight years. He is most competent and knows just how much rope to give you. The jeweller sees at a glance whether you can tell real jade from false.[1] The tea-merchant is robustly polite, he will not do anything as crude as short-change you, but in China you are not only supposed to know what you want, but to be able to recognize it when you see and feel it. When you bargain you must be civil. After all, it is no good being polite when the price is marked and kept to; all you have to do is to fling the money in the seller's face and go on your way.

The straight-gazing-Lolos are not abashed by the city. Their women are hard bargainers, both for purchase and sale. Some of the younger girls are as pretty as the Thos of farther south, and they have the same look of caprine agility and a hint of savagery in their beautiful eyes, but here even the peasants are touched by the solemnity of China, and they have not underneath their gravity the jolliness and cheerfulness with which the Chinese respond to any of the attractions of the senses.

K'unming, lying high, is not dusty and, for a Chinese city,

[1] They will try to sell you green serpentine at jade prices.

stinks hardly at all; in fact it is old China not only preserved, but almost disinfected. Like all Chinese towns, in parts it fades away into rubble-choked suburbs full of ruins and half-demolished houses and constructions that will never be achieved. A woman and a pig stare at you from a jagged hole in a pagoda's base. She has the expression of the busy housewife all over the world. The pig seems happier.

A door may open in a sordid wall and give you a glimpse of a shady flower-decked court more surprising than those opening from the deep, narrow blue-white lanes of Cordova or Seville. Out will come an old lady in a dark blue gown down to her bound feet. She has that look of imperious urbanity characteristic of the Chinese mother-in-law as she totters along, leaning heavily upon her servant who shades her with a large umbrella. There is something very familiar in that scene. The Chinese are really by far the least mysterious and the most universally human people of Asia.

The city gates still stand. Solid, immensely thick, surmounted by belvederes triple-tiered as big as palaces. Most of them bear the utilitarian names beloved of the Chinese: 'East Gate', 'West Gate', and so forth, but some have, so to speak, special honorary designations. The Northern Gate is also the *Kung-cKen,* or the Gate of Pole-Star Homage. The Little West Gate is also the *Wei- Yuen,* the Gate of Protection to Far Off Peoples.

The ground of the city slopes northwards, and as you go up and down at every turn there is a temple. Great imposing temples with classical lines. They are not like the modest little city *chua* of the Annamese. The new, built to the plan of the old, look antique. The old, repaired so often and so skilfully, seem new. The Temple of Confucius is library, museum, gymnasium, club, public park, parade ground, and college chapel. The Sage is still revered in the way that is most appropriate, by following a pattern of comportment.

This *Win Miao,* shaded by giant thuyas, is in its present form a seventeenth-century building, but you would never know it.

You sit down in the *Ta-kzvan-liu* Park, an oasis of pools and pavilions in the centre of the town. Here I met the first and, I think, almost the only symptom of the 'New Life' movement

that I came across in K'unming. I was trying to rub open the lead container of my Kodak films on the stone seat's edge. Within a minute, at my side was a small gravely smiling boy tendering me a pocket-knife. I offered him a cigarette for his pains. He shook his head and said, 'New Life'. . . .

This in the centre of Chinese opium-growing was refreshing, but the cigarette was also foreign.

In the *Kin-Niu-Sseu,* or Golden Ox Temple, there is a life-sized statue of an ox in bronze, and this they whip, in the spring-time, with willow switches to induce the vital sap to rise. . . .

The Government House where General Lung-Yii resides is near the park, and the main building is the old Taoist chapel that was attached to the palace of the Ming viceroys of Yunnan. If you are lucky the general invites you to dinner in the halls of the old shrine.

There is the White Lily Pagoda and the Jade Dragon Temple. You can pass them on your way to the *Fan Tzu,* that is a seventeenth-century stupa with inscriptions in Sanskrit, a relic of early Buddhism in the south-west. You pass through street after street of dark wooden-fronted houses, pillared below, covering the street like a Chinese rue de Rivoli, panelled and shuttered above. In the roadway the women wash their linen, cook their dinners, and survey their offspring. Every one is doing something useful, and only a few have time to look up at you.

Two white towers rise up near the city walls. The *Pai- Yiin,* or Disperser of Clouds, is 150 feet high. The *Chih-Wu*> or Dispeller of Fogs, is only 60 feet tall. As is but logical, a low cloud is a fog. A high fog is a cloud.

The northern part of the city rises in a succession of ridges dotted with a succession of pagodas and shrines. The limestone cliffs that mark the city's boundaries are crowned with the Temple of the Rocks. In one of its courts is the pavilion called *Tse-yun-tsie,* and there you see in a glass case the mummified body of Hai-ko, a saintly bonze who died at a great age in the reign of the glorious Emperor K'ang-Hsi. The precious relic was for many years lost and was only discovered a few years ago by a workman who was pilfering bricks from a ruined tower near the city walls. The mummy was at once recognized as

that of the sage, miraculously preserved through times of trouble. Palladia often go to earth in this way. *Le Saint Pripuce,* or Holy Foreskin, vanished from Antwerp Cathedral before the advancing hordes of French soldiery. It was found again when the impious invaders had left for good.

The K'unming Incorruptible is a more cheerful thing than the embalmed God of Moscow. Hai-ko fitted out with a fine set of false teeth, vested in a brown and gilt thread monk's robe, his face girt about with a massive pair of spectacles, beams upon you, but his benevolence may be the result of artifice or art. The K'unming morticians may not be inferior in their craft to their American colleagues whose tariff used to be (in pre-devaluation days):

For composing the features—one dollar.
For giving the features a look of resignation—two dollars.
For giving the features a look of Christian contentment—three dollars.
For giving the features a look of certitude of heavenly bliss—four dollars.

That not all can hope to attain the eternal serenity of blessed Hai-ko is, however, brought home to you in the Temple of Tortures. This *Kwie-Hwa-Sseu* dates from the beginning of the fifteenth century, and is some way from the city. In the shrines is housed a Chinese Chamber of Horrors designed to warn the wicked of the consequences of their ill-doing.

Some of the countryside pagodas and temples are strangely beautiful. To the north of the town, on the Mount of the Five Ancient Ones, is the Black Dragon Temple, buried in oak and pine woods. In a deep pool are huge fish that form the body-guard of the Dragon, whom you invoke to obtain rain, just as men did in Shang times much farther north in the cradle of Chinese culture.

Twenty *li* east of the city on the slopes of the Yu-Wan-Shan, within a crescent grove of ancient fir-trees, is the Copper Temple. You climb a flagged, moss-grown, zigzagging path among the woods, and as you near the shrine the magnificent tree camellias grow thicker and thicker. The Copper Pagoda itself stands in one of the courts of the temple. The steps up to it, the balustrade around it, and its pavement are of white

marble, the supporting columns of massive bronze, the superstructure and the walls are of carved, lacquered, and gilded wood, and the roof is covered with great copper scales of brilliant green. Within is the statue of Tsu-Chih, and the forecourt, if you are there in the right season, is crimson with camellias in bloom.

K'unming is propitiously situated. The Shang-shan is its immediately protecting mountain, then there is the Liang-Wang Shan over 8,000 feet high to the north, the Kin-Ma-Shan or Golden Horse Mountain to the north-east, and the Pi-chi-shan or Jade Hen Mountain; these last bearing the names of the tutelary totems of the city.

Hsi-Shan

But the Hsi-Shan, or Mountain of the West, is the real sacred mount of the Yunnan plain. You may reach its foot by ferrying across the lake and through the shallow reed-grown part of it that is known as the *ts'ao-hai,* that is, grassy sea. When you land you are near the Lung-Wang-Miao, or Dragon King Shrine. The Dragon King was a monster who terrified the countryside six hundred years and more ago. He would assume the form and lineaments of a lascivious girl and by his gestures lured men to him in order to devour them. But a magician was found who could conjure the Hei-Shu-Sha, or Black Lake Demon, and at the wizard's bidding the demon cut off the Dragon King's head.

From the shrine you must walk up a zigzag way cut in the cliff that towers over a thousand feet above your head. The path leads through woods of beech, oak, and fir, and you feel for all the world as though you were in the Esterel, so bright is the red earth. Pilgrims pass you carrying sticks of incense. This is the way to visit the Hsi-Shan.

If you drive out from K'unming towards the west you skirt the edge of the poplar-fringed lake and its busy inland port. The mountain sea is drained by the Putu-ho, an affluent of the Kin-sha-kiang, or River of Golden Sand, as the Yang-ts6 is called in its upper reaches. From K'unming to the Yellow Sea, over two thousand miles away, you can follow a valley of flowing waters. You keep to the border of the lake until you have

reached the opposite side from K'unming. The ground rises a little. To your right the Burma Road soon disappears behind the hills. You begin to wind up the flanks of the Hsi-Shan amid red rock and gnarled blue-green pine-trees. The Holy Mountain is very beautiful, but it cannot, itself, vie in loveliness with the Five Sacred Mountains, or the Yellow Mountain on the borders of Kianghsi and Shekiang . . . you never weary of the mystic names: the Monastery of the Purple Cloud, Lotus Flower Peak, the Chasm of the Blue Dragon, the Lotus Pistil, the Pagoda of Resplendent Pity . . . but the view from the Hsi-Shan is incomparable.

The road zigzags up, the earth all shades of ruddiness; at every turn you get a new view of the plain growing smaller as you see ever farther. On the right is the grey entrance gate of a temple. Its courts are flagged and gay with tree azaleas and shaded with 'water-pines' and ginkos.[1] On either side are painted and panelled cells and rooms. Then comes a great round pool bordered with moss-grown granite balustrade. On the other side rises the temple itself set against the rock face. The entrance is masked by a heavy curtain, like those leather-bordered *portieres* that flap in your face in Spain. Within, the monks are chanting their afternoon service of hymns, liturgies, and esoteric invocations. You are still a good way off Tibet, but the whole scene has something Lamaistic about it, except that here all is clear and light, there is none of the mysterious gloom of the temples in the colder highlands. Yet, here are the multi-colour streamers hanging from the *artesonado* roof, whose panels are painted with pairs of cranes of beautiful symmetry. Each shaven monk sits on a mat. The Superior, like his subordinates, wears a brown robe shot with gold thread. The gilt bronze statue of the Blessed One with a great swastika embossed upon his breast towers twenty feet up behind the altars and tables of offerings set with the Eight Glorious Offerings and the Sacrifice of the Five Senses—mirror for sight, shell for hearing, cup for smell, the bowl of fruit or sugar for taste, and the sash of yellow silk for touch.

At the Buddha's feet are the Eight Glorious Emblems, and the Seven Jewels. Cups for offerings are displayed on the

[1]**The *Ginko Biloba*, oldest of surviving trees. It is a living fossil and the link between tree-ferns and conifers.**

show-tables. On the main altar is a huge incense-burner between, on either side, a candlestick and a flower-vase. The perfume rises in clouds. The gongs beat rhythmically, from time to time the handbells ring.

You can walk all round the square sanctuary, and behind the altar the walls are covered with figures and scenes in high relief, gilt and polychrome, that make up a very living background to the ceremonies of the cult. The temple is spacious and gives that impression of serenity that comes from great height combined with considerable though less length and breadth. The narthex, with its triple doors, contains the usual statues of the God of War and the Lord of Hell, but this is a regular Mahayana Buddhist fane with none of the elaborate wall-pictures and scrolls of divinities that turn a Lamaistic place of worship into a pantheon.

As we came out we met a party of new Chinese as interested and as anxious as ourselves to see what their country had looked like.

You rise for about another half a mile, and more steeply. Then the road ends on a broad ledge of rock. Beyond, footpaths lead up to the black and gold pagodas stuck on the sheer side of the cliff.

Far below you is the lake, all shades of blue and green. The immense plain is ringed with distant mountains. To your right the Hsi-Shan cuts the view from heaven to earth. To your left you can turn towards still higher mountains and Tibet. Beyond the lake and its willow-pattern islands K'unming stands out a dark, tawny mass purged by the distance of its excrescences. The vermilion rocks you stand on, and those on either side, form a frame. The sky over all is the colour of ripe peach-skin. It is incredibly glittering and delicate. You are looking on a lost world ringed with magically vivid and yet unreal chaos of ranges, peaks, and ridges whose cruel bareness is masked by the lovely light and colour.

That view is worth the journey to China. I have seen nowhere on earth anything to surpass it in natural beauty and in spiritual evocation. 'However magnificent the view,' says the Tao-te King, 'we sit quiet and dispassionate/ It is the only thing to do.

Hopital Calmette

There are several hostelries in K'unming, **and** one quite good in normal times, called the Grand H6tel du Lac, some way out of the city; but it is best to put up, if you can, at the French hospital. The *Hopital Calmette* is not far from the railway, and therefore to the south of the old city. You turn to the left out of the station which has that queer, unreasonable air of finality that all termini have in large towns. There seems no reason why you should not go on indefinitely. You turn left again and are in a narrow street with the international post office on your right, and high walls and high trees over them shade you until you come to the hospital. Part of one floor is reserved for guests recommended by the Indo-Chinese Government, and you have the unusual luxury of a private bathroom, a large bedroom, electric light, and an open fireplace. The wide corridors of the place are rather prison-like, and you get used to running into what seem perambulating corpses; they are the patients all trussed and bandaged up. You are looked after by a sort of Annamese sub-matron—stumpy, flat-faced—the usual low-class type, but she is competent in a vague way. There is no special time or place for anything. The presiding doctor is, of course, a Corsican.

In spite of the fall in the Chinese dollar, living is more expensive in the Yunnan towns than in Indo-China itself, where things cost, or used to cost until recently, less than anywhere else in the Far East. Of course, if you can and will live according to the customs of the country, it is cheap everywhere. It is the things that even the hardened traveller will not be able to resist when he sees them, that take money. And if you have to wander a good deal off the beaten road, little things seem precious. I much enjoyed drinking several bottles of Vichy water at K'unming and reflecting that for what I could get for nothing in the Celestins Pavilion at Vichy I had to pay a piastre a bottle for in the heart of Western China. Everything in life is a matter of transport after all.

K'unming by Night

K'unming at night has a quality of mystery, increased by the contrast between the thronged and lighted main streets and the alleys leading to the residential quarters. There is, it is true,

nothing so romantically picturesque as the Chinese town in Bangkok with its huge grease-paper lanterns at the corners and shop-fronts, but, then, Bangkok is the tropics; Kunming is a northern city at night and a southern city by day.

The whores stand at the alley entrances on to the main transverse east-west street of the new quarter. Nowhere are they more collectedly cheerful than in China. In their entire absence of inferiority complex the Chinese are not Orientals at all, neither are they inscrutable, they are just superbly civilized, incredulous, and not a little cruel.

In three thousand five hundred years, half the time that man has been anywhere at all civilized on this earth, the Chinese have learnt how to comport themselves in any circumstance.

The courtesans of K'unming take their clients to the little shacks off the main streets, where you may sit and drink tea and watch the movement. Of course, all this is the popular relaxation. The *amours*, venal and otherwise, of the more prosperous are veiled and obscure.

The change that is sweeping China has stripped from its women in a decade the inhibitions imposed since Sung times. Although the mass of the people remains as it was, struggling on the border-line of starvation for its daily rice, in the middle and richer classes women have become more emancipated than anywhere else in Asia. Your dictatorships and totalitarian states can never exist where women are free. In no civilized country are the women more bound, subjected, and helpless than in Japan. ' Keeping women in their proper place' is always advocated by those who do not know their own. Even the Siamese women have lost a little of their status since the country has gone mildly 'New Order'.

K'unming has a very Germanic-looking and rather dusty club. While the Viennese bar-tender is mixing you a drink you can look out of the window and see a string of two-humped Bactrian camels shuffle by, brown blurs against the murrey walls of some great long building. These are the camels that crossed and still cross Asia. They may be laden with the Tibetan produce that they have picked up at Talifu. They may be headed for Chungking, Chengtu, Langchow, Hami, and the Way of the Steppes that leads to Constantinople. As

late as 1921, sitting one day in the great court of the Suleimanieh Mosque at Constantinople, I saw a string of such camels kneeling by the roadside while their Mongol-looking masters were sipping coffee at an inn. Camels are no longer allowed in Istanbul, but in the Allied-occupied Byzantium of twenty years ago, when you met Russian popes wandering disconsolately through Santa Sophia, and groups of shuffling, chattering, loose-limbed, pin-headed eunuchs in old-fashioned *stambouline* and fez within the Sublime Porte, it was those camels that set my imagination trailing off more than anything, save my Thursday afternoon at the Eyub Mosque. For a few months this Holy of Holies was open to the unbeliever,[1] and greatly daring, for no one risked to take advantage of the permission, Daru and I (he was in French uniform) decided to drop down from the cypresses of the cemetery into the marble courts of the mosque. We passed through the white courtyards dappled with leafless plane-trees. We peered through the golden trellis to the treasury where the Mantle and Sword of the Prophet are preserved, and we entered the mosque itself. There was a great throng. Dervishes were twirling and foaming. They seemed to catch our eye. No one looked at us, but we suddenly realized that we were marked men, the congregation heaved, as it appeared to us, ominously, almost rhythmically. We made for the gates and in the first court turned round. The doorways were filled with faces and in intentness of hatred I have rarely if ever seen their like.

But China knows none of these provincial fanaticisms.

Sitting with two young European-trained engineers who were working on the new line to Chungking, under the potted bamboos and bird-cages of an old-style tea-house, munching sunflower-seeds and drinking the precious brew of Pu-eul and feeling so completely at home as one always does in Chinese restaurants and inns, we talked of the new China and the old. They knew little of Yunnan except that the people were very lazy and demanded high wages. They had actually, that day, seen a coolie in the streets with his yoke-baskets empty! 'Annam,' they said; 'that is very interesting; a small tributary state that is temporarily under foreign control. Just like the land of Mien.' Then remembering that I was a British

[1] It is now again rigorously closed.

subject, 'of course not quite the same, for Burma was never really civilized'.

Haiphong

'Hai' means 'Sea', but Haiphong is no *plage.* It is just a straggling port on the right bank of a tributary of the Red River, twenty miles from the sea, and the only harbour in Tongking to be connected by railway with the interior of the country. It is quite a modern town of about 30,000 inhabitants. In 1874 its site was ceded to the French by a perpetual lease. It is the gateway of ingress and egress for all the water-borne traffic of Tongking and, through Tongking, for that of south-western China. Much of the stuff unloaded at Haiphong has been transhipped at Hong Kong, but until the Japanese invasion of China, little passed through Haiphong for the Yunnan railway. French transit dues were heavy and neither in the port nor on the railway-line were things organized to cope with a heavy traffic. When, however, the Chinese ports were blockaded, stuff began to pile up on the Haiphong quays, for, under Japanese pressure, and at the suggestion of officials in Tongking favourable to the Japanese, permission was refused to send munitions of war into Chinese territory, although according to the terms of the charter accorded to the French group that built the Yunnan railway the line was to remain open for all species of goods in war as in peace. Lorries, trucks, and other material, not regarded as war supplies, moved up by road from Haiphong to Lang-son and through the Gate of China to Lung-chow. In 1938 the Japanese occupied the large island of Hainan that commands the Gulf of Tongking from the east. They set about fortifying it and creating a naval and air base there. When I was in Tongking in 1939 the aeroplanes that were bombarding the Chinese positions in Kwang-tung and Kwang-hsi used to take off from Hainan and cross French territory regularly. Nothing could be done about it, but in April 1939 the French Minister for the Colonies gave orders for the Yunnan line to be open to all traffic and for war material to be allowed through.

Such was the position until the Japanese occupation of Indo-China in 1940 changed everything.

The Unrolling Scroti

As I drove through at dusk, the docks had a depressing air of being chock-full of merchandise, and paralysed.

The little *Claude Chappe* was doing her last shuttle trip from Haiphong to Saigon. Most of her passengers were steerage coolies going south as indentured labourers to work on the rubber plantations of Cochin-China. We hung over the taffrail and watched them move from the gloom of the quay under the purplish-blue of the arc-lamps: men, women, and children all dressed in rusty brown, silent, unsmiling, each with a number about his neck.

It takes you three days to drop down to Saigon, and there is only one landfall—at Tourane. Until the Trans-Indo-Chinese line was completed a few years ago, the old *Claude Chappe* was the only means of communication between north and south for those who could not afford car or aeroplane. On this last trip, however, there were very few passengers for we were not running in connexion with any liner. The state-subsidized *Messageries Maritimes* still sent on one *paquebot* out of every two direct to Hong Kong from Saigon so that those bound for Tongking should have to take their shuttle-ship, but most people prefer to plank down their ioo piastres and go by train.

The Unrolling Scroll

When day breaks you are off the coast of Northern Annam and if the weather is good you have an unrolling scroll of golden-green coast and blue mountains. Every once in a while the scroll seems to wind round you as you slip between silent tree-clad islands and the shore. It is a Far Eastern Mediterranean, but one swept by cyclones and dominated by a sun that grows ever fiercer hour by hour. Men have avoided the sea except for offshore fishing, and they hide their dwellings among trees.

You are still in the Gulf of Tongking. Not two hundred miles to your east lies Hainan which protects the Annam coast, in its northern part, from the worst storms.

The coastal plain is still fairly wide, but it narrows rapidly as you pass the southern part of Thanh-hoa province. The red sandstone and limestone of the south could never support

Annamese

the fantastically dense populations of the Red River and Mekong deltas. At nineteen degrees north, just south of Vinh, the Ha-Thanh-Phu spur of the mountains juts out into the sea at Cape Bung-kwiua. The hills, for the most part, consist of a granitic framework of ancient schists, and there are Devonian formations as well as the limestone 'islands' making parts of the country an inland Bay of Along.

Warring States

Thanh-hoa was not only the cradle of the Le dynasty, but also of the princely Mac, Nguy&n, and Trinh families.

The independent history of Annam starts in 968 with Binh-Tien-Hoang, who made himself king. The Le dynasty that seized the throne in 1428 is, however, the really important dynasty in Annamese history. The founder of the Le line, Ld-thanh-ton, was a capable monarch and a successful general. His campaign of 1470-71 broke the Cham power for ever, and opened up a free road for Annamese expansion towards the south. He organized his kingdom and must take a high rank among Annamese rulers. There is no one to compare with him until we come to Gia-Long himself, more than three hundred years later. Le-thanh-t6n married, in 1460, the daughter of one Nguyen-Buc a mandarin of high rank whose family came from the little village of Qui-huong in the prefecture of Ha-trung. The Nguyen were of good standing, although not much is heard of them before the time of Nguyen-Buc. When his descendants became Princes of Cochin-China, and later, in the person of Gia-Long, Emperors of Annam, the genealogists, of course, here as all over the world, made Nguyen-Due a more glorious pedigree and derived his line from a companion in arms of King Binh-B6-din (968-89). To the credit of the Ruling House it must be said that this fantasy has not been proclaimed and promulgated. Nguyen-Buc, under the title of the Original Ancestor, figures at the root of the imperial family tree. From the sixteenth century the Ld kings had to contend with the rebellion, and then with the usurpation of the throne by the Mac family. The Nguy&i aided the Ld in their struggles, and in so doing assumed the effective power in the state just as the shoguns had done in

Japan. The first Nguyen *cMa* died in 1515; he left the administration of Tongking to his son-in-law, Trinh-Khiem. The later Nguyen kept control of the southern territories with their capital at Hue. About 1542 the quarrel was referred for his decision to the Emperor of China, as suzerain of Annam. The Court of Peking decided that there should be no more kings, but that the country should be divided into two provinces, each under a governor-general, the Mac in the north and the Le in the south. The representative of the Le family was, however, authorized to continue the sacrifices to his royal ancestors and, therefore, was invested with the spiritual lordship over the entire land.

The Mac were not finally expelled from the north (they had held out at Cao-Bang) until 1592. After the 1672-3 campaign between the Trinh and the Nguyen, the latter, having been victorious, were supported by the European adventurers, especially the Portuguese. The Jesuits flocked to Cochin-China and Tongking after the persecutions in Japan and the claustration policy of the Tokugawas. Such adventurers as Friel and Pierre Poivre were the advance guard of French influence that increased until it became predominant and, finally, politically sovereign.

Henceforth, until the fall of the Le dynasty at the end of the eighteenth century, the Annamese lands were, to all intents and purposes, divided into two realms. To the north, in the present-day Tongking, reigned the Le kings, theoretically sovereigns of the whole state, but relegated, even in Tongking, to the background by the 'Mayors of the Palace'.[1] To the south, in what we now call Annam, the Nguyen were the unchallenged lords of the land. So considerable was their power that the early European visitors (whose travels were almost all confined to the realm of the Nguyen) speak of the Hue' princes as 'Kings', and it was as 'King of Cochin-China' that Nguyen-Anh, afterwards the Emperor Gia-Long, approved of the projected alliance between Louis X V I and himself. The Le kings in Tongking were, however, the only legitimate monarchs of the Annamese lands. They alone offered up the sacrifices to heaven and to their divine ancestors. They sent

[1] **So that European travellers speak of Two Kings of Tunquin, the Boua and the Choua.**

tribute to Peking. Their land was more populous than that of the Nguyen, who have always been regarded in Tongking as intruders, for, undoubtedly, some 'legitimate' descendants of the Le are still living.

In 1789, the year of revolution, rebellion flared up in the lands of Annam. The rebels were known as the Tay-son, from the name of the district whence came their leaders—three brothers whose name was also Nguyen, but who had nothing to do with the Nguyen princes. Family names are even less numerous among the Annamese than with the Chinese, and there are thousands of Nguyen families (as there are also Le, Dinh, Trinh, and so forth). It is, however, a favourite trick for 'boys' to tell their employers that they are related to the imperial family. One I discovered in an out-of-the-way hotel in the South of France even told me that he was a legitimate representative of the Le. Perhaps he was. Anyway, he was a most distinguished waiter. In China and the Chinese lands, as in France, *il n'y a pas de sot metier.* In the same family you have among quite near relations differences of fortune that startle us. The things that divide man from man are learning, wealth, and official position. It is much the same everywhere, except that in really civilized communities like ours the first of these three conditions counts not at all!

The Tay-son Nguyens were just bandits. The prime leader, Nguyen-van-Nhac, had been a tide-waiter, but he overthrew the Le monarchy in February 1789. The ruling sovereign, Le-Quy-ly, fled through Cao-Bang, to die in Peking four years later a pensioner of his suzerain, the Emperor of China. The Tay-son revolt spread to the south. The Nguyen prince was slain, his family scattered, and his nephew and heir fled to Saigon. He led for years the existence of a wanderer, and during that time learnt, like many another exile, a good deal of practical wisdom concerning the real motives that move men. His hard-won insight served him in good stead in later years.

This princely fugitive was Nguyen-Chung and as his personal name was Phuc-Anh, Europeans generally called him Nguyen-Anh. He was born in 1762, and when he arrived in Saigon, where some French missionaries had already

been established, he was accompanied by a young son caHed Canh.

The outstanding figure among the French missionaries in the south was Pigneau de Behaine, titular Bishop of Adran in Arabia Petraea. He was one of those Churchmen whose evangelical fervour had not stifled his political sense. He soon realized that if by any means Nguyen-Anh could not only be helped back to the possession of his patrimony, but also to the throne of all the Annamese lands, French influence might become paramount in the new sovereign's dominions and the proselytizing mission of the Church, (much hampered since the time when the Portuguese and French priests had been expelled from Annam a hundred years earlier) considerably facilitated. Pigneau drew up a form of treaty between his sovereign and Nguyen-Anh, induced the Annamese to confide to him the young Canh and set off for France. The Bishop was at first rapped over the knuckles for having undertaken commitments he was quite unauthorized to assume, but eventually his scheme was looked on with more favour. Prince Cdnh became the *coqueluche* of Paris. He was painted in a delightful Chinese-modified Louis X V I court dress ('verbesserter Louis X V I,' as the Germans say), all scarlet satin and gold braid. Little *vers de sociiti* were sung in the drawing-rooms:

Que son sort est inte ressant,
Fait pour porter le diademe
On le voit assis parmi nous,
Royal enfant, consolez-vous
Vous r^gnerez, Adran vous aime.

Events in France, of course, spoiled Pigneau's plans, but he got back to Cochin-China with the boy prince (who never reigned after all, for he died years before his father) and with some French help, a good deal of good luck, and much practical ability, Nguyen-Anh not only reseated himself at Hue', but also by 1802 was practically master of all the Annamese lands. He decided to remain in Hue" and to make that city the capital of the whole country. On June ist, 1802, he declared that the last Le Regnal Period was at an end and that a new one had begun that he called *Gia-Long.* He thereupon returned the L& Seal to the Emperor of China with a most respectfully

worded letter praying that his suzerain might recognize him as sovereign of Annam and send him another Seal. In 1803 the Emperor Kia-k'ing ordered a new tributary's Seal (surmounted by the model of a kneeling camel[1]) to be dispatched to Hue' with an Imperial Rescript approving of the Reign-title *Gia-Long.* In this same year Gia-Long, as Nguyen-Anh now became, proclaimed that the designation of his dominions was thereafter to be *'Viit-Nam'.*[2] In 1804 Gia-Long authorized the heir of the LS kings, Le-Duy Hoan (who had taken refuge with the Moi tribes of the interior at the time of the Tay-son rebellion) to bring back for interment in his native land the body of the last Le monarch. Le-Duy Hoan received an appanage and was instructed by Gia-Long to continue the sacrifices to the Le ancestors. Later on, Le-Duy Hoan was rash enough to raise a rebellion and another Le had to be found to perform the rites, which were continued for many years. There are people in Tongking who tell you that they are secretly carried out to this day. Among the more conservatively minded of the Tongkingese nationalists, expressed contempt for the Nguyen emperors as usurpers and as puppets in the hands of the foreigner is often mingled with confessions of a romantic sort of loyalty to the memory of the Le kings.

The Nguyen are, undoubtedly, puppets in the hands of the foreigner. It would be more difficult to show that they are usurpers. The last Le monarch fled and the disorders of his reign proved clearly that he had lost the Mandate of Heaven (if so unimportant and dependent a sovereign can be said ever to have enjoyed such investiture) and was, therefore, no longer a legitimate ruler. Then Gia-Long was recognized as the monarch of the Annamese lands by the suzerain Emperor of China. Since, in some way or other, the Founder's representatives have managed to keep on the throne, there is pretty good *prima facie* evidence that they have been entrusted with the Mandate of Heaven. The Chinese are eminently pragmatists: what works is not only true but also legitimate.

In 1806 Gia-Long proclaimed himself Emperor, but he

[1] The tributary kings of Burma, Siam, Laos, Ryu-kyu islands and Korea, as well as some other rulers, received the Camel Seals.

[2] Vidt is one of the oldest designations of the Annamese land. Dai-viet, that is Great (county) of the Viet, which seems to be the oldest ethnical name of the Annamese.

continued all his life long to profess himself a loyal vassal of his suzerain, to whom he ordered tribute of ivory, rhinoceros horn, silk, cotton, elephants, aloes woods, areca-nuts, and many other things to be sent every two years. Every four years he dispatched an Embassy to Peking, there to do homage in his name to the Son of Heaven.

Gia-Long died in January 1820. His grandson, Tu-Buc, was the last Emperor of Annam to receive the Camel Seal and Investiture from Peking, but when in 1884 the French attacked the Annamese dominions, tribute was sent to and help asked from the Peking Court. It was furnished and it was with the Chinese Emperor that the French Republic signed the treaty recognizing the protectorate which they established over Tongking and Annam on June 6th, 1884. The Emperor Ham-Nghi, whom they then deposed, is still alive, and has thus survived five Emperors of Annam and has seen the fall of the French dominion set up fifty-eight years ago.[1]

Tourane

Tourane is the best place to get an introduction to the Chams and their art. It is quite a small town of about 10,000 inhabitants in a bay looking north and sheltered on the east by a peninsula and on the west and north-west by mountains. As a port for Central Annam, Tourane is comparatively modern and has supplanted the older harbour of Fai-fo that lies only a few miles south, but in a much less sheltered position. Tourane, like Hanoi, is a French enclave in Annamese territory, and it is directly administered by the protecting power.

The Cham Museum, or *Musie Parmentier* (so-called after one of the most distinguished of the French *savants* who made of Indo-Chinese archaeology and art their life's work), is a long, low, white building in a garden shaded by high *filao* trees. Most of the things within come from the sites near Tourane. There is also a good deal of Cham stuff, both at the *Mush Finot* in Hanoi and at the *Musie Blanchard de la Brosse* at Saigon.

[1] **The French had endless trouble for the first years of their rule. *'La question du Tonkin'* became a political banner. None was more opposed to the adventure than Clemenceau. The *'images d'EpinaV* of the Tongking wars still exists to show how the drawn-out pacification touched the imagination of the public.**

Less is known of the Cham than of the Khmer, who built the mighty temples of Angkor, since the Cham constructed with bricks, and although Cham towers and shrines dot all the countryside of central and lower Annam, most of them are so ruined and weathered that from a distance at least they have little of the impressiveness of the Khmer remains. Then, again, the Cham buildings stand right out naked on little hills and they are dwarfed by the surrounding mountain horizon. In the sculpture, however, the Cham often surpass the Khmer. Much of the Khmer remains consist of reliefs, some of them of surprising virtuosity and effect. The great frieze in low-relief at Angkor Wat is one of the most impressive things you may see anywhere. There is not much Cham work in low-relief, but what there is in high-relief compares favourably with that of the Khmer artists. Too much of the Cambodian sculpture is clumsy whenever it is sought to convey movement. There the Khmers lagged far behind their Hindu masters. The feet, especially (and often the hands) mar the grace of the devadasas, apsaras, and goddesses of the Khmer. Then there is a great difference between the style and quality of execution as between piece and piece. Much of the Khmer stuff is botched and skimped, the builders and artists were working against time and for effect. At its best the Khmer art is incomparably exciting and expressively beautiful, but there is so much of it that you can pick and choose. The Cham have left us no building that overwhelms, but much sculpture that delights and inspires.

The Cham seem to have been a Malay people, to use, in this connexion, a useful portmanteau word that holds a good deal of ignorance. In any case, the Chams, or at least their ruling caste, reached the Indo-Chinese coast by sea and brought with them their Indian art traditions. Their land was, however, the farthest eastern outpost[1] of Indian influence on continental Asia; they were early cut off from the source of their culture. Their art mirrors, more than that of the Khmer, their own native strivings, imaginings, and longings under the Indian dress they wore.

The Cham remained Hinduists. Buddhist shrines are rather

[1] By the third century A.D, the Annamese had reached the *Col des Nuages* —the Cham pushed northward towards the Gate of Annam and the site of **Hue' was** occupied by them in A.D. 248.

rare among their ruins. Their art is more untrammelled than that of the Khmer; the *iakti* inspiration of much of it is clear. There are great lingas—often with graceful apsara dancers fitted into the triangular space that flares out from the frenulum downwards—and their female figures are more voluptuous.

Beyond the magnificent flight of steps from Mi-son is a wealth of things from which you may chose. There is a Vishnu with slanting Indonesian eyes and a body of the utmost grace. That comes from Do-nghi. There are Ganefes and a Skanda on a peacock. There is the head and torso of a 'Princess', her hair all heaped up, as women were wearing it in Paris just before this war. She has almost European features, and what is nearly a broad smile on her full-lipped firm mouth. It is unforgettable. There is a god-like oiva from Tra-ki6u, but the most alluring thing of all is the Dancing Girls' Frieze from the same place. You must stand still and long admire such ease and mastery and grace. Even the live women dancers of Cambodia cannot achieve such loveliness and, then, their little fragile bodies are cased in gold and not divinely bare like those of Tra-kifcu.

The Marble Mountains of Tourane are all pierced with caves that shelter shrines. Some of them, such as the Dragon Altar Cavern, are impressive enough, but after the Cham things they leave you cold. Nearby are three Cham sites. There is Mi-son, that was the Valley of the Kings of Champa, their pleasure-ground. Then there is the present-day Annamese village of Dong-Duong, which lies on the ' Plain of God', where the Chams had their city of Indrapura. In a vast walled enclosure is the *vihara*, Buddhist monastery, dedicated to AvalokiteSvara by King Indravarman I I . The Cham rulers, as the Khmer, loved names compounded with the word *varman*, that is, breastplate or buckler. It is a pleasing thought, that of a man called 'Indra's Buckler', raising a convent to house the servants of the Blessed One.

The third group of ruins is that of Tra-kieu. It is related that the place was the capital of the old Chinese prefecture of Lin-i under the rule of the First Emperor of China. It is not, however, probable that the Chinese got so far south so early. Traditionally, the Cham captured the place in 194 B.C. This much is certain, the Cham did move from the south

northwards and their first settlements were not so far from what was later known as the Kingdom of Fu-nan in the present-day Cochin-China. Tra-kieu was often plundered by the Chinese during their lordship and occupation of Annam, in 351, 446, and in 665. When King Panda Ranga came to the throne of Champa later on, he moved the capital and Tra-kieu decayed. Its name remains immortal from the Dancing Frieze.

Paracels

About two hundred miles due east of Tourane, and as far due south of the island of Hainan, are the Paracels. They are reefs, low islets, and shoals. Gia-Long annexed them to his empire in 1816, but the French, after the establishment of their protectorate over Annam, did nothing to occupy them. The waters around the group are very shallow and abound with fish. The islands themselves, of which the two principal are called Croissant and Amphitrite, have workable phosphate deposits. There have always been a few Chinese fishermen either living on or frequently visiting the islets, where they were reported to take kidnapped Annamese children which they then sold with the fish catch in the Hainan markets. Japanese, for years past, have worked the phosphates, and the French neither hoisted their flag nor did they do anything to improve the dangerous navigation conditions.[1] Before they went into Hainan the Japanese occupied the Paracels. This was their first step into territory claimed by Europeans around China. Three years ago there was not a Japanese soldier or a Japanese battleship stationed in the China Sea. To-day the whole coast of China is blockaded, its principal ports held, the island of Hainan, the Paracels, the Spratley group (not two hundred miles off the coast of British Borneo) are Japanese bases and Japanese troops control all the essential points in Indo-China.

[1] **For years, the Hainan passage between the mainland peninsula of Luichow (occupied by the French) was a terror to navigators. Time and time again the Indo-Chinese Government, as the most interested party, was asked to buoy and light the channel. Nothing was done. Within six weeks of the Japanese occupation of Hainan in 1938 the whole strait was plotted with luminous and sonorous buoys that moan through the fogs that beset the passage.**

Up in the province of Son-La, the Meo or Miao people of Long-He-Chuan have the reputation of being very promiscuous in their sexual comportment. This probably means that they do not see these things just as the Annamese do and are probably less hypocritical. What, however, is certain about them is that they often look very like some types of Japanese. The so-called 'primitive peoples' of Indo-China show the most surprisingly varied physical appearance. The Stiengs up in the central highlands might, in some case, be mistaken for Melanesians. Of course, we know from the finds in Upper Tongking that a Melanesian type is of very old standing in the country; still, in a land that has been time out of mind a melting-pot of peoples, it is startling to come across men so unlike their neighbours and so like, say, Solomon Islanders.

But among the Annamese themselves it is not difficult to find men and women who, if suitably dressed, could pass as Japanese. It is not so inexplicable. There is the same Indonesian strain (much stronger, however, with the Annamese than in Japan), there is the Mongoloid influence that perhaps may be taken as about the same in the two peoples. There is, in Indo-China, no type that can be compared with the Ainu[1] (much more widespread in Japan than is usually recognized or admitted), but the Melanesian admixture may well give superficially resembling results.

The wavy hair that is sometimes found in Annam as well as in Japan may well be a legacy from the peoples that have been called, not inaptly, the 'southern aborigines'.[2]

As you look at the Japanese crowd and get used to the 'Mongolian' eyes and the muddy tan face, you see Polynesian types, negroid faces with pronounced prognathism, Ainu visages and Chinese features, but the jumble even when one type predominates usually makes up something definitely Japanese, although there are some Japanese who might pass

[1] The Ainu type has been, in the past, much more widely spread than its present occurrence would suggest. As far back as the Upper Palaeolithic of Choukout'ien near Pekmg (say, 20,000 years old) a skull has been recovered that shows Ainu characteristics.

[2] By this term is meant all that congeries of peoples, including, on the one hand, a sub-stratum in the so-called 'primitive' peoples of southern and south-western China and, on the other, many of the more backward tribes of Indo-China and Indonesia, such as the 'Mois' and the Igorots of the Philippine Islands.

for Chinese and some Chinese who might be mistaken for Japanese.

The late Professor Seligman well said that temperament and character would be main objects of anthropological investigation in the future. As it is the rise of Japan to the status of a World Power that has changed the whole situation in the Far East to such an extent that every impartial observer must envisage the possibility of European control and domination in those regions being soon swept away, it is not without interest to compare and contrast the Japanese to-day with those who may be their subjects to-morrow.

In all these matters, first and foremost we must remember that Orientals would rather be harshly or inefficiently governed by other Orientals than sweetly and efficiently ruled by Europeans. Over and above everything else comes the racial barrier. Even should he desire it, no Annamese can look like a Frenchman. He may be treated as a Frenchman when he is in France or, at least, he may be treated as the metropolitan French, especially those of Paris, treat all foreigners who pay their way, that is, with a polite and uninquisitive indifference. He will be admitted to those spiritual and intellectual privileges that are at the disposal of all in France who have wits enough and taste enough to make use of them. He will go back to his country and there live to be suspect to his own people and to be cut and humiliated by the sort of Frenchman whom he would disdain to speak with in Europe. On the other hand, many Annamese put into Japanese dress might pass for some sort of Japanese. Under Japanese control social ostracism would not be too patently united with political oppression.

In so much else there is nearly as much difference between the make-up of the Annamese and the Japanese as there is between either and the Chinese, from whichever angle you look at it. The Japanese are a people bred to social statification and injected with reverence for their sovereign. The Annamese are as classless as their Chinese teachers have been for the last two millennia. For a variety of reasons the average Annamese has no more feeling of loyalty to the Nguyen Emperor than has the average Chinese for the person of H.I.M. K'ang Teh of Manchukuo. In cleanliness the Annamese do not reach the

standard of the **Japanese,** who, it is amusing to realize, were, a hundred years ago, certainly the only civilized people on earth who bathed and washed daily. It is not that the Annamese are dirty, at least, once they rise above the poverty line, but they do not stew and boil themselves, although many of the women and girls are delightfully *soigntes,* especially those who have been to Europe. In any case, Annamese girls are so naturally quick at the uptake, so subtle and quick-witted, that they can turn themselves into Parisiennes in no time. Their position, both legal and of custom, has always been of much more independence than that of the subject Japanese woman, or even than that of the Chinese until their recent reinfranchisement. It is not perhaps fanciful to see among the Annamese women a marked difference in degree of natural refinement between the type that I can best describe as the 'bonze', since it is so often found among Buddhist priests and occasionally among the woman (it is not unlike the so-called 'Daimyo' or 'aristocratic' syndrome of Japan), and the ordinary coarser 'Indonesian'. Of course, a good deal of it may simply be that when we look at some one who is, as we think, of distinguished appearance and obviously of lowly condition we are ready to see in him a nature's gentleman, when he is acquiring or aping the comportment of another class. The perhaps much more spiritually refined man of what to our eyes is a 'low' type will have difficulty in persuading us that he is worthy of anything but his present inferiority.

Whenever you judge an Annamese of the people you must think that he probably either is or has been under- or ill-nourished. The difference in weight, height, and health between members of the same family born and brought up in the East and born and brought up in Europe is more striking than for that of any other people I have been able to observe. I have in mind one family that I know well whose members certainly did not starve in Tongking although they were frequently improperly nourished. Of the two members born in the East, one a boy, died in his first French winter and the girl, although healthy enough and gracefully pretty and intelligent, was at twenty several inches shorter than her French-born sister at fourteen.

Tuberculosis ravages the dwellers of the deltas. Nothing

encourages consumption like out-of-doors work in the hot sun on an insufficient diet. The death-rate is high and longevity very rare in the Annamese lands and this not only among the poorer classes. No Emperor of Annam has lived to be over sixty. Yet the Chinese in the Annamese lands live as long as elsewhere.

Psychologically the Japanese and the Annamese are strikingly different. Your Japanese is, for the most part, an extravert man of action and with him manic-depressive states are not uncommon. Although I would not say that the Annamese are schizophrenic, I think that they are often not a little introvert and that they show this in their spiritual and religious life. Of course, your Annamese does not suffer from religious delusions and sense of guilt and the sort of thing that we are so used to in Europe, but he is profoundly uneasy in his spiritual longings. He is not non-religious like the Chinese and he is not as cheerful under his burden of belief as is the Japanese.

Although I often use the word Unsmiling' in this book to describe the Annamese, they are by no means sullen. The lot of the poor is hard and they have neither the physique nor the tradition to smile as will the Chinese on all occasions, but they can be chatteringly cheerful at times, and have lots of conversation. Satire, sarcasm, and puns flow readily. The only really witty people of the East are the Chinese and, with the French and the Irish, perhaps the only people among whom you find plenty of *esprit.* There is generally something a little sour in the Annamese humour, but then they are a subject people and subject to Europeans and very witty Europeans too. It is a heavy burden to bear. You have only to move into Siam or into China to see how a people reacts when unrestrained by fear of the foreigner. I must confess that I like my Orientals free. Charming as I often find the Annamese, I think I get on with them better in Europe than in the East, but perhaps this is my fault and that in the East I surreptitiously assume the attitude of the 'ruling race' towards a people of 'minors'. I try not to, but the pressure to pose is strong. Even the French, who are never tired of singing to you the praises of the lazy, slack, feckless Cambodians against the stubborn, unfriendly politeness of the Annamese, have to admit that the people of Annam are marvellously bright, apt to learn, and of

retentive—perhaps too retentive—memories. Your Annamese will pick up a language in no time and he soon learns to hold his own in discussion with an agility and astuteness that are not the less remarkable because displayed with a refined though highly conventional civility.

The China Sea

There is nothing to do on board ship. There seem to be other passengers; one meets them in the corridors but never on deck. Although it is dead calm they keep to their cabins. There is a moony purser with glassy blue pop-eyes; the captain never comes into the dining-saloon. My only friend is the chief steward who is a politician with no illusions about the future of white men in the East. Under a scrupulously professional manner his judgment on life is much like that of an obstinately gentle 'drunk' whom I met once going down the rue Mouffetard. He was saying very loud indeed, *'J'emmerde la collectivity.* Just so.

Pointe des Blagueurs

Again you are moving up the Ddng-nai river jungle and again you are in the twisting, twining labyrinth of the Saigon stream.

You throw a patronizing glance at the *Pointe des Blagueurs* and pity yourself for ever having half believed the nonsense you there listened to from men who had never had any knowledge of what they spoke and would not talk of what they did know; who had never had much wisdom and whose sense of proportion had left them with their divorce from their real social status.

Those who have what the French call *'besoin de consideration'* love the East—at first. They, whose wives scrub floors at home, have scores of inefficient 'boys' obsequiously promising to do their bidding. They find natives of position and rank and wealth treat them with deference. The conventional Oriental politeness takes a long time to reveal itself to some white men as a convention. Other Europeans, in the spurious equalitarianism inevitably bred when white men are a small minority floating in a sea of Asiatics, treat them as equals. Life

is rosy until they find that all this avails nothing, for there is really no one to observe and be jealous of their ascension. The equalitarianism of club and cafe" wears thin even on the home-bound boat. The natives, from fear, indifference, and above all from dislike, are so far away that their opinions are non-existent. Your social malcontent has achieved his desires, only to find that he did not want the abolition of the system that irked him at home but he wanted only his chance to treat others as he thought that they treated him. A pleasing inversion of the Golden Rule much encouraged by the consumption of Pernods and Japanese whisky.

You roll along in your rickshaw across the bridge over the Spanish arroyo, the moat of the old Annamese fortress. To your left are pretentious neo-Classical stone-fronted office blocks that make this little corner of Saigon a tiny replica of the Shanghai Bund.

The rising hillock, disfigured by a mid-nineteenth-century cathedral, must have been dry ground for a long time even when the marshy part of the delta was much farther inland than to-day. There was a neolithic settlement on the cathedral site where polished stone industry was found when the foundations were being dug.

Pigneau de Behaine

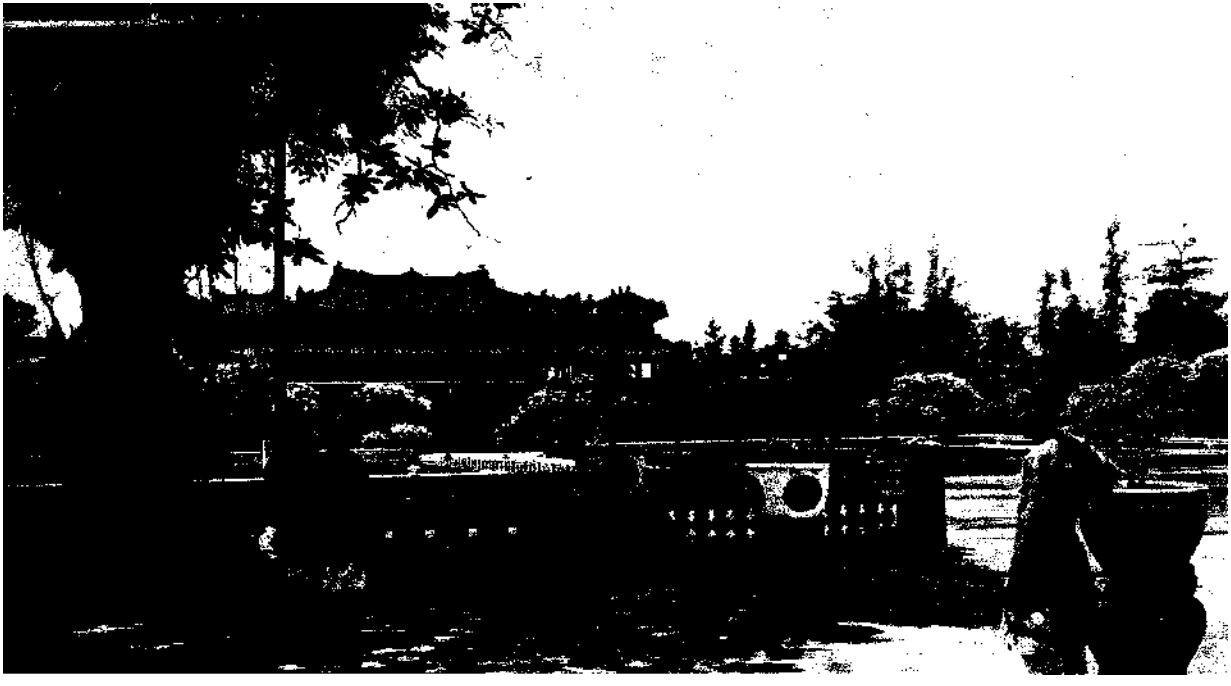
The Annamese occupied Saigon in 1674 but were driven out again by the Cambodians. The northerners came back in 1690 but did not formally annex what we call Cochin-China until 1698. Pigneau de B6haine, who was to be so successful in furthering French interests, made Saigon his headquarters. In his efforts he was well seconded by one Tachard, another French priest. As long as he was a wandering pretender, Nguye'n-Anh, the future Emperor Gia-Long, was very friendly to the French and he politely listened to the worthy prelate's exposition of mysteries of his faith. When he was firmly seated on the throne and Pigneau was not any longer there[1] Gia-Long abolished all the decrees he had promulgated before 1802 and issued a new Code instituting absolutism in family and State. Fortune, we know, does not change men, it reveals

[1] He died in 1799.

them. It is only fair to the memory of Gia-Long to say that he seems to have been quite attached to Pigneau. He certainly raised, to commemorate him, a magnificent tomb set in a grove of high, bushy, glossy, dark mango-trees out at Gia-Dinh, near Saigon, just, as we shall see, the astute monarch honoured with a sumptuous sepulchre the fisherman who in preserving profaned his princely father's head. The most discerning of all rulers are those who have learnt about life while they were on their travels when they have to dissemble or perish. Hope of regaining their patrimony or of attaining their ambitions is made plausible for them by dissimulation and simulation. What coherent, adamantine stuff lies beneath a supple exterior few can guess, but it needs a rare degree of virtue so to fool the world while keeping yourself intact. Even the usually acute-minded members of the Sacred College were astonished at the master they had given themselves in Julius II.

Eunuch Generals

Near by the tomb of the Bishop of Adran in Arabia Petraea is the mausoleum of Le-van-duyet, the eunuch general of Gia-Long. These stories of eunuch warriors have always puzzled me. Apart from the fact that a man may be a very successful, daring, and dashing general and still be afflicted with the personal cowardice that we attribute to the castrated, what do we mean by the word ' eunuch'? It is one of those terms pretty loosely bandied about without there being clear understanding and agreement as to definition. First of all, we may, probably, exclude from our little list of eunuch war-lords, those who were castrated before puberty. One never heard of any *castrato* of the Pope's choir leaving his trills and coloratura renderings of '*Pants Angelicus'* to lead the forces. Narses, the most famous of all epicene generals, was castrated relatively late. Castration was performed in antiquity and still is in the East in many different ways: sometimes ablation of the penis only was performed. The man thus mutilated might be inapt for any intromission or normal copulation, but from the point of view of his glandular activity and consequently of his masculinity he has not been evirated at all, although the



Looking from the esplanade in front of the *Thdi-H6a* Palace across the 'Great Water' to the *Ngo-Mon.*
(Page 205)

inability to enjoy ordinary sexual intercourse might well have a depressing moral effect. Complete removal of the testicles gives rise sooner or later and more or less quickly to a typical physical syndrome, but what the whole thing amounts to is that we do not know what are the inevitable spiritual and moral characteristics of the eunuch. It may be that he is by the exercise of his traditional astuteness and guile particularly suited to direct the winning of war. Perhaps we should not only regard with indulgence and favour piety in our protectors—Denikin was touching in his devotion to the ikon of Our Lady of Kazan—but also chastity, even if it is the enforced chastity of the eunuch. Chastity, we are told with some show of reason, is the most unnatural of all sexual perversions and may therefore discipline a man to inhuman tasks.

In any case, Le-van-duyet was a very great eunuch and a very successful war-lord and a very wealthy *kinh-Vup'c,* or viceroy, of Cochin-China. In his gorgeous tomb you may still see and admire his scarlet and golden palanquin of state and nearly all his personal belongings. He had no family to substitute flimsy paper and cardboard imitations at his shrine for the solid furniture and gear of his palace, so his spirit enjoys them to this day.

Blanchard de la Brosse

Blanchard de la Brosse was an earlier colonial governor whose *petit hobereau* name is rescued from deserved oblivion by the Saigon museum that reminds us of him. The nucleus of the collections is made up of the curiosities brought together by one Holbe who was a retired naval apothecary. Amid the jumble of stuff that Holbe had acquired were some Indian-type sculptures differing from those known both as Cham and Khmer. They were, in fact, the first of the few things that have come to light that we can attribute to the men of Fu-nan. Holbe's things were bought at his death by the local learned society, but the creation of the splendid and exciting galleries in the Botanical Gardens at Saigon is really due to the late Jean Bouchot. Bouchot had lived long in China where he became very anti-Chinese and, by a usual though not logical

or even inevitable process, distinctly pro-Japanese. He never lived much in Japan.

Bouchot's satirical sketch of Peking life *'La Vie des Huttings'* is almost indispensable for an understanding of things in the northern capital. You can put it alongside that inimitable revelation of Japan *'L' Honor able Partie de Campagne'*, No traveller to the East should be without both. By 1930 the museum was a going concern and Bouchot returned to die in France.

Cochin-China is the land of Fu-nan, and if some of the things seem a little provincial when you have feasted at Angkor and Phnompenh, the beauty of the halls arranged by Bouchot is that you move through your Cham to your Fu-nan and your Khmer or in and out as you like. There are seven rooms devoted to these things alone. The art of Fu-nan, as far as we can judge from the little that we have as yet found, like its closely allied Khmer, is curiously chaste and unobscene in gesture and in exposition if you compare it with the glorious exuberance of the metropolitan art of India: there are no *maithuna* couples, so graceful and even ethereal when from the Indian south, so furiously and grotesquely imposing when transposed as *yab-yam* to Tibet. There are a few lingas with the stylized triangle of the frenulum set with some fancifully treated figure, often an aerial and flower-like dancing girl. Their delicately beautiful heads are covered with a high-pointed *mukuta* such as the Siamese and Cambodian kings wear on State occasions, and like those that adorn the heads of the dancing princesses in the hieratical dramas they posture out in Cambodia. The Blessed One himself is shown with such tiaras when he appears in the Serindian lands as Buddha Bedecked.

There are Cham Apsaras, but nothing so precious as the dancing deities of Tra-kieu.

In the modern Chinese, Annamese, and Siamese art-rooms are some pretty things and some that suggest comparisons, parallels and common art motives in divergent cultures and all the other things that chase each other in your mind when you sit on a low chair in a small rectangular court while through the door on each of the four sides the softened light, filtering through the vellum over your court, diffuses itself through the dimly luminous halls that stretch away to distant trees in all

directions. Here there is a glint on a linga, there a vast *harihara* in cool grey micaceous sandstone droops its eyelids. The blues and whites of Chinese porcelain are refined by the distance. The tawdriness of Siamese objects is transmuted to sumptuosity by the play of light. Colour is contour.

And washing his feet in a plashing marble piscina at the corner opposite to you is a small Annamese child of about three years of age, grave, polished, and not interested in you a bit.

Out into the blazing sunshine and the shade of a gigantic banyan

> The Fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd;
> But such as at this day (to Indians known
> In Malabar, or Decan) spreads her arms
> Branching so broad, and long, that in the ground
> The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
> About the mother tree; a pillar'd shade
> High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between:

Saigon's Botanical Gardens are large, they are fairly well kept, they have good trees and shadow and some streams and a lake, and tigers in bright blue cages. But the gardens are colourless even compared with those of Singapore, whereas the glories of Buitenzorg seem very far away. In fact, in almost anything that lets you judge of administration and judicious exploitation of the material and pretty ruthless exploitation of the human capital of a country, the relative prosperity of the Dutch East Indies shows up the French administration of Indo-China to be a rather haphazard, old-fashioned thing. The country is starved financially. Its essential riches show a profit every year and the Indo-Chinese exchequer is forced to contribute to all sorts of sideshows that have little to do with it. Indo-China is, in fact, the only French colony that has been a paying proposition, but it is paying in spite of, not because of, the French manner of running it. Two-thirds of French overseas investments are in North Africa, near at home. You cannot blame the parsimonious French for refusing to put their money into a land so far away as Indo-China, so isolated and so certain to be menaced by a great, expanding, and ambitious Power in the event of war in Europe. Yet, strangely enough, although they would not put their money into their own colonies, the tight-fisted French peasant would rush to

hand over his money in exchange for multi-coloured paper of some ill-found state in the Balkans. Once when I was living a good deal on some land of mine in the south-west of France I went into the local branch of a French bank. It was in a fair-sized market town. I wanted to draw some money, but so great was the throng at the counters that I asked to see the manager. When I had told my astonishment at the concourse of Dordogne peasants, he said: 'What, don't you know? It's the Polish Railway Loan. Seven per cent, you know.' The only reply I could think up was, 'Have you taken much for yourself?'

'Uipoque des amiraux'

The early years of French Indo-China are known as *'L'tyoque des amiraux',* for the administration of the colonies was confided to the Ministry of Marine. Those old admirals did their job rather well and the period of their sway has been bathed by semi-official propaganda, romantically minded writers and disgruntled colonials in the atmosphere of a *chanson de geste.* As a matter of fact, the admirals were a tough lot who acted a good deal on their own responsibility. The motto was, 'No troubles, no questions asked'. Their names are in themselves a programme, as the French say! Page, La Grandiere, Roze, Charner, Rigault de Genouilly, Jaureguiberry, Pallu de La Barriere, Doudart de Lagree, Courbet, Dupr6, and the rest. There they are, one or two of them still remembered even in France; Courbet and Jaur6guiberry for instance. There they are, Basque and Breton, peasant and squire, mostly Catholic and monarchist even when most avowedly free-thinking and republican: sturdily anti-British to a man (as all men of all navies tend to be, and especially of the French, where it is never forgotten that we extended our naval supremacy on the ruins of the French fleet), drawn from all parts of France but all seeing in the colonial adventures of Napoleon I I I and in the programme of colonial expansion carried out by the Third Republic the means of re-establishing French naval power. In these men's minds Indo-China was to be what India was for us, a great dominion so far away that when it had become part of the national patrimony and the object of

national pride no parliament could ever dare to refuse the credits for a bigger and better navy. And so it fell out.

The French annexed Cochin-China in 1862 and its 26,000 odd square miles of territory divided into twenty-one provinces have been a French possession ever since. The population to-day must be over six million. The native Annamese are French subjects except the few who have managed to secure French naturalization. These few, with the small resident French population, elected one deputy to the French parliament. Colonial seats (such as those of the French West Indies, French Guiana, and French India) were the happy hunting-ground of politicians who did not want too much publicity during election times.

Snakes and Opium

In the *rue Paul Blanchet* is the opium factory. If you are caught as much as smoking opium in France, much less trafficking in it, you are liable to go to jail. In French Indo-China, however, the Government pushes the sale of the drug and advertises its wares even as the British do at Singapore. The competition of smuggled Chinese opium is great. Sometimes those nice aromatic camphor-wood coffins they make right up in the highlands of Tongking round about Hoang Su Phi do not travel down empty. A modest but decent little funeral is arranged, and unless there are any mishaps or foul play another coffin-load of opium gets through to be sold at cut prices. Bah! say the Government's barkers, you have no guarantee with this bootleg stuff; buy Indo-Chinese, buy with the official blessing, buy opium with a kick and be patriotic.

In Saigon all those lovely white and orange poppies that enliven the road to Siem-R^ap are distilled into sticky chandu while at the Saigon Pasteur Institute they make the snake anti-toxins. The Pasteur Institutes are the glory of the French colonies. Without Nicolle and his work at the Tunis Institute how many men would have died from typhus during the last war? At Bangkok they keep the snakes and milk them, but the cobras and the ringed kraits and the Russell's vipers at Saigon are neatly guillotined when they have yielded their venom.

Rice is still the largest crop of Cochin-China but the quality does not equal that of Burma, Siam, or Tongking. The yield per acre is lower than in the north. Although there is only one crop a year (as compared with two in some parts of northern Annam and Tongking) the amount produced in Cochin-China is impressive all the same—more than four and a half million tons a year. Less is exported than formerly, as when in 1862 the stoppage of rice exports from the south to Annam forced the Emperor Tu-Buc to bow to the French demands. The new crops are everywhere spreading; maize, so much easier to grow than rice that in the climate of the south it hardly needs tending, and then there are the non-comestible crops. Rubber is the most valuable. *Hevea Brasiliensis* does fairly well on the grey lands to the south of Annam and the east of Cochin-China and flourishes on the red soil north of Saigon. As yet most of the great plantations are between Saigon and Nhatrang (and you pass through them for miles when you take the Mandarin Way south), and in the Hon-Quen and Thu-Dau-M6t red earth districts where Michelin has his forests.

Before the Japanese occupation Indo-China was exporting about 50,000 tons of rubber a year, with a strong tendency to increase. This amount was enough to satisfy all the domestic demands of the metropolis.

Northwards of Saigon where the jungle has not been cut down for *rizikres* are some of M. Michelin's plantations. One of them is run by a smart young Corsican, *tris sport, tris moderne,* just married to a Little Russian beauty, tall, slender, lily-white, with blue-black hair and very much the *russkaya dama* after twenty years of mediocre life in the Vaugirard quarter of Paris. The forests around the plantation bungalow are full of vicious little black bears, but you must go much farther afield if you would get real big game, cheetah, leopard, tiger, elephant, gaur, sladang, and perhaps rhinoceros.

Dalat

There are several chains in the Annamese Chain and these several ranges are separated by high, extensive, and undulating plains. The most southerly of these is the plateau of

Lang-biang, some 4,500 feet up and covering between 250 and 300 square miles. It is, for the most part, a great green meadow intersected by grey tree-clad downs. The soil between the grass is generally a dull red clay produced by the disintegration of igneous rocks, and the Da kam-li River runs through this upland. The station of Dalat is nearly 5,000 feet above sea-level and is built on the shores of a lake. It is surrounded with pine woods that make the place seem like Switzerland until you find orchids in the woods. Dalat is the only hill-station in Indo-China that has 'caught on', for the climate of Cochin-China is unbearable for long even by the most hardened, whereas that of Tongking is, although trying at times, almost temperate in comparison. Every European-seeming vegetable you are offered or proffered in Indo-China is guaranteed to come from Dalat. Dalat lettuces, Dalat strawberries (which the rather pathetic little girls and boys hawk in the streets of Saigon; they certainly look like strawberries and you can give them some taste if you smother them in sugar and crush them in maraschino), Dalat asparagus—and Dalat cabbage. Even on these heights you must raise from European and imported seed and never use the native growth. Lettuces will sprout up and bulge to fantastic size. The Dalat produce should, however, be washed in dilute permanganate of potash, although some people, curiously enough, seem to think that because the things are grown 5,000 feet up there is no more danger of typhoid. But, of course, although Dalat has a mountain climate, it is still in the tropics; days and nights do not vary in length, therefore some of the so-called 'long day' plants, those that need our pale nights and twenty-hour days of summer, will not do well.

Dalat is, I think, from many points of view, the best hill-station in the Far East, better even than Baguio and far better than Chapa or Bana near Tourane, but I hated it. Ladies, twin sisters to the swarthy, blowsy beauties of Marseilles *Vieux Port* and all the friendly pretentiousness of the French *petite bourgeoisie.*

For the gaurs and sladangs and stories of takin and panda, you have to go still farther afield to Jiring or farther north and over into the Laos country that is so well described by Colonel Roosevelt and Mr. Coolidge in their book.

The great plateau of Dar-lac is a different affair. It is a huge basalt plain lying lower than the Dalat region. Ban Methuot is the centre and the starting-point of the elephant hunts, for the whole marshy upland teems with wild elephants. This is where from time immemorial the Annamese Court have drawn their tame beasts, some of which found their way as tribute to the Court of Peking. Here the new-caught elephants are tamed by thrashing and starvation.

The beasts of Indo-China are still much as in Tavernier's time and the game (with the exception of the rhinoceros,[1] which is so rare as to be almost extinct) is what the Chinese chroniclers tell about when they first entered the country in the third century before our era. There are 'neither lions, asses, nor sheep[2] . . . but the Forests are full of Tigers, Harts and Apes and the Fields are full of Beeves, Cows, and Hogs. As for Hens, Ducks, and Turtles, they are not to be numbered'.

The old Frenchman thought the horses of Indo-China 'very well shap'd'. One sees, at the present time, very few of them. They are no bigger than a Dartmoor pony but when they are well looked after and groomed they are shapely enough, with thick arched necks that make them look something like the heavy-headed horses of the Palaeolithic cave-paintings or the Mongolian wild ponies of the north.

Tavernier found no cats in Tongking. They are not uncommon now but they may be of European importation. You do not come across Siamese cats in Siam, at any rate they are very rare. I found one at Kompong Thorn in Cambodia but its owner told me that she had bought it in Marseilles.

Cochin-China is the home or one of the homes of the jungle fowl. The domestic variety, especially in the country districts, looks very much like its wild forebears and as it fends a good deal for itself it is rather gamey if exceedingly tough when out of the *poussin* stage, although you do not have to eat your chickens about a week old so that they may be tender, as

[1] Father de Rhodes wrote:' le mangeay encore de sa chair, qui me sembla plus delicate et agreable au goust que d'aucune autre venaison ou gibier que i'aye iamais mange.'

[2] Sheep will not 'grow' in Indo-China even in the uplands of Dalat and the plateaux.

they do in Rumania, where they go whole into the soup. In fact, in a well *mijoti* chicken *ciorba* you can almost swallow the bones.

There is plenty of tiger in the jungles that border the plateaux and slope down to the lowlands between the eastern Cambodian frontier and the Mekong. Over the Dar-lac plains formerly the wizard king of the Jarai held sway, but that ghostly government is a thing of the past. The population is mostly Rhad£, who pass for the most advanced of the 'Moi' peoples.

This name 'Moi' is what the Annamese call the wild and semi-wild men of the mountains as distinguished from the semi-civilized peoples of the north: Man, Meo, Thai, and Muong. 'Moi' is a generic name and corresponds to the Burman 'Karen', the Cambodian 'Phnong', the Laotian 'Kha', and the Siamese 'Stieng', and is just loosely used for all the mass of tribes and clans, mostly ' Indonesian' of varying physical type, of differing languages and of widely separated customs. Some have described the 'Moi' as smelling like well-groomed tigers (most of the tigers I have had occasion to smell were not particularly *soignis)* and certainly they give off a bouquet compared with the odourless Annamese or Chinese. You can smell your way into a 'Moi' village by its human, friendly perfume but not by the fetid stink of decay that assails you in a Man or Meo hamlet. The simplest but perhaps not the most satisfactory way of classing the 'Moi' is by language. They exhibit a surprising variety of tongues. The Rhade' dialects of Dar-lac are, for instance, allied to the Cham language, but whether the Rhade have been 'Chamized' and have lost their own tongue entirely (such examples are by no means rare even among civilized peoples, the Bulgarian language bears not a trace of the original agglutinative tongue that the old Volga Bulgars spoke before they adopted a Slav speech) or whether the Cham is a civilized variety of the same family of tongues as Rhade, is uncertain. The Jarai in the north of Dar-lac and the south of the Kontum plateau have, obviously, been strongly influenced by the Chams, but whether the Jarai language and the Cham tongue are fundamentally of the same stock is not clear. The Raglai and the Churu talk almost pure Cham. On the other hand, the Koho, the Kie of the Upper Dong-nai, and the Bahnar have Mon-Khmer languages, that is

to say, of the same stock as Cambodian and the speech of the Mon people in southern Burma.[1]

Some of the huts and especially the graves of these peoples look remarkably 'Indonesian'. I have seen a Rhade grave that one would swear was Dayak from Borneo.

The Kontum plateau still farther north is the last of the great level uplands of southern Annam. Northwards the Annamese territory is very mountainous until it narrows to a mere strip about the latitude of Hue. Thence northwards the serrated ridge of the Chain of Annam divides the empire from the Laos country to the west that slopes towards the Mekong. Another great hunting hill plain to the north-west of Kontum is known as the Boloven, but it is all in the Laos.

The Kontum country is about sixteen or seventeen hundred feet up and is mostly inhabited by Bahnars. It is a level lake district full of peacock, pheasant (it is the home of the gorgeously beautiful *Amherst Reinhardii),* deer, gaur, tiger, panther, elephant, and wild boar in the marshy ground near the lakes. Of all the hunting-grounds in Indo-China, with the possible exception of the quite different jungle of northern Cambodia, Kontum is the place where I should elect to pitch my tent for weeks on end. A clear, good climate, plenty

[1] The eastern coast of Indo-China seems to have been the differentiation or at least the dispersal region of the Austric family of languages. Of these Cham is a typical speech. The Austric group (postulated by Father Wilhelm Schmidt) comprises the Malay-Polynesian family, that may be divided into Indonesian (plus Malagasy)—apparently the most primitive group of the family; the Melanesian-Micronesian; and the Polynesian as the most evolved speech of the group. Papuan is of a distinct family, as are the languages (possibly archaic forms of Papuan) spoken in the northern peninsula of Halmahera and in Ternate and Tidore. On the mainland, the Austric languages include Sakai and Semang in the Malay Peninsula, the Mon-Khmer group (including Cambodian), the Palaung-Wa-Riang group in the Shan States, Khasi in Assam, Nicobarese and the Munda of India proper. The Austric languages are quite distinct from the Indo-Chinese family (e.g. Tibetan, Burman, Siamese, Chinese, etc.). The family is divided into two main groups: the 'Austro-Asiatic' (that is, roughly, the languages of the continent) and the 'Austronesian' or 'Oceanic' (that is, mainly, the languages of the islands of Indonesia and Oceania). The native languages of Australia lie quite outside the family. In Indo-China the demarcation is sharp. The 'Mois' and other 'Indonesians' speak mostly Austric languages of the Austro-Asiatic group. The non-Annamese peoples of the north, Thai, Lolo, and Nung talk languages of the Indo-Chinese group (the speech of the Man and the Meo is not, as yet, classified at all satisfactorily): Muong seems to be archaic Annamese, but what is Annamese ? Or what is Annamese when shorn of its Chinese accretions? The answer to the riddle may be found in a careful study of Muong, but for such a study there are, of course, no ancient documents.

of 'Moi' customs to study, all the shooting you want and no civilization at all. Kontum is not such good elephant country as the Bolovens, but in everything else I like it more, but then, I think, I would rather live among the Bahnar than the 'Khas' of southern Laos. It's a matter of taste.

Names and Claims

You have to get back to get up unless you make for the coast about Binh Dinh; but I had to get back to Saigon, for I was in the south really to go into Cambodia and see as much as I could not only of Angkor and the ruins but also of Phnompenh and the life of the Cambodians in the countryside. But this is another world so rich, so strange, so artistically and so spiritually important that it needs a book to tell of it. I had to get my passports and papers in order, secure the' innumerable visas demanded of those who only fly over a country and touch at its airport for ten minutes. I also had to obtain an imposing series of false attestations swearing that I had been inoculated for every known infectious and contagious disease, vaccinated within the last twelve months, and to declare that I was not suffering from acute syphilis, mental disorder, and had not body lice and so forth.

When I had chased around Saigon for two days armed with the most formidable recommendations from the Governor, I was finally' in order ', As usual, one met with the most difficulty and discourtesy at one's own consulate, but that's only what one deserves and it does one good. I must say that quite the most charming man I met on this scramble was the Siamese Consul. He gave me delightful iced beer and conversed with the charming spontaneity of the well-mannered Thai—and they are nearly all well-mannered although they can be slyly satirical at times. While I was staying at Siem-Reap and visiting as much as I could of the vast and scattered complex of ruins under the able guidance of M. Glaise, the conservator (who had put off for three days his Easter leave to Dalat in order to show me round), I was asked if I would take to some of the more inaccessible temples in the far jungle a Hungarian visitor who was both a patron of art and a student of the arts. The Indo-Chinese Government then, as during my whole trip in

the country, had most generously put a fine strong car and an able driver at my disposal. So Baron X came with us and we spent a charming day. X was a member of a famous Jewish banking house of Budapest that had achieved a title and a Hungarian-sounding name to cover its German patronymic. He looked unmistakably what he was. As the Siamese maintain no legation nor consulate in Hungary, X had to get his Siamese visa in Paris. When he landed in Siam from the Malaya express, the police made some difficulty about his papers and kept him waiting a good deal longer than he liked, so he tried a little bluster, forgetting that Siam was an independent country and not British India or Indo-China. The Siamese got colder and colder, politer and politer: and did nothing. Finally, in exasperation, X shouted: 'I shall complain to my Minister'. It was gently suggested that there was no Hungarian Minister in Bangkok. 'Then I shall complain to the Minister charged with Hungarian interests here; who is it?' 'That, I think,' said his torturer, 'would be a very good idea/ and, with a long stare at that 'Semitic' profile, 'he is the German Minister.'

Siam now has a new name. Any country has the right to call itself what it likes but it has not the right to try to interfere with other peoples' languages. With towns the case is rather different. The name of a town is a domestic matter, so to say, and by courtesy it may be allowed that we should try to call a town what its official designation is. Chinese cities often change their names. No one objects to calling Christiania 'Oslo' or Constantinople 'Istanbul', although I, personally, refuse to follow the tendency to adopt native forms of foreign town names when there is an old-established English form that has become part of our language. Why call Treves 'Trier'? You might just as well call Lyons 'Lyon' or Marseilles 'Marseille'.

With names of countries we are on other ground and only when the country has vastly changed its character and composition should we call it by a new name, for it is just with an eye to political claims that most of these new-fangled forms are foisted upon us. Siam has been 'Siam' ever since we have heard of it. It has in no way changed its character (except to shrink territorially) during the past 400 years. The attempt

to make foreigners call the land 'Thai' (or even horribly 'Thailand') is to prepare the way for an eventual claim of the Bangkok Government to control over all the Thai-speaking peoples. Persia is Persia and should so remain until that country has spread to embrace far more territories than are at present under the rule of the Shah. To call it 'Iran' is simply to admit tacitly that the Persians have staked a claim to control all the peoples of Iranian speech—and that is a tall order that does not look like being filled for some time. Why we should call Siam and Persia 'Thai' and 'Iran' seems undiscoverable unless we also talk of 'Deutschland' instead of Germany (to which the archaic 'Almayn' is so much preferable, although too sweet-sounding a name for so grim a thing), 'Esparto' instead of Spain, and so on all down the long list.

A step farther along the road to complete absurdity is taken by the speakers of the B.B.C. who are commanded (apparently) to say 'Munich' and to slip into their sterilized tones a not always very effective attempt to imitate modern Greek, Arabic, or Swahili pronunciations of place-names.

Up the Line

We were a mixed bag on the now familiar Indo-Chinese express. I shared my compartment with an incredible type: an ex-N.C.O. of colonial troops, who had landed in Indo-China forty years before and stayed there ever since; an Alsatian who, when he found I had been a good deal in Germany, plunged into German with a strong Baden or perhaps even Basle accent—he had been so long in the 'machine',[1] as he called the Indo-Chinese Union, that he may have got Strassburg mixed up with Saigon to produce Schwarzwald—told me of his sexual prowess past and present, 'my rule has always been to hire women not to buy them', fed me on pastry from his cook-shop (the best in Saigon), extolled the quick lunches (why in God's name any one should need, suffer, require, or accept a quick lunch in Saigon passes the comprehension of man) at his restaurant, reproached me with not having stayed at the pompous, expensive hotel that he farms from the Government,

[1] Machine is defined as 'any device or apparatus for the application or modification of force to a specific purpose'.

near Angkor, and was pretty good company for a short while. He was a great, truculent, full-blooded old bull, but just beginning to stumble a bit as such men will round about sixty. There was an 'Old Hand' in the next compartment, a sea-captain reduced to commanding Chinese tramps from Hong Kong round the China Sea (his career had probably been checkered with trouble about his certificate), but he still travelled first class and was voluble of highly inaccurate information about everything. He was no fool and he was one of those men who make you realize that there is nothing at all to be done about the instruction of those who have not been astrained to mental discipline while they were young. Never try any adult education. You waste your time and make still another man more dissatisfied than he was before. I did not dare a word of correction, but while the old salt babbled, blurted, and blustered, that is what I thought.

Then there was a bright young man to whom my Alsatian introduced me. 'No, thanks, no drinks for me; I'm on the water-wagon; no, only just as far as Hanoi. I know it's only forty-five hours but this new sulphanilamide treatment, you know, does the trick while you sleep so to speak. There are no women worth looking at on the train anyway.'

But there were, and as one of them had to share her compartment with three others and a baby, she walked the corridor in rose-coloured pyjamas. She was an Annamese from Saigon, so Khmer-like that you might have taken her for a pale hill Indian. Such a pity that the spotty young man was straining his heart with a quick sulphanilamide cure. He missed a lot.

You do not strike the sea until Ca-na, the sporting domain of the Cham kings in the thirteenth century, but you do not see the first Cham ruins from the train until a little farther along at Hoa-trinh. At 'Tour Chame' station you can change for a short line that lands you at Phan-rang whence you set out to visit the Pd-klaung-garai, the thirteenth-century temple that is one of the most imposing of Cham remains. I saw that and its *mukhalinga* on the way south by road. It is at' Tour Chame' also that you take the new line up to Dalat.

Next, you see ahead the False Cape Varella and the magnificent long, narrow bay of Cam-ranh like an Italian hill-lake,

say Orta, for its slopes are as deserted and shining in the moonlight, more bright than anything in Lombardy.

The train climbs over the stately peak of Da-La and you drop down on to sandy Nhatrang and its rocky islet of Hou-Nua rising from a glassy sea just off-shore.

All the way to Quinhon the hills are crowned with Cham ruins. There is the 'Tower of Gold' of twelfth and thirteenth centuries, there is the Cha-ban or 'Tower of Brass', where you may see a *raccourci* of Cham art from the eleventh to the fifteenth century. Then there are the 'Towers of Silver' and the great Siva temple-towers of Hung-thanh (eleventh and twelfth centuries).

The train runs through Tourane, although when you take the Mandarin Way you leave the port to the east far away over the sandy, lagoon-laced plain that here runs some way inland. Soon the mountains are right near the sea again and you are climbing the *Col des Nuages,* the pass over the mountain mass that cuts oil southern Annam, the old Cham country, from the ancient Annamese lands of central and northern Annam. The Hai-van-Song mass runs almost due west and east. It is a wild region of mountain forest full of tigers, wild boar, and monkeys. The 'Hai-van-quan' or 'Gate of the Sea Clouds' ridge is pierced by a gap and that they call the *Col des Nuages* or Deo-Van, but it is, nevertheless, over 1,500 feet above sea-level, so that if the day is fine you have a view over land and sea, towards the Tourane plain to the south-east and the Hue' wooded level lands to the north-west, and here it is that the coast begins really to sweep sharply north-west towards the neck and head of the great 'S' swirl that patterns the shores of Little China.

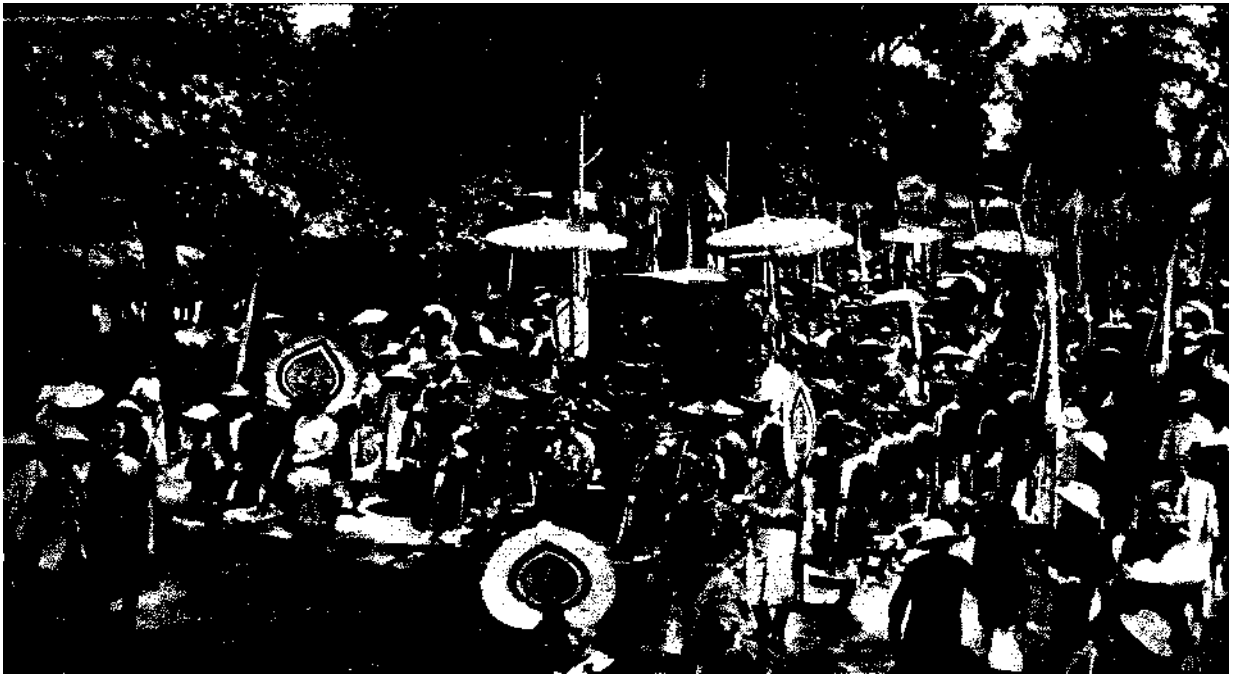
Once over the *Col des Nuages* you drop down steeply almost to sea-level and skirt for miles the western bank of the Vung-dam lagoon between an Annamese Long Island and the reedy, wooded shore of the fertile strip of central Annam.

Quam-tri is still on the rich littoral plain. A little farther on there is a charming bathing-beach at Cua-tung. The Annamese do not bathe or they are only beginning to, and you still do not see any Annamese bathing beauties like the more enfranchised Tunisian girls to be observed anywhere along the shore from La Goulette to Garmat. Honey-coloured Habiba

who rolled over in the burning sands of La Marsa and dug into them with her thick, shapely, unsentimental hands while she talked (yes, in excellent English) about Mr. Damon Runyon and other leading English-language men of letters: one does not find your kind on the strands of Cua-tung, Cuala, or Sam-son, and still less on the coco-fringed beaches of Nhatrang, Phan-rang, or Phantiet.

To your north-west, on the left, you can see the jagged peak of the Tiger's Tooth. It is only a little over 4,000 feet high but it rips the blue sky like a great canine and is followed by the sharp serrations of Annam Range as far as your eye can reach. The highest peaks in Indo-China are most of them farther north. The loftiest of all, Fan-Si-Pan (3,142 metres or well over 9,000 feet), is in the south of Laos but there is one reported to be over 8,000 feet, south-west of Hue', just on the Laotian border.

You skirt the D6ng-But Range, passing through a region of hillocks. There is a small extinct volcano called TiSn-khu. The soil is volcanically fertile. Then there are scarlet barren hills of crumbling earth to your right, and away up to Dong-Hoi you are never far from tawny, ruddy lands. The mountains again approach the sea to close in the central plain. At Phong-Nhu are great underground galleries, halls, temples, and passages in the limestone, and the main temple alone has fourteen halls. The workings are late ninth and tenth century. At Lac-son there are caves full of Cham alphabetic inscriptions. India came as far as this. Then you pass near the Gate of Annam. It is a great arched, massive, Chinese-majestic stone gateway and the pine-branches flung across the view give it the wistful quality of a farewell. The transition from the narrow central strip to the broad lands and hills of Vinh and Thanh-hoa in the north is not as marked as is the change from the South Sea Island scenery over the *Col des Nuages.* There is a broad gap in the mountain masses and then you glide through the valley of the Nguo Nai. Everywhere are forests of *lim,* rosewood, rattan cane, *gu,* Mauritius palms, *cu-nau*$_9$ bamboo. Areca palms still grow here in the valleys. They are the most graceful and clean-cut of the palms and their bright trunks and feathery heads make alluring patterns. 'The Arager grows upright and straight like the mast of a ship.'



'. . . and then, at last, the Imperial Litter of black lacquer with gilt *appliques.* In it sits the Emperor, clad entirely in yellow silk robes, his head swathed in a yellow turban.' (Page 222)

(E.F.E.O.)

Licuala and caryotinaea grow in the vales. The blue-green, papillate forested hills shimmer in a hazeless pale sky. There in the great woods are the teak-trees, the aloes-wood, and the benzoin-trees. Over the crest of the hills[1] there are still more until you are in the wonderland of Laos where tea grows wild, tea that tastes something like the precious brew of Pu-eul in Yunnan. 'They mightily admire the herb *Tea,* an excellent remedy against the Headache, for the Gravel, and for those that are subject to the griping of the Guts,' reported Tavernier of the Tongkingese. Ground-nuts and sesame, sugar-cane and pepper, great shiny almost black, metallic-leaved castor-oil shrubs and mulberries and, whenever you get a glimpse of the Mandarin Way, great tall flamboyants like English oaks burst into flame.

The T6ng-doc's Wife

Just as I stepped from the station at Hanoi there came winding past it a most brilliant, gay, and imposing funeral procession. The wife of the *Tong-dSc* (or provincial governor) of Hadong was being carried to her burial, so we pushed on ahead round to the south and west through the Chinese dancing-halls and cafes behind the railway lines and about a mile beyond where, after the cross-roads, the houses thin out into market-gardens, mud, willows, and rice-fields. Then I got out of the car and waited.

It was a clear, sunny morning, rather rare in April, but the sunlight gave you none of those sinking and nostalgic feelings that it provokes in northern lands when it breaks for a little through rain-clouds and reveals an earth or a city ill-prepared for its revealing light.

First came gateways of stuff stretched on bamboo poles with multi-coloured lanterns hanging from the cross-pieces, then masses of white banners rigid on frames and inscribed in black on white with laudatory and edifying maxims. Next, carried aloft by a score of bearers, the House of the Spirit, a gilt and scarlet lacquer pagoda. Then more banners of praise, offerings carried on lacquer tables, portable altars with flowers, the

[1] Ngoc-An peak is 2,500 metres. There is a good deal of uncertainty as to the exact height of the Indo-Chinese mountains.

Offering of the Five Colours followed by a group of wearers of the allegorical masks of the spirits, demons, and divinities of the dead; the Offering of the Three Abundances and then again the banners of praise. The violent colours beloved of the Annamese, bright pinks, sky-blues, and vivid greens, mingled with the darker gleam of lacquered wood and shining surface against a background of mourner's white. Next passed by the Offering of the Five Fruits, custard apples, water-melons, pomegranates, Buddha's Hand citrus,[1] and oranges, a mass of metallically luscious shapes. More laudatory banners: the mountain in its netting cage, flags with texts, a great gnarled piece of aloes-wood[2] stuck upright in silver sand held in a bronze bowl of antique shape like that they call a *fing* in China, the Lion of Fruit, knobbly and greenish-yellow, the Boat of the Soul,[3] the Bridge of Silk, a long strip of white stuff held aloft by female mourners; more oblations of fruits, a portable buffet for the food offerings at the grave, canopies under which march mandarins, officials, and the members of the family, funerary and allegorical distiches on banners, double lanterns held aloft by servitors (just like those lanterned candles on poles that are still used at state balls. The last time I saw them in Europe was at Goring's ball in Berlin at the beginning of 1937), State Fans, in form like those of Ancient Egypt or the Vatican, the Eight Precious Objects of Buddhism, the Symbolical Fruits, more banners, the Offering of the Lotuses, women mourners, with arms full of flower offerings (so much more elegant than bunchy wreaths), women with banners and lanterns, women with fans, fly-whisks, incense-burners, and the great lady's jewels (or copies thereof), the throne with the portrait of the dead, musicians, the Chariot of the Soul containing the Tablet of the Soul, a piece of thick, flat wood five times as long as wide and tapering to the top, bearing the name of the deceased lady, the date of her death, and in another column the name of her eldest son. The tablet is

[1] Buddha's Hand citrus is called 'Fu' in Chinese and the word is a homonym of 'Fu' happiness, and so, by a pun so frequent in China and not unknown elsewhere, like the emblem of the bat (also *'Fu'*), a symbol of beatitude.

[2] Aloes-wood, eagle-wood, agalloche, or calambac is the sweet incense-wood of the Indo-Chinese forests. For notes about it, see an article by Fillastre in the *Revue Indochinoue*, 1905.

[3] Cf. the Boat of the Soul in Ancient Egypt.

wrapped around with a piece of white silk that had lain upon the dying breast of the *Tong-doc's* wife. Before the Chariot of the Soul are offerings of vegetables, tea, and plums, then come the dancers and musicians and the catafalque and the crowds of mourners, the bonzes in rickshaws wearing their lotus crowns and fingering their rosaries with the same air of far-away awareness in their eyes that you see with the funeral priests in all countries.

Raven Pagoda

We got back into the town from the south-west so as to see the Raven Pagoda. The *'Pagode des Corbeaux'* is really the *Vdn-mieu* (that is, *Wen-Miao* in Chinese) or Temple of Literature dedicated to Confucius. It is a mass of courts and halls, each leading into the other lengthwise so that the whole has the form of an oblong. It is set in a grove of magnificent old mango-trees that shelter flocks of ravens, and it is said to be modelled on the fifteenth-century temple of Confucius at Chu-fu in China. In the first of the five courts are eighty-two monumental slabs containing the names of all those who were awarded the degree of Doctor of Literature under the Le dynasty. The Le reigned from 1428 to 1789 and there are eleven hundred and eleven names. Since the examinations were (as in China) triennial, that makes nine doctors for each examination, or three a year. 'Certain it is that the Tunquinese have a very great inclination for learning.' They did not go in for mass production of disgruntled 'intellectuals' in the Little China of the Le. Where the Raven's Pagoda now stands there has been a Confucian temple perhaps since the beginning of Chinese rule in Tongking, but the buildings you see are all from the early years of the posterior Le dynasty, that is, the fifteenth century.

Quite near the *Pagode des Corbeaux* is the Sinh-Tu temple erected in 1883 to the memory of Nguyen-Hu'u-Bo, the last *kinh-l'ug'c* (or viceroy) but one, of Tongking. After his successor, the French made the Emperor of Annam abolish the office and confide the administration of his northern provinces directly to the French Resident-General. The Emperor of Annam reigns in Tongking but no one would suspect it, except

that on ceremonial occasions the Tongkingese mandarins take part in the state ceremonies at Hue',

We then made for the Botanical Gardens on our way to the Governor-General's palace. Just behind the powder magazine, south of the Gardens, is the *Mot-cot,* a curious little wooden Chinese-type shrine with curling eaves of weathered wood. The miniature pagoda is supported on a single thick column of stone rising out of a small pool that is bordered with a rectangular stone balustrade. It is curious and rather beautiful and is supposed to be, in form at any rate, eleventh century.

The gardens, fringing the city limits for most of its north-west side, give on to the waters of the Great Lake that communicates with the Red River. The villages of Kim-ml, Van-phuc, and Giung-vu, near the Great Lake, are all the remains of the city of Dai-la, and there you can see the round brick tomb of Phung-hong who, in 768, drove out the Chinese governor. Much of what is now built on must have been, until even after the French occupation, marshland. All the quarter that borders the Red River in the north-east has been reclaimed from the swamps.

Government House

The seat of the Government of the Union (as distinguished from that of the protectorate of Tongking on the other side of the town near the Little Lake) is in the north-east part of the Botanical Gardens. The Governor-Generars house and offices and the departments of state are in two buildings near together. The whole thing gives you the impression of Kew or of the unexpected houses in Hyde Park.

M. Brevie' was Governor-General when I was in Indo-China in 1939. He had spent nearly all his career in Africa and his special knowledge of the East was not profound. He would have been the first to acknowledge that he was no expert on Indo-Chinese questions. Apart, however, from a slight tendency to surround himself with civil servants whom he knew well but who, as he, had had almost exclusively African experience, he showed himself a capable administrator. The French, like ourselves, keep their colonial men as much as possible in the places where they have been educated in

colonial affairs. Since, under the Third Republic, however, all colonial governorships tended to go to politicians as bribes, sops, or devices for removing men unwanted at home, when a colonial civil servant did rise to the top of the tree there were few places to send him in his own sphere of experience. Not many of the professional colonial civil servants ever got the plums unless, at the same time, they had pull at home with the politicians.

Many of the administrators in Indo-China were strikingly efficient men. I saw there, especially among the younger of them, types that impressed me more than any I had seen anywhere in colonies except, perhaps, some in French Africa, but there the best of the bunch are the junior officers who run the desert territories of the south.

BreVie' was recalled by M. Georges Mandel, then Minister of the Colonies, just before the outbreak of war and his place was taken by General Catroux, an energetic soldier who survived in the Vichy regime because it was at first impossible to recall him. After he left to join the 'Free French' forces of General de Gaulle, his place was taken' by Admiral Decoux, who was commanding the naval station when I was there. So the cycle was completed. In the tragic years of France's decline in the East there was another *'dpoque des amiraux',*

From the Governor-General downwards all showed me the greatest kindness, and I can confidently say that no effort was made to stuff me with propaganda. I was left to go and see what I wanted as and when I wanted and given the means to travel freely and alone. I can never express the whole sense of my gratitude to the French both in Indo-China and in Paris.

The Capital of the Le

Little remains of the old city of the Le kings. A match factory is now built on the site of their Nam-Giao (southern suburb) where, from the earliest beginnings of the Annamese monarchy until the fall of the Le in the fateful year 1789, the kings had offered up the sacrifices to heaven. There are some ruins nearby of a temple built in 1663. Within Hanoi citadel and surrounded by Vauban-like walls there are mingled among

the buildings of the French army headquarters, a few porticoes, gateways, and walls of the Le palaces, but nothing to enable one to construct even in imagination the curious courts and halls and mansions portrayed by Baron in his eighteenth-century iconography of Tongking, or the more fanciful scenes depicted in Tavernier's *Recueil de Plusieurs Relations et Traitez.* North of the Botanical Gardens is the mirador of C6t-co (that is, Tower of Standards) where, in the eighteenth century, the flag of the Le kings was flown.

The rue Colomb

In the spring of 1939 Mr. Wang-ching-wei, later President of the Japanese-controlled puppet government of Nanking, then but recently fled from Chungking after quarrelling with Chiang-Kai-shek on the policy to be adopted towards Japan, was living in Hanoi in a large pink villa, No. 27, rue Colomb. The house belonged to Mr. Pheot, a respectable Chinese grocer from Fukien, who has a big shop in the rue Paul-Bert. With Wang-ching-wei lived Tsen-tso-Meng, ex-Minister of Communications, who had also fled from Chungking, and also like Mr. Pheot, a Fuchow man; Tsen served as secretary to Wang. Tsen appeared sometimes in public, but Wang was never seen and was reported to move frequently from place to place. Five tough Chinese armed to the teeth constituted the bodyguard of the two politicians. At two o'clock on the morning of 21st March 1939, the quarter was awakened by a regular tac-tac of machine-gun fire and a trellis-work of shots could be seen in Mr. Wang's garden. A woman ran shrieking on to the porch. Then four men rushed out, leapt over the villa wall and made off over a piece of waste ground next door. None of the neighbours, of course, did anything until one had the idea of telephoning to the police. Then a man-chase started through the city. Three of the assassins were arrested in a short time and the fourth was grabbed that night in a Chinese hotel. All of which seems to show that the Tongking police is not so badly organized, for it is not easy to catch fleeing Chinese in the dead of night within a city so large, so straggling and so interspersed with trees and gardens as Hanoi. Tsen died for his master, for the murderers thought they had

killed the future Nanking president. So that is how Chinese history was made in Hanoi on 21st March 1939. Hanoi then was full of Chinese who were buying up villas, building plots, and shops. They probably got out with their money to Singapore before the Japanese arrived.

The Mountain of Jade

Hanoi is one of those puzzling towns that you cannot learn to find your way about in for a long time. In this it is like Florence, or the *quartier de VEurope* in Paris. Even the *Bibliothique Centrale,* the *Palais de Justice,* the *Musie du Commerce et de VIndustrie* look so much alike that they do not help much, but you have the Little Lake to guide you. The Annamese call it '*Hodn-Kiem-Hd'*, that is, the 'Lake of the Restituted Sword', or at least those who are not afraid to talk in terms of their own tradition do. The smart-alecky young school-marm type of Annamese do not. Many of them are astonishingly well-informed. They have retentive memories but like some Eastern Europeans, say, Rumanians (and at least these have the excuse of having no native culture of their own) they sometimes seem, when they talk in French, to lose critical sense. They tend to discourse in terms of things for which they have little measure, they are ridiculously observant of the letter of the convention. They are in fact, juggling with words not ideas and with words of which they are not quite masters.

Le-Loi was a fisherman, as was the author of the Tran dynasty. Fishermen have ever found surprising fortune, whether in hauling in j inns in jars or in becoming Fishers of Men, and he used to cast his nets into the Little Lake which, we must suppose, was then much larger than to-day and communicating with the Red River. The Tr&n kings had, a few years before, been dethroned by the Ho usurpers (whose fine stone city walls we saw in Thanh-hoa), whereupon the Chinese, at the orders of the energetic Emperor Yung-Lu (the builder of modern Peking), again occupied Annam on the specious pretext of restoring order.

One day in these troublous times Le-Loi threw his net into the Little Lake as usual and had a great job to pull it in. When

he had hauled it up to the surface he saw a shimmering sword whose blade was darting multi-coloured flames. L6 took this miraculous catch to mean that he should lead a revolt against foreign domination. He became the hero of the War of Independence. When in 1428 he received the throne as a hero's due reward, King Le-Thai-To,[1] as he had become, organized a stately ceremony by the edge of the Little Lake in order that he might offer up thanks for the country's deliverance. But as he was proceeding, clad in his ceremonial robes and girt with his magic sword, to the place of prayer and sacrifice, the sword leapt from its scabbard and, twirling aloft, took the form of a great jade dragon that circled over the awe-stricken company and then plunged into the waters of the Little Lake and was lost, for ever, to men's sight.

The pagoda on the rock in the southern part of the lake is, in its present form, quite modern, for it was only put up (or at least restored) in 1878. The larger island to the north of the lake is called Ngoc-S6n or the Jade Mountain (Yu-shan in Chinese. Annamese has kept the old initial nasals that have disappeared in 'Mandarin' only to survive in some dialects, e.g. *'ngan'* for *'an'*, 'peace', etc.).

At a little distance from the lake shore, beyond the *place de Nigrier,* is the Temple of the Marvellous Sword, dedicated to the Jade Dragon of the Waters.

The temple that Europeans incongruously call the 'Great Buddha' was founded by Ly-Thanh-T6n in the eleventh century and is dedicated to Huyen-Vu, the 'Dark Blue Warrior' who is Lord of the North. The Black (better Dark Blue) Warrior of the Northern Land has as his emblem the Tortoise, as the Red Sparrow symbolizes the South, the Blue Dragon the East and the White Tiger the West. The interior of red lacquer and gilt is dark and the God Tran-Vu himself is in a still darker shrine where he stands in bronze with a jet-black patina, his sword intertwined with a serpent resting upon the Tortoise of the North.

The Ladies Tru'g

If you go out on the Hue' road you come to a cemetery that

[1] He reigned from 1428 to 1433.

bears the name of *Lieu-phdi-tii* or Convent of the Lotus Repartition. In it are the shaded tombs of bonzes and of famous or pious men and women.

On the other side of the road opposite the Lotus Convent is the *Chua-Hai-Ba* or Temple of the Two Ladies. Its twelfth-century shrines are served by Buddhist nuns and in the innermost sanctuary are the statues in lacquered earthenware of Trung-Tric and Trung Nhi, the heroines of the first Annamese War of Independence. The sisters are shown kneeling and raising their hands to heaven. Tru'ng TraVs image is draped in yellow silk, the imperial colour, and her sister's in red. The head-dresses are of gilt conventionalized hibiscus flowers. Both statues are hidden by red silk curtains.

The sisters Trung, so the legend says, were descended from the mythical Hong-Bang reigning family of Van-luy, but their existence is historical enough. Thi-Sach, Trung-TraVs husband, was beheaded by order of the Chinese governor and the widow raised the standard of revolt. Both the sisters were eventually apprehended and executed, their heads being sent, preserved in salt, to the Chinese capital.

Hadong

The whole province of Hadong is set with rice-fields, but the brusque alternations of dry weather and wet affect the quality of the crops. Dry crops, that do not do so well or are impossible in regular monsoon lands, flourish on the Tongking plain: maize ripens very quickly and the area under cultivation increases yearly; sweet potatoes are grown and are beginning to be much eaten by the poorer classes; there are sugar-canes (with about 18 per cent pure sugar), mulberries for fruit, and silkworms (the silkworm is perhaps indigenous to Tongking: silk has been spun there from the earliest times and threefold bolts of it, blue, red, and yellow, are offered up at the Imperial Sacrifices); beans and peas ripen quickly and swell fat; areca palms do well in suitable spots. Arecas are the most delicate of all palms, especially for the first seven seasons of their lives. They need water but not too much. When they are in full yield they are a fortune for their owners. Betel is used and chewed all over the land, and the crimson splashes at first make

you think that the whole population suffers from pulmonary haemorrhage. This Indonesian-seeming and un-Chinese thing is characteristic of Indo-China. The teeth 'lacquering' or blackening is going out of fashion, but all the older people show black cavities when they laugh. The teeth blackening is peculiar in Indo-China, to the Annamese, but there are parallels elsewhere (e.g. in early Japan).

There are some ground-nut plantations and the castor-oil bushes date, most of them, to the extensive planting that was done during the last war.

There is everywhere an abundance of fish, and soles are found in the short rivers of Tongking.

The country round Hanoi is flat with every now and again a rounded hillock. Clumps of trees, bushes, and bamboos and water are everywhere, and the straw-roofed villages lie half-hidden in the verdure beside their pools of lotus and mauve water-hyacinths.

Musde Finot

The Hanoi Museum lies near the Red River banks and is a great red building, all open bays and window spaces giving on to gardens. As the *Ecole Frangaise cTExtreme Orient* is at Hanoi and the *Musde Finot* is its museum you find there representative things of all the arts of Indo-China. The Hanoi Museum is a sort of synthesis of the Tourane museum of Cham art, the Khai-Binh museum of Annamese art, the Saigon collection, and the Sarraut museum at Phnompenh that is especially rich in Khmer things.

The art of Annam is worth more attention than it usually receives, for it is judged by the modern trash sometimes exported to France. But there are some fine wooden statues, one of a reclining Buddha is excellent. Then, again, as nearly all the good Annamese stuff adorns temples, shrines, and tombs, it cannot be moved into a museum and the casual visitor has neither the time nor the opportunity to go off the track to find the beautiful old things in the *dinh* and out-of-the-way hamlets. It is to be feared that the Annamese themselves do not always value their antiquities. A magnificent wooden lacquered statue of a bonze in a country temple was not long

ago completely repainted by the local artist so that it looks like a doll. The Annamese, and the Germans, tend to think anything is the better for a good thick coat of colour.

The *Salle Carpeaux* of the museum has precious Cham things from Mi-son, Dong-Duong, and Nhatrang. In the Salle *Doudart de Lagrde*[x] there is a good and fairly representative collection of the porcelain popularly known as 'bleus d'Hue' ', This is a blue-and-white china, much of it imported from the north, some manufactured in the Annamese lands. There is nothing original about it; the southerners have just copied the northern models. The pieces are, however, extraordinarily graceful. At their best the Annamese can turn out a piece of porcelain almost indistinguishable from the Chinese. I have one or two old 'bleus d'Hue', probably of native manufacture, that are well up to the Chinese standard of the early nineteenth century and even of the end of the eighteenth. The Bat-Trang (ceramic manufactory) is just outside Hanoi —the kaolin comes from Dong-Trieu and the felspar from Thanh-hoa.

I was fortunate to be able to examine the photographs and plans of the excavations both in Tongking and Annam and in Cambodia. There is an excellent and useful Tibetan collection[2] the nucleus of which is constituted by the objects Pelliot brought to Hanoi on his way back to Europe from Peking after the Boxer Rebellion.

Incense and Fire

[1] While he was alive he was a Civil Servant with a State Diploma and he lived in affluence, by his honesty in his charge, after his death men remember his benefits.'

That is the sort of inscription the family put on a postman's

[1] It is remarkable how many French colonial administrators use their names in the genitive, although most of them are not real Simon-pure examples; they are peasant and bourgeois names with a vague territorial appellation tacked on. The really smart thing is to have no patronymic but only a place-name preceded by 'de'. When correcting some one who had saddled him with a *particule* a friend of mine said: ' Je me sers de mon nom au nominatif, de mes organes g6nitaux au g£nitif.' . . .

[2] Mile Pascalis has done a good *catalogue raisonni* of the Tibetan collection that forms a modest but useful companion to Miss Alice Getty's classic, *The Gods of Northern Buddhism* (which should be consulted for all matters concerning the iconography of Mahayana Buddhism and for the excellent preface of Deniker on Lamaism).

tombstone tablet and, after all, the euphemisms are hardly more extravagant than those we find in pedigrees and on pedestals with us. In the East, it is not only a matter of flattering descendants but of placating the dead themselves and by that placation ensuring that ancestors' spirits shall contrive good luck for the living.

The importance of tombs is as supreme in Little China as in Great. Repasts must be offered to the *manes* of the dead and the menace of wandering souls must be warded off. In every Annamese house, however humble, there is an altar with ancestral tablets. Many of the peasant families can trace or pretend that they can trace their family for generations back.[1] On the altar you will find also the trigrammata (the three broken and full lines arranged hexagonally) and the swirl of the 'Two Modalities' *Yin* and *Yang*.[2] There will also generally be a woman's altar where the spirits of the hearth are invoked and placated by little offerings of food in bowls.

The family system is as rigid as in China. The most important person in the family group is the *trtCo'ng-tfc* or 'chief of the relations'. He will be the oldest member of the family generally, the grandfather, the elder brother of a deceased husband, and so forth; he presides over the *conseil de famille* and his casting vote is decisive. He will lead the family worship at the altar in the south-west corner on the greater festivals and

[1] There are only about thirty family names that one meets at all frequently among the Annamese. There are, it is true, others, but they are rare. The commonest are:

Bui Chau Du'o'ng Dang Dinh Do Giang Ho Huynh
Le" Lu'd'ngLy Mai Mao Ngd N'guyen Pham
Phan Qudc Thai Tran Trinh Tru'o'ng Vo Vu'o'ng

This is far less than the 'Hundred Families' of China (in reality there are over 300 Chinese surnames), so that the prohibition enforced by the Gia-Long code of intermarriage between those of the same surname (as in China) restricts choice a good deal. The Chinese and Annamese codes prohibit marriage between blood relations of the five degrees of parentage : that is, all those for whom one wears mourning, but the prohibitions are not always obeyed. Annamese names are composed on a regular model, first the family name, then a copulative (that may be one of many for men—'van' is the commonest—and is invariably 'thi' for women), and then the personal name.

[2] It has been suggested that an analysis of the ideograms for *Yin* and *Yang* (the female and male principles respectively) indicates that, in their earliest available forms, *Yin* represents the clouded sky and *Yang* the sun's rays and that they refer to *win t'ien* ('ornamented/ i.e. cloudy heaven or sky) and *hao t'ien*, or clear sky. But, according to Waley, *Yin* originally meant the dark side of a hill and *Yang* the sunny side. The words appear, for the first time, with a philosophic connotation, quite suddenly in the works attributed to Hsi-Tz'u in the fourth century B.C.

decide on marriages, careers, and the apportioning of **the** family estates. His role was, and to a certain extent is still, that of counterpart, in the family, of the absolute emperor in the state, but the *trtCo'ng-tqc's* influence is waning even as the emperor's has dwindled.

The family ties are still strong, and, under the disintegrating impact of European influence, the Annamese, even in Paris, feels himself more the member of a family group than an individual.

Offerings of *hiring hoa*, that is incense and fire (generally in the form of the handy Chinese joss-sticks), are made on the ancestral altars, which will bear a streamer or two with aphorisms such as 'riches, long life, perfect felicity'. There is nothing like asking.

Blood and Bones

Among the people, at least, it is the custom to exhume the bones from a grave after a few years. Much importance is attached to their condition. If they are yellow and intact, that is a good omen. If they are decayed and black they are bones of evil and presage misfortune to the family. If they are found with snakes it is an excellent sign: members of the family are certain to become great mandarins. When the bones are dug up, if they are a man's, his eldest son, to be sure that they are those of his progenitor, drops some of his blood upon them; if the blood stays they are the right remains, if it runs off they are not those of the father. This digging up of bones and using them for divination is so foreign to anything of classical Chinese times that it must represent a pre-Chinese complex among the Annamese. It may, of course, be linked up with the practices of the tribes of the north, but seems very Indonesian.

When the bones have been gathered together they are either reinterred in the same place or a still more favourable grave is sought of the kind that enables the family to write upon it:

> 'This tomb on rising ground and surrounded by a stream shows that descendants will reach a high grade in the mandarinate.'

In England there are many ways of buying a house and land,

leasehold, copyhold, freehold, and what not. On the other hand, there are only freehold graves. In France you can only buy property freehold, but most of the graves of the poorer people in towns are copyhold, some for as short a time as five years. The bones are then dug up and, generally, surreptitiously sold, hence the good supply of cheap anatomical specimens.

This casting aside of bones (they are supposed to be buried in the *fosse commune)* profoundly shocks the Annamese. I know of quite a poor and numerous Annamese family established and working in France, who spent a large sum of money in buying a *concession a perpetuity* (definite sign in France that one has skipped from the class of the *petite bourgeoisie* to that of the *grande)* in a cemetery near Paris and there erecting a costly marble monument to the memory of one of the sons, aged only about five years, who had died near the borders of the Seine.

In most of the realism of the French, however, the Annamese find the echo of their own way of life. In fact, anti-French (and anti-European) as nearly all of them are, as Mr. Somerset Maugham has pointed out, we often get respect from our subjects in the East, but the Annamese admire the French and not the least, it may be added, for their lack of sentimentality.

The good old Latin, Mediterranean common sense will out. Once while I was at Stresa a young man of a rich Milanese family plunged off the high jump at the lido and was never seen again. The search for his body that was ordered by the family attracted all the countryside (who knew quite well that currents had drawn it far away and that there was no chance of finding it). Still the divers dived for hours. I sat on the beach with a beautiful Italian girl like a Minoan fresco, so arch-Mediterranean was she, and wondered at the waste of time. 'Even if they did find it,' said she, 'they would of course say nothing *'son' pagati all'ora'*,

Golden Turtle

Although they are true to traditional patterns (even those that in modern times have been subjected to the ignominy of reinforced concrete), the charm of the Annamese temples and shrines is unending. The Tao-Khe shrine is dedicated to the

heroes who earned undying fame in the struggle against the Chinese. Their memory is kept alive just as we would that of our patriots had we, in the course of our history, been a French colony for a thousand years. Probably, one day, perhaps not so far off, shrines will be erected in the Annamese lands to the patriot heroes of the risings against the French, the leaders of the 'Black Flag' pirates and the men who were shot at Yen-Bay.

The Phuong temple near *Quatre Colonnes* is one of the oldest in Tongking and is supposed to have been founded in A.D. 715, but if you compare it with the Tien-Lu pagoda dedicated to the bonze Ly-Anh-Binh by King Tran-Thai-Tong in 1200 you will see little or no change in the architectural canon. These charming shrines are all scattered about the countryside, and each has its own character of woods, trees, and hills, its *feng-shui:* at Sontay in Thien-Phuc province there is a delicate little curly pagoda just like a willow-pattern plate scene with lake and bridge and sharp-pointed mountains .. . the Xuan temple in the plain by the wayside crouches under its *ficus religiosa,* the Bo tree of Enlightenment, its huge green bronze bell and great sturdily elegant incense-burner. . . .

It is the consummate art with which the background of verdure is made to frame the handiwork of man and to shade and shadow the shrines that cause you never to tire of Annamese pilgrimage.

Co-Loa is the legendary site of King Thuc An-Duong's[1] capital.

The Annamese annals—inspired, doubtless, by a laudable desire to prove the antiquity of their civilization and of their cultural independence of China—tell of a Hong-Bang dynasty that held sway in the country of Van-luy long before the Chinese conquest. In view of what we now know of the advanced Bronze Age culture of the Annamese at the time of the Chinese invasion, there may be some historical basis for this story, but there is nothing to prove it. The Hong-Bang is as legendary as the Hsia in China itself.

After the Hong-Bang had disappeared, so runs the tale, what is now Tongking was divided into two lands. There was the realm of Van-Lang in the delta (much less extensive then than to-day, for the Red River pushes Tongking out into its Gulf

[1] He is said to have reigned (or perhaps lived) from 257 to 208 B.C.

at a considerable rate, Hanoi, now sixty miles inland, was a seaport when the viceroys of the Han emperors made it their capital) and in these the *Giao-chi* peoples (that is the undoubted ancestors of the Annamese) dominated: then there was a kingdom of Ba-Thuc, with its principal town where Cao-Bang now stands, and that realm was under Thai rulers.

In 252 B.C. the mountaineers united both realms under the name of the kingdom of Au-Lac and fixed their capital at Cd-Loa near Bac-Ninh between Sept Pagodes and Hanoi.

When the Chinese invaded Au-Lac, the king of the land was Thuc An-Duong. To this monarch a Golden Turtle had presented a nail from its foot. An-Duong fitted this magic nail to his cross-bow and by the supernatural accuracy of his aim and the strength of his shot, he struck terror into the hearts of all men. The Chinese general who was in command of the troops massed on the frontier heard of this talisman and devised means for robbing the king of his treasure. Chung-She, the son of the general, was sent to the King of Au-Lac with a request for the hand of his daughter the Princess Mi-Chlu. An-Duong, not daring to refuse so formidable a *parti,* agreed to accept the Chinese as his son-in-law. No sooner was he married than the wily Chung-She stole the enchanted nail of gold and substituted for it another devoid of all wizardry. Finding that he had been betrayed, An-Duong fled with his daughter to the sea-coast of Thanh-hoa meaning there to drown himself and her. As he was about to plunge off the cliff the Golden Turtle rose from the waves and reproached the king with his defection. An-Duong, thinking that his daughter was the culprit, stabbed her to death and hurried back to Cd-Loa in order to continue the fight, but the Chinese troops had advanced far into the country and soon stormed C6-Loa so that An-Duong had to kill himself nevertheless.

Chung-She found his wife's body and, having buried it near that of her father the king,[1] went out and drowned himseif in a mere.

According to the Annamese chronicles the two generals sent by the First Emperor of China to reduce the kingdom of Au-Lac were named Nhan-Ngai and Tri6u-Ba. When they

[1] You are still shown at Yufin-Kifin the tomb of the Princess Mi-Ch&u (or My-nuong).

'. . . little boy dancers in blue carrying flower-lanterns and looking very Indonesian—a vision rather of Bali than Peking/ (Page 222)
(E.F.E.O.)

got news of the Shih Huang-TVs death and the succession to the throne of his feeble son, they set up an independent realm that they called Nam Viet, comprising the present-day provinces of Kwang-tung and Kwang-hsi, together with some portions of territory to the north and to the west thereof. The land of Au-Lac was included in the limits of Nam-Viet.

In 119 B.C. the armies of the Han emperor captured Canton and re-annexed to the empire the whole of Nam-Viet. In A.D. 240 the huge province was split into two parts. The one (consisting of the modern Kwang-tung and Kwang-hsi) was called Kwang-Chow and the other that was named Liao-Chow was the land of the Annamese. The frontier established in 240 is still the frontier to-day. It is therefore just seventeen hundred years old.

Of Cd-Loa there is now little to be seen, but at Xu£n-Ki£n nearby are two groups of buildings, each within rectangular walled enclosures. There is the cult-temple or *dinh* of An-Duong and his Royal Shrine.

On the altar of the *dinh* are images of the Jade Emperor, of the Buddha, of Confucius, of Lao-tse, of Kwannon, of the Kings of the Cardinal Points, and of lesser divinities. There you have the pantheon of nearly all the gods the Annamese revere. With such a tradition of religious syncretism it is not wonderful that in recent years many of them, especially in the south, have adopted that queer thing called Caodaism in whose temples you find the Buddha, Jesus Christ, Lao-tse, Vercingetorix, Joan of Arc, and others side by side.

The royal Cenotaph is majestic and still. Two flights of triple steps divided by a terrace lead to a platform, whence you rise to the Temple of the Tablet and thence pass inwards and onwards to the Sanctuary containing the patriot King's statue.

As you gaze out over the ancient trees and weathered walls of the shrine your eyes meet the inscription over the monumental gateway:

'Whether you look up or whether you look down everywhere there reigns the antiquity of millennia/

Back into the streets of Hanoi. The squatting, chaffering women, turbaned, beshawled, or bareheaded, buying and selling:

> 'It is so much the more pleasure and profit to trade with the People of *Tunquin*, by how much the more faithful and frank they are in their dealing than the *Chineses* who will deceive you if they can, so that it is a hard thing to be too cunning for them. There are no such people for Trade in the world, they refuse to deal in nothing, even in old shoes and if you will sell them but one of them too, they'll buy it without even enquiring why you will not sell the other. But for those of *Tunquin* they are more blunt and plain in their dealing so that it is a pleasure to have to deal with them.' . . .

There will be a countryman or two strolling by, holding high staves and wrapped about with straw cloaks, their heads covered with huge cartwheel hats held on by a cord tied under the chin with ends like cat's whiskers. They are the image of the travelling peasants you see battling against the rain-storms in the Japanese colour-prints.

There are young men dressed in French fashion with padded shoulders and skimpy waists gracing the crowded cafe terraces that are full of pot-bellied 'colonials', their sweating wives and collectedly cool Annamese girls. Dodging in and about the tables is a horde of boys trying to sell you last week's newspaper. Giggling Annamese women piled up three in a rickshaw,[1] others registering sex-appeal, their lithe young figures showing faintly rounded through their tunics. Bespectacled Babu-like *fonctionnaires* in black tunics and white trousers and black turbans. Men in limpet hats and short breeches . . . the birdlike chatter and twitter of Annamese voices:

> [1] They have a tone in speaking naturally soft and pleasing, happy memories, and in their language, which is very florid, they use several apposite comparisons.'

[1] If you see a heavily overloaded rickshaw it is always with Annamese.

The School stands in a shaded garden back of the rue Paul Bert. You may meet a gamboge-robed Cambodian abbot in the grounds come north to find the Sanscrit, Prakrit, or Pali books he cannot consult at Phnompenh in spite of the excellent Royal Library there. The school was founded in 1898 and has had a succession of brilliant directors, among whom Finot (after whom the museum is named), perhaps, did the most for it. The present director has around him a distinguished group of men, and still more of the younger Orientalists (among whom must be mentioned Paul Mus) have passed through it and on to important positions in France.

An evening or two before I left Hanoi, Monsieur and Madame Coedes gave a dinner-party and invited me to meet some of the people I had not yet been able to see, and also to eat an excellent meal that was distinguished by a magnificent carp cooked in Cambodian fashion with many sorts of peppers. My host spent a great deal of his life in Siam and organized the museum at Bangkok before he moved to Hanoi. His wife is a charming Cambodian lady, daughter of one of the former Prime Ministers of the Khmer kingdom. They have a large family, and I have never seen more attractive girls than the daughters, who combine Cambodian grace with French wits and elegance.

We had, at the dinner, the commander of the French forces and his wife (this was the general who told me that he had shown the members of the Siamese Mission all that there was to be seen in the country and perhaps even more than was to be seen), M. Didelot, a Baron of the first French Empire, who ran the Havas Agency in Hanoi, and his wife, who is the sister of the Empress of Annam. These two ladies were the daughters of a wealthy Cochin-Chinese landowner whose father had become a French citizen and a Catholic. They were both educated at the *Couvent des Oiseaux*, The Empress has remained a Catholic. I do not know whether any special dispensation was obtained for her marriage to the Emperor Bao-Bai, or whether they took matters into their own hands, like King Zog and his Queen Geraldine. Certainly the Crown Prince Bao-Long is not being brought up a Roman Catholic, but, then, neither is the Crown Prince of Bulgaria.

The Cambodian stuffed carp had none of the sweet reasonableness nor the occasional elegant folly of Chinese cooking, but it was a splendid dish.

Sacral Spot

I had to pay a last visit to Government House. I sat in the faintly incense-perfumed air of his office, talking to the man who for years was the real Foreign Minister of the Indo-Chinese Union. He was a curious man—a French Protestant who had become a Catholic (a most rare phenomenon now that there are no more Most Christian Kings)—and regretted that France had not forced Catholicism on to the Annamese; a pro-Japanese not only from his hatred of tolerant China, but because he was politically prescient enough to see Japan's opportunity in the inevitable European war and in Indo-China's defencelessness; and a charmingly competent administrator who worked none the less hard and efficiently because he knew that his work was useless. We looked out on to the shaded bit of park where was being built an annexe to the offices. Women mixed the mortar and carried the bricks back and forth, back and forth. Not one so much as glanced at us, who were quite close to the window.

The men around this old hand and the men one met in the different Government offices were, for the most part, of the new type—smart, highly intelligent and cultured, effectively educated and acutely conscious of the arduousness and even the hopelessness of their task. These men were incredibly different from the promoted N.C.O. and old-timer French type; but still, in all French Indo-China never did I meet with the imitation gentleman that is the curse of British Eastern possessions, the sort of men who leave their trail even on the Chinese of the British possessions, making them almost vulgar.

I had a last talk with Professor Huard of the Lanessan Hospital and his collaborators, notably Dr. Bigot, in the Indo-Chinese Anthropological Society. It is a young company and, alasl its future is not clear, but in the few years before the war much work was done and an excellent series of anatomical and anthropological monographs was published. We arranged to

do some collaboration on the soft parts, but all that was hindered by the war. Huard collected the material for the study of a very curious thing, known as the sacral spot, or *Hache mongoloid'?.* In the vast majority of Chinese babies, at birth, there is a bluish blotch on the buttocks that generally fades away progressively; it only stays into adult life as a rare phenomenon. The sacral spot is found, in varying degrees of frequency, among many other peoples, but it seems to be the more frequent the higher is the percentage of ' Mongoloid' type in the group examined. The sacral spot is common enough among the Annamese, and what we were driving at was to determine, if possible, what types showed it most. The world-wide documentation on the subject that was collected in Paris seems to show, as far as one can at present determine, that the blue patch is a 'Mongoloid' thing, but it is also found all over the world and is not uncommon in Southern Europe.[1]

By Mandarin Way from Thanh-hod to Hud

Off to your right in a great cave called Giang-Thanh of the An-hoanh-son, is the Lang Nh6i temple. In Annam things are not as bad as in Siam, where every' cave and cavern that might and no doubt would yield capital things for us, is blocked, barred, and sacrosanct with Buddhist shrines, but still the finds in the Annamese lands have all been in the uplands, where the Annamese do not penetrate. I think that one of the things they hate the most about the up-country is that there are so many unconsecrated caves. For them caves should be shrines, which is what so many of them, at one time and another, have been after being homes. Caves that are not properly dedicated and adorned are for them haunts of seven devils at least. But when you climb in and find altars and Buddhas and other deities, and turn round and see a wide stretch of country framed in a proscenium of jagged rock, and a great bronze bell hanging that gives by contrast such delicate colour and life to the sunlight scene, you are almost fit to forgive the Annamese.

[1] Curiously enough, the sacral spot is often overlooked by quite educated mothers. I remember a Chinese lady's puzzled astonishment when I showed her the faint bluish tinge on her young son's behind, she said that he must have bruised himself 1

Anyway, there are plenty of possible 'sites' over the other side of the frontier into Laos, for the Laotians are scattered and few. Their rude statues of the Enlightened One, all features and no face, have not invaded many of the anfractuosities in the hills of the country that they hardly own, so full is it of 'Khas', that is, 'wild men', or Moi.

Drums of Bronze

Near Nhan-1o there is the Dong-co, or Bronze Drum temple. There you can see a bronze drum still used and sounded on occasion. It is large, magnificent, and jade-green with age-old patina. In form these bronze drums of Annam are very alike, although from slight modifications you can date them to a century or so by variations in the stylized canoes, the totemistic-looking bird head-dresses of the men, and the long fan-shaped tail of the great birds.

You can see over the downs the site of Tai-do, the capital of the west, built in 1397 by H6-qui-li, the generalissimo of the Tran, dictator of the realm, and then anti-king. The great eastern portico with its triple gate is just distinguishable.

Muong of the South

By the time you get to Phong-y you are in Muong country. There is a large patch of Muong here comparable to that farther north in Hoa-Binh on the Black River's banks. In Thanh-hoa province there are not only the Moi of the mountains, but Man and Muong. These northern peoples come no farther south. The Man and the Meo have often been called nomads, but they are at the best only semi-nomads. There are no really nomad people in Indo-China, but many until quite recently lived, and some until to-day are living, in a neolithic culture. The Muong, the Man, and the Annamese of Thanh-hoa get on quite well together. The Muong, like their more sophisticated cousins the Annamese, engage in all sorts of gainful occupations: they are not only cultivators by irrigation or by firing, but they are river- and even in places sea-fishers; they exploit the forests; they are artisans, and they are the intermediaries in the trade that has from of old existed between the Laos and

China, since regular and direct communication between the two countries is hampered by the high mountain barrier of the north.

Some of the Muong houses, and especially their tombs, look as Indonesian as anything of the Rhade',

It is still a typical Thanh-hoa landscape: rice-fields, limestone rocks, sandstone and schist cliffs, wooded hills, and flat valleys between them, but there are more fruit trees, areca palms, and bread-fruit bushes.

Near the village of Phu-dieu is the Mi-La-son, a hill some thousand feet high, which falls away sheer to the sea. On its northern slopes is a temple rising in tiers and terraces, called the Pagoda of the Peacocks. Here it was that King An-duong, harried by the Chinese, was about to fling himself into the ocean when the Golden Turtle arose from the waves to reproach and to encourage him to go otherwise to his death.

Vinh is an uninteresting place, but it marks the southern limit of the northern coastal plain of Annam. Already at Phu-dieu (its Annamese Vauban citadel was built in 1824 under the Emperor Minh-Mang) the northern bamboo hedges give way to lines of wild pineapple (as prickly, though not as high, as the *figues de Barbarie* in Tunisia), interplanted with a thick-set graminaceous grass and marked at intervals with mulberry-trees, for Thanh-hoa is famed for its silk.

The City of Concord

Hu6 or Hua means Concord and is a permanently propitious name. As the inhabitants, favoured by the presence of the Court and the administrative organizations of the empire, are fairly prosperous, there is no discord about maintaining the privileges of the capital.

There is a pleasing air of modest metropolitanism about Hue', The people do not take their city too seriously, but they are quite satisfied with it, and the rickshaw boys do not insist on making you visit the War Memorial or gaze on some mud-brick ' cathedral'. The only thing lacking to the traveller's comfort is a decent hotel. Indo-China covers a huge area, much of it is still almost unexplored, and travel everywhere, except along the railway-lines, is a little adventurous in spite of the excellent

roads. In the way of hotels one can hardly yet ask for more. In normal times the tourist traffic is, thank God, small, and would not justify big 'palaces', but the Hue' hotel is not up to the normal Indo-China standard. There is a fair hotel at Hanoi and two or three smaller ones that are quite comfortable. There is a very large and imposing hostelry at Siem-Riap, built and owned by the Government and leased to an enterprising *restaurateur.* In fact, the visitor to Angkor has a choice between this expensive place and two good but more modest inns and, after all, Angkor is the sight of Indo-China. There are one or two hotels in Saigon up to about the standard of the better places in Marseilles and at least one fairly good 'palace' in Phnompenh. I did not have to stay there, for I was lucky enough to be invited to spend my time at the 'Pavilion Bleu', the Government guest-villa. It was luxuriously comfortable, and I had a staff of well-trained Chinese and Cambodian servants to myself. In Indo-China, as in India, if you want to be well lodged you must contrive to get yourself asked to put up either as the guest of the Government or of the Princes.

On the north side of the Perfumed River (that cuts Hue' in two) you have the red-walled Citadel and the suburbs that have grown up around it; but the most agreeable part of the town is on the south side. It is a garden-city of shady streets, comfortable-looking European buildings, Annamese-style houses, and humbler dwellings all surrounded by trees and flowers. I would choose Phnompenh for a long stay, but, except that Hanoi is the place you must go to if you want to shop, Hue is undoubtedly the most attractive town in Indo-China. The nights are warm all the year round, and you rarely have the stifling heat of the south. The surrounding country is endlessly attractive.

The girls of Hue" pass for the prettiest among all the Annamese, and they are also cheerful and enterprising. Among the inhabitants of Annam's capital you find the nearest approach among the Annamese to Chinese composure and self-assurance. If you trundle round the dim, scented highways and byways in a rickshaw at night, you soon find yourself making a pair with another rickshaw that has glided silently out of the shadows and the graceful little figure bowling along beside you

will be most gracious, and even in a subdued Annamese way almost witty. It's all pretty civilized.

The Perfumed River is covered with sampans. Each carries a little matting cabin. You can hire one of these to sleep in for about sixpence. They are cool and comfortable and recommended to those who like to smoke opium without being disturbed or overlooked.

Anchored a little way up-stream is the double-decked State Barge of his late Majesty the Emperor Khai-Binh,[1] who died in 1926. The *Viit Lang* is a gorgeous affair of red lacquer and gilt, but the *Conqueror of the Waves* is no longer used. The present emperor, Bao-Bai, likes vol-planing better than lolling on a state barge, and he is the best bridge and poker player in his dominions. Guests do not have to try to lose. They lose without any courtier-like courtesy. In fact, many must feel like doing what I did not hesitate to dare once years ago at the country-house of King Alexander of Jugoslavia outside Belgrade. I decided that there was nothing for it but to have a violent attack of toothache and while his Majesty was chatting between the rubbers, I clambered out of the window, much to the astonishment of the Life Guards posted in the courtyard, but I did get away with the remains of my pocket-money and spent it in less exalted and more amusing company.

The Emperor Bao-Bai was sent to France when a boy and brought up in the family of a former Resident-General. The result of plunging an Asiatic Crown Prince into the orthodox republican and bourgeois society of France was curious. Certainly the mandarins of Hue' did not and do not entirely approve. It has taken them quite a long time to get used to an Emperor of Annam who plays golf, does setting-up exercises, and hares round the countryside hatless, clad in shorts and sweater at the wheel of a high-powered car.

Bao-Bai (the name means 'Protecting Greatness') is not the son of Khai-Binh's empresses, or of any of his subsidiary wives, but of a concubine of peasant birth; there are many who consider that his hereditary claim to the throne is slight. The Japanese kept for years in Tokyo a rival claimant and, of course, if Japanese ideas of legitimacy are applied to Annam a good

[1] Khai-Binh means ' Stability of Peace ',

many princes would have a better title to the sovereignty of the empire than the reigning monarch.

H.M. Bao-Dai is a well-set-up young man of about twenty-eight or so with a tendency to put on weight, and he has little of the late emperor's appearance, which Mr. Somerset Maugham, when he visited Hue, and saw Khai-Binh, thought 'incredibly distinguished'.

The Khai-Dinh Museum

Khai-Dinh built for himself a gorgeous but garish tomb inside which we may admire a more than life-size gilt bronze statue of the monarch, but it is unfair to Khai-Dinh's memory to visit his tomb after those of his ancestors. The late emperor left a more delicate memorial: the Museum that bears his name.

It is housed in the *Tdn-Tho-Vien* Palace, built as a cult temple in 1845 under the name of *Long-An-Bad-Binh* by the Emperor Thieu-Tri, on the banks of the Ngu-Ha canal that traverses Hue' Citadel. In 1909 the temple was rebuilt in its present position. It is a beautiful example of traditional Annamese temple architecture. Within, the supporting *Urn*-wood columns are incrusted with mother-of-pearl, and this inlay looks so much better when it is on a large scale with bold designs and great Chinese characters than when it is applied in a rather finicky finish to small objects and to furniture. The metallic hardness and polish of the *Urn*- wood and the iridescence of the shell is sumptuous. The formation of the museum collection is due principally to the efforts of the society known as *'Les Amis du Vieux Hue'*, whose indispensably valuable publications and monographs are a joy to all who seek to learn something of Little China.

The Emperor Khai-Binh gave the cult temple to house the collections that now are called after him. It has been sought to make them representative of the arts and crafts of Annam. The building has not been in any way modified and the raised estrade, about two and a half feet high, that fills three-quarters of the interior, has been kept in place. There are samples of all the handicrafts of Annam, but what is most attractive is the mass of pottery and porcelains. There are Han and Sung

wares from Bai-la, Bat-Trang, and Tho-Ho in Tongking, Sung and T'ang celadons from Lung-Tho, and from different localities in Thanh-hoa, there are teapots, bowls, dishes, pots, jars and vases, and a hundred other *bleus cTHue,* either made in Annam or imported from China, and it is amusing to try to guess the provenance. The kaolin and felspar of Little China are as good as those in the Great and the hands of the Annamese workmen are often as cunning as those that fashioned their models.

There is a show of imperial costumes of all sorts and for all occasions. They are, of course, quite indistinguishable from those of China in design and cut. The silk is magnificent, for the Annamese have always been remarkable silk-spinners and weavers. They expect their silk to stand up to almost any sort of usage and the cheap Japanese rubbish that now floods the market is a sore trial to them. I remember once seeing an Annamese girl scrubbing and thumping a gossamer-like tunic of pale green and silver. She was quite surprised that it emerged in shreds and patches from the bath. It was Japanese.

Thanh Minh

The Court Circular in the Indo-Chinese press is worthy of Old Russia. This is how the *Fete des Marts* is described:

'La fete de Thanh Minh (fete des morts et visite des tombeaux ancestraux) a ete celebre a la Cour selon les usages rituels. S.M. Bao-Dai, entouree des leurs Excellences les Ministres, s'est rendue au tombeau de son pere, S.M. Khai-Dinh. Le Souverain a quitte la Cite Interdite en partant de la porte Ngo-Mon, sauie' par des coups de canon et est arrive au tombeau de S.M. Khai-Binh ou il a passe dans le recueillement toute la journee du 5, et la nuit pour cetebrer la ce're'monie rituelle le 6 des Taube. S.M. la Reine-Mere a passe" egalement la nuit au tombeau imperial et a rendu hommage au manes de l'Auguste Defunt apres que l'Empereur eut officii avec sa Cour.

' A 8 heures, S.M. l'Imperatrice Nam-Phuong conduisante S.A.I. Bao-Long, Prince Heritier, est arrivee a son tour pour proc6der au meme geste pieux. Le petit Prince s'est inclin6

devant la tablette de S.M. Khai-Binh. Les delegu& de Sa Majeste" ont officie dans tous les autres tombeaux impe>iaux et les diverses ceremonies sont terminees avec le retour de Leurs Majest6s et de S.A.I, au Palais Imperial le 6 avril a 10 heures.'

The Third Republic was nothing if not respectful of its puppet royalties.

The Imperial City

Most of the buildings in Hue" are not a hundred and fifty years old. They either date from the early years of the last century or were then rebuilt and embellished. Gia-Long remodelled his capital, just as the Emperor Yung-Lu rebuilt Peking. You can find little in the northern capital that is more than five hundred years old. So fixed and rigid has been the Chinese architectural tradition that you cannot by its appearance alone set any certain age to a Chinese or Annamese edifice of the classical type. Funeral monuments especially were so strictly subjected to the rules and regulations of geomancy and astrology that there is rarely any departure from an ancient norm that enables you to date them with any accuracy. The Chinese architectural tradition became hundreds of years ago as fixed as that of, say, Russian ikon-painting. Whereas in costume and in literature, in ceramics and in bronze, in precious stones and in wood, in lacquer and in painting, fashion followed fashion with striking originality and invention of detail, expression, inspiration, and content, the architectural canons remained as fixed as those of calligraphy. The Chinese have always built mostly in perishable materials, such as wood and brick (when stone was used the same conservatism was displayed, the fourteenth-century walls and gateways of the Ho citadel in Thanh-hoa are pure Han in inspiration and execution), so that they had to rebuild and restore continually and in so doing followed faithfully the old models. The main architectural monuments of remote antiquity in a land of ancient and continued civilization are the tumulus tombs and the rock sanctuaries which have defied the decay that has eaten away all the wooden temples, palaces, pleasure pavilions, and public buildings of past centuries.

The Imperial City

The Imperial City lies within dull red brick walls, built to French plan in the early years of the last century, so that it is, as seen from without, a Sino-Annamese edition of a Vauban fortress. What is now usually called the Citadel of Hue' is divided, like its Chinese counterpart, into three: there is the *Kinh-thdnh,* or Capital City, within which dwell many of the officials of the Court and a mass of lesser folk; then, the *Hodng-thdnh,* or Imperial City, that comprises the palaces, gardens, offices, and temples of the Imperial Court; and, lastly, there is the *Tu^y-6dm-thdnh,*[1] or Purple Forbidden City, that is the actual residence of the sovereign, and into this sacred enclosure strangers may not penetrate.

On the great esplanade within the walls of the Capital City are the buildings of *the Qu6c-tu'-gidm* college, the *Tdn-Thd'-Vien* library, the Khai-Binh museum. On the right, as you face the entrance to the Imperial City, is the *Co'-mdt* Palace, where the Cabinet holds its meetings. On either side, also, are the buildings of the seven ministries.

The triple-doored gateway into the *Hodng-thdnh* bears, like its counterpart in Peking, the name of *Ngp-M6n* (or Bull Gate, a name suggestive of the Go-puram of India). It is surmounted by a loggia called the Belvedere of the Five Phoenixes, of pleasingly Louis XVI-chinoiserie appearance. Its great yellow-tiled roof is rather dull, but the whole thing makes a brave show, especially when it is enlivened by the colour of an imperial procession.

Right opposite to you, as you enter the Ngo-M6n, across the three bridges that span an oblong basin known as the ' Great Water', and at the far side of a broad esplanade, lies the *Thai-Hoa,* or ' Absolute Concord' Palace, whose long mass hides the *Cdn-chdnh* Palace behind. In the *Thdi-Hba* Palace is the public throne-room, where the Emperor gives audience. It is empty, save for the throne and before and below it a great table supporting a huge bronze incense-burner. The roof is held up by eighty columns of /xw-wood carved in high relief and lacquered scarlet and gold. Behind the *Thdi-Hoa* is the portico known as the Golden Gate leading to the *Cdn-chdnh* Palace, or *Bai-cung,* that is, Great Mansion. To the right of this is a

[1] **An example of Sino-Annamese pronunciation: Chinese Tso-kin-Ch'eng.**

building or gallery used as a dining-room when the Emperor receives European guests. The west side bears the name of the Propylaea of the Splendours of the Moon, and the east side that of the Propylaea of the Glory of the Sun. Beyond is the Purple[1] Forbidden City.

To the west and the east of the first esplanade before the *ThcU-Hoa* Palace are the Palace of the Spirits of the Six Emperors, the Temple of Generations, the Temple to the father of the Emperor Gia-Long, and the Nine Dynastic Urns varying in size from six to seven feet and in weight from two to three tons. They were cast in 1835.

With the sacred cauldrons are linked in a mysterious but imperative way the fortunes of the dynasty. The First Emperor of China and his Han successors were never able to recover from the river the dynastic tripods which the last Chou rulers had confided to the spirits of the waters, and one of the most impressive pieces of early Chinese sculpture represents a scene of the ineffectual fishing.

The ancestors of the imperial line are commemorated in two temples: one, the *Thien-Miiu,* dedicated to Nguyen Due, the First Ancestor of the present reigning house, under his posthumous name of *Trieu-to-tinh Hoang B4* (so that he is considered an emperor who was but a village headman). The other is the *Thdi-Mieu* shrine erected in 1803 to the nine Chua Nguyen, who were Lords of Cochin-China (that is, the present-day Annam) from the sixteenth century to the end of the eighteenth.

The Roads of the Steppes

It was the ever-increasing desiccation of the lands to the north-west and the wild tribes of savage nomads who spread because of the shrinkage of cultivable land, that secured the seclusion of China. Neolithic sites in the north of the country reveal the remains of warmth- and moisture-loving beasts, such as water-deer, who could not possibly live there to-day. During Shang times elephants certainly and rhinoceri possibly were hunted in Northern Honan.

[1] Purple in this sense has nothing to do with our imperial colour. In Chinese the Pole Star is known as *Tseu-Wei~smg,* that is, 'Purple Myrtle Star'; the Pole Star is the symbol of the Sole Ruler or Emperor.

The existence of the Gobi Desert between Outer Mongolia (the region of the Baikal forests as well as of the Orkhon and Kerulen steppes) and Inner Mongolia (that is, the land of the Ala-Shan, Ordos, Chahar, and Jehol steppes) has been the main hindrance to the survival of any Turko-Mongol empire.

North of the Barbarian Way and along it the confusion of peoples is and has been for ages, great. What is Turk and what is Mongol, and how each has influenced the other are questions of almost inextricable complexity. For instance, at the present time, a Turki-speaking people—the Yakuts—live in the far north-west, north of the Tungus. The Yakuts may, however, have migrated so far north in comparatively recent times. They are probably natives of the Lake Baikal region.

What is, nevertheless, clear in all this confusion, is that the Turki, Mongol, and Tungus languages (the ' Altaic' group) are allied, although they must have become differentiated long ago. It also appears to be certain that these tongues have no clear connexion with the Finno-Ugrian and Samoyed groups, although they were formerly all classed together under the general designation of ' Uralo-Altaic ', It may well be that, after a period of differentiation in separated areas, the Turki, Mongol, and Tungus languages influenced each other in circumstances of renewed contact.

Prince Millet

In an interesting summary of our knowledge concerning Chinese origins published in 1939 as a supplement to the Journal of the American Oriental Society, Dr. Carl Whiting Bishop discusses the origin of early Chinese cultivated plants. He says: 'Millet, rice and sorghum ("kao-ling" or "giant millet") came from India, just as did sugar-cane and cotton later on. Wheat reached China, about the beginning of her belated Bronze Age, from the west/

Now, according to Vavilov and his fellow-workers, the six main areas of plant-crop origin are:

(1) A region probably between the Hindu Kush and the Himalayas: bread wheats, small-seeded types of flax and leguminous plants, Old World cottons, turnips, carrots, apricots, and peaches.

(2) Around the Mediterranean shores: hard wheats, large-seeded flax and leguminous plants, beets, olives, and figs.
(3) Abyssinia: ordinary barleys, emmer (probably), certain beans and forage plants.
(4) South-eastern Asia: hull-less barleys, millet, soy-bean, and many fruit trees.
(5) The Philippines: possibly the original home of rice.
(6) The Americas: maize, potatoes, tobacco, New World cottons, etc.

The results of genetical research do not seem, therefore, entirely to support all Dr. Bishop's conclusions.

The earliest civilization of which we have certain knowledge, in China, is a millet civilization. The character for this cereal was, in its earliest form, the picture of a hand grasping a plant. *Tsih*, that is, millet, seems also to have designated a plant-demon. The legendary ancestor of the Chou, Trince Millet' (and not the 'Millet Prince' or the Trince of the Millet') had a very totemistic-looking name. There seems no valid reason for postulating the Indian origin of the plant. There is also no evidence either that rice was derived from India. There seems, in the present state of our information, no reason to exclude the Chinese South and Indo-China from the regions where rice has been cultivated from remote times.

Statements concerning the Indian origin of Chinese domestic fowls and water-buffalo do not seem more convincing. If they are not indigenous to Northern China then their line of importation was more likely from the south. The remains of domestic fowl have not yet been identified in Neolithic sites, but they are found in abundance in Shang excavations. It is true that jungle-fowl, the wild ancestors of the domestic forms, do not occur, and perhaps never occurred, in historic times, in China proper, but they are found in Indo-China, where also the wild buffalo are probably the forerunners of the tame breeds that play such an important part in the economy of both Great and Little China.

It is most probable that certain fundamental techniques (e.g. bronze, traction-plough, war-chariot, potter's wheel) reached China from the West. The ox, the sheep, and the horse may have come from over the steppes, but this is about all that we can, with certainty, say for the present.

The instruments of music with the tiger-piano.
(Page 223)

What we know of the earlier phase of the Chinese language is scratched on the oracle bones and incised on bronze objects, for all other materials suitable for writing, if they ever existed, have long since perished. Now, Chinese writing, from its nature, is a poor instrument for tracing the history of the spoken language. The written ideograms have remained almost unaltered for the last two thousand years, that is to say, ever since the invention of hair-brushes and the use of paper. From earlier times we have a series of forms enabling us to trace many of the characters still in use to the inscriptions of early Shang times (that is to say, to about the middle of the second millennium B.C.). As long ago as this, Chinese writing, although clearly pictographic, was by no means primitive. It was already the complicated machine for the .expression of a developed language of civilization.

The labours of a number of scholars (among whom Karlgren and Henri Maspero stand out) have resulted in the reconstitution, with a fairly satisfactory degree of accuracy, of the Chinese spoken language in the sixth and seventh centuries of our era. There seems to have occurred between these two periods a very considerable simplification in pronunciation. For instance :

	Modern pronunciation:	sixth century:	seventh century:
'fall'	fu	b'jiuk	vuk
'divide'	fen	pjuen	fu£n
'punish'	fa	b'j^{w}at	v^{w}at

The pronunciation of the sixth century looks thoroughly archaic. That of the seventh begins to seem not unlike the southern dialects of modern times or some of the earlier loan-words in Annamese.

The sound of spoken Chinese, however, especially that of the north, is now very different from that of the seventh century. No doubt, had there been, in so static a civilization as the Chinese, any means of phonetic transcription, the wearing down and the decay of the spoken word would have been slowed up considerably if not altogether arrested.

A good deal has been done towards the reconstruction of the spoken word as it was in the third century B.C., though the results are not as reliable as those for the language of a

thousand years later. The spoken Chinese of just before the founding of the united empire is, however, if more archaic, definitely the same language as that used ten centuries later. Therefore it is inherently probable that from early Chou times until the present day the language of China has not changed in its essence.

As far as word sequence (and consequently 'grammar', if one can apply that concept to the Chinese language) is concerned, the language of the early oracle-bones and of the Shang dynasty bronzes is undoubtedly Chinese. The fact that the Chou invaders used the Shang script in exactly the same way as the Shang does not prove, of course, either that the Chou were 'Chinese' or Chinese-speaking (in fact, they may have been, as far as speech went, a sort of proto-Turks), but they had most probably been influenced by Shang culture before their conquest. It is therefore not improbable that at least the ruling caste of the Chou rapidly became Chinese in speech and letter. What the mass of the people spoke in these early times we have no means of guessing, but perhaps even under the Shang the common people had their own dialects, just as the English had under the Normans.

The relations of the Chinese language lie (at least to-day) all towards the south. ' Altaic' (i.e. Tungus, Mongol, and Turki), Korean, Japanese, and Ryu-kyu, and even Indonesian and Polynesian may all be remotely allied with extensive mutual borrowings (although the parallels that can at present be established relate almost entirely to religious terms). Chinese has, however, nothing visibly to do with these. It is the most important member of what, somewhat infelicitously, is called the Indo-Chinese family. This body of speech falls into two main groups: Tibeto-Burman, on the one hand (including a number of obscure Himalayan' tongues), and the Thai languages (of which Siamese is the best known) and Chinese on the other.

Thai and Chinese, as far as we can judge, for the material for reconstructing early Thai is lacking, are in their origins very closely allied, although they have diverged widely and have known very differing fortunes. Comparisons are hazardous, since for none of the group except, of course, Chinese itself, do we possess documents of great antiquity.

It is, nevertheless, not improbable that the dispersal centre of all the 'Indo-Chinese' languages must be sought somewhere in the great mountain mass of Central Asia. The intrusion of the Burman and Thai speakers into geographical Indo-China is a comparatively recent phenomenon, and it seems clear that in the past the Thai-speakers spread over much of what is now South-western China, What is the relation, if any, of the speech of the Miao-tse to the Thai-Chinese group is not clear, but it looks as though the present-day Miao-tse are the shrunken remnants of a people that once spread far and wide south of the Yang-tse' before the big Chinese push to the south caused the assimilation of many of the tribes in those parts.

What, of course, we should like to know is to what extent early Chinese differed from early Thai. It has been maintained by some scholars (e.g. Erkes) without much evidence that the speech of the southern 'Chinese' land of Ch'u, that was one of the states into which the Chou feudal realm broke up, remained Thai until Han times.

Nothing is more delicate than an attempt to estimate the extent of interaction between related languages. An example (though not a parallel) that may throw some light on Thai-Chinese relations is afforded by a language whose long history we know fairly well. The Hamitic (e.g. modern Berber and Swahili) and the Semitic (e.g. Arabic, classical Hebrew, and Phoenician) languages are clearly, although remotely, connected with each other. The language of Ancient Egypt shows a puzzling likeness to both Hamitic and Semitic. The explanation of this state of things is probably that at the time of the differentiation from the Hamito-Semitic *Ursprache,* the speech of the Nile Valley people followed the tendencies of the Hamitic branch and that, then, many centuries later, Ancient Egyptian was profoundly modified by the impact of speech that had become Semitic. There are, thus, in Ancient Egyptian, two strata belonging essentially to the same family, but at different stages of development.

In all consideration of the development of the Chinese language we must bear in mind that no classical text of Chinese, if read aloud, is intelligible, not only on account of the abundance of homophones, but also because of the extreme conciseness and terseness of the phraseology. Admittedly, in earlier

times, there were fewer words pronounced alike, but it seems likely that at all times of which we have record the number of homophones must have been very great, so that it is doubtful if the written language in any of its classical forms was ever unequivocally clear when pronounced. If this is true, then there must have been from very early times a considerable divergence between the spoken and the written language. There has been throughout the history of Chinese a slow but constant movement of the written word towards greater precision, and for centuries past Chinese has been one of the most clear of written tongues, even in its scholarly form. In popular speech and writing, however, Chinese has become practically a polysyllabic language.

The Burning of the Books

In 213 B.C. the First Emperor ordered the Great Burning of the Books. In theory, at least, all the books in the empire, save those dealing with what were held to be the useful arts and crafts, were destroyed. The imperial library alone was spared and one copy of each book was supposed there to have been preserved. In the troubles that followed the fall of the Ch'in dynasty the imperial palace was burned down and with it perished the library. We must, therefore, regard as suspect all the stories about discoveries of books in later times miraculously sheltered in tombs or bricked up in walls. That a few should have escaped the general holocaust is not impossible, but when one reflects that the books were scratched on bamboo slats, a most highly perishable material, and that the Chinese have apparently always been as expert forgers and 'restorers' as they are to-day, we must conclude that, with some exceptions, the early literature of China must be held not, perhaps, to be entirely forged, but to have been much modified and altered, both in form and in content. The Burning of the Books profoundly influenced the evolution of Chinese culture, for had not the old literature been destroyed it would have been difficult, if not impossible, for the literati under the Han emperors to have fabricated the highly stylized and classicized presentment of Chou civilization and practice that became the foundation for the later Chinese pattern of

comportment in literature, in art, and in life and government. There is no doubt a great deal to be learnt from the earlier literature of the 'Warring States' (the long period of troubles that went before the triumph of the First Emperor and his New Order)—and the literary remains we have, dealing with philosophy and art, may well be much more reliable than those devoted to the matters of government, ritual, and administration, but in no case can we be sure that we are dealing with things as they were originally written, except when we have to do with inscriptions on metal.

Shang-ti and Tien

After the Chou[1] conquest, when the pattern of Chinese civilization was being plaited, there was woven into the pantheon a number of divinities of varied origins and sometimes of overlapping attributions. Of these two stand out. Shang-ti and T'ien. The latter is 'Heaven'. He appears to have been the chief deity of the Chou themselves, as Shang-ti had been of the later Shang. The codifiers set about equating gods (as was done between Greece and Rome) and Shang-ti and T'ien were merged into one. After the word 'Ti' had become part of the imperial title in the time of the First Emperor we hear rather less of Shang-ti. The phrase seems undoubtedly to mean 'Supreme Ancestor', and the oldest inscriptions give the form of the *HV* ideogram as that of a crowned human figure with great, pendant genitals, for all the world a wooden image of the fetish type, such as is still common to-day in New Guinea and in many other regions. The fact that human sacrifices seem to have been offered up to Shang-ti after he had risen to be a God of Heaven may indicate that he had originally a chthonic character, for human sacrifices are associated with the cult of an earth-goddess and the vegetation spirits of her realm. All over the world there appears to be a connexion between the earth deity and the cult of the dead. In early China capital punishment may well have been regarded as a sacrifice to earth also conceived as a goddess of war, and

[1] The earlier home of the Chou people seems to have been around the valley of the King River. That of the Ch'in group, who later through their rulers were to dominate the whole country, was probably somewhat farther to the west, along the course of the Wei River.

those slain in battle counted as sacrificial victims. In early Shang times the earth goddess seems to have been also a goddess of death. Some or all of her attributes may, however, have passed to Shang-ti before the fall of the Shang.

Many hundreds of Shang skeletons have now been recovered from the cemeteries near An-Yang, and of these human remains over a thousand are obviously of sacrificial victims (although, perhaps, in some cases also prisoners of war). In every case the heads are separated from the bodies and in most cases buried apart. In graves opened in 1935 there are, for instance, ten skeletons, headless, buried in an oblong pit, and ten heads (in many cases with the cervical vertebrae indicating removal from the rest of the body before the disappearance of the soft parts) buried in a square pit. Both series were arranged in regular rows and, up to now, all the discoveries made of sacrificial victims are grouped in tens or multiples of ten. This number seems, from several indications, to have had a sacred significance for the Shang.

Shang and Chou graves are all directed towards the north—a breach with Neolithic practice, and prone burial (as far as we as yet know unique) was often practised in Shang times, although by no means all the dead were buried on their bellies. As far as Shang interments go, there have been found up to the present time no traces of coffins, although some of the bones seem to bear traces of matting impressions, and there is reason to think from this and from evidence of the ideograms that in Shang times bodies were wrapped about in mats, as in so many parts of Indonesia.

In an illuminating article by Eduard Erkes in *Toung Pao*, Vol. XXXV, the interborrowings and transformations of cults and divinities are dealt with. The study called 'The God of Death in Ancient China' may be questionable in some of its tentative conclusions and interpretations that may have to be modified in the light of further excavations and discoveries, but a short resume of it is not out of place.

Before they overthrew the Shang, the Chou seem to have reverenced a Hell-god called Yu-pei or the 'Ruler of the North', for like most northern peoples[1] the Chou situated their

[1] As an example of the 'northern' character of some early Chinese cults and of the primitive and lasting importance of shamanesses and priestesses in the country, Erkes traces some phases of the Se-Ming cult. In quite

nether-world in the cold and dark boreal regions. (We shall see when we come to watch the imperial obsequies at Hue in Annam that a black 'Ruler of the North', whose emblem is a tortoise, still figures in the pantheon of the official spirits of Little China). Middle China (the region of the later State of Ch'i[1] whose language, customs, and traditions differed from early times there seem to have existed two rather mysterious divinities known respectively as the Ta Se-Ming and the Shao Se-Ming, that is, the Great and the Little Ruler of Destiny. It may be that very far back a Divine Quality (i.e. Destiny or Fate) was hypostatized or lifted from T'ien or Shang-Ti and became a subordinate god as the Ruler of the Destiny of Heaven. The Se-Ming cult is especially attested for the State of Ch'u (always, as we have seen, different from the other Chinese lands). The cult songs that the Shaman girls there sang in honour of the God have been preserved although, of course, we do not know with what degree of accuracy and authenticity. As far as we can reconstruct them the 'northern' or even 'sub-polar' character of these shamanistic stances was striking. The girls were gaudily dressed, heavily drenched with perfume and drugged—probably with hemp—the better to facilitate their union with the god. Both the posturing of the dances and the words of the odes (which, like many ancient religious songs, take the form of a dialogue between the God and his Minister) were highly erotic and designed to induce the God to descend and unite himself with his priestesses who gradually fell into a trance-like state held to be propitious for coupling with the Deity.

We are a long way here from the imposing, austere, and ordered cults of official and classical China.

[1] The culture of the State of Ch'i (in the old north-east of China, roughly the modern Shantung, where the inhabitants were for centuries regarded as barbarians) differed also, for long and in important respects, from that of the rest of China. There was more stock-raising in Ch'i than elsewhere, a higher developed pottery technique (the origins of which may perhaps be sought in the 'Black Pottery' of Neolithic times), and the people of Ch'i admitted several wives of equal rank. The practice of the rest of China, which afterwards became that of the whole unified empire, was the rule of one legitimate spouse, and concubines whose offspring were legitimate. Inheritance in Ch'i was established through daughters. There was a Levirate law of sister-in-law marriage. Endogamy was the rule as opposed to the strict exogamy of the Chinese proper among whom in classical times (that is during the early Han and in the centuries immediately preceding their rule) the rule was established, and has survived to this day, both in Great China and in Little China, that marriage between persons of the same surname, even when no remotely traceable consanguinity is known, is strictly forbidden. Such unions, if ever made, would be regarded as incestuous and would arouse in the minds of the traditional Chinese the same instinctive repulsion as a union which would be regarded as incestuous by us. In Ch'i it was the eldest daughter who became the acting *de facto* and cult head of the family on her father's death. In this practice there must be a survival of matrilineal descent culture. This does not, of course, mean that we have here a proof of a former matriarchal system, but, as we have seen, in Neolithic times, North China society had a distinctly feminine cast. In Ch'i, also, ornamental ancestor figures (essentially similar in use to those still found in many parts of the world, including Indonesia and Oceania) and not merely ancestral tablets (as in the rest of China) were set up, and the north-east was also, if not the home of the great god Shang-ti, at least a region in which he was especially reverenced and in which he assumed many of his potent and majestic attributes.

Eberhard and some other German scholars have been inclined to see in

those of the rest of the country well into Han times) appears to have had its own God of the Dead called T'u-po (that is, the Lord or Old One of the Earth). T'u-po seems to have retained until comparatively late times the half therio- and half anthropomorphic character of the early Chinese deities. He was, in fact, an animal god (probably of totemistic origin) slowly assuming human shape. Such evolution is generally gradual although it may be jostled along by assimilation to other deities or by artistic convention.

The Shang, as we have seen, considered the Earth Goddess as the Lady of Death, although in later Shang times Shang-ti takes over the Earth Goddess's rule of Hell.

These confused, complicated, and immensely antique beliefs in transformed and often unrecognizable form have survived under the imposing classical finish of China until modern times.

Sacred Dogs[1]

There are plenty of traces of dog totems and dog sacrifices in Ancient China and they can be compared with the dog cult of the Miao and Yao in south-western China and northern Indo-China. The character for 'dog' which appears in the Chinese ideograms for nearly all the primitive peoples of the West has, no doubt, in its origin nothing pejorative about it, but is a totemistic sign. Professor Koppers has dealt with an

the people of Ch'i, a 'proto-Tungus' group whose distant but more or less undifferentiated relatives may well have been the savage Jung tribes who overran and destroyed the first Chou realm in the eighth century before our era.

[1] For primitive men, animals appear in many respects to be superior creatures. Fish can live in the waters. Birds can fly high up in the air. Snakes can wriggle fast where no man may follow. Beasts are not, nevertheless, thought to differ in any essential way from men, who are linked to them in many respects. But there is, in animals, something almost superhuman (and therefore 'divine'), so that they tend to be the chosen representatives of gods. Hence we have zoomorphic gods. The main end and object of animal worship is, however, the obtaining of the essence or manifest power of the beasts, which essence is the cause of their semi-divine character. Totemism postulates the descent of tribes from animal ancestors. At the root, however, of these animal cults we find very little of the numinous or religious in our sense. Totemism is a social system to confer upon man the mystic power that resides in beasts. The early Chinese appear to have been definitely totemistic and ancestor worship is as old as themselves. Among the early totems was the elephant, and this may point to southern influences, although, as has already been said, elephants seem to have been found wild during Shang times in the Yellow River region.

aspect of the question in an elaborate study called *The Girl and the Dog,* although not all his conclusions, perhaps, will find universal acceptance. The whole dog totem complex is linked up with reincarnation beliefs that are widely spread in the sub-arctic culture zones where the Nether World is ruled by a female divinity. Dog sacrifice occurs in connexion with parturition ceremonies and the role of the dog as a Leader of Souls, so frequent in circumpolar cultures, would seem to be a later development. In China the record has been preserved that in the State of Ch'in[1] (the most northerly as well as the most westerly of the old succession states of the early Chou realm), dog sacrifice was performed for the first time in 675 B.C. The beasts were slain and then quartered, one quarter being offered up at each of the four city gates. It is interesting to note that the use of dog as food (not uncommon all over China) is particularly common in the south-west. Puppy hams are a great delicacy of Yunnan and young dogs fed on rice and weaned from flesh food are highly esteemed by the Annamese. The dogs we know were kept by the Neolithic inhabitants of northern China may have been used for food, and the custom of eating their flesh may have survived long after their totemistic and holy character had been forgotten except among lowly and primitive tribes of the interior.

The sphere of Chinese civilization widened in middle Chou times from Shensi (central town Sianfu) and Honan to districts beyond the Han River (an affluent of the Yang-tse) and southwards to the Blue River itself. But as the area became larger the Chou feudalism gradually crumbled to bits. The old chariotry gave way to mounted bowmen—imitated from the northern nomads whose age-old tactics were to burst on to the world with the shock of novelty when the mounted archers of the Mongols overran Eurasia in a few years. A money economy replaced land-ownership and slave labour. At least in early Chou times there was a rigid social distinction between gentlemen' and 'common people'. In this organization it is possible but by no means necessary that we should recognize class founded on the imposition of a conquering minority on to a conquered majority. The aristocratic organization

[1] In North-western Ch'in, the hereditary realm of the First Emperor, old ways, including human sacrifice, lingered late.

weakened progressively until it finally disappeared in Han times. For two thousand years China has known no privilege save those based on learning, office, or wealth.

We know really very little about the life of Chou China.[1] In fact, from many points of view, the conditions of existence under the Shang are more real for us. Of the trade, land tenure system, taxation, and legal organization of Chou China we have few ideas. The little we do know has been admirably summed up by Waley in his *Three Ways of Thought in Ancient China:* the ancient Chinese were agriculturists and not dairymen (this seems to point to southern influence), they drove horses but, until about 300 B.C., they did not ride them. They used oxen to draw carts but, before 200 B.C., not for ploughing. They were patrilineal and they tended to foster the clan and the family at the expense of other groups (in these matters the modern Chinese are the true descendants of their Chou forerunners). They were ancestor-worshippers whose whole economy was bound up with the need for obtaining exotic substances (e.g. jade[2]) used in the cult of the dead.

Why these exotic substances were needed, unless the cults in which they figured arose or developed in lands where such substances were easily obtainable, is not clear.

Nam-Giao

The High Place built by the Emperor Gia-Long in 1802 (when he decided to retain Hue as his capital of all the Annamese lands and to perform in the old city of the Nguyen princes

[1] The change-over to iron apparently took place in China about the middle of the first millennium B.C., but it was complete only after the beginning of our era. In the peripheral regions, such as Korea, Japan, and Annam, iron came into use only during the first century A.D.

[2] Fragments of jade (or serpentine) rings were found by Andersson in the Æneolithic (that is, showing a mixture of both bronze and stone industries) cemeteries of Kansu, and by Shang times ritual jade had become abundant. The Chinese lump together under the name of 'yii' a variety of substances—jadeites, nephrites, pagodites, etc.—and of these nephrites seem to have been the most often employed in historic times. They have not, however, been found in China itself, but in the Baikal region of Siberia, in Turkestan, Tibet, Burma, and Khotan. Some authorities, however, including Pelliot, think that jade may anciently have been worked in China and that the deposits became exhausted in early Han times. On the whole, nevertheless, it seems probable that from the very beginning of their recorded civilization the Chinese imported jade as one of those exotic substances of which they had an imperious need for ritual purposes.

the Sacrifices to Heaven and Earth that had, hitherto, been the prerogative of the kings in northern Tongking) is enclosed by a rectangular walled temenos which is bordered within by a grove of high trees. They have been, and are, planted by the principal families of the realm. To have a tree at the *Nam-Giao* is, for an Annamese house, a patent of nobility. It is like having one's coat of arms in the *Sola dos Brazoes* at Cintra or on the Garter Stalls at Windsor.

In the centre of the enclosure are.three terraces, each set within and above the other. The two lower are square and the uppermost is circular. The whole place is but a slightly modified and smaller edition of the *Nan-Kiao* in Peking, the Altar of Heaven that Yung-Lu built at the beginning of the fifteenth century.

The south is the propitious direction *par excellence* and its ritual colour is red. In the Confucian writings it is stated that an altar should be set up towards the south in order that the region of the *Yang* or male principle, that of Heaven, may be thereby symbolized.

When an auspicious date for the sacrifice has been determined by the Court astrologers, the Imperial Proclamation is affixed to the walls of the Edicts Pavilion within the citadel of Hue', In 1939 it ran:

> 'The Emperor of Annam commands that the sacrifices offered up in honour of Heaven and Earth shall take place in the Southern Suburb[1] on 14th April. The officiants and co-celebrants must fast for three days before the solemn ceremony in order to purify themselves and, so that they may be fit to perform the duties imposed upon them by the Regulations concerning Rites, they must practice chastity. Respect to the Imperial Edict/

About a month before the day set for the ceremony, an Imperial delegate reads aloud, at midnight, on the second or Earth Terrace, a Rescript announcing to heaven and to earth that upon such and such a day his Master will offer up to them the ritual sacrifices. The tablet upon which the proclamation is inscribed is then solemnly burned.

Some weeks before the ceremony the ritual victims are

[1] That is the meaning of the words *Nam-Giao.*

chosen. These should consist of buffaloes, goats, and pigs, but with each triennial celebration fewer and fewer beasts are slaughtered.[1] The offerings made within the sacred tabernacle consist of two pieces of jade, one symbolizing Heaven and the other Earth (the *p'i* and the *ts'ung),* three bolts each of red, blue, and yellow silk, betel, rice, alcohol, flowers, and beeswax candles.

The Chinese Emperors sacrificed to Heaven[2] (at the Altar in the south-east of the Chinese city in Peking) at the winter solstice, to Earth (at the Altar of Earth to the north-east just outside the walls of the Tartar city) at the summer solstice and to the Imperial Ancestors during the first month of spring. In Annam, the combined sacrifice to Heaven, to Earth, and to the Imperial Ancestors is generally held, as in 1939, some time in April.

Procession

On the morning of 13th April 1939 we had to be on the north side of the Perfumed River by six o'clock. No one, apparently, had gone to bed the night before. The streets were crowded with slender little Annamese in their black turbans, tunics, and white trousers. Pretty girls in multi-coloured robes mingled with them. The wayside altars set under red canopies wafted clouds of aloes-wood and benzoin incense around our heads. The whole town was gay with bunting, flags, and paper streamers imprinted with messages of good omen. At each corner of the anachronistically-named Clemenceau Bridge stood, slowly swaying from side to side, a huge elephant covered with gold and red harness and long howdah cloths embroidered with dragons. 'These elephants are of a prodigious bigness, neither are there any so tall nor so nimble in any part of Asia.'

[1] Tavernier says: ' It is almost incredible what a vast quantity of sacrifices the King sends to the Temple of his false Gods, to be there offer'd to the Idols/ and talks of 100,000 beasts at one time!

[2] The Chinese sacrifice to Heaven was, of course, like that of Annam, performed under a tabernacle erected for the ceremony over the uppermost circular terrace of the Altar of Heaven. It seems to be widely held that the ceremonies took place in the open air. December 21st in Peking is hardly the time of year to spend the night out of doors. The best description and explanation of the Chinese ceremonies is in de Groot's *Universismus* (Berlin, 1916).

Within the dull red walls of the citadel the outermost gate of the Imperial City gives on to a vast esplanade. The *Ngg-Mon* formed a good drop-scene for the interminable cortege that was already drawn up in a long line to the right and to the left, leaving only a free space before the Bull Gate.

In the brilliant morning sunshine there they were, lines and lines of soldiers, standard-bearers, dancers, musicians, mandarins, carriers of the portable altars . . . a dazzling mass of reds, yellows, blues, and greens with every here and there a yellow umbrella or an astrological flag showing above the mass. There were mandarins in multi-coloured and gold embroideries, black dragon-fly wing hats and curly-tipped boots, soldiers in scarlet and yellow wearing limpet-shaped helmets, dancers in dark blue and pale green carrying lanterns and garlanded with flowers, the bearers of the banners of the Planets, of the Sun, of the Moon, and of the Constellations, the carriers of hundreds of many-hued streamers hanging from long poles, generals in green and violet brocade mounted on shaggy little Phu-yen ponies; the bearers of the Imperial Flabelli, of the Table of the Wine of Felicity, of the Chair of the Nine Dragons, of the Symbols of the Sun, of the Seven Stars, of the Great Bear, of the Clouds, Rain, Wind, Thunder, Years and Months, Terrestrial and Celestial Genii, of the Mountains and Hills, of the Sea, of the Rivers and Lakes, and of the Nocturnal Light.

When a salute of nine guns announced that the Sovereign had set out from his Palace within the Forbidden City, the heralds shouted in high-pitched ritual voices down long, curved, bronze trumpets such as the lamas use in Tibetan temples. The drums rolled, and, in antiphony, the gongs gave out their throbbing notes.

Then, to the sound of lithophones and bronze bells, there came through the *Ngg-Mon* soldiers in red and gold, the bearers of the Tables of the Cult, five imperial litters, a general in richly embroidered tunic, horses from the imperial stables shaded under yellow parasols, the gong-bearers, standards, the Precious Jade, the Characters of Good Augury. Next emerged the portable table on which were displayed the sacrificial ceremonial robes of the Emperor. The bench was carried by six men and shaded with two yellow parasols. Following was

the imperial gilt palanquin, four ranks of guards bearing the Emperor's own ceremonial objects—incense burners, lanterns, swords, and halberds—then the Imperial Coach guarded by twenty soldiers and drawn by eight horses, the Imperial Chair, more tables, more ceremonial robes and then, at last, the Imperial Litter[1] of black lacquer with gilt *appliques.* In it sits the Emperor, clad entirely in yellow silk robes, his head swathed in a yellow turban.

After the Emperor come the Princes of the Blood, the Court Mandarins, and the other officials in rickshaws, then the Governor-General and his suite in motor cars—an anachronistic touch. The procession to the right had moved on as the imperial cortege emerged from the Bull Gate. The ranks on the left now closed in. More and more banners, little boy dancers in blue carrying flower-lanterns and looking very Indonesian—a vision rather of Bali than Peking. The long, scintillating, glittering procession wound slowly towards the Southern Suburb.

We cut across the esplanade, got through one of the gates in the citadel wall near the *Cavalier du Roy'* crossed the River of Perfumes on a sampan, found our car, and moving in and out of garden-bordered shady back streets got to the little platform we had set up on the Nam-Giao road outside the bungalow belonging to the *Ecole Franpaise d'Extreme Orient.*

The cortege of over two thousand people takes more than two hours to get to the Altar of Heaven through the narrow, crowded, tree-bordered roads that wind up from the southern side of the river.

The Emperor makes, of course, no motion or movement to his people. Cheering is unknown in the East and it is only within quite recent times that the people in Annam have been permitted to gaze upon the visages of their sovereigns. Until the fall of the Empire in 1911, the Emperors of China proceeded to their place of sacrifice through emptied streets.

By ten o'clock the sovereign had reached the Nam-Giao, whose rectangular wall is pierced with a gate at each of the cardinal points. Each gate is adorned with banners of the

[1] The litter was given to Gia-Long by Louis X V I in 1789.
[2] The *Cavalier du Roy* is the name given to a part of the classical Vauban fortress.

ritual colour. Black for the north, red for the south, white for the west, and blue for the east.[1]

Each flag is embroidered with the character for its particular direction. Before each gate and at some distance from it is a spirit screen of masonry covered with dragon-embroidered drapery. Skirting the outer wall of the Sacred Enclosure the Emperor was carried to his House of Fasting.

There is no Sin but Ignorance

In the afternoon there is an elaborate rehearsal of the ceremonies. The uppermost terrace of the Place of Sacrifice is covered with a great dark blue and circular tabernacle with its entrance towards the south.

On the second terrace are eight subsidiary altars, four set beneath blue baldachins and four under yellow canopies.

Ladies may be present at the rehearsal, and it attracts a great throng of people, since for the actual ceremony very few invitations are issued (only a score or so giving admission to the second terrace nearest to the Azure House), and women are forbidden to approach even the precincts of the Holy Place.

Meanwhile, the Emperor and his assistant mandarins are observing the Great Abstinence.[2] No wine must be drunk, no onions or garlic eaten, and strict chastity must be practised. The sovereign is purified with baths, a highly special and archaic diet, and prayer. Fasting and chastity make man like the spirits who neither eat nor copulate, abstention from onions and wine must please the fastidious genii, for good spirits as well as maleficent ones can be revolted by pungent smells. Prayer moves the hearts of the spirits to take compassion upon men.

The rehearsal is rather disappointing: the glare, the dust, the noise, the garish costumes of some of the crowd, the theatrical-property look of many of the accoutrements, gear, instruments of music, and furnishings when seen near-to in the brilliant sunlight, combined with a Government House garden-party

[1] These colours are ancient, but do not perhaps owe their stylizatjon to any earlier dynasty than the Han, save that red has been associated with life and good luck from very remote epochs. Yellow, as the imperial colour (that of the loess of northern China), dates without doubt from Han times. The imperial colour of the First Emperor of the Ch'in dynasty was black.

[2] Or should do so; the modern tendencies of the Emperor Bao-Bai are a sore grievance to the Court Mandarins of the older school.

atmosphere are distracting, but it is only at the rehearsal that photographs can be taken. At night, during the actual ceremony, not only is it forbidden to use a camera, but photography in the darkness would be impossible. In fact, photographers[1] are as unwelcome at the sacrifice as ladies or living beasts, for the essence of ritual is that it should be performed in a certain and established way. In the older cults, at least, it is a graver sin to do an apparently good thing in the wrong way than to do an otherwise bad thing in the right way. It is, moreover, inconceivable that anything good can be done except in accordance with the Rites, for sin is not, as it has come to be regarded in some communities, moral transgression, but ignorance of or failure to comply with the Rites. 'There is no sin but ignorance.'

I watched the rehearsal from inside the Azure House, standing next to the Governor-General and opposite the Empress, very few other Annamese women, however, cared to penetrate into the Holy Place. They stayed outside and wandered round the lower terraces, chattering and smiling in their multi-colour tunics made brilliant by the sunshine on their gold lunulae necklaces so like those you see in the Egyptian wall-paintings.

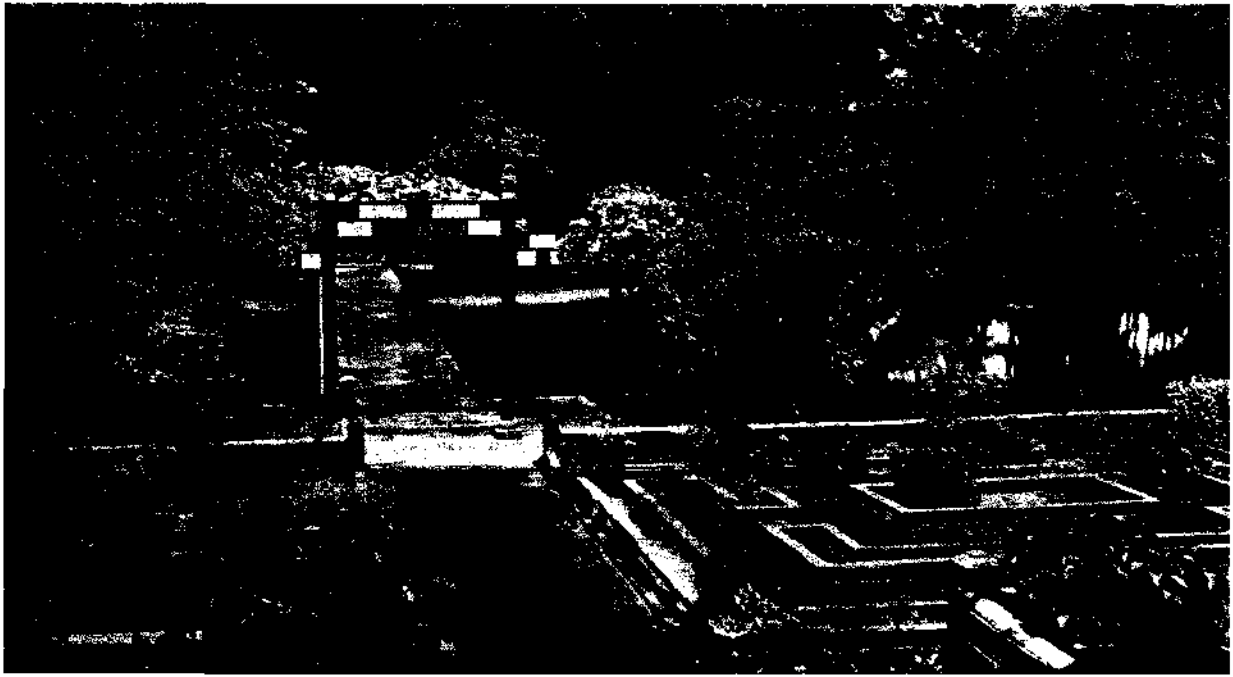
Imperial Sacrifice in Japan

The imperial rites of Japan have never attained the majestic splendour of the Chinese but they are highly interesting in their conservatism and for the archaic, almost primitive, setting in which they are performed. The main annual ceremony is the so-called *Shinsho* rite that takes place after the autumn harvest. The Emperor makes rice offerings and communicates in rice and rice-wine at Kyoto with his ancestress Amaterasu the Sun Goddess and all the Gods of the Shinto pantheon.

The communion ceremonies at the enthronement of a new sovereign are the nearest approach in Japan to the Chinese and Annamese ritual of the Cult of Heaven.[2]

[1] We did get some photographs, however, by stealth, of the interior of the Azure House just after the Emperor and his suite had left it.

[2] The principal throne hall of the Imperial Palace at Kyfito is known as the *Shi-shin-den,* that is, the 'Purple Forbidden Hall', obviously borrowed from the Chinese, although a fanciful and typically Japanese nature-poetical explanation is forthcoming to account for the name.



'The paths are tiled and on either side the formal parterres enclosed within low brick walls figure out the character THO, that is, *Eternity*.' (Page 236)

Two temporary palaces are erected in the South Park at Kyoto. One is known as the *Yukiden* and the other as the *Sukiden.* The former is held to symbolize the palace of the defunct ruler and the other the new palace of the new Emperor, for in early times the capital was shifted with each successive monarch. Both buildings are constructed on piles (an Indonesian touch common to all Shinto and Buddhist temples in Japan), and during their fashioning[1] they and their builders are most frequently washed, purified, and lustrated.

There is at some distance from these wooden 'palaces' a purification hut where the Emperor is hallowed before he offers up sacrifice. Only the motions of throwing water over him are now gone through, but this is enough in the logic of magic.

The Emperor wears during the rites a very ' primitive '-looking vestment of white hemp.[2] His attendant nobles are robed in scarlet. Their stiff-folded, pointed, padded, and angular clothes look odd to us and lacking in the dignity and flowing sumptuosity of the Chinese vestments.[8]

The ceremonies at the *Yukiden* begin at seven in the evening. Those at the *Sukiden* take place at two the next morning.

The Emperor passes in procession from his purification hut to the *Yukiden.* His nobles carrying lighted torches[4] surround him. On his right and left walk ritualists bearing the Sacred Treasures. A central pathway is reserved for the Sovereign alone. Mats are unrolled before him and rolled up after him, for his bare feet must not touch the earth for fear that some parcel of the sacred Imperial Virtue might be drained away. His head is protected by a straw parasol suspended from a phoenix' beak set on the end of a pole.

[1] The wood used is that employed in all Shinto shrines: *mioki* or *chamaecyparis.*

[2] White is not, of necessity, the colour of mourning in Japan. Shinto priests regularly wear white vestments.

[8] The Japanese with their usually short legs also tend to waddle, which, combined with the high curved arch over their bonnets, detracts from the dignity of processional movement. One thinks of things Indonesian again when seeing these pomted robes, but if there is anything Indonesian there it must be in the tradition that modified the Chinese-borrowed dress. We have no record of what the Japanese may have worn before they adopted Chinese clothing, but perhaps something not unlike the sub-Arctic type of clothes now proper to the Ainu.

[4] All the lamps and torches used at the ceremonies are lighted from flames produced by fire-drills.

Within the *Yukiden* is the Sacred Seat,[1] a long couch covered with matting, the modest throne of the early rulers. Oblations of silk are exposed on nearby couches.

The offerings of the fruits of the earth are composed of rice and millet, fresh and dried fish (but no animal meat), vegetables, seaweed, and both black and white *sake"* or rice-alcohol.

The Emperor communicates in rice and in rice-alcohol. He swallows three mouthfuls of rice, three of millet, and drinks three times both of white and black *saki.* He then offers up rice to the soul of the Founder of the Empire and to the deities of Heaven and Earth.

Exactly the same ceremonies are performed at the *Sukiden.*

The traditional chronology of early Japan is notoriously false. The date for the first ' emperor' must be brought nearer to us by hundreds of years and we shall not go far wrong in setting it round about the beginning of our era. Although continental influences had been making themselves felt in Japan for several hundred years before the Nara period (A.D. 710-94), Japanese culture can hardly be given the name of a high civilization before this time.[2] This was the epoch when Japanese art

[1] **The Imperial Throne in the *Sei-ryo-den* of the Kyoto palace is more complicated, but still the actual seat is only a mat. The present palace dates from the fire of 1854. Nearly all Japanese buildings have been frequently destroyed and rebuilt—an apparent exception is the Todaiji or Treasury at Nara that is reported to have survived unscathed since the twelfth century, pious Japanese writers explain, because it has always borne upon the doors the Imperial Seal—but that was often ignored in the good old days.**

[2] **' With the adoption of Chinese civilization came the use of the Chinese language, and it was only gradually that the native speech came to be written in Chinese ideographs. Two of the most important compilations of the Nara period, the Nihongi (720) and the Kojiki (712), are, of course (since the Japanese syllabaries had not yet been invented, the Hiragana syllabary dates traditionally from A.D. 809), in Chinese characters. The former is in the Chinese language whereas the latter (a chronicle designed to establish the pedigree of the reigning dynasty) is composed in a jumble of Chinese mingled with ideograms selected more or less arbitrarily to represent native Japanese names to such an extent that the understanding and translation of the MSS. offer difficulties. The Japanese have never created for themselves Chinese-pattern ideograms unknown in China as have the Annamese. There is no equivalent in Japan of the ' Southern Characters' unless one may regard the syllabaries as such. The syllabaries permit of the exact representation of Japanese names and commoner words so that they appear interspersed in the text of purely Chinese characters in all the popular style writings. Japanese is still stuffed with Chinese words, though not to the same extent as is Annamese, but in both languages one may compare the influence of the Chinese vocabulary to that of the French in English, and the Chinese word often has a more literary or ' lofty' connotation: so we say, for instance, the azure sky and a blue coat. Thus it is in Annamese and Japanese. It is interesting to note that in both Annam**

blossomed under Korean, Chinese, and remotely Indian influences, and although the people of the Rising Sun have shown themselves to be inferior to their cultural masters, the Chinese, in nearly all the arts, during the Nara period the Japanese produced things in the realm of secular and religious sculpture some of which transcend in beauty and spiritual significance things of like date from China.[1]

There is absolutely no evidence to suggest that when continental influences first reached Japan they there encountered any native culture comparable to what, from the Dong-son finds, we may reasonably suppose to have existed in the Annamese lands about the third century B.C.

In spite of a good deal of excavation in Neolithic sites we have not enough material to construct a connected story of the peopling of Japan and of Japanese ethnical origins.

The Ainu stock (recognizable from physical type and the frequency of hairiness and even of hypertrichosis) has played a great part in the physical make-up of the Japanese. The Ainu come from the mainland of Asia, for their cultural link-up is all with the tribes of the western mainland. That they once occupied the whole of the central island of Hondshu is also evident. It was in Kyushu (the southernmost island of Japan proper) that the Indonesian[2] immigrants mingled with the Ainu to form the Japanese ethnical group. Slowly, among the

and Japan the Chinese words are preserved, in some cases, in their archaic form, as well as having been subjected to provincial pronunciations. The Japanese and Annamese way of saying Chinese words is often very like, e.g. the Japanese, *mon, zan,* and *san* ('gate', 'mountain', and 'three') are the Annamese *mon, so'n,* and *tarn* and the Chinese *men, shan,* and *san.* Japanese being a non-tonal language, could hardly absorb so many Chinese words as Annamese.

[1] e.g. the Mirdku Bosatsu at Horyuji.

[2] The modern Japanese exhibit not only an Indonesian strain, but also physical influences from the neighbouring peninsula of Korea. The 'Mongolian eye' with the epicanthic fold is not uncommon in Japan. As might be expected, it is in the provinces nearest the mainland that the Mongoloid type is the strongest. The existence of two main types in their country is admitted by the Japanese themselves; the so-called 'coarse' and 'refined'. Admiration of the 'refined' type is attested for the seventh century by pottery from Korean sites and the 'aristocratic' syndrome (characteristically familiar to us from the ultra-plebeian colour-prints) is, doubtless, an importation from the mainland, especially as it is commonest, traditionally, in the province of Choshu. The late Professor Seligman considered that' not only do the Japanese contain far more Ainu blood than the text-books would lead us to believe', but that' there may well be an element derived from stock akin to that now found in Indo-China and Southern China, a stock to which the term " Southern Aborigines "may well be applied'.

congeries of tribes the Yamato clan triumphed and imposed their Sun cult as the main religion of the land.

The variation of physical type among the Japanese and the existence of a well-defined ' aristocratic' and 'plebeian' appearance was well summed up for me by a Japanese friend at a ball. I asked him to tell me who was a very distinguished-looking young lady dancing. He mentioned a name famous in Japanese history and added, 'With us, most of the people who look aristocratic are so, but often, as with you, many of those who are aristocratic do not look it.' Genes sort themselves out in queer ways even in the well-ordered land of the Rising Sun.

Heaven and Earth

The early Chou period in China was as we have seen one of religious syncretism.

The concept of Heaven, in very early times, seems to have been entirely anthropomorphic. It is highly probable that originally *Tien* was the Sun conceived as a man.[1] In later times, however, Heaven supplied a concrete *ming* or destiny, identified,in some circumstances, with the' Mandate of Heaven ',

From a remote epoch in Chinese history the symbol of Heaven was the jade *p'i'*, a disk with a large central hole. It is probably a sun symbol. The emblem of Earth is the jade *ts'ung*.[2] It is a cylinder carved in a rectangular, corrugated and oblong block of stone and may be a representation of Mother Earth's *vagina gentium*.

It seems certain that under the Shang rulers, sacrifices were offered up and religious ceremonies performed, in permanent temples. We read, also, on the oracle bones, about a ' Southern

[1] The original identity of Heaven and the Sun, as gods, is possibly indicated by a passage in the *Li-Ki* that runs: ' At the Kiao sacrifice (or offering to Heaven) thanks were given to Heaven and to the Sun, Man's chief host.' In later times the Sun cult was a distinct affair.

[2] In early times we have a *Hu-t'u*, or Princess Earth, together with *Shi*, the Spirit of the Soil. *Hu-t'u* seems to have been a goddess ranking high up in the pantheon almost in the rank of *T'ien* and *Shang-ti* (and doubtless the principal deity of one of the assimilated tribes), whereas *Shi* remained in the relatively lowly rank of a vegetation or guardian demon who is handled like a fetish. Magicians or shamans officiated at the *Shi* altars, where the metal and stone drums were anointed and human victims immolated. The original *Shi* was probably a sacred grove, or a demon dwelling therein. The *Shi* of the soil assumed many manifestations and, doubtless, these different *Shi* were of diverse origin among different tribal organizations.

House', so that perhaps the association of the south with peculiar holiness goes back to the period of China's first records. It may be, but it would be rash to affirm, that this sanctity of the south reveals the direction of the old homeland of the men who, mingling.with northerners, laid the foundations of Chinese civilization.

The Son of Heaven

The Chou sovereigns were not the high priests of a national religion, for the component states of their realm preserved their own peculiar cults. Normally, perhaps, the Chou kings sacrificed only for their own families, clan, and patrimonial state. The Chou rulers, however, bore, very long ago, the title of 'Sole Man' and, as such, they were conceived as standing in some special relation to Heaven since they assumed the most onerous of expiatory ceremonies: that which was necessitated by the victory of the Chou League of Nations in war. The 'Sole Man' led the Triumphal Dance at the Sacrifice to Heaven and communicated before all others with the Divinity who was probably regarded as a Supreme Being by all the confederate states. It would seem that in this role the Chou king called himself 'Son of Heaven'. In Ancient China as in many other parts of the world, e.g. Africa and America, rain is induced by music and dancing.[1] Men also danced to please the Ancestors, but under Confucian influence that discouraged this and other 'shamanistic' practices, dancing, both religious and social, became the prerogative of professionals.

We have, therefore, already in Chou times, sovereigns calling themselves 'Sons of Heaven' and offering up sacrifices to *Vkn* on high places, probably, to the south of their cities. Thus, the ceremonies perpetuated by the Emperors of China until the fall of the empire in 1911 and now performed only by the Emperors of Annam, are, in their essence, quite three thousand years old, even if their details, as at present carried out, date only from the Han. Still, the Sacrifice to Heaven has remained unaltered for two thousand years.

The books which tell us of the details of the Chou ceremonies are either downright Han forgeries or were so altered

[1] *Vide* Arthur Waley, *The Book of Songs.*

by the Han scribes and scholars that they are not very reliable. The emperors of the Han were concerned with presenting their novel and centralized rule as a return to the good old times of before the Warring States.[1] The stylization of Chinese life, as we know it, was in most essentials achieved during the four hundred years of Han rule.

The teachings of Confucius, or rather of those attributed to him, were elevated into a form of State religion, principally because Confucius had been *laudator tetnporis acti.* The career of the Sage was related so as to make him appear the leading personage of his day, whereas Confucius passed his life as a private schoolmaster, unknown to most of his contemporaries and completely ignored by the ruling princes of his time. Into his pronouncements, as re-edited, could be read moral support and ancestral approbation for all the innovations the Han had succeeded in passing off as a return to the sound practices of forefathers. All wise innovators present their novelties as revivals. The most ruthless realism, masked by highfalutin phrases, marked the totalitarian rule of the First Emperor. The Ch'in policy was to 'empty people's minds and fill their bellies, weaken their wits and strengthen their bones'. His Han successors had much longer in which to veil the mainsprings of government.

The *Chou-Li* or Ritual of the Chou is, therefore, no sure guide to the ancient ceremonies. As an example of the Han interpolations it is known that the different principalities of the Chou confederacy used different calendars—as did the countries of Europe until quite recent times. In the Han tradition, however, the Chou rulers appear as the sole masters of the calendar and, as a consequence, the animators of all the earth of China as (in later doctrine) Sons of Heaven should be.[2]

The title 'Son of Heaven' seems to have been conserved by the Chou Royal House until their royalty came to an end in 256 B.C.

There were no 'Emperors' of China until Shih Huang-Ti.[3]

[1] *Circa* 481-205 B.C.

[2] A late but most important function of the sovereign is that of Ruler of Time for all in China.

[3] The mythical 'Emperors' Yao, Shun, and Yii are shadowy clan ancestors (perhaps totemistic) and have been relegated to a misty antiquity in a traditional order by a process of historical syncretism similar to that which operated in Chinese religion.

When the Prince of Ch'in assumed supreme power his Court proposed that he should adopt the style of *Tai Huang,* that is, Supremely August One, but he disregarded the advice and selected the title of *Huang-ti,* that is August Ti. Just what does 'Ti' mean here? Does it still bear its, presumably original, signification of 'Ancestor'? Perhaps we may compare it with, say, the word 'Lord' in English. Sometimes this means the Lord God of Hosts and sometimes it does not.

Liu Pang, the Founder of the Han dynasty (which immediately succeeded that of the Ch'in) was not, like the First Emperor, a prince of ancient lineage. He was a peasant turned bandit. He needed, therefore, a glorious pedigree. When, after his death, he had been dignified with the title of *Kao-tsu* or 'Exalted Forefather', the official story was put about that he was, like so many true heroes, born of a virgin mother. The Han sovereigns had begun to try to give the title 'Son of Heaven' a literal meaning. In this, and in the matter of the parthenogenic conception, they were not very successful. The Chinese seem always to have been a fairly incredulous and sceptical people. The efforts of the Han were, however, crowned with success in a neighbouring country. It is a matter of constant observation that borrowed legends grow imperative to the borrowers. The Emperor of Japan is not only *Tenno,* 'Son of Heaven', but it would be as much as your life is worth openly in Japan to question his divine origin, so sacred is regarded a doctrine based on too literal an interpretation of a foreign title. Alas! so many of our cherished beliefs are founded in puns, mistranslations, and literary artifices.

Imperial Priestesses

It appears probable that in late Chou times (and perhaps in early Han times as well) the clearly feminine character of the Earth deity was demonstrated by the sacrifices to her. Queens and Empresses officiated at these ceremonies or, at least, they were performed in the presence of the Consorts, at first, no doubt, publicly, and then, with the growing seclusion of women, in the privacy of the gynaeceum. The original import and importance of the Earth cult has been obscured in the annals. Even in later days ambitious Empresses (such as

Wu-Tso-T'ien of the Tang dynasty) revived the claims of the sovereigns' wives to preside over the Earth sacrifices. From time to time, in spite of the rigours of classical Confucianism, the old matriarchal traditions push to the surface. Wu-Tso-Tien, most imperious of the great imperial women of China, performed not only the Earth Sacrifice but also[1] that to Heaven.

The modern practice of barring the Sacred Place of the Heaven Sacrifice to women we may probably trace to original differences between the manners of performing the two cults. It is improbable that moralized ideas about ceremonial purity have anything much to do with the matter and it may well be that, of old, men were excluded from participation in and presence at the Earth sacrifice.

The Mandate of Heaven

Classical Confucianism[2] (that is, the system of government and its philosophy as elaborated under the Han emperors) is not a religion in the sense that that word has come to have with us. Stated succinctly, Confucianism postulates One Universal Order[8] which is thought to control the phenomena of Nature. The Emperor is the depository on earth of the Universal Order and through him all social phenomena are regulated. Heaven and Earth are the Father and Mother of all living things for they owe their spirit to Heaven and their substance to Earth. When the Emperor is virtuous the heavenly influence passes into and through him without let or hindrance and keeps the people in a state of obedience and honesty. The power of a dynasty results from a Virtue or Prestige that inevitably goes through a course of plenitude, of decline, of temporary revival and of final decay. A family can only furnish sovereigns who are Sons of Heaven so long as Heaven extends to them the Celestial Investiture. This Heavenly Mandate is of its essence ephemeral. Heaven is changing and in its changeableness

[1] In A.D. 695.

[2] The philosophy of the *literati*, while transmuting and transforming the ancient beliefs of the Chinese, did not, of course, entirely destroy them. The common people have, to this day, clung to many religious ideas come down to them from the dimmest antiquity. As in An nam, where the old Indonesian animism can be recognized again and again, China is full of things we are tempted to call pre-Chinese.

[8] Identified with the old deity ' *Tien'*, or Heaven.

inexorable. The *Ta Fu* or Great Happiness only can be enjoyed once. *In jedem Fruhling gibfs nur einer Mai.* A dynasty that clings to power when its time is up is clearly usurpatory. Thus the last sovereigns of an imperial line are always rebels against Heaven's will.

Of course, much depends upon what is considered to show that the dynasty's time is up. Many Chinese would not for years accept the Manchu conquerors and the South remained for long faithful to the Ming, but the Ch'ing were not only the overthrowers of a reigning house, but they were also foreigners and barbarian foreigners at that. Still, in the latitude it gives to interpretation as in the ease with which it can be adjusted to the hard facts of life, this theory of government is so far from our traditional ideas of monarchy that Europeans for many years failed to appreciate the most important aspect of kingship in China. It is a theory, however, based upon a close observation of human affairs as they have been revealed in an exceptionally long national history and it is a good antidote to the evils of autocracy.

When Europeans began their forcible trade penetration of China at the end of the eighteenth century, they were hampered in all their dealings with the Chinese Government by their inability or unwillingness to realize that the function of the monarchy was indeed to exercise a real if circumscribed authority but that the role of the Emperor was, in its essence, a magic one. China's unity lay in her way of life and that way of life it was the principal imperial preoccupation to preserve. Confucius's pre-eminent position in China is due fundamentally to the fact that he was considered the consolidator and the codifier and the director of the Chinese way of life, for ever. So immutable seemed the civilization of China that the neighbouring states which owed all their culture to the Middle Kingdom imitated, as best they might, the system of their spiritual overlords. The sovereigns and emperors of Tongking regarded their sovereignty just as did the potent princes in far-off Peking.

As a result of all this, ' legitimacy' in Old China and in Little China is recognized by the state of the public weal. If things go well with people and country, then the ruler is obviously legitimate, for it is plain that he holds the Mandate of Heaven.

The Divine Majesty of Heaven

If things begin to go badly it may be the warning of Heaven that the time of temporary eclipse is at hand, to be followed later by the all too brief revival, but it may also be that the awful moment is at hand when the Celestial Investiture is about to be snatched away for ever and the Sovereign is to be revealed as rejected and deprived of his divinely granted authority.

In these circumstances the Sacrifice to Heaven is of supreme importance, for by it Heaven may be placated and induced, for a time, to stay the execution of its Decrees. Upon the efficacy of the Imperial Sacrifice, then, depends the whole structure of the State.

The Divine Majesty of Heaven

At the Fifth Watch of the Night the Emperor in his golden litter leaves the House of Fasting.

One celebrant calls aloud to the Son of Heaven:

'Drink the Wine of Happiness.'

The Emperor takes the cup, raises it to his forehead, and hands it on.

Another celebrant cries out:

'Receive the Meat of Felicity.'

The sovereign does with platter as with the cup.

For a few fleeting moments he enters into direct communion with the Divine Majesty of Heaven. . . .

Tho, that is, Eternity

There have been eleven reigning Emperors since Gia-Long proclaimed himself Son of Heaven in 1802. Three of them abdicated or were deposed—Ham-Nghi who ruled from 1884 to 1885, Thanh-Thai who abdicated in 1907 after eighteen years' reign, and Duy-Tan who was deposed in 1916 and lives humbly as an exile in the Comoro Islands of the Indian Ocean —the eight others have their mausolea near Hue', Five of them are most worthy of a visit for they are among the most lovely and haunting things you can experience.

The best way to set out is to get a boat and move up the

Perfumed River to the Tomb of Minh-Mang. It is unquestionably the most imposing but as it is also almost perfect from the architectural, traditional, and geomantic point of view, it is well to visit it in detail so as the better to appreciate where the others differ from it, falling short of it in some respects and in some ways surpassing it in sheer beauty. The scenery of the Perfumed River's banks, too, is delightful; willows and water-trees in clumps down to the edge and, behind, rolling park-like country bounded in the distance by the thickly wooded dark green points and ridges of the Annam Chain. It is all very peaceful and civilized, yet not thirty miles away in those forest heights are wild men ready to blow down tetanus-dealing arrows on to you if you dare to disturb them.

Soon on your right, just after you leave the last houses of Hu6, comes the *Thien-mieu-tu'*, the Pagoda of the Old Heavenly Woman. It is a Buddhist shrine built about 1600 on the foundation of a ruined Cham brick stupa. Then you row past the Tower called 'Source of Happiness', the *Bat-hung* (or Great Hero) Pagoda, and lastly the Confucian Temple or *Vdn-mieu*, the Pagoda of Literary Culture. Here are held the commemorative services and sacrifices in honour of the Sage, especially on the anniversary of his death, the twenty-seventh day of the eighth month (551 B.C.). The Emperor attends in person at the nocturnal ceremony.

Then is a long reach of winding river. The country gets more undulating and soon a long row of high banyan-trees marks the mausoleum of Minh-Mang, son and successor of Gia-Long.

The avenue from the river leads up to a broad flight of blue granite steps to the entrance gate. The whole is enclosed by an immense oval wall and the ground-plan is most complicatedly illustrative of *fing-shui*, that is, 'wind-water' or the geomantic significance of landscape according to Chinese tradition. Not only does the strict following of the rules make for good luck but it also generally results in a strikingly lovely site where natural beauty and man-made majesty combine to create a sensation of almost overwhelming and penetrating potency.[1]

[1] The tombs of the first Ld dynasty are in Ninh-Binh. Nine kings of the Ly line (1010-1225) are buried in the Dinh-Bang forest in the province of B5c-Ninh. There are some tumuli, but the real sites of the graves are uncertain. The later Le are interred in Thanh-hoa and the Tran at Huong-nhdn.

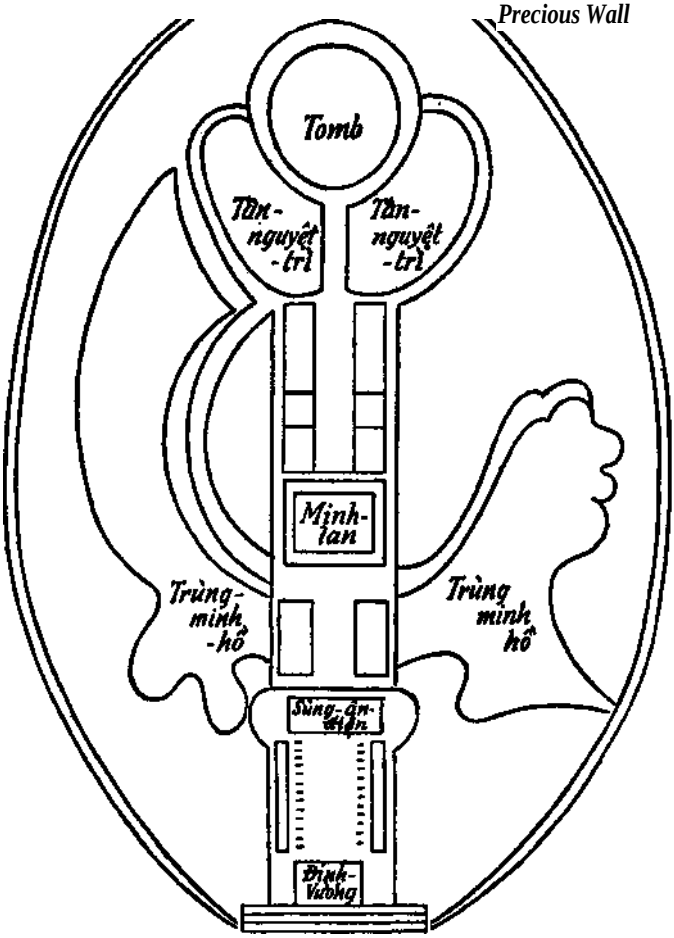
Essentially, the plan of Minh-Mang's tomb is a great Way set in the longer axis of the oval and terminating before the round tomb-mound, but the oval temenos is half-filled by a strangely shaped lake that enters the enclosure from the right-hand side and sweeps round to the left and upwards until it makes a crescent around half the tomb-mound.

At the top of the entrance steps comes a terrace and thence three more flights of dragon-balustraded stairways with intervening terraces lead to the *Binh-Vu'o'ngy* or Marble Stela, under a great stone portico. On the stela are inscribed the deeds of the Monarch's reign. Then you go down again to a broad flagged esplanade, through the scarlet and gold Gate of Dazzling Virtue. On either side are the low, deep-roofed buildings that served watchers, wardens, servants, and women of the harem as lodging-places. In front of you is the Hall of Venerated Beneficence, *Sung-dn-diin,* containing the Tablets of the Emperor and Empress. The hall is divided into two parts and sixty-four fim-wood columns support the roof. Afterwards you come to three parallel bridges that traverse the sheet of water, here known as the Lake of Scintillating Brightness. They lead up to the Palace of Radiating Luminosity. Behind the palace are gardens riotous with flowers and flowering shrubs, azaleas, frangipani bushes, and flamboyant trees. The paths are tiled and on either side the formal parterres enclosed within low brick walls figure out the character THO, that is, *Eternity.* As you wander through, reminiscences chase each other. The whole is profoundly Chinese, yet nothing Chinese is quite so southernly gracile. The formal gardens seem Moorish and remind you of the Generalife, not in their design but in the profusion of the dark shrubs, myrtles and laurels, low brick walls and red earthenware pots. Then, as you look up and across the bridge that spans the crescent-shaped *Tdn-nguytt-tri* to the archway closed by green bronze doors set against the tangled wildness of the huge barrow, you are suddenly back on the wide plains of central Asia where men have, from time out of mind, buried their great ones under tumuli and cairns.

From early Neolithic times the long-headed steppe nomads of central Asia and south Russia buried their dead under *kurgans*[1]

[1] There are *kurgans* in Siberia.

Scheme of Minh-Mangs Tomb of Filial Piety



or round barrows. There are no traces of them among the Shang, but their successors, the Chou, were buried under great tumuli.[1] The round barrow may be, and probably is, a Heaven symbol (originally that of the Sun's disk) and associated with the worshippers of *T'ien.* In any case Minh-Mang's tumulus is referred to still as the ' Mount of the Sun'. The Emperors of Japan are buried under great cairns of jointed stone blocks, and Yuan-shi-kai, the would-be Emperor of China less than a generation ago, is interred under a very imperial-looking tumulus also of stone blocks. In Annam the classical earth barrow planted with a tangle of trees has been adhered to until quite recently.

Minh-Mang reversed the pro-European policy of his father and sought to isolate his empire. His son Thieu-Tri went one better. He disliked white men so much that he gave orders to kill on sight all found within his dominions. Had he lived two hundred years earlier he might have succeeded in claustrating his country like another Japan. In their seclusion the Annamese might have tempered their souls and hardened their discipline.

Feng-shui

The tomb of the Founder, Gia-Long, was built from 1814 to 1820. When you look at it you might think it a thousand years old. To get to it you have to go much farther up-stream by a little affluent of the Perfumed River and then you have to walk a while under an avenue of tall trees. It is all very still with no sound but the scrunching of your steps upon the fine sand of the alley. To the right and the left are fields and then more woods. Suddenly the trees twist to the left and you are upon the dark grey and weathered walls of the mausoleum. So old-seeming a thing is always almost a surprise in this southern half-tropical land where decay comes so quickly. Then, again, these antique and classical buildings in such order are strange in an overgrown and charmingly disordered landscape of hills so near and so unknown. The mausoleum is severe of aspect. A dusky patina lies on everything: the

[1] The tumulus of Shih-Huang-Ti the First Emperor still exists, a mighty and simple monument.

bronzes, the stones, and the dragon steps that lead down a wide esplanade bordered on either side with marble statues of mandarins, horses, and elephants. Here, on the twentieth day of the first month, that of the patronal festival, are given displays of magic, hypnotism, and catalepsy before the Imperial Court. Gia-Long's is the only one of the imperial tombs, save that of the late Emperor, where the sacrifices and ceremonies are still performed more than once a year.

The view from the terrace is strangely beautiful: a curling, curving lake, pointed hills, and a distant landscape of wooded mountains framed by two high stone columns surmounted by lions, the eternal funeral columns of China that dot the countryside from Annam to Siberia and from Turkestan to the Yellow Sea. Tombs must be selected with due regard to *feng-shui*, for a well-chosen grave brings good luck on the family. Ill-luck and disaster are often due to disregarding the precepts of the ancients in picking the sites for tombs. *Fing-shui* may be mutilated and even destroyed by the cutting of trees, the quarrying of rocks, or the ruin of buildings, so that it is essential to maintain graves in their right order. The first monarch of the Binh dynasty in Annam, the son of a humble civil servant and the founder of the Tran dynasty 'who followed the profession of a fisherman', both owed their surprising and magnificent fortune to the happy choice of ancestors' sepulchres.

The other imperial tombs are on the right bank of the Perfumed River. That of the Emperor Thieu-Tri is singular in having no surrounding wall and it is more like a great palace than a mausoleum. Indeed, the monarch delighted to sit and meditate in his tomb pavilion surrounded by groves of trees. The mausoleum is planned on a majestic scale. From the triumphal entrance arch a very broad Way leads over the bridges and up and down dragon steps to the imperial sepulchre.

Next comes the smaller but perfect burying-place of the Emperor Bong-Khanh.[1] The delicate pink of the temple walls,

[1] The emperors of the Nguyen dynasty have been:

Gia-Long	1802-1820	Dong-Khanh	1885-1889
Minh-Mang	1820-1841	Thanh-Thai	1889-1907
Thieu-Tri	1841-1847	Duy-Tan	1907-1916
Tu-Duc	1847-1883	Khai-Dinh	1916-1925
Kien-Phuc	1883-1884	Bao-Dai	1925-
Ham-Nghi	1884-1885		

Ham-Nghi, Thanh-Thai, and Duy-Tan were deposed by the French.

the enamel decorations, **the** porcelain revetments, the white marble figures on **the esplanade** before the Temple of the Imperial Tablet, the red and gold lacquer gates, all set against a background of dark green, silver-barked Chinese pines, make up an unforgettable picture of grace and gay serenity. Dong-Khanh was the grandson of Thieu-Tri and the nephew of Tu-Duc.[1] On the right of the imperial mausoleum is a smaller tomb in which is buried Bong-Khanh's father, Prince Kien-Thai-Vuong.

The mausoleum of the Emperor Tu-Buc is the nearest to Hue', It is only a few minutes by car from the *Nam-Giao.* The *'Bu'c-Ton Anh Hodng-Be* is not, perhaps, the most beautiful of the imperial tombs but it is ineffably peaceful with its lotus pools, bathing lake—over which, supported on piles, hangs a pleasure pavilion—its banyan-trees, blossoming shrubs and flowers, and clouds of water-fowl. The Emperor passed much of his time here and treated his future tomb as a country house. He is not buried, as were his predecessors, under a barrow but in a vault behind the Temple of his Tablet.

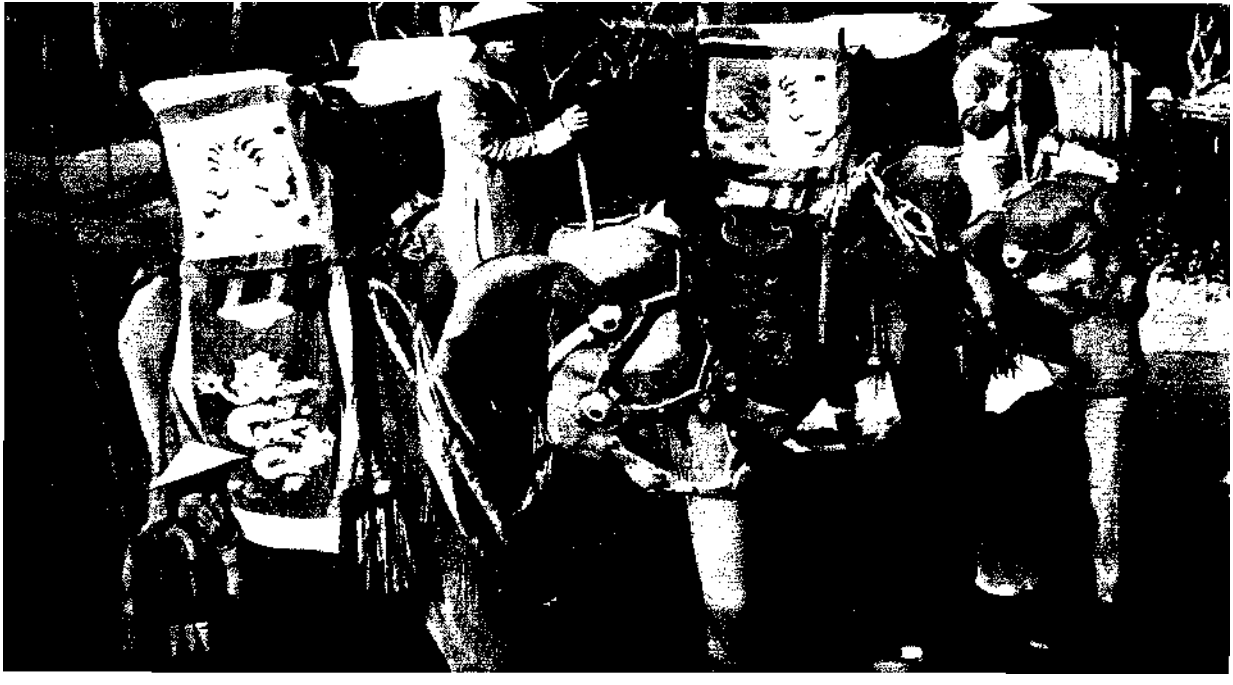
Terrors of Tabu

On your way back to the City of Concord you can see the Fisherman's Tomb near the river and half hidden by the great trees of a sacred grove. The Tay-son rebels who drove the Nguyen princes out of their lands at the end of the eighteenth century, slew the father[2] of him who was later to become the Emperor Gia-Long, and threw the body and the severed head into the Perfumed River. A fisherman drew up the head in his net and treasured it until such time as Nguyen-Anh returned in triumph to rule in *Hue* over all the Annamese lands.

The fisher had performed a pious act, but, as in touching the sacred head of a Prince he had committed the most heinous of crimes, he was, of course, executed. His sacrilege thus expiated, his loyalty and piety were rewarded by his Emperor, who raised up for him a sepulchre of almost royal splendour.

[1] Thieu-Tri's son and successor was Tu-Buc. Another (twenty-sixth) son was Kien-Thai-Vuong, the father of Prince Ung-Ky or Ung Duong, who on the abdication of Ham-Nghi in 1885, succeeded him with throne-name of Bdng-Khanh.

[2] The father of Gia-Long has his mausoleum in a place apart, for although the ancestor of the reigning House, he never reigned.



Elephants in the Nam-Giao procession. The marble statues at the Emperors' tombs are exact copies of these animals and their harness. (Page 239)
(E.F.E.O.)

The fisher's memory and his descendants have been ever since honoured.

Only an unusual sense of duty and devotion to his lords could have enabled the fisherman to stand the awful strain of having infringed the implacable tabu, when one remembers that the common people were strictly forbidden even to raise their eyes upon the face of the sovereign. A little boy, whom an Annamese girl had been finding a rather sceptical audience for the legends and traditions of her country, said to me once: 'Now I *know* she's telling me lies. What do you think she said this morning? That people who looked at the old kings of her country were struck dead—she didn't say how, though.' I had to tell him that that story, at least, was perfectly true. Breakers of the tabu died from terror.

Imperious and Imperial Ladies

Although the story of woman's social and political position in China is, from Han times, one of increasing subordination there have been outstanding imperial and imperious ladies.

The Empress Lu, widow of that successful condottiere, the Emperor Kao-Chu, founder of the Han dynasty, was a woman of spirit who dominated and terrorized the successor of her lord. She particularly disliked her late husband's favourite concubine,, so she had the woman's hands and feet cut off, gave her to drink the 'potion that causes numbness', addressed her as a 'human sow', threw her into the latrines and, a few days later, when life had not quite left the agonizing mass of flesh, showed it to the Son of Heaven.

The Empress Wu-Tso-T'ien of the T'ang dynasty is regarded by the Chinese as one of the most able and most violently wicked rulers of their land. Her vigorous and powerful personality dominated the whole empire. Clad in imperial robes she even presumed to offer up sacrifice to Heaven.

We find such *hembrones*, as the Spaniards call them, right through to Manchu times. The emperors of the Ch'ing House married Manchu women but they became Chinese in their way of life. They had their ancestors' humble graves at Mukden remodelled on the plan of the Ming rulers' splendid mausolea. The last effective sovereign of China was

a woman, and her astonishing career was a prelude to the complete freeing of Chinese women from the bonds that had been ever tightening.

The Western Hills

The Empress-Dowager's splendid obsequies formed the last magnificent pageant of Old China.[1] Photographs of part of the procession exist and we can imagine, from contemporary accounts, the great cortege of chariots, yellow umbrellas, palanquins, mandarins, shrines, servitors, soldiers, and priests sweeping over the sand-strewn streets towards the sumptuous imperial sepulchre in the Western Hills,[2] not fifty miles from where Upper Palaeolithic Man perhaps fifty thousand years before had found his humble grave.

There will probably never again be an imperial funeral in China, or, at any rate, not one accompanied by all the old traditional pageantry. The Emperors of Japan are still carried to their last resting-places with much archaic and imposing ceremonial, but it is only in Annam that you can follow the ancient rites in detail.

Concubines and Queens

In both China and Annam emperors and empresses alone were buried in the imperial enclosures. The rules of the Court were as rigid as those of Vienna where, in 1914, Prince Montenuovo (himself the son of a bastard of Marie-Louise by

[1] Li-lien-Yung, the favourite eunuch of the 'Old Buddha', kept in his diary, they say, a list of the treasures buried with his imperial mistress. The list is long. The value of the objects seems to have been very considerable. Gold and precious stones, and, above all, fine jades: in her coffin there were peaches, lotuses, and water-melons, all carved from the lovely green translucent material.

[2] Thirteen out of the sixteen Ming emperors are buried in the Western Hills near Peking. T'ai-tsu (an ex-bonze), the Founder, is interred at Nanking, his capital. The second emperor fled and reverted to his father's earlier profession. Although Tai-Tsung (1450-57) governed the empire as regent for his brother (a prisoner of the Mongols), he did not receive imperial burial. Some of the Ch'ing dynasty tombs are at the *Tung-ling*, or Eastern Sepulchres, and some in the Western Hills. The Sung tombs are at Kung-me"n in Honan, and those of the T'ang at Si-ngan-fu. In 1925 the imperial tombs near Peking were profaned by robbers. An ominous sign of the times. The Wei tombs have been excavated recently.

Neipperg) would not allow the body of the Duchess of Hohenberg either to share the honours reserved for that of her husband above ground or below in the *Capuzinergruft.*

In the lands of Chinese culture, however, secondary wives of emperors were sometimes posthumously promoted and then reinterred within the imperial sepulchre.[1] In 1488, for instance, the Emperor Hiao-Tsung elevated his concubine mother, after her death, to the rank of Empress and had her reinterred next to her lord, his father, the Emperor Hien-Tsung.

If an empress died during her husband's lifetime she was generally buried either in his prepared grave or under a smaller tumulus of her own. The barrows over the tombs of empresses are almost always (except in the case of great sovereigns who really reigned), appreciably smaller than those of emperors, which are often a thousand feet in diameter.

Empresses who survived their lords or who died during the reigns of their direct descendants had, however, as fine tombs as the emperors themselves, since they died owners of the whole realm, for by Chinese law, custom, and tradition, whatever a child owned was the possession of his living parent, of his father if he survived, of his mother if she was a widow, and this was true of all were they peasants or Sons of Heaven. In the old Middle Realm the rites at the burial of all, whether prince or peasant, differed but in pomp. The burial ceremonies of the people in Annam display several peculiar features and are more tinged with popular Great Vehicle Buddhism than those of Great China. The imperial obsequies are, however, a close copy of those observed at the Court of Peking. There are some special points to be noted as we watch the unfolding of the elaborate ceremonial.[2] The whole thing is informed with the

[1] The exact interior disposition of an imperial tumulus may be judged from that of the Emperor T6-Tsung, which, as late as 1920, was still in process of completion. From the entrance door in the base of the barrow a vaulted passage leads down an inclined plane towards a chamber on the farther side of which is a stone door giving on to a corridor and into another room beyond which another stone door and another corridor lead to another square chamber, giving access to a farther passage, a farther chamber, and another corridor leading to the entrance of the actual tomb chamber in the centre of which is a massive stone couch to support the coffin. The arrangement, in fact, recalls that of the rock tombs, mastabas, and pyramids of Egypt, and, faintly, the humble barrows of our own country.

[2] In Han times the sepulchral tumuli were often, if not regularly, surmounted with buildings to which access was had, at fixed intervals, for the offering up of sacrifice. According to the *Ts'ien Han Chou*: ' On the summit

rather fragile grace of the South and contrasts with the sturdy and stolid magnificence of the Purple Forbidden City in Peking. In 1937 the Dowager Empress of Annam died and was buried with all the traditional rites.

The Great Destiny

As soon as a Sovereign dies, the Palace gates are closed. The Empress, the subsidiary wives and widows and the ladies of the Court retire to the inner recesses of the Palace and there remain until the time of the funeral ceremonies.

The Minister of Rites then knots a white silken sash about the breast of the imperial corpse. The Soul Tablet is set up upon a yellow-covered table near the body. The Tablet is a tapering slab of wood shaped like an obelisk as seen from the front. It is later swathed about with the silken sash that has lain upon the breast of the corpse.

The Little Repast is made ready while the great funeral offerings are being prepared. The body is then covered over with a yellow silk pall while women mourners and servants call back the Soul. An imperial vestment of the dead is held aloft and the Three Souls and the Seven Vital Spirits are implored to animate the stuff.

Afterwards comes the Death Howl.[1] Both the Death Howl and the Calling Back of the Soul are highly conventionalized survivals of something going back very far in time and thus

of the imperial tumuli there are palaces whose construction and arrangement resemble those of the palaces of living emperors, for in them are halls and rooms.' In the *Tung-Han-Wei-Yao* occurs this passage: 'In the Park around the Tomb are the Apartment *(ts'iun)* and the Recreation Hall *(pien-t'ien).* The Apartment is the main hall placed on the top of the tumulus, the Recreation Hall is a separate hall placed beside the Apartment.' In the Apartment were kept the robes and other objects for the use of the dead, whereas the Recreation Hall was reserved for banquets, music, and dances. The custom of placing buildings on the barrows was condemned by the *literati,* together with sacrifices on the tombs. It would seem that the custom of tomb-houses was abandoned after the beginning of the later Han dynasty, but it certainly existed among the earlier Han. Vestiges of the substructures of such buildings can still be seen on the earlier Han tombs at Si-ngan-fu in Shensi. The later Han tombs are scattered about at different places in Szechuan.

[1] According to the *Li-Ki,* there are three degrees of Death Howl appropriate to the rank of the deceased. There are traces in the Chinese records that love and reverence for the dead seem to have been general among the upper classes in Chou, but these were no primitive attitudes even under the Chou and the common people regarded corpses with very different feelings.

coming down to us from the ages when a corpse was a thing of horror and defilement, sacred and accursed, full of Power and therefore of Menace.

At the *Tdn-Vj* hour (that is from one to three in the afternoon) the corpse is washed in water perfumed with five sorts of herbs, embalmed and vested in a new Imperial Habit. All the mortuary toilet is performed by women who everywhere prepare for life and for death.

Into the corpse's mouth are placed nine grains of rice and nine pearls (originally and still for ordinary mortals, cowrie shells,[1] prized already by the Upper Palaeolithic Man of Peking more than twenty thousand years ago); the mouth is then plugged and a veil of yellow silk is placed upon the face and its four corners are knotted behind the head, upon which is set an imperial bonnet.

To the west of the body is placed a couch for the Little Dressing and to the east a couch for the Great Dressing and offerings of flesh and wine are exposed near the bier. The essence of Chinese religion from the earliest times of which we have any record has been the Feeding of Ancestors, both those of the subject and those of the reigning dynasty with whose well-being (and that of their living descendants) is bound up the weal of the State.[2]

Sacrifice[3] is, therefore, the most important part of ritual and,

[1] The cowrie shell is an ancient and widespread talisman. Its fancied resemblance to the female genitalia may have had much to do with its magic power. The pattern of death is in many lands a pattern of the vulva.

[2] The Chou-Li and the Kia-Li books of ancient ritual prescribe that the first offerings should be made by inferiors. The Chou-Li is really a civil service handbook of Han times. The I-Li contains descriptions of certain rituals (but nothing of the Great Sacrifices) and much of it may be, in its essence, very ancient. The Li-Ki, another book of ritual, is even more fragmentary than the I-Li.

[3] About A.D. 400 a changed attitude towards sacrifice is noticeable in Chinese literature. Sacrifices should only be offered to ancestors in times of prosperity, for such offerings were a sign that the people were happy and were giving thanks. The magical, imperative, coercive nature of sacrifice has become obscured.

The First Sacrifice consists of cooked pork, sticky rice, incense, candles, tea, and rice-alcohol (originally no doubt wine that in ancient times the Chinese made from grain, though for ages the drink has been distilled). A feature of ancestral sacrifices apparently unique to early China was the *'shih'* or 'corpse', that is, the medium, into whom, at the sacrifices and for a time, entered the spirits of the dead who at royal funerals were spoken of as the 'Royal Guests' or spirits of former kings.

'Shin', the word for the souls of the departed, did not mean a s'oul of a living man until the third century B.C., and even then it applied only to

at least among the early Chinese, the right performance of the sacrifices could ensure the maintenance of the social order.

By the *Nhdm-thdn* hour (three to five o'clock in the afternoon) the ceremonies of the Little Dressing are completed.

The body is then exposed upon its catafalque in the Great Hall of the Palace and the Place of Wailing is marked out. The Inscription is written upon the Tablet of the Soul and the Messenger of Woe leaves to make the formal announcement of death to the Emperor. The Dynastic Cauldrons are brought forth, those great tripods with which in a mysterious but imperative way the fortunes of the dynasty are linked.

At the *At-Hd* hour (from nine to ten o'clock in the evening) the body is placed in its coffin[1] in the Great Hall of the Can-chanh Palace. The head is towards the south.

On the morrow of the decease it is announced at the South Gate of the Imperial Chancellory. Mandarins in white receive the Imperial Message on their knees. A proclamation is drawn up for dispatch to the provinces.

The Emperor, in person, presides over the ceremonies for a dead Empress.[2] On receiving the message of death, the

the souls of sages and rulers. The rest of the people were, perhaps, conceived as not possessing such souls. According to Waley (whose indispensably valuable notes and comments on early Chinese life and custom I have not hesitated freely to utilize) in the unquestionably ancient *Book of Odes*, '*Ch't*' (which means in modern Chinese the vapour of cooked rice) signifies the 'life-spirit': *'Min'*, the 'male soul', is literally the cloud that issues from one's mouth on a frosty morning, and 'P'o' (the original signification of which was human semen) in contradistinction to the '*Min*' is the female soul that lodges in the tomb. *'Shin'* did not come to mean 'spirit soul' until about the beginning of our era.

[1] An imperial coffin should be quadruple and the innermost should be made of rhinoceros hide, at least the word '*ssu*' used in the classical books in this sense now signifies a rhinoceros. In Chou times, however, it meant ' wild cattle', although it may primitively have had the signification that it now bears. Both rhinoceros hide and cattle hide were used for defensive armour, hence, probably, the custom of burying rulers in a coffin of skin. Coffins in Annam are often constructed of the wood of the *cycas revoluta.* They are covered with layers of lacquer and mastic mixed with coal and sand that renders them liquid-tight. A stalk and leaf of the Ten Thousand Years plant (*cay van tut* in Annamese) is generally laid in the coffin. For ordinary men and women in Little China the shroud is of red cotton-cloth and the corpse is packed into the coffin by means of cushions and wedges of red paper stuffed with shavings. They are called *Bo-quyet.*

Vide Tavernier, *Of the Funeral Pomp of the Kings of Tunquin and their Manner of Burying their Dead;* he says of the body that it is 'presently embalm'd and lies upon a bed of state sixty days ', The Sovereign is buried with ' Massy Bars of Gold and Silver ', The people were admitted to view the Lying-in-State.

[2] The microcosm of the ' Purple Forbidden City' in which the Emperor

Emperor removes all his jewels, bonnet, ornaments, and robes. He and all the male members of the imperial family then assume the white mourning garments of their rank. The Emperor, as Chief Mourner, puts on the deepest mourning, that is, vestments made of the coarsest cloth. The Sovereign should isolate himself for one hundred days.[1]

In very early times mourners lived lives apart in booths near the tombs. When the whole apparatus of Chinese life was fixed and stylized under the Han, a prolonged mourning period was preserved. It was probably much less of a curse to the mourners than would appear at the first blush. The temporary withdrawal from the world came generally late in middle life (the Chinese have always married early) and it was an occasion of surcease from the toil of public business and from the boredom of family life. At the transition from maturity to age, a man could survey his existence and strike a balance. Many early codes have recommended a 'return to Nature' for a period. The forest-life of the mature man, mentioned in the Laws of Manu, is, in this respect, typical. The Chinese *literati* did well to keep the piously long mourning of their forefathers.

The Chief Mourner must wear a coat and skirt of unhemmed and untrimmed hempen cloth, a twisted girdle, rush shoes and a hat with string cords and four flaps, one to cover each ear, one the nape, and one the eyes.

White is not the mourning 'colour' in the sense that yellow is that of the imperial dignity or red the colour of the south and good omen. White is the colour of mourning in China and in the countries subjected to her cultural influence, because mourning garments have been made from the earliest times of natural and undyed materials. It is the coarseness and cheapness of the stuff that makes it peculiarly suitable for funerals, not its whiteness. 'The acts of greatest reverence/ says the *Li-Ki,* ' admit of no adornment.'

The Chief Mourner in the imperial funeral, the Emperor Bao-Bai, carries in his hands a roughly pared-off stick of wood, so long that it may, when held so that one end touches the

conducts the funeral ceremonies is the microcosm of the Secluded Sovereign, successor, in some measure, of the ' Sole Man ' of the early Chinese monarchy.

[1] The Annamese Code was revised and remodelled by the Emperor Gia-Long and the part dealing with ceremonial made to conform even more closely to Chinese precedent than the old prescriptions of the Le" kings.

ground, reach to his heart with the other end. In Old China this stick was of bamboo for a male relation and of dryandria for a female. In Little China the Stick of Weeping is generally carved from the wood of the erythrina *(dong).* The club, upon which the Chief Mourner leans during most of the ceremonies, is rounded at the top to symbolize Heaven and squared at the base to typify Earth.

In his life apart in early times the Chief Mourner ate special food and abstained from all physical pleasure. Just as the Emperor secludes himself in his House of Fasting before the Sacrifice to Heaven so the mourner must spiritualize himself from those things that are specifically of mortals so as to be fit for contact with the spirits and to be able to impress them with the urgency and earnestness of his prayers. No doubt, however, in primitive ages, the Chinese mourners were regarded as unclean from the contamination of the corpse, and this cogent reason for secluding them was afterwards euphemerized as respect for the spirits and for the mourner's presumed sorrow.

At the Great Dressing the Emperor appears, preceded by two men bearing lances. The Sovereign wails and sobs throughout the ceremony. Oblations of food and wine are again made.

The Eulogy of the Empress is then read. Originally, perhaps, the panegyric was intended not only to placate the dead one but to remind him that those he had left behind had done everything possible to save his life, but in vain. The Eulogy is now and has been for a score of centuries purely laudatory.

The coffin is brought to the catafalque on a sort of toboggan known as the Dragon Sledge. The body on its body-rest is then lifted into the sarcophagus, which is of immense size. The coffin is sealed and varnished. Baskets of millet (the most ancient cereal of the Chinese, used long before rice, and still the staple food of the Northern Chinese) are exposed nearby, the tripods are heaped with food, twelve different sorts of comestibles are laid out on a table towards the south. The Chief Mourner wails the while and stamps his feet.

In the sarcophagus are placed (or should be placed) the Six Objects of Jade.[1] Jade to fortify the 'life' of the deceased in his

[1] The Six Objects are traditionally a sky-blue *P'i,* a yellow *Ts'ung,* a green *Kuei,* a red *Chang,* a white *Hu,* and a black *Huang.* The *P'i* and *Ts'ung* are described on page 228. The *Kuei* (something like an arrow-head and sometimes engraved with the seven stars of *Ursa Major)* is probably a

new abode is one of the oldest and most necessary of Chinese grave-gear.

In any case, pieces of jade should be used to cover the orifices of the body. Two oval jades should lie upon the eyes, a jade cicada should be placed in the mouth, the nostrils plugged with octagonal pegs and the navel, the vulva (or the penis) and the anus should be covered with larger morsels of the precious stone.[1]

Offerings are made at the catafalque every day for a month and on the hundredth day a great sacrifice is performed.

The Posthumous Title is proclaimed and thereafter the earthly name of the dead sovereign becomes strictly tabu, for the uttering of the Name can compel the spirit.

On each oblation day the Master of the Ceremonies puts up the Prayer Tablet to the east of the bier and lays out both meat and wine on the tables of offerings. The Emperor comes to weep before the table of offerings and makes libations. He stands to the east and makes three offerings and bows three times. There is no justification by faith. To be placatory and imperative the ceremony must be rightly performed according to the Rites.

Pity and Prudence

The catafalque is covered with an imperial yellow silk pall embroidered for an empress with phoenixes and for an emperor

phallic emblem. The *Chang* is a half *P'i.* The *Hu* is a square engraved with a conventionalized *t'ao-t'ieh,* or animal face. The *Huang* was perhaps a flat segment (or half) of a jade circle. The gorgeous jade jewelled fruits placed in the Chinese Empress Dowager's coffin were Manchu conceits and had no ancient authority.

[1] In spite of the ingenious theories that have been woven regarding the colour green as a symbol of vegetation, life, resurrection, and what not, the earliest jades were apparently ivory-coloured. The emerald-green jade that so strikes our imagination and attention comes principally, if not entirely, from Burma and is, therefore, in the Chinese scene a recent thing. The nephrites from Eastern Turkestan and Yarkand were of all colours from red to white, the dark green stones from the Lake Baikal region often look almost black. The Burmese 'jade' is jadeite. There were perhaps nephrites of old in the provinces of Shansi and Shensi whose workings have long since been exhausted. It is in the use of jade ('CalchihuitT like 'Yu-' was applied to a variety of substances) that we find one of the strange parallels between Mexico and China. The National-Geographic-Smithsonian Expedition in 1939-41 not only discovered at Cerro de las Mesas a great jade cache of hundreds of objects, but a skeleton whose head rested in a large raddled sea-shell and scores of skulls buried alone.

with dragons seen full-face, and the bier is set up in the Great Hall of the Palace—that in China bore the potent name of the Great Hall of Pity and Prudence. The Emperor standing to the west of the coffin looks east and sobs. The extreme ritualization of sorrow is a good cure for grief and an excellent mask for its absence. The performance of complicated and stately ritual enables you to avert the evil chance that ever follows close on good fortune. Ritual steadies and clears you of presumption. It faintly cheers and makes men urbane. By a kind of moral vaccination it also induces healthy incredulity. Ritual is the one reaction (others are flight, collapse, and active defence) that seems instinctively to steady the nerves in the face of imminent danger. It is even more effective in cleansing us and in allaying fear of the danger that is apprehended, and not perceived, but which we know is lurking when we are most happy.

By the side of the coffin are the Soul Tablet and the Sceptre of Jade *(j'ui).* Around stand all the members of the Imperial Family, the mandarins and Court officials and their wives, in spotless mourning.

The Prayer is presented to the Sovereign by the Minister of Rites. The Emperor kneels and prays and with him all present. The Son of Heaven then offers up libations, bowing deeply between each libation. He makes heave-offerings of flesh three times and offerings of wine three times, and between each offering he bows and all present make *lay* or obeisances of prostration to the ground. The Emperor then takes up his place to the left of the coffin. The offerings are removed. The weeping ceases abruptly.

The Propitious Day

The Imperial Astrologers compute all the dates for the ceremonies by means of shells. The fixing of the propitious time, hour, and day for the burial is most important. Sometimes the body is kept in the palace for many months. Generally in Annam burial takes place about two or three months after death.

When the propitious day for interment has been determined by the astrologers (it has never been known to rain on the day of an imperial funeral), five imperial delegates announce the

event to Heaven three days before the date set for the funeral procession. The Sacred Way to the tombs is set in order and sprinkled with fine sand. In the Japanese funeral rites the imperial bier is dragged to the tumulus-tomb on a sledge drawn by white oxen starved so that they may not defile the Via Sacra. In the lands of Chinese customs the catafalque is borne by men.

On the fixed day oxen, goats, and pigs are sacrificed and some of their flesh put upon the portable altars. The Emperor and his mandarins take up their places on the left, the Empress and the ladies of the Court on the right.

The Minister of Rites calls out his directions:

'Let all stand up!'

'Let all begin to weep!'

'Let all kneel!'

'Let the Master of the Ceremonies offer incense.'

'Let all prostrate themselves to the earth!'[1]

The Tidings are announced to the Imperial Ancestors, to the Spirits, to Earth and to Heaven.

The great procession sets out. In its essence it is but a glorified edition of the funeral cortege of the *to'ng-doc's* wife. The imperial procession is as gorgeous as that for the Sacrifice to Heaven. There are the Banners of the Five Elements, the flags of the Twenty-eight Constellations, the Masks of the Eight Redoubtable Warriors, paper models of junks and the Boat of the Soul, the palanquins and litters of scarlet and gilt lacquer, the Master of the Ceremonies beating out the cadence of the procession upon a silver drum as he walks backwards.

Then comes the Chariot of the Silken Soul, containing the Tablet wrapped about with the silken scarf, and then the Eight Lanterns and the bier, preceded by the Emperor who should walk backwards.[2]

The quadruple coffin weighs over six tons, and it is borne by one hundred and sixty porters in black tunics and white head-cloths. Each has his teeth clamped on a splinter of

[1] ' Lay' is prostration and ' tam-vai' respectful salutation made by bowing low. The Emperor Bao-Dai, on his taking up the reins of government, abolished the 'lay' for all but the religious ceremonies. 'Men make four obeisances, but women of whatsoever condition only one.'

[2] There is a curious account in Percheron's *Nouvelle Histoire de la Chine* of the funeral of the Empress Mother of China at the end of March 1617.

bamboo so that he cannot cry aloud under the strain. The bier is shaded on either side by imperial yellow umbrellas, and upon its top are set seven candles that should be disposed so as to follow the pattern of the seven stars of *Ursa Major* (in Annamese *Bdc-Bao)*> and the bier must be carried so evenly as not to upset a drop of a full glass of water set beside it.

There are no lamentations as the procession moves on its two-day journey to the imperial mausoleum. The route of the procession is set with wayside altars as on the Day of Sacrifice. From time to time a halt is made at one of these shrines, for all the world as the great *paseos* are halted in the Holy Week processions at Seville.

The night is spent in a funeral watch at the Nam-Giao. A great yellow tabernacle covers the uppermost circular terrace of the place of sacrifice.[1] The cressets flare around. Prayers and sacrifices are offered up. In the morning the procession re-forms and proceeds to the imperial mausoleum.

At the entrance to the tumulus tomb the coffin is let down the inclined plane to the funeral chamber on sleepers and by ropes to the accompaniment of the rhythmical wailing of women. Last prayers are offered up and the Emperor himself is the last to see that the way is clear to the tomb chamber.

The Silken Soul is buried separately.

Offerings are then made in the Ancestral Temple in the tomb grounds. The Sacrifice for the Peace of the Heart is performed and the Personator eats the foodstuffs offered up while libations are made from all the complicated shaped bronze vessels, some of which date back to Shang times.

In the thirteenth month after the interment a great sacrifice is held. Mourning for an emperor or empress lasts, theoretically, twenty-seven months (that is, it extends into three years and counts as a three-years' mourning). During these months the heir of an Emperor lives in a subsidiary apartment of the imperial palace and does not take up his residence in the main imperial apartments until after the ceremonies and sacrifices held in the twenty-fifth month after the burial.

[1] The tabernacles erected over the circular terrace should be of silk (as they were in China); in these degenerate days in Annam they are made of twill.

Audience de Congi

After the Night of the Sacrifice to Heaven I managed to get up about eleven o'clock and going to send some telegrams, found that the postmaster of Hue was an old ship acquaintance. His perky little daughter was the joy of all the young officers on the ship (most of whom, alas for her, got off at Jibuti) in the intervals of reading for her *'bachoV.* She pursued the joys or the advantages of a liberal education, both theoretical and practical, in a way truly French.

The Residency at Hu6 is smothered in trees and surrounded with the best-kept and most scrunchy gravel I had trod in the East; no fear of even the stealthy-footed Annamese crossing that terrace without giving signs of their presence. I had a short talk with M. Graffeuil, the Resident-General, was received *'en audience de conge"* by His Excellency the Governor-General, and got on my way about one o'clock with a packet of sandwiches and a newish Citroen for the six hundred miles run to Saigon air-field.

Green and Blue

You twist and twine through the park-like glades of Hu6, past the Nam-Giao, now shorn of its bunting and finery. You skirt the high walls of the Emperor Tu-Buc's mausoleum and head for the Mandarin Way and the coast.

Soon the mountains close in. You rise and are on a corniche expecting every moment to see an Asiatic Villefranche or an Annamese Monte Carlo, but there is never a building to mar the monotonous beauty of rock and pine. So the Riviera must have looked before men learnt to sell sunshine and the right to lose your money at the tables. But no one wants to buy sunshine in Annam, and you can gamble where and when you like. The banks and insurance companies have not there been able, as in Europe, to create a misdemeanour out of what the organized religions have been induced to brand as a sin.

My driver was a Hue man and, for an Annamese, pretty loquacious. He tore me between the desire not to distract his attention from his speeding on a narrow, winding precipice and the fear that if I did not readily respond he would slew himself round still more on his seat so as to get a really

face-to-face chat. So I tried to devise a conversation that would force him, if not to look where he was going, at least to keep facing the road. Some one had told me that the Annamese were as good as colour-blind and that their poor vocabulary of colour-words proved it. Time and again, I had found, in Europe, that the Annamese seemed to have an acute discrimination of colour shades and were able to describe them with the accuracy that so often goes with a stimulated intelligence. But, perhaps, I had said to myself, only those who had had a French education were so enlightened. The ancient Greeks, however, had, what appears to us, very few words for the colours, but we cannot believe that they were colour-blind or unable to recognize bluish-green from greenish-blue.

Most of the colour names in Annamese are straightforward enough. There is, generally, both a native Annamese and a Chinese word. Thus, *hdng* means red and is derived from the Chinese, the native Annamese term is *do* (by the way, ' England' is *Nu'd'c hong mao,* that is, ' Red Hair Country ', The Annamese (and the Chinese also) anticipated the classifications of some of the old-fashioned anthropologists : *hodng* (or *huhg)* means 'yellow', and is the Chinese word that you find in Hoang-Ho, the 'Yellow River', but in Annamese it is generally pronounced *vang',* in fact, the two pronunciations count as two different words. You would say *hodng* when speaking of the Imperial Colour and *vdng* when referring to a man with jaundice. But there does not seem to be any common native Annamese term for 'yellow'. *Bach* is 'white' (it is just the archaic pronunciation of what in 'Mandarin' is pronounced *'beh'),* and there is a native Annamese word, *'trdng'.* In some cases the Chinese-derived word is the more used and in others the native term. Just as with us. We say a candid soul and a white pocket-handkerchief: goldfinch—and refer to the popinjays *or* on the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston's coat of arms. In Annamese it is the same for' black ' and other shades. It is when we come to' blue ' and' green ' that the protagonists of Annamese colour-blindness find their evidence. It is something like this: *Luc* means 'green'. It is the Chinese term and the Annamese equivalent is *xanh,* but *xanh* is also used as an alternative for the Sino-Annamese *thanh,* and *thanh* certainly means 'blue', as in the phrase *thanh-thiin* (' blue sky'), although the Annamese

often use it for what we should call ' green'. There is, however, another word, *bich* for 'blue', and this combined with *luc,* as *bich luc,* means 'azure blue', but perhaps can only be applied to something luminous as the sky or (in *thach bich)* a sapphire. But you can also say *ngpc xanh* for a sapphire, but it may also mean 'jade' or anything diaphanous of a bluish or greenish colour.

If you ask an intelligent Annamese to tell you how to define the colour of a blue robe he will probably give you a compound—' sky-skin-colour ', and perhaps if you wanted a really cast-iron and water-tight word for 'green' he would use some such phrase as' grass-colour '; but there is nothing in the Annamese nomenclature to suggest that the people of Viet-Nam cannot distinguish colour shades. The language has no precise simple word that can be applied to all categories of 'greens' and ' blues', but there is nothing singular in this: it is a characteristic of many of the so-called 'primitive' languages (although there is nothing primitive about Annamese): the generic name is not felt as needed and different sorts of blues and greens are considered as different things. After all, the quality of the colour sensation we get from looking on an emerald is a very different thing from that given us by staring at a lawn, and between the 'blue' of the sky and the 'blue' of the sea there is enough difference to justify the use of two separate words. It is because blues and greens are the shades most widely diffused in the world of growing and moving things that there is so often hesitation about names.

Perhaps the theory that the Annamese cannot distinguish colours agrees with the pseudo-scientific assumption that because they exhibit certain infantile traits in their physique (and many others that are by no means infantile), as do all peoples with a good dose of 'Mongoloid' strain, therefore they must be as those little children who learn comparatively late to know blue from green. And then it all fits in with the 'people of minors' nonsense, so useful when you happen to be a self-appointed tutor. So I tried it on the driver and we had an animated conversation concerning the colour of all sorts of objects—ahead, of course—until we were dropping down from the *Col des Nuages* to the sandy plain of Tourane without any mishap.

I have not yet found out whether he could distinguish blue from green.

Fai-fo[1]

The Mandarin Way does not pass through Tourane, but leaves it on the left, and you are now in the old country of the Chams. Cham ruins begin to show on the hills and the type of the people gets more and more Indonesian, and Malay-seeming. There are no living Chams yet, they come much farther south, but something makes you feel that you are not on such old Annamese soil as in the north. All the way to Quinhon and beyond, the mountains are near the sea. You have no more wide plains such as in Central and Northern Annam, but the territories of His Majesty Bao-Bai widen out towards the inland plateaux.

Fai-fo was the old port of Annam, the Nagasaki or Canton of the Pacified South where came the Japanese and Chinese merchants from the north and the Europeans out of their Far West. From the early seventeenth century there was active rivalry between the French and Dutch traders, between the *Compagnie des Indes* and the *Oostindische Vereenigde Maatschappij*. The Dutch strove to maintain a monopoly of all trade east of India.[2] Soon our East India Company got busy, and in 1613 we find one Captain John Sarris in Fai-fo, where he left a permanent agent in the shape of Mr. Carwarden. Business was not, however, very brisk or very easy. The Dutch, the French, and the English squabbled among themselves and intrigued with the Annamese with the result that the Chinese and Japanese got all the trade. The French complained petulantly to their chiefs in Paris that everything had to be done *'par Vintermediaire des concubines'* which could have been quite pleasant. Eventually even the Dutch were frozen out,[3] and the H.E.I.C.'s men were the last to leave. It was rather difficult to sell broad-cloth to the inhabitants of semi-tropical Annam. The combination of Chinese commercial genius,

[1] The Annamese call it *'Hoi-An'*.

[2] 'The monopoly of East Indian trade and no other country any share whatever,' was the motto.

[3] Bitter as was the rivalry between French and British, they seem to have made common cause against the Dutch. See *Histoire de la Conduite des Hollandois en Asie*, by J. B. Tavernier.

'. . . the white marble figures on the esplanade before the Temple of the Imperial Tablet, the red and gold lacquer gates all set against a background of dark green, silver-barked Chinese pines. . . .' (Page 240)

Japanese intrigues, and the deep-rooted prejudice of the Annamese against everything European had won out. Trade relations between Cochin-China and Japan lagged after Iemitsu's persecution of the Christians in 1637, and although there was at first quite an influx of native Japanese Christian refugees to Fai-fo, when the claustration policy of the Tokugawas was fully established, the Chinese were left practically without competitors. 'Cochin-China' was a rich market and the Europeans did not cease to regret their loss to the Chinese of the benzoin, *toutenaque,*[1] aloes-wood, pepper, spices, silks, and metals. 'Silks they sell to the Hollanders as also their *Lignum Aloes',* says Daniel Tavernier, adding that some of the perfume was worth a thousand crowns a pound.

The missionaries had been active before the traders—but the old Portuguese and Spaniards had given way to the French before the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the Holy See created a Mission in Tongking with, as its director, the famous Father Alexandre de Rhodes, who spent seven years in the Annamese lands. He spread, if he did not invent, the Latinized script for the Annamese language known as *quoc-ngu.*

A great spur to missionary enterprise was the formation at Paris of the *'Missions Etrangkes',* and a pro-vicar-general was sent to Cochin-China by this organization. Father Chevreuil landed at Fai-fo July 24th, 1660, and it may be said that French missionaries have been in the land ever since. Until recent years, their efforts were not very successful in the north, but Southern Annam is dotted with great gaunt churches and there are to-day over a million Annamese Catholics.

Fai-fo bears traces of having been a flourishing entrepot. In addition to the beautiful lacquer screen[2] of the Ba-ma pagoda, there are temples of the Chinese guilds and there is a small shrine that spans the river and abuts on to a bridge still called Japanese. The old watering station of the sea-going junks, the island of Culao Cham, is about fifteen miles off-shore.

[1] Toutenaque is an alloy of zinc, copper, and iron.

[2] Laccase, the oxidizing enzyme found in the latex of the Indo-China lacquer-tree *(Rhus succedanea),* is a copper-protein compound which is also found in the latex of the Japanese *{Rhus vernicifera)* and Burmese *(Melanarrhoea usitata)* lacquer-trees.

Quinhon

As you move on you see at Ha-L&m and at Chieu-dang more and more Cham ruins.

Just after Tam-ke and some twenty miles south-west of it are the Bong-mien gold-mines that were worked in the time of the East India traders.

From now onward the country is full of hot springs. There are those of Ngoc-ha, and then, farther on, the hot chloride of soda springs of M6-duc near Trach-tleu.

At Tam-quam you see the first coco-nut groves, and the bay fringed with the tall, feathery trees might be Tahiti or Samoa.

Quinhon

The twisting and turning, the rising and the falling, the fantastic speed, try the most hardened guts. After half a dinner that seemed to lack all charm, I leaped through the window bay of the dining-room and exonerated myself under the tall, dark trees of the hotel garden. Then, feeling much better, I stumbled upstairs and into a large, broad, low, tulle-curtained bed. In comes the head boy with an air of obtrusive importance.

'*Monsieur ddsire Madame?'* All the hotels of Indo-China provide you with bed-fellows of a sort.

'Non: . . .

' Because I feel sick.'

' *Madame gudrit Monsieur?*

Nothing more. The Annamese have a keen sense of the ridiculous. Their sarcasm is ingenious and biting, but they cannot laugh themselves off.

The Annamese Manner

After Quinhon you climb the heights of Cape Varella, the most easterly point of the Annamese shore. It is very hot and shimmering, even in the early morning. The sea looks viscous. You are high up and nothing in the vegetation reminds you of the palm-fringed shores of the Sdng-C^u that, at sunset the other day, looked like the Nile.

The whole of this province of Quang-Ngai is full of springs, some hot, some cold. One of them gives you a sparkling water, tasting for all the world like that excellent limpid Carola-water

you get at Ste Marie-aux-Mines in Alsace, just above Ribeauville' or Rappoltsweiler as it has again become. . . .

Wherever the land broadens out a little to the plain, there stand the lofty, narrow, skimpy, blotchy, grim, grey, and empty-windowed Mission churches. The Faith now makes little headway. The baffled and frustrated soul of the Annamese finds little rest in the complications of Christianity. The Annamese are untouched by the Indian idea of acquiring merit or by the Indian soul-complex. The Buddhism that is the only religion of the country, apart from the official cults, has been thoroughly strained and filtered through the Chinese sieve before reaching the Peaceful South. You cannot say that the Annamese are weighed down with a sense of sin; they are obsessed with no saviour complex, they are not of that introvert, schizophrenic type that makes the religious lunatics of Europe. Again and again one is forced to try to seek a sidelight on the Annamese from the Japanese, whom they resemble in their debt to China. Neither the Annamese nor the Japanese are quite so immersed in money-making as the Chinese. The Annamese, it is true, are endlessly industrious compared with their neighbours, but, fundamentally, they agree with the young Frenchman who said that there are only two ways of getting money—inheriting it or marrying it. The precariousness of great fortune in the East and the hopeless misery of the masses make wealth for most seem something belonging only to dream-life.

The high suicide rate of Japan[1] is not paralleled in Annam.

[1] The Japanese suicide rate is only exceeded by that of Austria, Denmark, Switzerland, and Saxony. Nothing has been more juggled with than suicide statistics (unless it be those of cancer). In Europe we are told that Catholic countries have much less suicide than Protestant ones, and Ireland is pointed to. True, it has one of the lowest if not the lowest for any country concerning which we have reliable statistics, but, on the other hand, the rate for Austria, an ultra-Catholic country, is (and was long before the misery of the last war and its consequences) the highest in the world. Then we are told that peoples of the sunshine and the age-old reasonable civilization of the Mediterranean do not kill themselves off like the northern barbarians. Yet Greece has a very high rate though that of Spain is low. Then some maintain that that mysterious thing ' race' has all to do with it. Nordics want to rid the world of themselves more than Mediterraneans. Or wine-drinking is the key to the whole business. The Irish do not drink much wine, and as far as ' race' is concerned there is not much to chose between all the countries round the Inland Sea. The same sort of loose talk is bandied about regarding cancer, but in that case there does seem to be a diminution as you go southwards. The towns with the highest rates in Europe are Basle and Copenhagen and the incidence certainly does get less, in France, for instance, as

The only cases of suicide that I have personally come across (although, naturally, there are many) were either due to misery, religious fervour, or occurred among Westernized Annamese in Europe. The family ties are strong and the group, when it can, does not let the individual down yet. It soon will if European influence is prolonged. The *shinju* (love-suicide) of Japan is unknown. The Annamese attitude to marriage and romantic love is quite Chinese and Lucretian. There is very little expressed eroticism save in proverb and folk song. The popular terms of abuse are generally very obscene, and there is no light touch.[1]

The loyalty and the cleanliness of the Japanese are about the only things they do not owe to China. The Annamese are Chinese in these matters.

What manner of men are the Annamese and what is their tradition of comportment ? There is no denying that they have a bad reputation. An early French settler in Cochin-China describes them as dirty but industrious, lacking in taste and obsequiously polite, showing no military spirit and cowardly in the field, although almost indifferent to capital punishment; cruel to ferocity, thievish, vain, quarrelsome, and the women especially bad-tempered. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* after having called the Annamese ' the worst-built and ugliest of all the Indo-Chinese who belong to the Mongolian race', goes on to say: ' Though fond of ease, the Annamese are more industrious than the neighbouring peoples. . . . They show much outward respect for superiors and parents, but they are insincere and incapable of deep emotion. . . . A proneness to gambling and opium-smoking, and a tinge of vanity and deceitfulness, are their less estimable traits. On the whole, they are mild and easy-going and even apathetic, but the facility with which they learn is remarkable.'

The *Encyclopaedia* account was written a good many years

you move to Provence, to sink very low in Corsica. But then again it is far lower in Annam. There is an answer for everything. Here is one ready-made : as cancer is especially a disease of middle and late middle age, you do not get so much of it where the people die young. That is as good a comment as any other.

[1] *Att-Mau-Lon* and the like : my name happens to go nicely into Annamese as *Bu-Bit,* and this, with *Bu-Cdc,* is one of the commonest and most obscene expletives in the language. Annamese are delighted to find that I have so friendly and home-like a patronymic.

ago, and is based in the main on such works as Legrand de la Liraye's *Notes kistoriques sur la nation annamite,* published in the early sixties of the last century, and Gosselin's *UEmpire d' Annam.*

To begin with, there is no people about whom it is more rash to generalize. There is no Annamese 'type', although, if you are experienced, you can usually spot an Annamese as such. As with all peoples whose racial mixture is uneven, there are some types of which you can say definitely, 'That is Annamese'. Some measure of prognathism is not rare. It is less usual in China, even in the south. The triangular, flat face with protruding cheek-bones is common. Skin colour varies. Some Annamese are the colour of brown paper. Others have almost white skins, especially on the arms, although the nape of the neck and the inside of the thighs are always much pigmented. You will usually find that the long-faced (and often long-headed) sort are fairer skinned than the others. Look at the frontispiece to see if the Annamese are ill-made, and at the photograph of the Empress-Mother (facing page 260) to see if they are ugly. On the other hand, the Emperor Bong-Khanh had a queer feline *fades* that is not uncommon in Western Normandy. I must say that I have known and seen as many pretty girls among the Annamese as among most of their neighbours. The Annamese are a good deal better built than the Japanese, their complexions are better, and class for class they look more refined. You rarely if ever see in Little China the astoundingiy elegant and beautiful women you see in the Great; but, then, the Annamese are a people of twenty millions as against four hundred millions, and the Chinese, at their best, are very hard to beat. Their superb and unirritating self-assurance is apt to be aped in Annam as pretension. You just cannot pretend to have three thousand five hundred or more years of coherent and connected national culture behind you when you have not got it.

The main faults of the Annamese, as a whole, they share with many others of South-eastern Asia. They are, at their best, superb liars, but you can generally tell when they are lying if you know them well. Their good characteristics, their industry, second only to that of the Chinese, and the rapidity with which they learn not only out of books, but how to behave

themselves in new surroundings, are prodigious. Give many an Annamese girl three months and a little money and she will fit herself for any society. They are incredibly deft and unclumsy, they are noiseless in their movements and so quick to comprehend that the slightest gesture or hint is understood. They can be full of tact. You must live with them before you can realize that if you must have another person in the house with you what a joy it is to have some one who never flusters, sweats, stinks, bangs doors, knocks against furniture, never asks awkward questions, displays understanding when it is far better to seem a fool, and who comes and goes silently and is never indignant or surprised. I am, frankly, prejudiced in favour of the Annamese, partly because my relations with some of them are for me very happy memories, and partly, I think, because of the very qualities that others find blameable. I do not pretend that they have anything of the forceful character and the imposing human qualities of the Chinese, but I find them often charming and am disposed to attribute many of their failings to the conditions of moral and political subjection under which they have lived. It is discouraging to be a sort of Chinese in everything except the essentials of being. It is humiliating to have your modern culture handed out to you by your conquerors, but it must be said for the French that wherever they go they do leave behind gifts of the spirit. The sloppiness of their administration itself allows all sorts of loopholes for individual initiative on the part of their subjects. It may be confidently maintained that the French never disappear from any place without leaving traces of the eternal things of the spirit and the mind of man. I am afraid that when we and, say, the Dutch, inevitably also quit our Far Eastern possessions it will be found that we have left very little indeed behind, except a good many half-castes. The Annamese know what they owe to the French and they admire them. Paris and all that that stands for in the domain of culture, fascinates and enthralls the Oriental. Prince Saionji, the sagest of the Japanese, said once: 'What cannot be learned in Paris is not worth learning.' Not all the Annamese get to France, but when they do, they drop for the most part the more unreasonable of their anti-French prejudices.

The White House

Just before the rains break, the land around Nhatrang (the White House) is burnt and bare, the forest dry and sparse, but Yersin, now nearly eighty years of age, works there summer and winter. His name is hardly known to us, yet he is the last of Pasteur's collaborators and not one of the least. He was in the old laboratory of the rue d'Ulm when a poor Alsatian woman brought her little boy to be saved by the first inoculation against rabies. Meister lived on to guard the Master's grave in the Institute of Paris and to kill himself just as the Germans polluted Paris in 1940. It is a pious thought that the French have of burying some of their famous dead there where their life's work was done. I could never enter the Pasteur Institute at Tunis while I was working there and walk round Nicolle's plain polished marble slab let into the floor of the hall without a *serrement de cceur.*

In 1897 Yersin at Hong Kong isolated the bubonic plague bacillus[1] and set research on the track of the means to grapple with and strangle the foul thing. He works on at Nhatrang, gaunt and hermit-like, and devotes the rest of his life to combating the diseases of beasts. To him Indo-China owes the eradication and stamping out of rinderpest and other epizootics. A great figure.

The Aquarium of the Oceanographic Institute swarms with queer fish and is worth a longer visit than any one gives to Nhatrang.

Champa

There are no Chams in Nhatrang, but they extend south of Phantiet right into Cochin-China. To-day they are a divided people; there are those who still practise a degenerate Brahmanism and there are those who profess a corrupted Islam. In Cambodia, where there are Cham colonies founded by those who fled from their homeland before the Annamese advance, the Cham have been brought round to orthodox Islam by the Moslem Malays.

There are not more than 130,000 Chams remaining in Southern Annam. Three-quarters of them are Brahmanists. The Moslem Chams call them, of course, *kafir,* or unbelievers.

[1] It was independently discovered by Lowson and Kitasato.

There has been little or no interbreeding with the Annamese (that is to say, visible in those who are to-day reckoned Chams; all the Annamese of the south have Cham blood in their veins, for the bulk of the subject people were assimilated). At a first glance they look very Malay and, like the Malays, are the most European-seeming of the Indo-Chinese peoples. In spite of a pronounced saddle-back that makes them walk *culeandoy* as the Spaniards say, the women are comely and have the magnificent carriage of those who bear their burdens on their heads. The birth-rate tends to drop, but owing to the ever lower infantile mortality, the Chams are by no means dying out.

You can always tell a Cham village because there are no trees, no green shrubs, and no shade. They think that shade of trees is ill-omened and hides evil spirits. The Annamese hamlet on the other hand is an oasis of verdure and shadow, even in the flat and bare open country. The huts of the Cham are small and then sub-divided into tiny cubicles, for each member of the family sleeps alone, a pleasing change from the promiscuity of the Annamese peasants. The Cham women have a high reputation for chastity, and, at any rate, they are closely watched and guarded. ' As well leave a man alone with a girl,' runs their proverb, 'as an elephant in a field of sugar-cane.' There are, indeed, traces of matriarchate in the Cham customs, and women play an important part in their religious life. At her first menstruation a Cham girl 'goes into the shade' for a period of from five to one hundred days. During this time she must not eat meat, leave the house during daylight, or see a man.

The Cham are a most agreeable people. They are very lazy and make no effort at all to compete with the insinuating Annamese. The children are delightfully spoilt and natural and impudent. The Cham housewives are slovenly and notoriously bad cooks, but, then, such things are known also among imperial peoples.

Even among the Brahmanic Cham a priest with a wooden knife performs a simulacrum of circumcision. They have a mixed solar-lunar calendar and, like ourselves, a seven-day week with the days named after the planets.

Near Nhatrang is the great Cham sanctuary of Po Nagar, or

The present Dowager Empress of Annam, widow of the Emperor Khai-Dinh, a photograph taken on her fiftieth birthday in 1938. (Page 243)

the Lady of the City. It is a series of buildings of differing dates from the seventh to the twelfth century, and it is dedicated to Siva. The place was sacked and burned in 774 by a Malay fleet from Sumatra and never regained its former glory.

In the dusk of the inner recesses of the temple, alone in a huge hall, sits the image of Bhagavati, the Blessed One, a manifestation of Uma, the s*akti* of Siva. Again a goddess.

There are wizards among the Cham and their most potent medicine is the gall-bladder of man. It is getting increasingly difficult to find one, so generally that of a goat is substituted, but it is much less efficacious, deplore the good old-fashioned sorcerers.

The Cham incinerate all their dead except the bodies of little children. These (as in Cambodia) are buried and their spirits enter into palm civets. The funeral rites of the Cham are all designed to fashion a subtle body for the soul to inhabit, and this ethereal frame can only be made with rice. Seven years after the burning the charred bones are disinterred and the *os frontale* is broken into nine pieces and a portion given to each relation. There are agrarian fertility rites and the Cham of Phantiet and Phanri adore the *yoni* or stylized female organ of generation. To secure luck, fortune, and good crops, they fashion a cylinder of wood that they move backwards and forwards in a cleft of the rocks or a split of a tree to simulate copulation, while they anoint this primitive linga with rice-alcohol.

Initiation

But the main cult of the Cham is in the hands of shamanesses. Their religion is a queer mixture of animism, Brahmanism, and even Islam. They invoke both *Po Allah* and *Po Amid* (that is, Buddha) in their half-ruined temples.

Near Phan-rang is Pd-klaung-garai, one of the most magnificent of the Cham temples. The entrance gate is of three giant granite monoliths. In the tympanum over the doorway is a great dancing Siva with six hands, with twain he cups his head and in the others he wields the lotus, the trident, the cup, and the scimitar. The walls are decorated with images of

Indra on his three-headed elephant, Vishnu, with his parrot-faced garuda, and many gracious things, though nothing as precious as Tra-ki6u. In the courts are stone elephants, Nandi, the Bull of Siva, and in the innermost cellar, pitch-dark and full of bats, stands a magnificent stalwart Siva-faced linga. You are in India.

And the descendants of the men who fashioned these marvels live more artlessly than the Cambodian offspring of Angkor's temple-builders. They only resort to their ancient temples on occasion and, as it were, by stealth. For everyday worship they have little mosque huts if they are *bants,* and little temple huts with a *mukhalinga* if they are *kafirs.*

The shamanesses invoke and adore especially *P6 Yang Hio Nogai Take,* the Great Goddess Mother of the Realm, who married ninety-seven different husbands, but, curiously enough (too many cooks spoil the broth), had by them only thirty-eight daughters. Like Aphrodite, the Great Goddess Mother of the Realm rose from the sea foam.

Her priestesses, the Cham shamanesses, are called *Pajau,* that is, Blessing of the Realm, and they have assistants in sort of minor orders, also women, called *Modvon.* The *Pajau* are dressed always in white, black, or red. They must not eat pork or lizard (a great Cham delicacy. The Annamese also eat them, and even the Mekong alligators). The *Pajau* are by no means, as in most countries, aged witches. They are often ordained at twenty years of age.

The *Pajau's* initiation is held on a moonless night in the depth of the forest. Here the neophyte splits a cock in two right down the middle and lays the halves upon a stone. Then she dances, whirls, and chants until the two pieces slowly creep towards each other and the cock, whole once again, flaps his wings and crows.

This sort of voodooism is the ceremonial life of the sons and daughters of the men who made Mi-son and the wonders of an art that surpasses anything else in the whole of Indo-China.

Nu'o'c-mam

Phan-rang is a fishing village by the sea, and then you come to Phantiet, the *nu'6'c-mdm* town. Between Phanrang and

Phantiet the broken cliffs of Ca-nd shelter the only junk port of call there is nowadays between Saigon and Hong Kong. From Ca-nd they drive right out to sea north-east. A little south of Ca-nd is Vinh-Hao, where there are hot springs of Vichy water, or something very like it, while off-shore is the little island of Pulo Cecir de Terra and due south of it sixty miles away Pulo Cecir de Mar, old landmarks of the Arab and Portuguese Portolans. It is dry, dusty, sandy, and scattered: like summer in Lavandou or Hyeres. The Resident and his wife had just taken possession of the official villa. I shall not easily forget their courtesy and graceful welcome. A bath, French eau-de-Cologne, an excellent luncheon (with no *nu'd'c-m&m'*, and three hours' sleep on a wide, cool, low, soft bed in a room shaded and fresh. When I awoke I could see from the windows the *nu'd'c-mdm* pans stretching for miles. There was an off-shore breeze.

Jungle

Then you leave the coast. The sub-tropical forest of evergreen oak, laurels, camellias, magnolias, rhododendrons, crystomeria, and bamboos gives way to the damp, tropical jungle of Cochin-China. Great ferns, lianas spanning the trees, orchids, dipterocarpus, and the epiphytes of hot, steaming woods.

You are in the regular monsoon lands again. The path is walled on either side with dark trees, mostly of secondary growth, but to your right you would be soon into the forests of iron-wood, teak, *sal*, sandal-wood, and so forth.

Rubber plantation follows rubber plantation. Some are of quite young trees. Others are in full yield. Mile after mile of close-set, glossy-leaved, dark, herring-bone scored trees springing from the ruddy damp earth. The Annamese lands have, mostly, non-lime accumulating soils. On the lowlands the laterites and tropical red earths are prevalent. You drive hour after hour along a broad, muddy road so familiar and so European that you might think yourself in the Dordogne, yet, a stone's throw away on either hand, you can plunge into a pathless wet jungle full of wild beasts and strange birds. To your left the hills are quite clear. You are skirting the western

slopes of the Annam Chain's last spurs. Where there are no plantations it is forest, to your right, unbroken in places as far as Siam.

Borrowing a Comb from a Bonze

It was nightfall before we got into Saigon. For many miles before you are in the city you run through villages, villas, and enclosures enclosing vague rest-houses or restaurants. In the dark it looks like ' Robinson' or St. Cloud.

We were supposed to be headed for the Governor-General's Palace. We turned and twisted and overshot our mark and got back again to where we started. We took a score of wrong turnings. The driver had never before been in Saigon, but, in any case, Annamese chauffeurs will never ask the way.

When I suggest that he should stop and inquire he says that it is useless, that no one knows the way to anywhere, least of all in Saigon (which is smart guessing for a Hue" man who has never been south before). It's just like *mu'o'n bu'q'c thtiy chua* —borrowing comb from bonze.[1]

We must go slower (I have been suggesting this for about thirty minutes) and all will be well, for *dye toc bat dat.*[2]

And so it turned out, for by racing faster than ever we were soon tearing up the boulevard Norodom at seventy-five miles an hour to the tree-lined square in front of the *Palais du gouverneur-general.*

And we had not lost face by asking the way.

He would probably have landed us there much sooner if I had not worried him. He may well have been driving round just to show me what a fool I was not to be able to tell him in the dark the exact right road in a town of the importance of Saigon. What was the use of having seen the world if I did not know how to get to the boulevard Norodom ? What indeed ?

And I ought to have known better, for once when I was a small boy my father drove me in his phaeton to Paddington with a Zulu groom whom he had brought to England a day or two Defore. After I had said good-bye, he lifted me back on to the seat and flung the reins at the groom, saying, ' Go home/ and he did by, as I can remember it, the shortest cut.

[1] Bonzes shave their heads. [2] ' Haste prevents success.'

Gia-Lam

It is still clammy night when the little Tongkingese steward wakens you with scratchings on your door.

As you sweep past out to Gia-Lam, Saigon is all great trees, immensely wide streets bordered by gigantic, dim masses of building. You glide into the interminable suburbs. Here and there is an old man blinking and peering over his fire at the hut's entrance. The headlights cast long shadows from the high branches of the avenues. Here and there a black, saddle-backed sow sweeps her dugs in the mud as she routs among the offal.

You tumble out of the car at what looks like the local race-track and you make for a patch of yellow light. Inside the long, low, wooden hutment you and your baggage are weighed and ticketed. On the runway is a large blotch of blackness in the dusk. It is quite a crowd, for the Europe-bound aeroplane is still a novelty. Bag after bag of mail trundles by. You carry more mail than men. The crowd clots into little clumps and coteries.

It is suddenly almost chilly. Dawn is near.

Only six of the crowd are flying. At half-past four the steward smilingly (he is a well-fed Annamese) pats you up the steel steps. You sink into a chair sofa.

The gleaming Dewoitine, as a long-winged hawk, 'mounts aloft, and for his pleasure fetcheth many a circuit in the air, still soaring higher and higher till he be come to his full pitch'.

Soon the sun is lighting the waters of the Great Lake. The Elephant Mountains are swathed in wreathes of semi-transparent mist. Far to your right the Dangrek Hills lie dark in the north. Siam, Burma, India, Persia, and the Ancient East are before you.

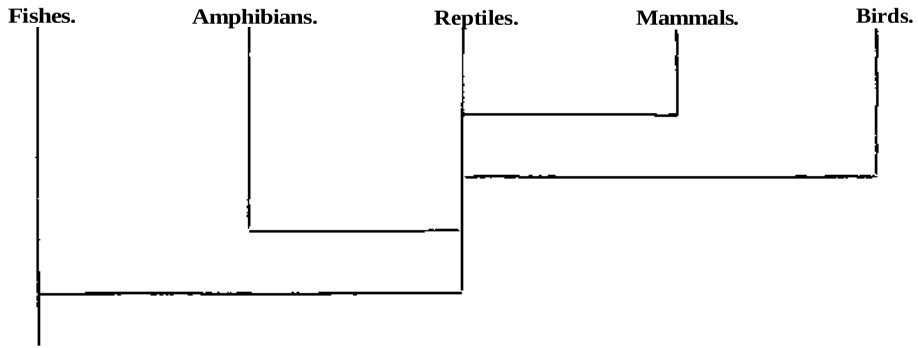
Early in the afternoon you will be plunged into the immense, obsequious insolence of India. The enveloping embrace of Little China and of the Great relaxes, but you will never be the same again.

GEOLOGICAL EPOCHS

Quaternary: **Approximate duration 500,000 years.**	*Modern Pleistocene.* **Phases of glaciation (for Europe)** **WCRM :** *post- Wiirm interglacial.* *Gumz ; Gunz-Witrm interglacial.* **MINDEL:** *Mindel-Giinz inter-glacial.* **Riss:** *Riss-Mindel interglacial.*	**Modern Man (Homo Sapiens).** **Neanderthaloids.** **Post-Wurm interglacial has lasted some 20,000 years.** **Sinanthropus.**
Tertiary **(Cainozoic). Approx. duration: 10,000,000 years.** AGE OF MAMMALS.	*Pliocene.* *Miocene.* *Oligocene.* *Eocene.*	**Pithecanthropus (perhaps a Tertiary survival).** **Dryopithecus, epirogenic upheavals: formation Himalayas and Alps, etc.; North and South America become one.** **First anthropoid apes from Fayum.** **Lemuridae and Tarsioids.**
Secondary **(Mesozoic). Approx. duration: 15,000,000 years.** AGE OF REPTILES.	*Upper Cretaceous.* *Lower Cretaceous.* *Jurassic.* *Triassic.*	**Latest date for Australia's definite isolation. By the beginning of the Cretaceous differentiation had already set in between eutherian mammals and marsupialia and monotremata.** **The great palaeozoic cryptogamous plants disappear slowly. First birds and small mammals: (Didelphae) arising both (though by different branches) from reptiles.** **Multituberculate mammals.** **Therapsida.**

Primary (Palaeozoic). Approx. duration: 75,000,000 years. AGE OF FISHES.	*Permian.* *Carboniferous.* *Devonian* and *Old Red Sandstone.* *Silurian.* *Ordovieian.* *Cambrian.*	Amphibians appear in Devonian. Vertebrate (ganoid) fishes.
Proterozoic. *Archeozoic* or *Archean.*	*Huronian.* *Sudburian.* *Laurentian,* etc.	Practically no fossil forms.

SCHEME OF VERTEBRATE EVOLUTION



PALAEONTOLOGICAL AND CULTURAL SEQUENCES

EPOCH	CULTURE	PALAEONTOLOGY
NEOLITHIC. (Polished stone implements.)	3. Tardenoisian. 2. Campignian. 1. Robenhausian.	Present geological period and fauna. *Man:* slow predominance of broad-heads; the old long-heads (Cro-Magnon) absorbed; new long-heads appear.
MESOLITHIC.	1. Tardenoisian. 2. Azilian.	Beginning present epoch. Temperate climate; rather wetter than now; disappearance of reindeer. *Man:* mixture and juxtaposition of existing European races; broad-heads appear.
UPPER PALAEOLITHIC.	1. Magdalenian. 2. Solutrean. 3. Perigordian. 4. Aurignacian.	Decline of Wiirm glaciation; cold, dry post-Wurm period. Climate gets colder and colder; fauna poorer and poorer; maximum low temperature and reindeer in Magdalenian; wild oxen; steppe and then tundra fauna. *Man: 'Homo Sapiens'.* In Europe: Cro-Magnon, Chancelade, Grimaldi (roughly corresponding to white, yellow, and negroid?). 'Upper Base' Man at Choukout'ien: all long-headed.
MIDDLE PALAEOLITHIC. (Large flake instruments.)	1. Mousterian (subdivision) Lavalloisian.	Maximum of Wurm glaciation: Fauna 'cold' and mixed; mammoth, *rhinoceros tichorinus* horse; oxen; reindeer. *Man:* Neanderthaloid types.
Old PALAEOLITHIC. (Flake industry.)	1. Chellean and Acheulian industries (Taubach, Clacton, La Micoque lower or Tayacian).	Beginning, perhaps, before Riss (or even Mindel) glaciations Most deposits are from Riss-Wurm interglacial. Fauna: the so-called 'hot', e.g. *elephas antiquns, rhinoceros. Merckii; hippopotamus major* or *amphibius.* *Man :* Mauer? Piltdown? Sinanthropus?

The palaeontological and cultural sequences are only satisfactorily worked out for Western Europe, but the above table is given for convenience of reference.

APPENDIX

EARLY MAN IN EASTERN ASIA

The Descent of Man

1 HE pedigree of man can, perhaps, be traced back to very primitive arboreal mammals, and, possibly, to the *Therapsida* of the Triassic epoch. In late Cretaceous times a family of insectivorous placeittals seems to have branched off into a number of divergent lines. The first was eventually to lead to the Bats, the second produced *GaUopithecus*^ a third gave rise to the Creodonts, and through them to some existing mammalian orders, a fourth developed into the Rodents.

The tree shrew's ancestors were also derived from, or at least were closely allied to, this insectivorous group from which also, we may assume[1] arose the 'pre-simian Primates' whose descendants divided into two main branches:

(i) through the *Adapidae* to the *Lemuridae,* that is, the Lemurs, Galgos, and Loris.

(2) through the *Tarsiidae* (from which the existing *Tardus* or Spectral Tarsia of the Malay Peninsula is also derived), the *Parapithecus and* the *Propliopithecus* of the Fayum (Egypt) fauna to the *Cercopithecidae* [and, perhaps, to the Platyrrhine (that is, American) monkeys] the *Semnopithecidae,* Apes and Man.[2]

The Tarsioids first appear in the Lower Eocene of Wyoming and they have been, in the past, very widespread. The present-day Spectral Tarsia is the specialized survivor of a very ancient primate stock intermediate between the shrews and the lemurs.

The palaeontological material of the Primates is far from satisfactory. Lemuridae appear at the beginning of the Eocene but the direct fossil ancestral form of the Old World monkeys cannot be traced farther back than to the Lower Oligocene of the Fayum. *Parapithecus'* is a monkey but the apparently contemporaneous

[1] On slight palaeontological evidence it is true.

[1] Those anthropoids (gibbon and orang-utan) that, physiologically, most nearly resemble man fall rather into the class of the *Semnopithecidae* (that is, wholly arboreal monkeys, such as the langurs and others of South-eastern Asia, as well as the guerezas or Colobus monkeys of Afri ;a) as distinguished from the gorilla and chimpanzee which may be recko. ed as specialized forms of the *Cercopithecidae* (that is, e.g., the baboons and most other non-arboreal African monkeys). Cf. Zuckerman, *The Functional Affinities of Man, Monkeys, and Apes,* pp. 172 et seq.

[3] Known only by a mandible.

Propliopithecus is, already, essentially an anthropoid.[1] As this is the earliest ape yet discovered, we must assume, at least for the present time, that Egypt was the home of the anthropoids in Oligocene times.

Anthropoid remains of a more advanced type appear in the Middle Miocene rocks of northern India and Europe. The *Pliopithecus Antiquus* from Sansans near Auch may, perhaps, be regarded as an ancestor of the gibbons since it is almost certainly a primitive form of *Hylobates.*

Of all the fossil anthropoids, *Dryopithecus* (which we may look upon as the ancestral form of the existing anthropoids and so of man) had, as far as we can see, the widest distribution. Its remains have been found in Europe, in North Africa, in Northern India,[2] and elsewhere. The slightly differing forms have been given varied names such as *D. Fontani, D. Darzoini* (sometimes called *Griphopithecus Suessi), D. Chinjiensis, D. Punjabicus, D. Giganteus, D. Rhenanus* (or *Paidopithex), D. Mogharensis,* and so forth. The northern Indian form of *Dryopithecus* is comprised in the Siwalik fauna (of the Middle Miocene and up to and including the Pliocene). In addition to *Dryopithecus* there have been found in the Siwalik beds the remains of four other fossil ape forms: *Palaeosimia, Palaeopithecus, Sivapithecus,* and *Simia* (this latter resembling the existing apes of the Asiatic continent).

The New World monkeys (the Platyrrhines) present no ' living fossil' forms and it has been advanced that perhaps the American monkeys were directly evolved *sur place* from the *Lemuridae* of the New World. If palaeontological evidence is ever forthcoming to support this view we should have a very interesting case of polycentric evolution.[3]

The *Australopithecus* group of fossil apes from South Africa (of which the skull found at Taungs, near Kimberley, was the first trace) has assumed unusual importance in quite recent times since a variety of *Australopithecus,* known as the Sterkfontein Ape or *Plesianthropus,* presents the startling combination of a chimpanzee-like skull and an almost hominid dentition. Professor R. Broom[4] points out that *Plesianthropus* agrees with man in the form and shape

[1] Judging from its teeth.

[2] At the foot of the Himalaya runs a fringe of erosion debris brought down from the mountains themselves and then raised by recent folding; the Siwalik Hills are such a formation and their deposits are full of simian remains.

[3] ' It may be unwise to stress unduly the quantitive aspects of these tests, but it does seem that the weak responses obtained in the blood of New World monkeys may be taken to imply that these animals are but distantly related to the stem from which man ultimately evolved.'—I. S. Zuckerman.

[4] In a letter to *Nature* in January 1941 on the 'Structure of the Sterkfontein Ape ',

of the antrum and an *os magnum* of the right carpus (found near the spot where was discovered a few years ago the small [presumably female] maxilla with remarkably human-type teeth) is, in shape, very similar to that of the modern Bushman. It, obviously, belonged to a hand very little larger than that of a modern Bushman woman. Such a hand could have been little used for walking so that, if the *os magnum* belonged to *Plesianthropus,*[1] that ape was bipedal and walked mostly upright.

In *Plesianthropus* (Sterkfontein Ape) we almost certainly have an ape with human teeth and possibly one that walked more or less upright.[2] Now in the *Pithecanthropus* of Java and the *Sinanthropus* of Peking the long bones[3] are less primitive in form and shape than the brain-case. The trend towards reduced size in teeth and towards the assumption of the upright position seems, therefore, to have preceded that vast increase in brain volume to which man owes his specially and specifically human psychological life.

The upright attitude was, no doubt, adopted sitting before it was maintained walking, but complete uprightness and hominid, if not quite human, gait possibly preceded hominid-type brains. We have, therefore, the probability that an upright and small-toothed ape developed by mutation a large brain.

JavaApe-Man and Peking Man ('Pithecanthropus' and' Sinanthropus')

Fifteen years ago we knew nothing of Man's ancestors in Eastern Asia except what could be learned from the skull-cap and a few other fragmentary bones of *Pithecanthropus Erectus,* the Ape-Man of Java, whose remains Dubois discovered in the Trinil river-beds as far back as 1891. Controversy raged as to whether *Pithecanthropus* was to be recognized as a pre-hominid or a hominid form. As late as 1937 Dubois, himself, maintained[4] that *Pithecanthropus* was only a huge gibbon.

Nothing was known until 1925 of the human palaeontology of China. In that year Professor Andersson deduced that a tooth bought in Peking was that of a very primitive type of Man or of a very evolved type of anthropoid. Traces of red earth deposit on the fossil

[1] Sir Arthur Keith (*Nature,* February 1, 1941) maintains that this carpal cannot have belonged to *Plesianthropus:* 'I regard the Sterkfontein bone, not only as being human, but also as representing a prehistoric Bushman.'

[a] It is not suggested that either the Taungs ape or the Sterkfontein ape can be in the direct line of human evolution since the former seems to be of Lower or Middle Pleistocene age and the latter of Upper Pleistocene—both are, therefore, of later date than the emergence of man.

[3] As far as can be judged from the still rather scanty material available of *Pithecanthropus* and *Sinanthropus* long bones, both these forms walked very nearly, if not quite, like modern man.

[4] *Vide* his article in *Man,* Vol. XXXVII, 1937.

led Andersson to Choukout'ien, a small village at the foot of the Western Hills near Peking, where another tooth was found. In 1927 the late Davidson Black made his brilliant diagnosis that the teeth belonged to a new species of Man that he called 'Sinanthropus Pekinensis.' Further skeletal fragments were found during the next two years and in 1929 Dr. W. C. Pei discovered the first Sinanthropus skull. To-day the remains of about forty individuals[1] have come to light and there is no reason to suppose that more will not be found.

[1] Of the thirty-nine *Sinanthropus* skulls or portions of skulls known in 1939, fifteen are of subjects under fourteen years of age. Of the remaining seven crania sufficiently well preserved to admit of age identification, three belonged to individuals of under thirty years, three to persons aged between forty and fifty, and only one (probably a female) seems to point to an age of over sixty years. Moreover, as the cranial sutures doubtless closed earlier in *Sinanthropus* than in modern man, the age estimates are probably too high.

Two skulls of *Pithecanthropus* show complete fusion of the sutures which would, in modern man, indicate an age of over fifty years. The *Pithecanthropus* skull discovered in 1938 is of a juvenile subject, but it is probable that both the eruption of the teeth (as well as the fusion of the sutures) occurred earlier than with modern man, in both *Sinanthropus* and *Pithecanthropus.*

'Natural death' is a phenomenon of civilization, and is in fact regarded by the primitive as highly ominous. Not only do the *Sinanthropus* skulls show signs of heavy blows, but the fragmentary state of the jaw-bones and limb-bones suggest that the remains we have found are those of individuals who were not only killed but hacked to pieces. Some *Sinanthropus* skulls exhibit traces of earlier attacks from which they recovered. The *Pithecanthropus* individuals of whom we have the remains were overwhelmed by volcanic eruptions and there are no indications that they had suffered violence before death or had been killed by other beings. Four out of the eleven skulls we have of *Homo Soloensis* (a very primitive form of man, perhaps descended from *Pithecanthropus)* show, however, marks of injuries apparently inflicted with blunt weapons. Some *Homo Soloensis* skulls seem to be of subjects over fifty years of age. Four out of seven of the late Palaeolithic skulls from the so-called 'Upper Base' at Choukout'ien exhibit traces of injuries inflicted by weapons. It is worthy of note that there are no traces of pyorrhoea or caries in any *Sinanthropus* or Upper Base men's jaws, and this may indicate an early age for death, since *Homo Rhodesiensis* (a puzzling form of doubtful age, see p. 280) suffered from dental decay. There are distinct traces of pyorrhoea in the Chapelle-aux-Saints skeleton, and in the skull of the Ehringsdorf adult. The teeth of *Sinanthropus* (and of the Neanderthaloids) are larger and stronger than those of modern man, and they are also covered by a thicker layer of enamel. Formations of secondary dentine in worn teeth also show that the powers of regeneration were greater than to-day.

(It is interesting to note that the lumbar vertebrae of the Old Man of the Upper Base Palaeolithic remains exhibit irregular exostoses which may have been the result of arthritic complications.)

The violent deaths were by no means confined to the immensely old *Sinanthropus* or the much more recent Upper Base men. At the Sha Kuo T'un ^Sneolithic deposit in Fentien, Andersson and Black recovered in 1925 remains of forty-five individuals of both sexes and all ages; the bones were smashed to fragments, and all the subjects had met with violent deaths.

Vallois considers that the life of Neanderthaloid type Man was brief, and he estimates that only about 5 per cent survived after forty. He puts the percentage at 10.8 per cent for Late Palaeolithic Man.

Appendix

Excavation has now ceased as the region is, under Japanese rule, unsafe.

The bones are dug out from the soft filling of a naturally formed shaft or cleft in the limestone. All the *Sinanthropus* skulls bear traces of blows inflicted before death and sufficiently severe to be fatal.

Perhaps Peking Man was head-hunted.[1] Head-tiunting, as we know, goes back to something very fundamental. It is linked with hunting-magic, which itself is one of the most archaic forms of the religious attitude.

The discovery of fragments of Peking Man's long bones (humerus, radius, and femur) and the quite recent finds of several fragments of *Pithecanthropus*[2] (a half-mandible, a fine skull without the face, and morsels of other crania) by von Konigswald in the Trinil river-beds, make it quite evident that there were close anatomical analogies between the Man of Peking and the Ape-Man of Java. They were undoubtedly both genuine hominids of about the same stage of somatic evolution. This does not necessarily mean that they were contemporaneous, for there is reason to think that *Pithecanthropus* is considerably the older of the two.[3]

The height at the ear of Peking Man's skull is, in typical cases, just half the length of the cranium. It, therefore, displays the same relation of height to length as is usual in gorillas and in chimpanzees.[4] The cranial capacity of *Sinanthropus* varies between 850 and 1,220 cc. (with an average of 1,000 cc). This is about a third less than the average cranial capacity of recent man.

[1] The present-day head-hunters of Assam and Borneo hunt, of course, their own kind. In this connexion it is interesting to note that the Neanderthaloid type skull discovered a few years ago at Monte Circeo, just south of the Pontine Marshes near Rome, seems to have been set in a definitely ritual position in a shallow excavation surrounded by small stones. The foramen magnum has been greatly enlarged to permit, no doubt, of the extraction of the brain. The Dayaks of Borneo still perform this mutilation in order to remove the brain for ceremonial eating.

[2] v. Konigswald has placed the Trinil deposits where the *Pithecanthropus* remains have been found, in the middle Pliocene.

[3] v. Konigswald discovered, associated with the remains *(vide* sub.) of *Homo Soloensis*, specimens of industries of the Chellean and Clactonian types.

[4] From chimpanzee to man there is an increase in all parts of the brain. From *Sinanthropus* upwards this increase is most marked in the parietal region (that is, the sides of the skull) and the most immediately striking characteristic of both *Pithecanthropus* and *Sinanthropus* crania is the great narrowing in the temporal area. This constriction gives the skulls a very simian appearance. The frontal and occipital areas increase, relatively, much less. The progressive increase in the volume of the frontal lobe is due to the disappearance of the heavy eyebrow ridge or super-orbitary torus. Dolichocephaly or long-skulledness is a primitive characteristic. All the anthropoid apes, *Pithecanthropus*, *Sinanthropus*, the modern Australian natives (and the ' blond Nordics') are all markedly long-headed. The height-length index of all the anthropoid apes and of Peking Man is over 65 and that of the Neanderthaloids varies from 65 to 70.

Appendix

Judging from **the much less abundant material** that we **have from** Java, the cranial capacity[1] of *Pithecanthropus* was about 940 cc. as against 655 cc. for that of the largest-brained ape hitherto recorded, and 1,100 cc. for an average cranial capacity of *Sinanthropus.* The new Pithecanthropus skull discovered in 1937 (and considered to be that of a female) shows a cranial capacity of only 750 cc, or a little more than half that attributed to the average European male. In cranial capacity, therefore, this 1937 Pithecanthropus skull is intermediate between that of the largest-brained gorilla (655 cc.) and that of the smallest-brained native Australian woman (930 cc).

The fragment of a lower Pithecanthropus jaw proves indisputably that the Java Ape-Man was a true hominid. The mandible has a dental arch, as in man, and although the teeth are enormous, the premolars and canines are not as highly developed as in the apes. The *Pithecanthropus* jaw,[2] in fact, resembles, in shape, that of the Neantherthaloid Heidelberg Man, whereas the teeth are more like those of Peking Man.

The Ape-Man of Java may be looked upon as the survival into perhaps the Middle Pleistocene, in particularly sheltered conditions of a type of later Tertiary Man. The recent *Pithecanthropus* discoveries make it possible that the so-called Man of Solo or *Homo Soloensis* of Java is little more than an enlarged *Pithecanthropus* form.[3] The

[1] There are, of course, considerable differences between what an endocranian cast yields and what the real surface of the living brain appeared to be. It has, however, been established that some of the more striking characteristics of Peking Man's brain were the following: *Sinanthropus,* like the anthropoid apes, but unlike man, had three branches to the median meningeal artery (as against two in man). There is extreme exiguity of the temporal lobe of the brain (as opposed both to the anthropoids and to man). There is also present in Peking Man a transversal ridge of unknown significance on the dorsal face of the frontal lobe. The estimated weight of the *Sinanthropus* brain at 440 grams is, however, more than that of the largest ape-brain ever examined. Cranial capacity alone is no sure indication of degree of evolution. The average cranial capacity of the Neanderthaloid types of man is greater than that of modern man (say, 1,425 cc. as an average between the two extremes of 1,300 cc. and 1,620 cc). Cerebral evolution has not been in the direction of increase in volume as a fundamental phenomenon but towards an increasingly specialized differentiation of the ' psychic' centres of the brain and their connexions.

[2] No parts of the human skeleton are more revealing than the jaws. The Piltdown skull, which is obviously of a *Homo Sapiens,* either had or has been fitted with a lower mandible now widely thought to be simian, but it is conceivable that we have in the Piltdown type a subject in which a large-brain mutation was unaccompanied by or did not follow a reduction of the jaws and the acquisition of a human dentition.

[3] In 1936 the skull of what appeared to be an infant of about four years of age was unearthed at Modjokerto, near Soembartengoh, on the northern face of Mount Kedoengwaroe (Java). This cranium may be that of an infant *Pithecanthropus.* As this brain-pan was discovered in Lower or Middle Pleistocene deposits it is, probably, more ancient than the remains hitherto

much later Wadjak Man appears to be related to the Solo type, and looks like the ancestor of the present-day Australian black fellow. Thus, there is, for Java, an almost continuous series of finds that may represent a morphological line from the Ape-Man to the Australian aborigine.[1]

***Sinanthropus* differs from *Pithecanthropus* also in that he displays what have been held to be Mongoloid characteristics.[2] Weidenreich considers that '*Sinanthropus* is partly related to a certain group of the present-day Mongols'.**

No traces of hominids of the *Pithecanthropus*, the *Sinanthropus*, or even of the Neanderthaloid type have been found elsewhere in Eastern Asia.[3] It is, however, most improbable that their area of

recognized as being of the Java Ape-Man. The tympanic plate (which has been preserved in the Modjokerto skull) is pure anthropoid and, therefore, although the cranium, as a whole, seems less primitive in form than the mature *Pithecanthropus* skulls, it is almost certainly that of an immature form of the Ape-Man and its apparently less primitiveness is due to its immaturity. For the present, the owner of the Modjokerto skull has placed it into a class of its own, that of *'Homo Modjokertensis'*. If we except this infant skull there are only three *Pithecanthropus* crania in existence—one is that of a young individual and the two others have the sutures completely closed up.

[1] The Australians differ from the later types of Neanderthaloid Man in that their skeletons are slender and graceful. Although there is an Australoid substratum to be observed in the Sunda Islands and even in Indo-China, the legacy of *Pithecanthropus* ancestry, if it exists, is not remarkable by any such characteristics as perhaps mark the *Sinanthropus* strain in the Mongoloids of the north.

[2] Of which the principal are the *torus mandibularis* (on the ridge inside the lower jaw), the peculiar incisors known as 'shovel-shaped', the Inca bone and the sagittal crest of the skull. The *Sinanthropus* skulls are more ape-like than those of the Neanderthaloids, not only because of the temporal constriction already noted, but also on account of other peculiarities, such as, e.g., the notch separating the maxilla from the cheek-bone. The Chinese of to-day are as a people remarkably brachycephalic (especially in the north), whereas Peking Man (as all early types) is markedly dolichocephalic. The early Chinese, also, as represented in the Shang burials (as far as remains of them have been examined), seem to have been as brachycephalic as the modern Chinese and, in fact, there is no essential difference between the Shang meri and those whom we must regard as their descendants. The Neolithic and Æneolithic graves of North China (e.g. of Kansu), examined by Davidson Black, Andersson, and others, also present a preponderantly round-headed type. All of which may indicate admixture from the west in very early times. As we shall see, the Upper Palaeolithic Man from the Upper Base in Choukout'ien is of very mixed type and does not show a dominant Mongoloid strain.

[3] If we except the finds of Fromaget on the plateau of Tran Ninh in the Lao country of Indo-China. Part of the region is covered with a light-coloured loess and at Tarn Hang he unearthed a mammalian fauna similar to that of the lower Lang-son deposits, and to those occurring in Kwang-hsi, at Trinil in Java and at Choukout'ien. He also discovered a fragment of the temporal bone of a hominid and at some distance away, in the gravel, the second inferior molar of a hominid. I have not been able to consult any detailed report on these finds, and for the moment judgment concerning them must be suspended.

' According to the. same investigator the human series in the Upper Laos

diffusion should be confined to two regions, each one of them somewhat excentric as regards the habitable part of Eastern Asia. It is in the south-west of China and in the uplands of Indo-China that further discoveries of the Ape- and Peking-Man type will most probably be found. In the Chinese provinces of Szechuan and Kwang-hsi (that is, in the west and south-west) the so-called *'hystrix* grottoes' seem to be the equivalent of the Sinanthropus levels in the north. Although at least one anthropoid of the orang-utan type has been there unearthed, no hominid or human remains have been discovered, but the porcupine is a great cruncher of bones.

Neanderthaloid Man

From the strictly morphological point of view the next most evolved human group after those of the *Pithecanthropus* and the *Sinanthropus* is that usually called 'Neanderthal'. This group, however, is anything but uniform. Its members differ from each other much more than does the Ape-Man from the Peking Man. If the name is, therefore, to be retained in any form (as is desirable) it is preferable to refer to the group as 'Neanderthaloid'.

In dealing with the Neanderthaloids, it is, first of all, necessary to separate from them Rhodesian Man *(Homo Rhodesiensis),* together with Solo Man *(Homo Soloensis)* of Java.

The European Neanderthaloids, again, fall into at least two main categories: that which we may call (from one of its most typical members) the 'Chapelle-aux-Saints', and that known as 'Ehringsdorf ', The latter are morphologically of a more advanced type than the former.

African Man

The Rhodesian skull rather suggests Australoid types than proto-Negroid. Its date is uncertain and some anthropologists would see in it an aberrant specimen of modern man. There is no doubt, however, that the Rhodesian skull is strikingly like that of Solo Man and, like him, suggests a connexion with the modern 'Australoid' Man. The Florisbad type of fossil man from South Africa is considered by Galloway to link together the Rhodesian, Wadjak-

part of the Annam Mountain Chain would be (i) Lower Pleistocene: traces of a hominid; (2) the Palaeolithic of P'on Loi; (3) the Mesolithic Man of Tam-Pong (in whom Fromaget, greatly daring, would see the prototype of Ainu, Polynesian, Australian, and Papuanl); and (4) Negrito Homo Sapiens (*vide* I. Fromaget and E. Saurin: 'Note preliminaire sur les formations clnozoiques et plus r£centes de la Chaine Annamitique septentrionale et du Haut-Laos'—*Bulletin du service giologique de I'lndochine,* Vol. XXII, fasc. 3, 1936).

Australian, and Boskop (also a fossil man from South Africa) types. The Boskop type seems obviously to be closely related to the existing Bush-Hottentot group of man, and thus, probably, to the true Negroes. The Florisbad skull (that Drennan, almost alone of South African anthropologists, regards as essentially Palaeoanthropoid, although he adds, ' in Florisbad Man, Rhodesian Man, and the Cape Flats Australoid skull we have a closely related phylogenetic sequence for South Africa linking the *Homo Primigenius* to the *Homo Sapiens* type') is considered by Dreyer, Galloway, and Keith as at least proto-sapient (that is, hominid as is the Neanderthaloid group) and as the precursor of the later African types. Of the other African fossil men, the *Africanthropus njarasensis* of Weinert exists in much too fragmentary a condition to admit of its use as evidence, and Keith maintains that the Kanjera material[1] from East Africa is 'already endowed with features which definitely assign them to the African or Negro stock'.[2] This contention has been elaborated by Galloway, who has compared the Kanjera remains with those of Boskop and elsewhere in South Africa.

European Man

The discoveries on Mount Carmel in Palestine of two different types of skulls (one known as TabQn, that is, an advanced Neanderthaloid, and another called Skhul that shows affinities with modern man) suggest that if Tabttn and Skhul are related[3] (which is not proved) Palestine must have been one of the differentiation centres for modern European man, at least of the 'Mediterranean' type in the widest sense of that word. It may well be that Palestine lies on the periphery of this differentiation area and that the trails may lead northwards and eastwards towards the uplands of Eastern Anatolia and the Iranian plateau.

Forerunners of 'Sinanthropus[1] and 'Pithecanthropus' and African Forms

The immediate forerunner of *Sinanthropus* is considered by Weidenreich to have been an anthropoid primate whose general appearance as regards skull, jaws, and teeth was not different essentially from that of the *females* of the existing anthropoids (that is,

[1] Paterson says that the material is Acheulian. This is denied by Boswell.
[2] Paterson suggests that the Negroid type results from a ' fusion' (as early as the Middle Pleistocene) of ' hominid' types practising a hand-axe culture with ' Pithecanthropoid' types practising a ' Soan' culture.
[3] Both types apparently lived in the latter part of the Riss-Wiirm interglacial period.

gorilla, chimpanzee, orang-utan, and gibbon).[1] The general character of the *Sinanthropus* dentition suggests that his immediate forerunner (and with him all the early hominids) must have branched off from the general stem of the anthropoids before the differentiation of the *Dryopithecus* line occurred. *Sinanthropus* teeth resemble those of the anthropoids more closely than they do those of modern man (with the exception of the canines and the first lower pre-molar). The teeth of the Neanderthaloid group, on the other hand, bear a closer relationship to those of modern man than to those of

[1] With regard to the possibility of *Sinanthropus* having been capable of articulate speech, Weidenreich writes: 'The fact that the mandible of Sinanthropus approaches the anthropoid type of the primates does not require any further confirmation. The question is only which of the living species or their forerunner does it resemble most. In my publication on the origin of the chin (1934) it was shown that the appearance of the anterior alveolar arch and the proportions of the milk molars in comparison with the premolars indicate that the human ancestor must have been a special kind of anthropoid with strong and well-developed canines, but nevertheless with smaller and less projecting canines than the present-day anthropoids have as a whole. The peculiarities of the Sinanthropus mandibles tell the same story. Some peculiarities, as, for instance, the parallelism between the alveolar and basal plane and the steepness of the rami are more similar to those obtaining in the gorilla and the orang than in chimpanzee. The flatness of the lingual surface of the frontal part bears a closer resemblance to that of orang than gorilla or chimpanzee. The existence and position of the digastric fossa is the same as in gorilla and chimpanzee. The pronounced development of the muscle markings for the attachment of the pterygoids is found to the same extent in the gorilla. As to the teeth, the lower premolar reveals the closest resemblance to chimpanzee, while the pattern of the molars is not like any of the three apes.

' I was able to demonstrate that a mentum osseum is absent in *Sinanthropus* but that a mental trigonum has just begun to develop. The occurrence of a small but distinct mental spine corresponds to that phenomenon. This coincidence recalls Walkoff's theory (1902), namely, that the two formations are caused by the effect of the muscles attached to the spine, an effect which would be produced by the faculty of speech. W. supported his hypothesis mainly by means of skiagrams of the chin region which revealed a triangular space in this region in recent man, while in skiagrams of anthropoids this darkening would be completely absent. In my frequently quoted publication (1934) in which this problem was discussed in detail I showed that the bony structure which is the basis of the triangular shadow observed has nothing in common with any special muscle action. However, for the sake of completeness, I wish to point out that the *Sinanthropus* mandible H.i exhibits a small but distinct shadow {text-fig. 28s) which may be expected to be in accordance with the external appearance of the region in question. Whether or not *Sinanthropus* had the faculty of speech is a matter which cannot be decided on the basis of morphological details of the bony structure. Yet I see no reason why *Sinanthropus* should have been mute. The faculty of speech is certainly correlated with the transformation of the mandible in the course of evolution. This transformation again is closely connected with the long, lasting transformation of the brain-case and with the increase in size of the brain. Therefore, I do not believe that I am taking too great a risk in supposing that *Sinanthropus* already knew how to make himself understood by words. The many indications supplied by his cultural life support this idea.'—Weidenreich: *The Mandibles of Sinan. Pekin.*

Appendix

Sinanthropus.[1] Peking Man and the hominids may be described as anthropoids with a more homomorphic canine teeth equipment and the other anthropoids as having a more heteromorphic canine equipment. *Dryopithecus* (and all allied forms) exhibit a rather pronounced heteromorphic canine outfit whereas *Sinanthropus' s* canine teeth are pronouncedly homomorphic. *Australopithecus* (both Dart's juvenile specimen and Broom's adult[2]) display a dentition very similar to that of *Sinanthropus,* especially in regard to the canine teeth, since the simian diastema is missing in the upper jaw and the size of the upper canine is not in excess of that of Peking Man. ' The proportion of size between the deciduous incisors, canines and molars, the size and height of the lower canines, features of the deciduous molars and the pattern of the permanent teeth of *Australopithecus* resemble those of *Sinanthropus* most strikingly.' The *Australopithecus* may be, therefore, an anthropoid bearing some relation to the anthropoid forerunner of the Peking Man. Nevertheless, in general shape, in the size of the brain-case, in the character of the brain, and in certain other characteristics, such as the ape-like pre-maxillar, *Australopithecus* shows itself to be no hominid.[3]

Sinanthropus (however related to *Pithecanthropus,* concerning whom which we have less abundant material, especially for the dentition)[4] is a generalized as well as a primitive hominid type, and may well have given rise both to Palaeoanthropic (i.e. Neanderthaloid) as well as Neanthropic (i.e. *Homo Sapiens)* stocks. 'Whether the differentiation between the two stocks occurred at the *Sinanthropus* level (as is suggested by the fossil Steinheim skull), or whether it occurred at a much more advanced stage, is of relatively minor importance.'[5]

The branch whence man (both Palaeoanthropic and Neanthropic) may have arisen (i.e. the fossil ape form *Dryopithecus)* is found flourishing in Southern Asia (and elsewhere) in Miocene times. Man in his early stages could have lived nowhere but in a warm climate where all the year round he could find flora and fauna necessary to sustain life.

[1] *Sinanthropus* has, e.g., no simian diastemata.

[2] Presuming that Broom's *Australopithecus* (1936) is the adult form of Dart's juvenile specimen. See p. 274.

[3] Special differentiations of the canine teeth in recent anthropoids are secondary. The lower canine of the fossil female orang-utan from Kwang-hsi (contemporaneous with *Sinanthropus)* exhibits, in contrast to the existing orang-utans, a broad band-like cingulum with enlargement of the medial and distal sides.

[4] Orang-utan remains have been found in the Trinil zone and two of the supposed Pithecanthropus molars are probably teeth of anthropoids.

[5] *Vide* the scheme of relationships as proposed by Dart.

Appendix

Human Evolutionary Centres

Such evidence as we have, therefore, seems to point not to any one area as the exclusive centre of human evolution and diffusion, but to perhaps four different areas, although these may be reduced to three if we regard *Sinanthropus* in North-eastern Asia and *Pithecanthropus* in South-eastern Asia as being derived from the same stock. Confirmation or disproval of this grouping, if it is forthcoming, will be found in South-western China and in Indo-China. The four areas are:

(i) North-eastern Asia (Peking).
(2) South-eastern Asia (Java).
(3) Southern and Eastern Africa.
(4) Palestine.

As Weidenreich, a convinced protagonist of the theory of man's polycentric[1] (as opposed to his polyphyletic) origin, says:' The actual existence of races[2] and the surprising tenacity of their characteristics are at variance with the theory of monocentric evolution and the assumption of the late appearance of racial differentiation, for there are distinct indications of racial differences already in pre-hominids as well as in the *Homo Primigenius* stage, which demonstrate that

[1] That is his appearance, spontaneously, in different areas as opposed to his descent from different types of forerunners. There is a distinct tendency at the present time, among some anthropologists, towards an exaggerated polyphyletic conception of human evolution.

[8] The committee of the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland (President, Professor Fleure; Members, Professors J. B. S. Haldane, Ruggles Gates, Le Gros Clark, and Dr. Morant) set up to find a definition for the word 'race', produced a majority and a minority report. The 'majority' definition was:

> 'A race is composed of one or more interbreeding groups of individuals and their descendants, possessing in common a number of innate characteristics which distinguish them from other groups. The innate characteristics mentioned are held to be such as usually apply to the generality of the individuals studied and not to pathological characters or features (such as red hair) which characterize only a relatively small percentage in a population. In the present state of our knowledge we are dependent on characters recognized as physical for the purposes of differentiating races, though innate psychological characters may later be found to differentiate them.'

The 'minority' definition reads:

> 'By race is meant a biological group or stock possessing in common an undetermined number of associated genetical characteristics by which it can be distinguished from other groups and by which its descendants will be distinguished under conditions of continuous isolation, that is, as long as the stock is preserved against internal dilution.' . . .

regional or racial differentiations must be as archaic as human evolution itself.'[1]

It also seems probable that the morphological and the chronological sequences of the hominids fail to conform. For instance, definite specimens of *Homo Sapiens* (as represented by the Piltdown and Kanam skulls, respectively from Southern England and East Africa) appear to date from the Giinz glacial period, whereas *Pithecanthropus* and *Sinanthropus* must be placed later in the Gunz-Mindel interglacial epoch. Human teeth have been found in what seem to be *Pithecanthropus* layers in Java, and even if the Lower Pleistocene in which, for instance, the Piltdown and SwansCombe (also of *Homo Sapiens)* skulls have been found in Southern England, is the equivalent of (and not anterior to) the *Sinanthropus* and *Pithecanthropus* levels in the Far East, the contemporaneity (at great distance, it is true) of a modern type of man with such very primitive hominids as the Peking Man and the Ape-Man of Java is established.

Recent man seems to have existed in the Lower Pleistocene of Europe, East Africa, and the Levant throughout each of the glacial epochs.[2]

There seems to be reason for believing that the pre-anthropoids, and especially *Dryopithecus,* were widely distributed all over the world. Evolution probably did not take place at the same rate all over the globe.[3] In some places it was retarded and in others it was accelerated. We cannot say for what reason because we do not know enough about the factors inducing the mutations, but there is reason to think that in late Tertiary times there was intense evolutionary activity.[4]

[1] If we venture on parallels for a polycentric evolution we may remember that it is at least possible that the New World monkeys arose independently in America from Lemuroid forms and that although true elephants seem to have had their origin in Africa, the North American mastodon seems to have been evolved in the New World although it shows a close resemblance to the Old World forms.

[2] *Vide* Professor Franz Weidenreich's inaugural address to Section A *(a)* of the Congress of Anthropological and Ethnological Sciences, Copenhagen, 1938.

[3] All types of man are, of course, inter-fertile and produce fertile offspring, indeed nearly all existing types of men appear to have been cross-bred from early times. Inter-fertility, although it is no longer regarded as a proof of specific identity, is a proof of relationship, for the chromosomal disaffinity that causes sterility in the offspring of even fairly closely allied forms, such as horse and ass, does not affect the fertility of human hybrids. Perhaps the existing 'races' of white men must be regarded as the varying breeds of a domestic animal.

[4] 'Palaeolithic' Man, that is to say, man of the Neanderthaloid types,

Appendix

Stone Industries in the Far East

The Abb6 Breuil considers that the earliest stone tool found in China is that recovered (together with utilized animal bones) from a lacustrine deposit at Nihowan in 1935. If the Nihowan object represents an independent and separate industry, then one is forced to the conclusion that while the biface-makers of Abbeville and the flake-users of Clacton were occupying Europe, then two peoples, also fashioning their tools by different techniques, were living in China.

Sinanthropus industry is found at only one locality in Choukout'ien (Locality 1). The quartz flakes were obtained by breaking the nucleus between two stones. Few pieces have been retouched and the whole is very coarse, which the bad quality of the quartz may in some measure explain.[1]

The industry looks, however, very ' advanced' for such a creature as we know *Sinanthropus* was, and the ' advanced' type of the instruments has caused it to be doubted whether they can be attributed to him, although the Abbe" Breuil has recently confirmed to me in conversation his conviction that *Sinanthropus* was the author of the industry. This flake industry is, for the most part, un-retouched, although among the thousands of scrapers, points, chisels, choppers (and a few burins), some are found to have been fairly well retouched and there are even one or two pieces of Solutrean technique. The side-scraper, the commonest implement found with *Sinanthropus*[1] may be unearthed in Europe at any level from the Clactonian to the Magdalenian. Some pieces from Choukout'ien show affinities with Clactonian, Tayacian, Mousterian, and even Upper Palaeolithic, although none of the type tools of these industries is present.

When it comes to equating types of man with types of stone industry that they have left behind them, we are on much more shifting ground.[3]

differed from modern man much more than any existing type of man differs from another. During the 'Reindeer Epoch' there were at least three principal races of Modern Man in France—the 'Negroids' of Grimaldi, the dolichocephalic, euryprosope Cro-Magnons, and the Chancelade Man.

[1] Cf. the coarse quartz industries in present-day Oceania.

[2] Weidenreich and Teilhard de Chardin have no doubt that *Sinanthropus* was the maker of the tools found with his remains and not another sort of man, 'for whose existence,' says Dr. Pei, 'there is no sort of evidence' (i.e. at Choukout'ien). If, however, the Nihowan tool must be considered to ante-date the industry of Choukout'ien, there is evidence for the existence in North China of another type of man, so that the whole question of the possibility of *Sinanthropus* having been head-hunted by another man (rather than by his fellows) is provisionally raised.

[8] Some observers distinguish three main stocks of Pleistocene Man:

Appendix

The classical division of stone cultures into Old Palaeolithic (comprising Chellean, Acheulian,[1] with local sub-divisions such as Clactonian, Taubachian, and Tayacian), Middle Palaeolithic (consisting of Mousterian with the Levailoisian subdivision), Upper Palaeolithic (that is, Aurignacian[2] and Perigordian, Solutrean and Magdalenian), Mesolithic (Azilian and Tardenoisian), and Neolithic (characterized especially by polished stone implements) holds good enough for Western Europe (and some other areas) in this exact sequence, but we cannot, as yet, apply this pattern to the whole world.

As far as equating industry with types of man is concerned, we may say that, in Europe at any rate, Old Palaeolithic is the industry of Neanderthaloid Man, whereas the New Palaeolithic (both Upper and Lower) is the industry of *Homo Sapiens*.

Traces of fire lighted by man are hardly known in Europe before the Mousterian but there is definite evidence of fire in *Sinanthropus* times in China. It may be, of course, that in the open-air sites of

Hominoid (Neanthropic), Palaeanthropoid (Neanderthaloid), and Pithecanthropoid (including both the Ape-Man of Java and the Peking Man). Patersson, for instance, maintains that each is represented by a distinct stream of Palaeolithic culture, and that the fusion of these cultures was brought about by mixed cultural groups that correspond to 'fundamental' stocks produced by hybridization. Such views have not, however, found wide favour.

[1] The Chelleo-Acheulian type of stone industry is found from England to the Cape of Good Hope and from the Atlantic coasts to Malaya through Italy, the Levant, and India, v. Konigswald has noted a Chelleo-Acheianul industry, with bifaces, in the Solo basin in Java, the region of the finds of *Homo Soloensis* remains. The stone tools found at Locality i with *Sinanthropus* remains must be classed ' advanced' Chelleo-Acheulian industry. If such Chelleo-Acheulian type tools are to be assigned solely to Neanderthaloid types of men, it seems strange that contemporary *Homo Sapiens* left no trace of his presence by his industry. The Kanam, Piltdown, and Swanscombe (the Swanscombe skull has been definitely assigned to the Mindel-Riss Interglacial by the Select Committee of the Royal Anthropological Institute) skulls, for instance, must be classed as of *Homo Sapiens*, and they all come from layers where only the more primitive sort of industry has been found. Mousterian stone tools, on the other hand, seem, as far as we can see, definitely to be associated with Neanderthaloid Man whose remains have been recovered over a wide area from North Germany to Gibraltar and Palestine, as well as in South Africa and Java. Industries of this Middle Palaeolithic Mousterian type, all very similar to each other, have been found all over the Old World (including Germany and China), and these tools do not seem to be a direct modification of the Chellean types. Bifaces of the Chelleo-Acheulian type have been long known from the Kistna and Godaveri valleys in India.

[2] The 'Aurignacian' was added in 1912 to the other familiar names by the Abbe' Breuil. For a time this classification was considered final, but in 1921 R. A. S. Macalister coined the term 'Mesolithic' to cover the cultures between Palaeolithic and the appearance of Neolithic civilization with domesticated animals that was introduced from Asia into Europe about the beginning of the fifth millennium B.C.

Europe traces of fire have disappeared whereas at Choukout'ien they have been preserved.

In the Locality 15 of Choukout'ien during the years 1934 and 1935 hundreds of chert and quartz implements were recovered. They were better retouched than the tools of Locality 1 and many were of better materials than quartz, e.g. hard sandstone, flint, and chert: they are for the most part side-scrapers, chisels, and points. The site seems to be later than the typical *Sinanthropus* localities, for there were found the bones of the large *Rhinoceros tichorinus* and the *Syphneus fontanierii,* both considered typical of the Chinese loess. Technically the industry would correspond to early Acheulian, late Clactonian and Tayacian in Europe and the difference between the two groups of tools (from the point of view of workmanship) is principally in the material employed.

Dr. Pei considers that the Sinanthropus industry and the implement from Locality 13 at Choukout'ien (a tool of undoubted human workmanship) are Early Lower Pleistocene and show a technique similar to the Abbevillian of Europe (both sides of the stone being flaked alternately) as well as a few features that do not appear in Europe until later than the Lower Pleistocene.

Teilhard found in the Choei-Tung-K'eou and the Ordos traces of a lithic industry at the base of the loess. In the Sjara-Osso-Gol[1] valley (which cuts through the Ordos plateau to about 220 or 230 feet in depth) an industry of small size points and scrapers are found seven metres from the base of the loess. The industry is abundant—points, scrapers, borers, and gravers—and although a little better retouched they may be compared with the implements of the *Sinanthropus* level. There are also in the Sjara-Osso-G6l valley many microliths[2] which, had they been found in Europe, would be dated as fairly late Upper Palaeolithic. This Ordos industry, however, probably corresponds to middle and late Acheulian, Micoquian, early and middle Levalloisian and Mousterian of Europe.

In the western Gobi, Nelson discovered an Upper Palaeolithic industry with ornaments of ostrich egg-shell which resembles the Azilian (no pottery was found). The Upper Palaeolithic site of the 'Upper Base' at Choukout'ien remains, however, practically the only one of its kind in eastern Asia. The industry of the Upper Base is poor in stone implements and only a small number of scrapers,

[1] One upper incisor of Middle Pleistocene age is known from the Sjara-Osso-Gol geological level in the Ordos, but it is not sufficiently well preserved for conclusions to be drawn from it.

[2] The micro-burin is unknown, in France, at least, before the Magdalenian. There is no European equivalent for the Sjara-Osso-Gol technique.

points, etc., have been found. They are, in workmanship, hardly superior to those found with the *Sinanthropus* bones. All the ornamental objects of the Upper Base, however, with the exception of the bone pendants, are known in Europe from the Aurignacian to the Neolithic and they are also found in the Chinese Neolithic. The fauna of the Upper Base consists, nevertheless, of extinct forms and of animals now confined to southern Asia, Indo-China, and Indonesia, and it cannot be as late as the Neolithic. It is most probably Upper Palaeolithic and may therefore be considered comparable, if not strictly contemporaneous, with the Aurignacian, Solutrian, and Magdalenian of Western Europe.

The great thickness of the Chinese yellow loess[1] seems sterile of man's industry. Where the loess has been transformed into vegetable earth lehm (that is, the upper part of the loess deposits), it is, however, very rich in Neolithic culture objects.

From the Neolithic onwards the resemblance between Chinese remains and those both of Oceania and America becomes striking and unmistakable. The stone hoes, the two-holed oval knives of the Chinese Neolithic, the Eskimo *ulus*, the objects decorated with squared spirals or triangles of Chou times can be paralleled from south-west New Guinea, New Zealand, the Marquesas, and from among the Maya and the Canadian Eskimo.

Early Fauna of Eastern Asia

The geology of the eastern central zone of Asia is very little known in spite of the excellent work of the Geological Survey of China and of the study of the *Sinanthropus* deposits. Lithological and palaeontological evidence suggests that the Choukout'ien *Sinanthropus* deposits correspond, geologically, with the European Giinz-Mindel interglacial period, while the Chinese loess corresponds

[1] From the south of the Ordos to Lake Baikal above the red earth formations is the yellow loess ' quaternaire a *rhinoceros tichorinus* et *struthiolithus* ' (Teilhard), and this zone of loessic deposits links up with the loess of Siberia and of Russian Turkestan.

From the Danube to the Don there are traces of an Upper Palaeolithic comparable in its main lines with that of Western Europe. In this same vast region there are also traces of a Palaeolithic resembling that of the Mousterian (in Western Europe), but this flake and scraper industry of Central Europe and Asia seems to be the equivalent not only of the Middle Palaeolithic (e.g. 'Reindeer' epoch) in Western Europe, but also of the Lower (interglacial) Palaeolithic with a 'hot' fauna such as *elephas antiquus* and *rhinoceros Merckii (vide* the excavations at Weimar, Taubach, and Ehringsdorf). Near Krasnoiarsk in Siberia at Afontova-Gora, Savenkov and Baye found at the base of the loess, together with the bones of reindeer and mammoth, a large flake industry resembling the Mousterian of the same level in France.

to the European cold periods, Riss and Wiirm (that is the Third and Fourth glacial epochs respectively).

The vast anfractuosities in the limestone hills of Choukout'ien and the Peking region generally, are stuffed with a filling of red and yellow earths. The fauna is the same throughout the levels: *rhinoceros sinensis, machairodus* (sabre-toothed tiger), hyaena, a heavy-boned Sika deer, all clearly closely allied to the so-called Nihowan deposits that may be Upper Pliocene. It can be said that the fauna contemporary with *Sinanthropus* consists of primitive (that is, Pliocene) elements together with more advanced forms.

In the Middle Pliocene, two distinct blocks of fauna seem to have existed on the forested steppes of northern China. One had south-eastern affinities and is characterized by many deer such as *Rusa* and *Axis* and especially munjacks of a sort closely resembling living South American species, together with stegodont elephants. The other block was an antelope province (especially rich in strepticerous antelopes) such as in modern Africa. These two sharply differentiated blocks were still flourishing after the appearance of the horse, the camel, the bison, and *eucladoceros* that characterize also the Villafranchian levels in Europe. As Teilhard de Chardin says: 'In spite of many important differences in their respective fauna (disappearance of Stegodons, Aceratherids, Giraffids, etc.), the Middle Pliocene and the Villafranchian (Nihowan) of north China are marked by the same general topography (a rather mature surface), the same climate (rather warm) and the same fundamental types of deer and antelopes.'

At the close of this Asiatic, Villafranchian, or Nihowan period, however, there occurred a geological change of the first magnitude that altered the whole topography of Pliocene eastern Asia. With the apparent exception of a few regions (such as the Peking plain, the Fenho trough' and, perhaps, the Ordos area), the whole of the eastern Asiatic plateau moved upwards to form the existing masses of Mongolia, Shansi, Tsinling, and so forth. The modern Hoang-Ho or Yellow River was formed. Several groups of volcanoes were extruded north of Shansi. Japan (as is suggested by an analysis of the fauna) was finally severed from the continent.[1]

Changed climatic conditions dependent on or independent of these vast movements caused a profound modification in the composition of the fauna of eastern Asia. The antelopes died off (with the exception of *spirocerus* and the gazelles), the Malayan deer and

[1] *Vide* Teilhard de Chardin, ' The Post-Villafranchian Interval in North China', *Bulletin of the Geological Survey of China,* 1932.

the Stegodons[1] moved off to the south, a western (or northern) wave of immigration brought in new types of deer to northern China (Euryceroids, *Pseudoaxis,* etc.), and, most probably from the south, together with the water buffalo came man in the form of *Sinanthropus.* We shall not go far wrong, therefore, if we look for the dispersal centre of the *Sinanthropus* somewhere in the south where the water-buffaloes come from. This region is the ancient and long geologically unmodified area of south-western China and Indo-China.

By the dawn of the Choukout'ien *Sinanthropus* era,[2] therefore, eastern Asia, from having for long looked very like modern (and Pliocene) Africa was essentially as it appears to-day.

Dr. Pei considers that we may make the following equations:

The fauna of the early 'Sanmenian' in China may be paralleled with that of the Villafranchian in Europe (that is to say, Norwich Crag, St. Prest, Mosbach, and Villafranca d'Asti levels).

The Choukout'ien corresponds to the ' Cromerian' fauna in Europe.

The fauna of Locality in (or Assemblage 2) at Choukout'ien may be equated with early Middle Pleistocene in Europe.

The loessic fauna of Assemblage 3 at Choukout'ien more or less corresponds with the fauna found accompanying Neanderthaloid Man (e.g. of the Ehringsdorf, La Chapelle aux Saints type) in Europe.

Assemblage 4 (that is the fauna of the Upper Base at Choukout'ien) may be equated with the Upper Palaeolithic of Europe.

Industry

The correlation of industries in China and Europe is quite another matter. The workmanship of the stone implements in the two areas is too different to allow, as yet, of anything other than very tentative comparisons.

Stone Industry and Geological Sequence

The correlating of stone industry with geological sequences is also, except in Europe, far from satisfactory. The European

[1] Stegodont elephants are characteristic of the Lang-son deposits in Tongking.

[2] Teilhard proposes a useful palaeontological division between the Pliocene and the Pleistocene throughout the Old World of Eurasia: 'In North China, as in France, and northern India, the appearance of true horses (taken as the base of the Old World Pleistocene) antecedes the major diastrophisms which, from a purely geological point of view, would form the best frontier between the Tertiary and the Quaternary. 'As far as North China is concerned, the natural basis of the Quartemary is settled by the appearance of *Sinanthropus* in a modernized topography after the Villafranchian.'

Appendix

Quaternary or Pleistocene comprises most probably four main periods of cold climate (called, respectively, from where the phenomena were first observed in the Alps: Gunz, Mindel, Riss, and Wurm) with warm intervals between the phases. During the same periods there may be observed in China four physiographic cycles in which phases of erosion alternated with phases of sedimentation (one of which phases is not, however, as yet, well established). It is tempting to correlate the four Chinese cycles of erosion and sedimentation with the four Ice Ages of Europe, and purely palaeontological evidence would seem to support this correlation. We have, however, no knowledge of the duration of the cycles in the Far East or, what is even more important, of whether the periods of aggradation (i.e. sedimentation) in China would correspond to the cold periods in Europe or to the warm interglacial epochs.

Although the existence in China of a Pleistocene glaciation[1] cannot be affirmed, from a geological point of view, Europe and China have two series of Pleistocene deposits in common. One is of gravels and sands extending from the late Pliocene to the early Pleistocene, and the younger series is characterized by the occurrence of loessic material. These two parallel series in Europe and in China can be correlated stratigraphically, lithographically, and faunistically, that is to say, from the geological, stone industry, and zoological points of view.

There is plenty of evidence regarding climate-change in Pleistocene[2] times but the effects of climate-change are seen to vary greatly in different regions.

MODERN MAN IN EASTERN ASIA

Until quite recently no remains of Upper Palaeolithic Man had been recovered in eastern Asia. Now, we have the finds from the so-called ' Upper Base' at Choukout'ien. We have, however, as yet no specimens to fill the gap between *Sinanthropus* (who may have lived 500,000 years ago) and the Palaeolithic Man of the 'Upper Base' (who may not be more than 20,000 years old).

[1] The glacial phenomena observed in China by Lee have not yet been worked out, and Father Teilhard de Chardin, one of the most distinguished of geologists, is not yet prepared to make any definite statement regarding the succession of events in the Chinese area.

[2] Daly has established the simultaneity of glacial phenomena in the northern and southern hemispheres, and Nilsson's conclusions point to the coincidence of glacial advance and pluvial periods, but the exact correspondence cannot be regarded as established. Nilsson's work in East Africa and Abyssinia, however, demonstrates almost conclusively that Pleistocene climate change resulted in an absolute reduction in the width of the equatorial belt and not merely in its shift to the south, as postulated by Penck and others.

Appendix

The Upper Cave or Base at Choukout'ien was discovered in 1930, but it was only as late as January 1939 that the human remains there found were described in detail. The Upper Cave lies quite close to the cleft in the limestone hills where the *Sinanthropus* bones have been found. The cave contained an extraordinary wealth of animal remains; there were the bones of thousands of hares, complete lower jaws of Sika deer, hundreds of roe deer skeletons and at least forty complete skeletons of deer-hunting leopard, tiger, bear, hyaena, ostrich, and so forth. The presence of these bones (many of them, such as Sika deer, ostrich, and hyaena, of species long extinct in northern China and incapable of supporting the present-day climate of that region) suggests, what is pointed to by other evidence, that in Upper Palaeolithic times the weather conditions were appreciably different from those of the present time.

The skulls (and some of the other bones) of seven individuals were recovered from among the animal remains.[1] The crania (all of which show evident signs that their owners had suffered, before death, mortal injuries just like Peking Man ages before) are those of an old man (over sixty), a young man, two fairly young women, a youth, a child of about five years, and a new-born infant. The head injuries had been effected with blunt instruments. All the skulls have been much crushed since burial but the facial portions of the old man's and the two women's heads have been well preserved and they are very different from those of their far-off predecessors, the Men of Peking.

In Upper Palaeolithic times in western Europe, the Neanderthal oids as such had disappeared[2] and the Cro-Magnon, Grimaldi, Brno, and Przedmost races had taken their place. Although it is not possible to establish with accuracy the exact geological equivalent in Europe of the Upper Base deposit, it is clear that, culturally, the Upper Base men must be equated with the Upper Palaeolithic of Europe, that is to say, the cultures known as Aurignacian (and Perigordian), Solutrean, and Magdalenian.

The old man somewhat recalls the Ainu type as at present existing (his lower brain-case is rather like that of the Old Man of Cro-Magnon or like those of the Obercassel or Mechta Man).[3] His skull

[1] Few other bones have been found than those of crania: the incomplete vertebrae of two individuals, seven fragments of femora, two pelves, and a pair of tibiae, as well as some smaller pieces.

[2] Hrdh6ka advances the theory that the Neanderthaloids *evolved* into modern type man.

[3] The *torus mandibularis* (or swelling on the inside of the lower mandible), so marked in *Sinanthropus*, and so characteristic of many groups of modern Mongoloids (and also noticeable in La Chancelade Man from France), is faintly indicated in the jaws of the old man of the Upper Base. The Upper Cave material shows taurodontism (' bull teeth' with un-modern and large

shows certain Mongoloid affinities together with this quasi-Neanderthaloid appearance, and he may be a type of primitive Mongoloid. One of the women might be a present-day Melanesian from Oceania and the other an Eskimo from North America. In Upper Palaeolithic times, therefore, it would seem that the population of north-eastern China was very mixed.

Homo Sapiens appears to have been cross-bred from very early times. He is, in fact, a domestic animal. As Rivet has well put it: 'Les Neanderthaliens se ressemblent comme des loups, les hommes modernes different entre eux comme des chiens.'

The Upper Cave was probably not merely a charnal house but a regular burying-place, for although the remains have been much disturbed by burrowing animals and although we know nothing of the funeral rites and customs of Upper Palaeolithic Man in eastern Asia, a great quantity of haematite powder was found scattered among and over the bones.[1] The nearest deposit of haematite is at Lung-kuan, over a hundred miles from Choukout'ien and separated from it by mountain ranges so that the Upper Base Men were wanderers or traders or both.

With the human remains were discovered stone implements, bone artifacts and ornamental objects among which were beads of calcareous stone painted red with haematite and placed near one of the women's skulls,[2] bone pendants carved from the bones of large

pulp cavities) in the lower molars of the old man, and the *torus mandibularis* is faint in skull 102 (that of the Melanesoid) woman. None of the skulls has the Inca bone and the upper incisors are so worn that their pattern is no longer recognizable. On the other hand, the comparison of the old man's skull with those of modern Ainu, and with crania from Kansu of prehistoric 'Chinese' and with those of Manchurians of both historic and prehistoric times suggests that there is a connexion between them.

[1] With one of the Grimaldi skeletons there was placed behind the head 'like a nimbus' a plaque of sandstone reddened with peroxide of iron. The Barma Grande skeleton had a thick coating of red ochre on the skull-cap. Red stain is found in or on or near the remains of Cavillon man, the Baouss6 de Torre skeleton and of numerous bones of Cromagnon, Chancelade, and Obercassel men right up to Azilo-Tardenoisian (e.g. at Ofnet in Bavaria). The Brno skeleton had mammoth tusks disposed about it. A mammoth head was found near the 'Red Lady' of Paviland; we may have here the beginnings of something connected with hunting-magic, or sacrifices to the dead. Small shells stained red were also found with the 'Red Lady'.

Associated with Azilian industry is found a mass of pebbles painted in red ochre with dots, bars, and wavy lines (cf. the Perigordian paintings at Lascaux investigated by the Abbe' Breuil in September 1940). These signs are either totemistic or an early form of writing or both. The Arunta of Australia still use red ochre and blood to anoint themselves at their ceremonies.

[1] Skulls with the morphological characteristics of modern Melanesians have been recovered from a lower Neolithic site (Lang-Cuom) and from a Mesolithic site (Tarn-Pong) in Indo-China. Skull No. 3 from Lang-Cuom (that Mansuy and Colani characterize as 'pre-Melanesian') resembles that of the Upper Base woman (No. 102), both as regards length-breadth and

birds of the ostrich family, perforated marine shells, and fish bones. The shells (mostly of a species of *Area* common along the China coast) were probably gathered near to Choukout'ien, for although the sea is to-day not nearer than 120 miles, it was, no doubt, much closer to the hills in Upper Palaeolithic times. There occurs in the Upper Base, however, a big shell of the *Unioid* not, to-day at least, found nearer than the south bank of the Yellow River more than 220 miles from Choukout'ien to the south (the Hoang-Ho has frequently changed its course in the last 20,000 years): among the fish bones is the large supraorbital bone of a big species of the Carp family and a number of fish teeth perforated by scratching and painted red.[1]

The occurrence of a bone needle (very similar to that used by the modern Eskimo) suggests that the men of the Upper Base knew how to sew and that they probably wore clothing with decorative features. Pieces of charcoal and layers of ash full of free carbon indicate that these men used fire and perhaps cooked their food.

The latitudinal and circumferential depressions on the skull of the two women suggest that they wore head-straps to support on their backs a baby-bag. As the Upper Cave is the only Upper Palaeolithic site known in China we have no comparisons to enable us to classify the tools and implements. The European divisions, Aurignacian, Solutrean, and Magdalenian, do not seem to fit in. The bone needle and perforated teeth technique of the Upper Base Men is more primitive than that of the western European Aurignacian, but that of the ground, drilled, and polished beads, pebbles, and antlers is not inferior to the technique of the European Magdalenian.

breadth-height indices. There is, therefore, clear evidence of the occurrence of similar Melanesoid types in Indo-China and in North-west China, but with a time-lag if we equate the cultural levels of the two regions.

[1] In the Upper Palaeolithic finds at Obercassel *{vide* M. Verworn, R. Bonnet, and A. Steinmann, *Der diluviale Menschenfund von Obercassel bet Bonn, Wiesbaden,* 1919), an old man and a younger woman were found buried together. Sailer ('Die Cro-Magnonrasse und lhre Stellung zu anderen jungpalaeolithischen Langschadelrassen,' *Zeitschft. f. Ind. Abstammungs-und Vererbungslehre,* Vol. XXXIX, 1925) thinks that the old man represents the 'Obercassel race', whereas the woman belong to the 'Brno race'. As in the case of the Obercassel couple, the Choukout'ien Upper Base people show certain features in common in spite of a general disconformity, and this general 'family likeness' has, no doubt, been borne in mind by the Abb6 Breuil in his contention that the Upper Base remains are those of a family burial. The features common to the Upper Base group are seen in the general configuration of the face (especially in the lowness of its upper part), the quadrangular form of the orbits, the great inter-orbital breadth, the shape and character of the nasal aperture, and of its entrance and a common prognathism. In fact, the 'Upper Base family' may have displayed little more variety of types than one may see in Europe to-day with mingling of Alpine, Nordic, and Mediterranean.

Appendix

Now, it is true that in Neolithic times the long-headed steppe nomads of central Asia and south Russia covered their dead with red pigment, but there is no evidence to show that the practice of raddling the dead was an importation from the West as has been maintained by the more enthusiastic members of the Diffusionist school of anthrolopogical thought. It is true that Palaeolithic burials in the west are sometimes found with red colouring matter on or around human bones, but if the custom was borrowed by the Palaeolithic Men of Choukout'ien the borrowing took place immensely long ago. The employment of red objects to surround corpses goes right back to the beginning of specifically human culture in north China.[1]

America and Asia

It has been suggested that we may perhaps see in the Upper Base Men if not the vanguard of immigrants to America via the Behring Strait at least the ancestors of such immigrants. There is nothing inherently improbable in this theory but the whole problem of the interrelations between north-eastern Asia and America is far from clear, even in its main lines. One thing is clear, however, and that is that America has always been a trap. Nothing has come out of it. Its peopling occurred too late to cause overcrowding.

We know all too little still about the climate sequences or the changes of coast contour in the Far East. It is, nevertheless, possible that in Upper Palaeolithic times the land-bridge across the Behring Strait was still in existence. Most of the Strait is very shallow and even at the present time (its width, at the narrowest point, of fifty-six miles being broken by the midway Diomede islands) it forms no greater barrier to man's passage than does the English Channel, and on the rare hazeless days you are never long out of sight of land from Asia to America.

Recent investigations by Japanese scientists in the Kurile Islands have brought to light nothing suggesting that this chaplet of islets was ever used as stepping-stones to America.[2]

[1] Red Pigment was found by Bishop on human bones in interments associated with late Chou bronzes of the *Hsin Cheng* type.

[2] There is no certain Palaeolithic in Japan itself, although the Neolithic is very abundant, and it indicates the gradual but persistent pushing of the Ainu to the north. The occurrence in Japan of dolmens like those of India and Oceania (and unlike those of Korea on the neighbouring mainland), tattooing, the flimsy constructions of reeds in a cold climate (where there is an abundance of good building-stone) seems to point to southern affinities, although the Neolithic pottery, the bored knives *(couteaux a trous d'attache)* recall the Aleutians and the Arctic cultures. Japan, separated from the mainland as early as the epoch of the earth-changing movements that characterized the epoch before the appearance of *Sinanthropus*, belongs, in every way, rather to the sea than to' the contiguous mainland.

Appendix

The estimated date of 20,000 years ago as the *terminus ad quern* for Upper Base Man is that very generally agreed upon as an approximate date for the first movements of men into the Americas.[1] If the Upper Base[2] men or men like them, were the first to people the New World then the population of America was as mixed from the first as it seems to be to-day. The Tasmanian, Australian, and Melanesian Neolithic industries make of Oceania a region of living pre-history, but Oceania has been peopled from the mainland of south-eastern Asia (Indo-China) and the existing Neolithic is that of prehistoric Indo-China. There is no need to postulate any highly improbable trans-Pacific invasions of the western coasts of the Americas by Oceanian peoples in the remote past (although such invasions may possibly have occurred in historical times or on their eve: in any case, the peopling of Oceania by the Oceanians seems to have been a recent phenomenon, at least as far as concerns the islands that might have served as stages on the vastly long journey across the waste of waters of the southern Pacific). The Australoid types that are met with in the extreme south of South America and the Melanesian hypsidolicocephalic type of Lagoa Santa should rather be compared with the Upper Palaeolithic men of Choukout'ien than with present-day Australians or Solomon Islanders.

Certain cultural elements[3] and art motives common to the American north-west and north-eastern Asia perhaps indicate a relatively late contact with people themselves of or in touch with Chinese or proto-Chinese culture. The *t'ao-t'ieh* split animal ornaments of Chou bronzes may be paralleled with the decorative motives of the Haida, Tlingit, and other North-west Coast tribes.[4]

The old equation between the western Europeans of the ' Reindeer Age' and the present-day hyperboreans can hardly be maintained although it is true that the Chancelade skull shows a ' Mongoloid' *torus mandibular is.* As Vallois puts it: 'les faits releve's pour la forme de la face, du nez et des orbites montrent qu'il est beaucoup

[1] Some anthropologists and archaeologists, e.g., Nelson put the date at approximately 12,000 B.C.

[2] The Upper Base female skull No. 102 (of Melanesian affinity) and the female skull No. 103 (of Eskimo type) suggest that there may, perhaps, be a connexion between the two forms. Long-headed skulls with Mongoloid traces in the face and long-headed Melanesoid and Eskimoid crania are typical of the basic Amerindian populations. The Mongoloids of Asia, to-day at least, tend to be markedly brachycephalic *(vide* T. D. Stewart, ' Skeletal remains from South-west Texas', *Amer. Journal of Physical Anthropology,* 1925).

[3] There is a circum-Pacific human sacrifice complex extending from Ancient China, through the Gilyaks and Golds, the Ainu (now a bear sacrifice) to Borneo (ape-sacrifice) to America (Aztecs),

[4] Professor v. Heine-Geldern, late of, Vienna, and now of New York, is engaged, he tells me, on extensive investigations concerning the art-motive parallels of early China and the American North-west.

moins different des autres sujets du Pateolithique superieur qu'on ne le dit gene'ralement'. Although there are striking analogies between the material culture of the western European Magdalenians and the still existing Arctic cultures, the differences are also many, such as a polished stone culture with forms unknown to the Magdalenians. Eskimo art (many features of which, it is true, seem comparatively modern) offers no close parallel to that of the Quaternary cave-men.

The unbroken series of Eskimo remains around the Behring Sea area proves that there have been no noteworthy movements of population by this route, at least, during the last two thousand years. The last wave of immigration of Amerindians was probably that of the Athapascan peoples who introduced the snow-shoe complex into America about three thousand years ago. The Eskimo, or at least their vanguard, may have indeed crossed into America earlier than this.

We should search the arctic shores of Siberia for the region where the proto-Eskimo adopted a coastal way of life and learned the hunting of sea mammals. Proto-Eskimo remains from this region would, doubtless, exhibit clear relationship with the epipalaeolithic cultures of northern Asia and Europe. The Old Behring Sea culture (the first Eskimo culture recognizable in that region) is already a highly developed specialized Eskimo culture with an elaborate art style and many ingenious instruments.

If the immediate origin of the Old Behring Sea culture is to be found in north-eastern Siberia, its roots must strike much deeper into the Old World into regions where traces are to be found of such typical Old Behring Sea culture objects as the square, wooden, earth-covered house with entrance passage, skin boats, sledges, toboggans, toggle harpoon heads, throwing boards and bird darts, lamps, pottery vessels, needle-cases, and chipped stone and rubbed slate implements.

The boreal or arctic zone of Eurasia has, as yet, yielded little for the prehistorian, but the whole region to-day shows a remarkable unity of material culture extending from the Samoyeds on the west through the Asiatic Eskimo (Namollo or Yuite) and the Aleutians to the Eskimo of America. Just as the ancient Lapp polished schist industry is found as far afield as southern Norway, so on the coast of the Chukche country there are traces of habitations similar to those of the Asiatic Eskimo (indicating that Eskimo culture once penetrated much farther south than at present). Instruments similar in form and material to those used to-day by the Greenland Eskimo have been unearthed in the State of New York.

Appendix

Much of the ceramic from the American north-west (that is, Amerindian and not Eskimo) suggests parallels and possible relationship with the ceramic of the Angara River valley type in the Lake Baikal region. This area, a fruitful breeding-ground, as we know, of Asian peoples, may well have been the womb whence issued some of the ancestors of the Amerindians. Among the tribes living round the Yenissei basin there is an ancient submerged people showing many Amerindian types.[1] Certain of the north-western Indians' culture traits suggest a migration from the Amur River region and the recently discovered microlithic culture of Fairbanks, Alaska, closely resembles the Mongolian microlithic.

The Palaeolithic period in the Far East seems to have been prolonged until much later in time than in Europe and it must be borne in mind that the words ' palaeolithic' and 'neolithic', when applied to regions as far separated from each other as are western Europe and eastern Asia, in space, relate to similarities of industry (that is, the tools Man has left behind him) and do not imply any contemporaneity.

East and West

It looks as though in Palaeolithic times the Hoang-Ho valley was inhabited, although, as we have seen, no skeletal remains have been turned up. For the north China Neolithic, however, we have an abundance of skeletal material and ' from every major site in which human skeletal remains were recovered, one or more of the graves contain bones which were coloured with a bright red pigment'. These Neolithic northern Chinese seem to have been, somatically, essentially the same people as the Shang. Many hundreds of Shang skeletons were recovered up to the end of 1935 from a cemetery just north of the Huan river north-east of the town of Hou-Chia-Chuang (there were four headless skeletons). More than a thousand skeletons of sacrificial victims (they may have been prisoners of war) of Shang times have been examined, their incisor teeth were all 'shovel-shaped'. 'Shovel-shaped' incisors were found in every specimen examined of northern Chinese Neolithic Man. Davidson Black wrote that the Neolithic skeletons were very like *Homo Asiattcus proprius* (e.g. northern Chinese).

As far as we can see therefore the highly civilized Shang and their Neolithic predecessors were one and the same stock.

Whence came the movement that produced Shang culture? If

[1] The ' Palaeoasiatic' peoples, such as the Yakaghir, the Chukches, the Koryak, the Gilyak, and the Kamchatkans must be closely related to some of the types that peopled America (*vide* Siren, Andersson, Jansg, Heine-Geldern, and Hrdlieka).

it was, as are most high cultures, the result of a clash, we must suppose that the anvil was constituted by the iEneolithic culture of north-east China and that the hammer came from elsewhere, perhaps the south.

Although the Shang shared with, for instance, the 'Black Pottery' people such elements as pounded earth walls and foundations, white pottery made from porcelain clay, and (perhaps) the use of bones for divination and domesticated oxen and horses, there is a 'new' element. Bronze casting,[1] the potter's wheel, and horse-drawn chariots seem to have been imported from the west as an ' integrated complex'. During the Bronze Age the Far East was in touch with Europe. Polychrome pottery with spirals is found from Rumania to China. Vases with almost identical incised ornamentation occur in Scandinavia and northern China. Axe-hammers with sockets, some in bronze and others in stone, copied from bronze by men who could not get metal, of a special form and sometimes covered with a stylized animal decoration are found spread from north and central Europe across Siberia (Krasnoiarsk and Minussinsk). On the other hand, the reflex bow, the divination bones and the ' L i ' tripod seem to belong to the north China culture area. There are many things that suggest circum-polar cultures, for instance, the rectangular[2] or semi-lunar knife, 'tailored' clothes (i.e. with sleeves), and the reflex bow.

CONCLUSION

What we know about Early Man in the Far East may therefore thus be summarized:

(i) In early Pleistocene times (say, from 750,000 to 500,000 years ago) there existed in both north- and south-eastern Asia pre-hominids of a very primitive type.

(2) Then comes an immense time gap in Eastern Asia and in Late Palaeolithic times (say, anywhere from 50,000 to 20,000 years ago) we find in the same corner of north-east China that was the home of *Sinanthropus* a population of modern type men of the most 'mixed' physical appearance who buried their dead and scattered red pigment about them.

(3) There is little or no evidence of Man's presence in North-eastern Asia (although there are remains from Java) to bridge the gap

[1] In Shang times there were two main types of axes, the first was hafted by the wood of the handle passing through a hole in the metal head (as with us to-day), and the other a tang in the bronze fitted into a mortice in the haft. This Kg is nothing else than the Indo-Chinese Bacsonian tanged axe.

[2] Nordenskiold found rectangular knife-blades in South America.

between Upper Palaeolithic and Neolithic times. In this latter age, however, groups of men with a fairly high culture (including domesticated animals) and probably with ceremonies (e.g. shamans, totemi8m, and a mask complex) recalling those of the ' circum-polar' peoples of to-day were settled along the fertile river valleys of the Wei and the Hoang-ho in Northern China, and were, perhaps, affected by influences from the West, for the Tainted Pottery' of Kansu at one end of the steppe belt of Asia is very similar to that of Neolithic South Russia at the other end of the steppes. There is, of course, no evidence that these Neolithic peoples of the Wei and Yellow rivers were even 'proto-Chinese> in culture, but in physical type, as far as we can judge from the skeletal material we possess, they differed little, if at all, from the Chinese of the first historical dynasty. Later than the ' Painted Pottery' there is a ' Black Pottery' Neolithic culture in North China, and if we set the date 2000 B.C. (perhaps rather before than after) we shall probably not go far wrong. We know nothing of the archeology of China from actual tangible evidence from the end of the Neolithic until the beginning of the Shang-Yin fully developed dynastic civilization at about 1500 B.C. in the north of the present-day province of Honan.

(4) This Shang-Yin civilization is definitely archaic Chinese, and the excavations at An-Yang, the capital of the Shang, have yielded such a wealth of material that we know now more about the Shang people than did their successors in Confucius's time. There is plenty of skeletal material to indicate that the population of Honan in Shang times did not differ in any marked respect from that of our day. If, as seems possible, the Shang civilization was due to a clash of cultures, it would hardly seem that influence from the West would have been alone sufficient to strike the spark from the old Neolithic culture of the river valleys. Gradual penetration from the West was doubtless raising the cultural level in late Neolithic times (the iEneolithic graves in Kansu have given up bronze and copper objects of foreign workmanship), but, as far as we can at present see, it does not seem rash to assume that the civilization of the Shang owed a good deal to some southern culture.

(5) Although the first Chinese civilization, as we see it in Shang times, has a partially northern look, and although the Chinese show some physical affinities with their northern neighbours (the Mongoloid type has moved ever southwards), the Chinese language is closely related to linguistic groups that are, at least to-day, all to the south and south-west of the Chinese area. As we have every reason to believe that the Chinese language has not changed in its essential structure since Shang times, then, either the area of

distribution of the so-called 'Indochinese' languages was formerly very different from what it is now, or Chinese is a language that has travelled northwards.

(6) Although we can trace under the Shang some of the religious beliefs that have survived to this day, it was the religious syncretism that started under the Chou and continued into Han times that forms the real background of Chinese tradition. Much of this tradition is embalmed in the stately ceremonies of the Cult of Heaven, now only performed in Annam. Some of the customs, such as the burying of the dead in red, go back to Upper Palaeolithic times.

(7) In Indo-China we have not only a half-way house between the homes of Peking Man and the Ape-Man of Java but a Little China the centre of whose religious life is the sacrifice to Heaven by the Son of Heaven—a ceremony whose essentials go back to the very beginnings of Chinese civilization and display features that make this cult one of the most valuable of rites for the understanding of the evolution of religious and moral ideas.

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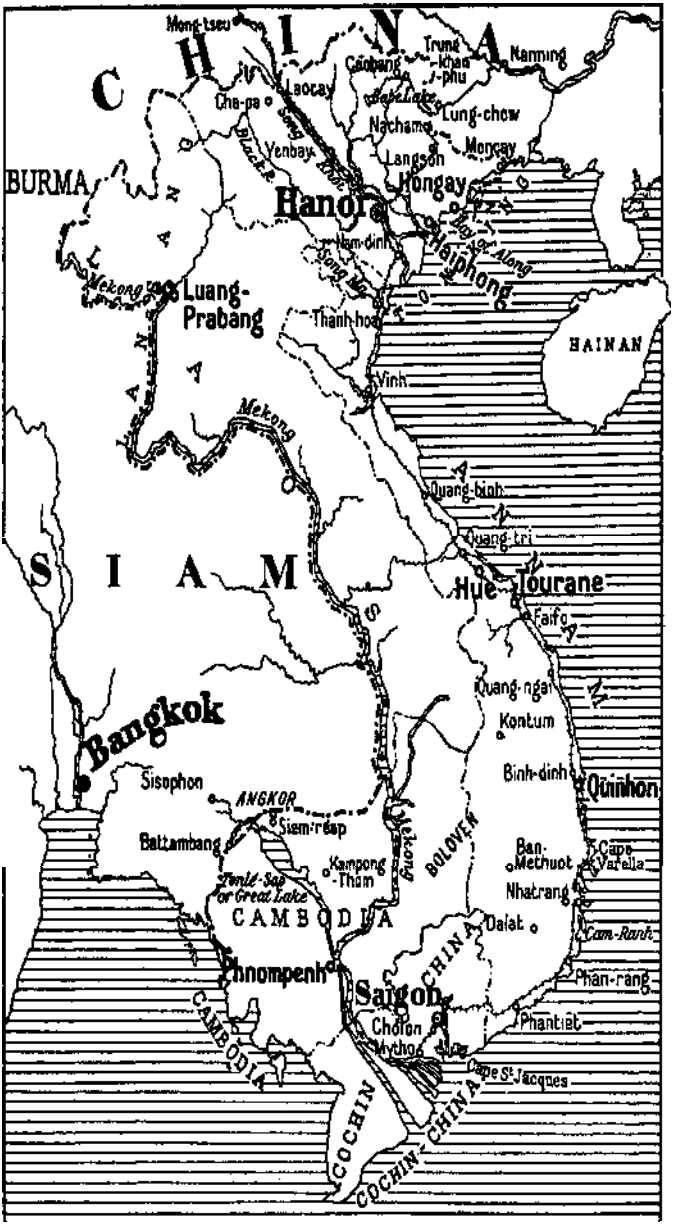
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