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Rui Tao

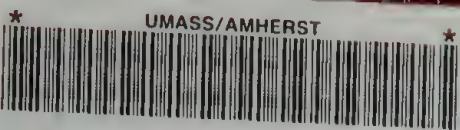
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PURITY, MODERNITY, AND PESSIMISM  
TRANSLATION OF MU SHIYING'S FICTION

A Thesis Presented

by

RUI TAO

Submitted to the Graduate School of the  
University of Massachusetts Amherst in partial fulfillment  
of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

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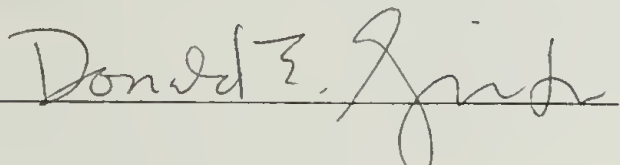
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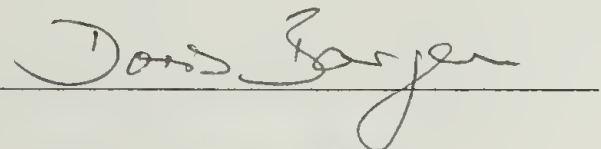
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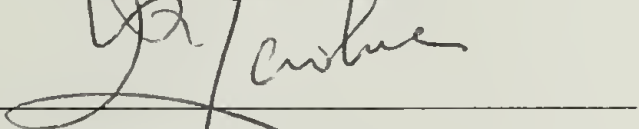
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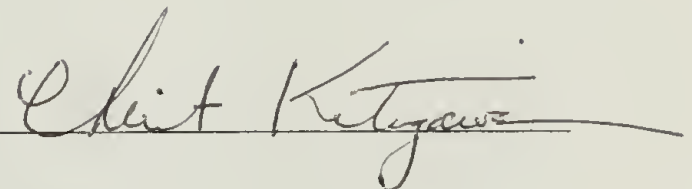
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# CHAPTER I

## INTRODUCTION

### New Sensationalism -- from Tokyo to Shanghai

From the 1930s to the 1940s, both Japanese and Chinese literature experienced a modernist movement, which began with the Shinkankakuha (New Sensationalism) in Japan and the Xin Ganjue Pai in Shanghai. Dennis Keene has speculated (Keene 1980, 86) that the rise of the Shinkankakuha<sup>1</sup> occurred because of the Great Kanto Earthquake of 1923. "Various forms of modernism have been introduced into Japan during the early years of the decade, but their impact has been only superficial, the earthquake reproduced the same social conditions of upheaval out of which the modernist movements in Europe had been created, and provided the cultural vacuum which encouraged the introduction of up-to-date Western things ...".

In October 1924, with the publication of the first number of *Bungei Jidai*, a group of young writers such as Yokomitsu Riichi (1898-1947), Kataoka Teppeï (1894-1944), Kawabata Yasunari (1899-1972), and Hayashi Fusao (1903-1975) were associated with the Shinkankakuha.

As for the difference between sensation and new sensation, Yokomitsu has his own explanation:

The objectivity of the object which bursts into life is not purely objective, but is rather the representation of that emotional cognition which has broken away from subjective objectivity, incorporating as it does both a formal appearance and also the

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<sup>1</sup> Named by Chiba Kameo (1878-1935), including modernist writers such as Yokomitsu Riichi, Itetani Shinzaburo and Hayashi Fusao.

idea of a generalized consciousness within it. It is thus that the new sensationalist method is able to appear in a more dynamic form to the understanding than the sensationalist method by virtue of the fact that it gives a more material representation of an emotional apprehension (Keene 1980, 79).

However, most Japanese critics, according to Dennis Keene, still agree that "the modernist movement, which began with the Shinkankakuha, was a failure, something rootless and unproductive." (Keene 1980, 90) The Chinese one, under the impact of the Shinkankakuha, received more criticism when a group of writers in Shanghai made their literary debut with the publications of modernist stories in 1928, which dealt mainly with aspects of urbanization and psychoanalysis. The movement reached its climax in the early 1930s. This group, which included Liu Na'ou (1900-1939), Shi Zhecun (1905-) and Mu Shiying (1912-1940), was named the "New Sensationalist Group" by Lou Shiyi (1905- ).

There is no doubt that the main stage for this modernist literary group is set in Shanghai, the largest metropolis in China. Starting in 1842, Shanghai was forced to open its door to the outside world as one of the five trading ports after China's defeat in the Anglo-China War (1840-1842).<sup>2</sup> Under the administration of three autonomous authorities, which included the international settlement and the French concession, Shanghai was a city with "unreserved openness to ideas and techniques imported from the West." (Henriot 1993, 234) With the flourishing of erotic Jazz pubs, nightclubs and dance halls, Shanghai soon transformed herself to "a heaven built on top of a hell. " (Mu 1997, 234) However, the link between Shanghai and the West did not stop influences from another channel -- Japan.

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<sup>2</sup> It usually called the First Opium War in English.



Beginning in 1896, Chinese students were sent to study in Japan by the Qing government (1644-1911). As one of China's most significant neighbors, Japan attracted a great number of Chinese students because of its great proximity than the West. "The number of Chinese students in Japan reached more than 5,000 by 1909." (Wang 1989, 83) At the same time, the Japanese inhabitants who were residents in Shanghai increased even more, reaching about 20,000, and comprised 70 percent of the foreign population by 1931. (Goto-Shibata 1995, 5) Most of the Chinese students were majors in science or technology when they first entered Japanese universities, but a great number of them became involved in literary activities later. The most famous example is Lu Xun's (1881-1936) change from a student who majored in medicine to the most esteemed writer in China.

One of the great achievements made by the Chinese New Sensationalism was initiated by the introduction of the Japanese Shinkankakuha by Liu Na'ou, who finished his education in Japan and came to Shanghai in 1924, when the Japanese Shinkankakuha had entered its golden age. Together with some other literary youths such as Shi Zhecun, Dai Wangshu (1905-1950), Xu Xiacun (1907-1986) and Du Heng (1907-1964), he published the magazine named *Wugui Leiche (The Trackless Train)* in 1928, which was said to be the beginning of the Chinese New Sensationalism. Other magazines such as *Xin Wenyi (La Nouvelle Litterature)*<sup>3</sup> and *Xiandai (Les Contemporains)* soon followed,<sup>4</sup> and these magazines soon became the main stages for this modernist group in China.

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<sup>3</sup> A literary journal established by Liu Na'ou, Shi Zhecun and Dai Wangshu on September 15, 1929.

<sup>4</sup> This is a monthly literary magazine established in 1932. Under Shi Zhecun as the editor-in-chief, it soon became the major magazine of the New Sensationalism.

From the beginning, their stories dealt with issues about the decadent and morbid urban life in Shanghai. In their fictional representation, dissolute and rich playboys, coquettish and erotic dance girls, romantic college sweet hearts, bankrupted businessmen and concubines, experienced their sadness and happiness, encountered their fortune and nightmare, and cheated or betrayed each other in Shanghai.

Even though some of the works of Mu Shiying, such as his first short stories, "Zanmen de Shijie" (Our World) and his first collection, *Nan Bei Ji (South & North Pole)*, were said to be proletarian literature and won good reviews from Leftist writers such as Lou Shiyi, the main goal of the New Sensationalist works is to illustrate the extravagance and decadence of life among urban men and women in Shanghai. However, for political reasons, standing up for the left or the right was a most urgent problem facing all the writers in Shanghai at that time. Since the New Sensationalist writers only considered "art for art's sake," they were inevitably caught in the middle between the Left and the Right, and thus were attacked by both sides.

In his dedication to the first issue of *Les Contemporains* published in 1932, Shi Zhecun (Shi 1981) claimed that "this magazine will not create any trend of thought, any doctrine or any organization in literature." However, an argument about the "third kind of people" still arose later in 1932. Then, we cannot help asking the question: Who is the "third kind of people"? Many critics and literary historians thought that it referred to the middle elements that neither accepted the guidance of Marxist literary theory nor that of the Nationalists. However, this understanding is much too simplistic. Writers, at that time, can have only one choice between the Left and the Right. Otherwise, they will be criticized because of their ambiguous stance, but literature should not be as simple as this.

As Su Wen (Shi 1996, 228) points out in a supplement to his article: "Of course, I'm not opposed to literature having its own political purposes, but I don't agree that truth should be sacrificed for political purposes." This clearly illustrates the freedom that all writers need to create literature. However, this group always involved itself with politics. It lasted only about seven years, about the same as the Shinkankakuha in Japan. Two major writers were assassinated after the Japanese army occupied Shanghai, and some other writers felt obliged to change their writing styles.

Because of the political involvement, critics ignored this modernist group for about half a century until Yan Jiayan published his book, *Xin Ganjue Pai Xiaoshuo Xuan (An Anthology of New Sensationalist Fiction)* in 1985. In the preface to his book, Yan categorized Liu Na'ou, Shi Zhecun and Mu Shiying as the three major writers of the New Sensationalist group. Among them, Liu Na'ou was the first person to introduce the Shinkankakuha to China. He translated many works of Japanese modernist writers such as Yokomitsu Riichi, Kataoka Teppai and Hayashi Fusao. He also showed his literary talent in his stories by presenting a kaleidoscope of urban life in Shanghai. Another writer, Shi Zhecun, was quite famous for his psychoanalytical stories in the 1930s, and his stories were more obviously influenced by classical Chinese literature. However, Mu Shiying, following Liu Na'ou's urban images, was even more successful in explaining the meaning of "New Sensationalism" in the modern metropolis -- Shanghai.

#### The Flashy Figure in the 1930s

Born into a wealthy banking family, Mu Shiying (1912-1940) went to Shanghai with his father when he was a child. With immigrants from many countries and regions,

Shanghai, at that time, was not only the economic and industrial center in China but also had replaced Beiping as the country's new cultural and literary center as many literary enterprises began to flourish there.

After graduating from Guanghai University,<sup>5</sup> Mu Shiyong began his literary career by publishing his first short story in 1930. "Zanmen de Shijie" (Our World), published in *La Nouvelle Litterature*, is a first-person narration of a notorious pirate, who describes his transformation from a poor orphan to the successful pirate he has become. Together with four other short stories<sup>6</sup> written in the following year, his first collection, *South & North Pole*, mainly deals with issues about lower-class characters, such as pirates, gangsters, bodyguards, and bandits. His incisive writing delineates capitalist exploitation, the indifference of the rich to the poor, and the influence of industrial civilization on both cities and rural areas; thus he is characterized as a Proletarian writer even though his literary talent does not lie in this field, and what he wrote had nothing to do with Proletarian literature.<sup>7</sup>

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<sup>5</sup> According to Yan Jiayan's book, *An Anthology of New Sensationalism Fiction*, Mu Shiyong graduated from Guanghai University instead of graduating from Zhendan (Aurora) University.

<sup>6</sup> They are "Hei Xuanfeng" (Black Whirlwind), "Nan Bei Ji" (South & North Pole), "Shouzhi" (Fingers) and "Shenghuo Zai Haishang de Renmen" (People Who Live in the Sea).

<sup>7</sup> See his preface in the revised version of *South & North Pole*, in which he said, "The only purpose of writing these stories is to practice my writing technique -- I still have the same attitude till now -- As for what they are about, actually I have no idea, and I have never wanted to know. What I care about is how to write."

But the work that got him named the "vanguard of the New Sensationalism" was not published until 1933: his second collection *Gongmu (The Cemetery)*. Unlike *South & North Pole*, this presents an outline of urban life in Shanghai by describing its skyscrapers, speeding automobiles, shining neon lights and the befuddled life of the men and women in its nightclubs and dance halls. With the publication of two other collections, *Baijin de Nuti Suxiang (The Platinum Female Statue)* in 1934 and *Sheng Chunu de Ganqing (The Passion of the Holy Virgin)* in 1935, Mu Shiyong finally established his position in urban literature. As Su Xuelin (1897-) points out, "The only person who lived in Shanghai and was able to describe the life in Shanghai was Mao Dun (1896-1981), but it was not until the emergence of Mu Shiyong that urban literature was formally established." (Su 1983, 422-27)

Shi Zhecun (Shi 1996, 375), the person who first noticed Mu Shiyong's literary talents and later introduced many of his writings by publishing them in *Les Contemporains*, said that "Mu Shiyong's appearance in the literary world is like a comet, and his decline is like the falling leaves." Starting in 1935, Mu Shiyong seemed to have ended his productive period and became involved in editing magazines, such as *Wenyi Huabao (Literary Pictorial)* and *Wenyi Yuekan (Literary Monthly)*.

He went to Hong Kong in early 1937 when Shanghai was occupied by Japan, but returned soon in the same year and took charge of *Zhonghua Ribao (Literary Pictorial of China Daily)* and the literary supplement of *Hua Feng (China Wind)*. Since he worked for Wang Jingwei's puppet government and was later appointed president of *Wenhui Bao (Consolidated Report)*, he was regarded as a Japanese collaborator. He is said to have

been assassinated by special agents of the Nationalist Party in June 1940, but the exact circumstances of his death still remain a mystery to this day.

### Modernity and Purity

In his preface to *The Cemetery*, Mu Shiying describes himself as a person with a "dual personality." He claims that it is because of this dual personality that "the short stories in *South & North Pole* and *The Cemetery* were written at almost the same time, even though they are in quite different styles." (Mu 1997, 613) Yan Jiayan challenged Mu Shiying's assertion (Yan 1989, 137), saying that the stories in the latter collection were in fact written about two years later than those in the first collection.

But it is difficult to tell if Mu Shiying has a special purpose by saying this in his preface. The truth is that his works do imply some kind of dual personality. On one hand, some of his stories denounce the corrupt urban life of rich people; on the other hand, some admire the exotic and lustful life of the nightclubs.

The duality of his personality is especially apparent in the women of his literary world. His main symbols of modernity are the modernized city girls of the nightclubs, while his main symbols of purity are delicate, lilac-like girls walking in "the alley in the rain."<sup>8</sup> The modern women in Mu Shiying's stories have nothing to do with opposing arranged marriages, pursuing financial independence, or getting involved in revolutions and politics, instead, they are concerned with finding romantic fulfillment and sexual adventures in the metropolis.

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<sup>8</sup> "Yu Xiang" (The Alley in the Rain), a famous poem written by Dai Wangshu in 1928, which won him the title of "Poet in the Rain Alley".

In "Bei Dangzuo Xiaoqianpin de Nanren" (A Man Being Regarded as an Object of Diversion), a college student is trapped by a modern city girl, Rong Zi, who has a "snaky figure and a feline head, a lying mouth and cheating eyes." Even though he realizes that she is a combination of danger and softness, he falls into her "love net". Her tastes include "Liu Na'ou's new writing style, Guo Jianying's cartoons, your vulgar words and wild style". For her, the male narrator is a fresh stimulus when she is tired of men around her.

"Being surrounded by those beery men every day, it's a stimulus to meet as someone new like you."

"So you don't have a good stomach."

"That's all because of those men. Their timidity, their stupidity, their mouse-like gaze and their feigned sad faces... all of these give me indigestion. "

"This is because of your girl's taste for snacks. You swallow Nestle chocolate, Sunkist, Shanghai beer, sweet chestnuts and peanuts all together. Of course, you will have indigestion. Those excreted chocolate, and Sunkist..... How can not pretend to be a sad face?"

"That's why I need some stimulus." (Shi 1997, 97-8)

However, when the student loses his freshness and becomes one of Rong Zi's beery boyfriends, he is in the position of being discarded as a piece of "shitty chocolate".

In a traditional romance, women are almost always in the passive position in love affairs. Here, Rong Zi, the modern city girl, takes the initiative not only in attracting the male narrator, but also, finally, in betraying him when she feels a need for some fresh stimulus.

The seductive dancing girl in "Hei Mudan" (Black Peony) meets the modern hermit, Sheng Wu, when she is escaping from a drunken customer at midnight. Saying that she is the "peony spirit", she becomes his wife the next day. The male narrator, who knows both the dancing girl and Shengwu, comes to Shengwu's villa during the weekend and recognizes the girl because of her "familiar Spanish-style face." (Shi 1997, 286) The

dancing girl, growing up in a luxurious environment, would be a soulless person if she abandons "Jazz music, Fox-trots, cocktails, fashionable colors in the Fall, eight-cylinder automobiles and Egyptian cigarettes ....." (Shi 1997, 282) She is weary of her life as a nightclub dancer, and is anxious to rest in Sheng Wu's haven; she tells the narrator, "I only want to have a rest. I come here to have a rest. I have gained half a pound in the three days since I came here." (Shi 1997, 289) Sheng Wu's suburban villa is a retreat for her when she is tired of the noisy, colorful nightclub in the modern city, but the modern fairy tale would be over when she is tired of the quite and peaceful life; Sheng Wu's betrayal by this "peony spirit" is inevitable.

The symbols of modernity in Mu Shiyong's stories include the westernized city girls frequenting nightclubs and dance halls, driving fast automobiles, drinking Nestle coffee and watching horse races. In addition, these stories also show his characters' enthusiasm for fantastic sentimental adventures, their abandonment of ideal romance, and their "dreaming of 1980's romance while driving the 1930's Buick." (Shi 1997, 237)

"Wu Yue" (May) is the time when rose blossom, and also the time when Cai Peipei, a girl from a well-educated family, begins to feel lonely and eager to grow up and be loved by someone. She is described as having half-closed bright eyes, like the midnight water lily blossoming in a limpid pond. With a Japanese grandmother, an American mother and a Cantonese father, her blood combines of "Japanese romanticism, American enthusiasm and Cantonese intrepidity." (Mu 1997, 330) In the course of encountering three men in May, she gradually becomes a modern girl and learns how to deal with men. She is confused about her feelings of the three men and it seems to her that she loves them all.

"Cangbo has a stubborn jaw, a bright and clean face. Among birds, he is the



eagle; among beasts, the Mongolian horse; among fabrics, the Snortes; among fruits, the pomegranate; among stars, the Uranus; among furniture, the large sofa; among food, the fried beefsteak. I'm his dove, and he is my love."

"Yiping is at the age of softness. His behavior is elegant and his tongue is glib. He stole the virgin taste from my mouth."

"Jiang Jun has a fool's heart, a passionate heart. He truly loves me." (Mu 1997, 360)

She has the appearance of a virgin saint, and she prays to God to forgive her affairs with these three men, but actually, she is a "hot baby", and loves Liu Cangbo's rudeness and Song Yiping's romantic style. She feels no need of Jiang Ju's pure love for her; he idealized her as the Virgin Mary. After losing all three men, she easily finds another victim, her future brother-in-law. Nestling her head on his chest, she says to him sadly, "I lost my love." Then putting her arms around his neck, she said, "George, I love you!"

The transformation of an innocent dove to a modern city girl illustrates Cai Peipei's change from pursuing pure love to pursuing sophisticated adventures. Cai Peipei frequents restaurants, dance halls and nightclubs with different lovers to indulge herself, to satisfy her own desires, to chase her amorous fantasies; that's why she can say "my dear" to a man on the first day she meets him, and can kiss a man in their first dance. The heart behind her virgin saint face is burning with the desires for sentimentality, sensuality, and fantasy. It is not only the modern city girls who are longing for romance and fantasy, but the innocent saint or nun types as well.

"Sheng Chunu de Ganqing" (The Passion of Holy Virgin) presents a peaceful picture of a sunny Sunday morning. White doves fly over the red tower of a church while two "quiet, pure... like white candles on silver candlesticks" (Mu 1997, 469) sisters walk into the church. But their conversations are about the handsome young man they saw in the

church; they name him the "beau stranger". In the warm September night, each lying in similar small and white beds, they both dream the same dream of the prince on a white horse, who asks each girl to go to a happy wonderland, where there are "a rosy moon, white doves, roses everywhere and fragrant songs...." (Mu 1997, 474) But when they open their eyes and stand in front of the window, what they see is a vast plain stretching endlessly in the darkness, and so they have "damp eyes and black hearts". (Mu 1997, 474) They kneel down and ask for God's forgiveness, but they've already lost their pure hearts.

The traditional lilac-like women also appear in other works by Mu Shiyong, such as "The Cemetery", which presents a poetic love story set in the happy season of April.

In the suburb, the wind from the south brings the fragrance of late spring. Here, there are shining sun and blue sky. Every tiny wild flower is smiling. Here, no Jazz music, no stereoscopic skyscrapers, no secretaries flirting with their bosses. The plain is vast, the road is long and the air is quiet..... (Shi 1997, 155)

In the cemetery, the male narrator says "sitting in front of my mother's tomb, I'm pure and happy; I have a child's heart." (Mu 1997, 155) Then he encounters Ouyang Ling; she reminds him of "the limpid brook in the mountain, the light haze at dusk and Dan Wangshu's 'The Alley in the Rain'." (Mu 1997, 157) The narrator soon falls in love with this innocent beauty. Unlike most of the city girls, she is a pure lilac in the metropolis.

If she was in the straight buildings, wearing silver red, or a bright combination of black and white color, indulging in Jazz music and neon light, she would lose her melancholy charm. Her knitted eyebrows are appropriate with the vertical white marble tombstone, with green trees, and with desolation of withered flowers. (Shi 1997, 155)

But the beauty whose purity has captured the narrator's imagination dies of tuberculosis before he can express his love for her. She is buried in the cemetery, the place where she meets the narrator in the lovely month of April.

As a story in the modern city, both the narrator and the timid woman cause their own tragedy without any intervention from their families and the society. This romance is a kind of spiritual and platonic emotion, which is covered beneath the purity.

Another similar story is "Di'er Lian" (The Second Love), a melancholy love story set in Hong Kong. Because of the male narrator's timidity, he loses his first love and when he returns to the city seven years later, he finds the woman he loved has been married for several years. A song they both used to love is sung by the narrator again, in the warm summer night.

Mary, do you still remember me?  
That faraway melody and faraway person. (Shi 1997, 548)

### Pessimism

Even though various characters from different social status and professions appear in Mu Shiyong's fiction, they all share the same pessimism, which is always a dominant subject in most of his works. In the preface to his second collection, *The Cemetery*, he mentions several stories such as "Five People in a Nightclub", "Black Peony" and "Craven A", to illustrate his motivation in presenting this group of people who are betrayed by life. "I just want to describe those who fell down in their life, and those helpless *pierrots*, ..... their sad faces covered by a happy mask. Yet except those insensitive people, everyone hides a strong solitude, which is impossible to escape, at the bottom of his heart. It is impossible for everyone to be understood by others, either partially or completely. Those who have tasted more bitterness of life, and those who are more sensitive can feel the deep piercing to the bones of solitude ....." (Mu 1997, 614-15)

This is especially apparent in "Five People in a Nightclub", where he presents five "happy" people indulging themselves in a nightclub on a Saturday night. In Mu's fiction, the nightclub is not only a place to socialize but also a place epitomizing the vicissitudes of life among urbanites.

Hu Junyi, the gold king, loses all of his money at the Gold Exchange in one day. Zheng Ping, a college student, is betrayed by his lover. Daisy Huang, a social butterfly, suffers the inevitable pain when she realizes the passing of her youth. Miu Zongdan, an honest clerk, feels that it is the end of the earth when he receives a dismissal letter. Ji Jie, a scholar who specializes in Shakespeare, feels dizzy among the cigarette smoke and so many translations of *Hamlet*. However, from the eyes of outsiders, they are all happy people, as it is shown from the following dialogues:

"That guy is funny. Comes here to break matches. Why not buy a dollar's worth, and break them all day at home?"

"Nothing to do after meals. Comes here to break matches, isn't a happy guy."

"Isn't he funny, that stupid drunk? Knocked over their wine after he came in, and insulted them, but he's telling jokes with them now."

"All of those are happy guys! Look, Daisy Huang and Hu Junyi, and that couple opposite them, dancing so crazily!"

"Yes, seems they aren't afraid of breaking their legs by dancing too much." (Mu 1997, 261)

These five people all lose something significant in their lives, such as money, youth, a job, a lover, or is confused to an academic goal. In order to forget their misfortune, hatred and confusion, they all choose the typical life in Shanghai on a Saturday evening, that is, having fun in a nightclub. However, as Mu Shiyong (Mu 1997, 614) points out in the preface to *The Cemetery*, "those people who are betrayed by life will not, or need not, show their suffering on their face. On the contrary, they all have a happy mask." By

describing sadness through pictures of happy moments, Mu Shiyong's fiction is much more effective in delineating the pessimism of the inner world of his characters.

The pessimistic ending, however, is not the episode of Hu Junyi's suicide in front of the "Empress Club" but is instead the end of the funeral. As the gold king, Hu Junyi's face remains calm for a whole night while pondering the unavoidable consequences of his bankruptcy in his mind. He finally ends his life at the entrance of the nightclub, but the other four people are still suffering from their own troubles, which are impossible for them to escape from.

Daisy Huang - "No matter where I go, my youth can't come back."  
Zheng Ping - "No matter where I go I go, Nina won't come back."  
Miu Zongdan - "Going or staying, it's all the same."  
Ji Jie - "I don't understand what you said." (Mu 1997, 266)

After the funeral, in front of them is a distant and solitary road, which is waiting for them to begin their new journey again in the modern city. The possibility of escape from the pessimism for the exhausted urbanites is a "rural area, and the urban diseases will eventually be cured in the imaginary hometown." (Zhang 1996, 166)

### Cinematic Phantasmagoria and Fragmented Episodes

What makes the New Sensationalist group distinct from other modern Chinese writers is not only their descriptions of the strong pessimism of urbanites, but also the unique prose styles of its members. Both "Five People in a Nightclub" and "The Cemetery" represent a typical characteristic of Mu Shiyong's prose style -- repetition.<sup>9</sup>

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<sup>9</sup> See Zhang Yingjin 162.

The repetition of same sentence pattern, same gesture, same environment and same action implies a stagnant and boring society, where urbanites encounter the same group of people at a certain time (Saturday night or April), and in a certain place ("Empress" nightclub or the cemetery). For Mu Shiyong, the repetition is the product of modernity, especially in a metropolis like Shanghai. The stimulus, chaos, and adventures of modernity accentuate the rhythm of every one's daily life, which reflects in Mu Shiyong's fiction is those urbanites' acceptance of the repetition consciously or unconsciously. However, the repetition is not so complete, it displaces some subjects and objects<sup>10</sup> while keeping the rest of the repetition the same. For example, in "Five People in a Nightclub". There is a shift among different protagonists while the same time and gesture are repeated. In "The Cemetery", the protagonist experiences the same happy season during different years, looks at the same billboard with different emotions, and wonders in the same cemetery without having a companion. The identical and diverse parts in Mu's fiction elucidate the tragic lives of urbanites, for they have lost their consciousness to judge anything different. What they care is nothing but repeating a routine life day by day, and year after year. Time plays an important role in Mu's repetition. He is very sensitive with time, and always sets his stories at a certain time or season. Time, as a symbol of modernity, is the only thing that people should cherish, but on the contrary, time is ignored by all of his protagonists, not only because they are afraid of losing it but also because they are afraid of facing it. It seems that Mu Shiyong is the only person who is clear about the sequence of time, hence, he consistently reminds his protagonists by repeating it over and over.

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<sup>10</sup> See Zhang Yingjin 163.

Besides of its unique prose style, Mu Shiyong's fiction also shows his special systematic narrative structure that is different from the conventional narrative. Without having the three indispensable factors (conventional characters, conventional plots, and conventional settings), Mu Shiyong adopts cinematic techniques to string together disconnected episodes in his stories. Su Xuelin (Su 1983) points out that the adoption of these techniques reflects the influence of a French writer named Paul Morand (1888-1976).

Mu Shiyong in particular gained increasing attention after he turned to modernist techniques such as rapid phantasmagorias, fragmented episodes, and diversified visual angles, to carry the reader from one scene to another, back and forth. His story, "Shanghai de Hubuwu" (Shanghai Foxtrot) is a good example. It presents a kaleidoscopic picture of urban life in a single night. Someone is being murdered by gangsters near the railway, while Mr. Liu Youde, a rich businessman, is on his way back home; simultaneously, his son, Xiao De, and his step mother are indulging themselves in a nightclub; a worker plunges to his death from a skyscraper's construction site; Mr. Liu Youde is gambling in a hotel while an old woman forces her daughter-in-law to be a prostitute in exchange for a supper. These disconnected episodes illustrate various aspects of the modern city and convey the fast-paced rhythm of urban life in a diffuse writing style.

The cinematic phantasmagoria is even more apparent in "Five People in a Nightclub". The whole story is divided into four sections. The first section, which is further divided into five episodes, shifting the scene from the Gold Exchange to a campus, from the campus to the Avenue de Joffre, from the Avenue de Joffre to a study, and then, finally, from the study to a municipal government office. These isolated episodes, however, take

place simultaneously on Saturday afternoon of April 6, 1932. Using the cinematic technique of transporting readers rapidly from one scene to another within this single time frame, this section closely resembles a film script, which allows all the characters to emerge on the stage simultaneously instead of taking turns one after another. Choosing five people from various social status, professions, and genders, Mu Shiying gathers them all from different corners of the urban city into a nightclub, for they all share the same inevitable pessimism, produced by the process of urbanization.

In the second section, titled "Saturday Night", Mu Shiying depicts a series of kaleidoscopic scenes in the streets, where he shows a microcosm of chaos, decadence, pessimism, abundance and cosmopolitanism of city life. He shifts scenes rapidly: from a revolving door to the street outside it, to the scene of tens of thousands of cars in rush hour traffic, then to the people standing in the street. His description of the streets reflects his subjective emotion through objects around him such as the astonishing colors of the newspaper boy's mouth, neon lights, billboards, and exotic stores. Here, colors represent the characteristics of the chaos and conflicts of urbanization:

Red streets, green streets, blue streets, purple streets ..... A metropolis with colorful make up. The neon lights were jumping – colorful tide of lights, transforming tide of lights, colorless tide of light -- the sky -- inundating tide of \ lights. In the sky there were wine, cigarettes, high-heeled shoes, and clocks, too ..... (Mu 1997, 250)

The third section, "Five Happy People", is the main body of the story. The word "happy" is the title; but what is portrayed is pessimism. Mu Shiying hides in a corner of the nightclub while observing these five urbanites indulging themselves in the nightclub. The



first impression the author conveys is the strong contrast of the colors between black and white:

White tablecloth, white tablecloth, white tablecloth, and white tablecloth .....  
white-

On the white tablecloth were: black beer, black coffee ..... black, black .....

The man wearing evening clothes was sitting next to the white tablecloth: a stack of black and white: black hair, white face, black eyes, white collar, black bow tie, white shirt, black coat, white vest, black pants ..... black and white ..... (Mu 1997, 251)

These broken sentences, or actually phrases, are paralleled to exaggerate the strong stimulus of colors and sounds represented from various visual angles. In fact, these isolated imagines and disconnected episodes are related as Mu Shiyong shifts his view from one person to another, from scenes inside the nightclub to scenes outside it. This part of the story does not follow narrative convention, but rather constructs a multi-layered texture, mingling these five people's decadence, skepticism, pessimism, and prospects, and it further accentuates the vertiginous life of the nightclub in this modern metropolis.

The fourth section ends with four people attending Hu Junyi's funeral. The focus shifts from the international cemetery to these four people, and from these four depressed and exhausted people to a long train, then finally loses the image in the distance. "All of them sighed, walked slowly - walked, and walked. In front of them was a secluded and lonely road". (Mu 1997, 267) With this image of an endless journey, Mu suggests that their futures are unpredictable but their tragedies are unavoidable.

The cinematic techniques in Mu Shiyong's fiction reflect his own subjective sensations. His descriptions are from various angles; instead of the conventional system of representation, what he relies on to create a montage or to develop a special systematic narration is his own emotional cognition of the objects represented. The deeper he

penetrates to the souls of his characters, the more he dispenses with formal narrative conventions. What Mu Shiyong accentuates in his fiction is the irrational and inconsistent human subconscious, because rational, systemic, and complete consideration is impossible for a human being. The narration is not a simple reflection of sensation, but rather consists of complicated characteristics, transformed by subjective emotion, which is evoked by visual, tactile, and auditory sensations. This is especially appropriate for enlarging the space of the fiction, and for elaborating the sensations of the urbanites in the city. His fragmented images, isolated episodes, and phantasmagoria also accelerate the rhythm of the narration, and thus sketch the chaos, instability, quick fluctuations, and overall pessimism of urban life.

In contrast to "Five People in a Nightclub", "The Cemetery" presents a poetic love story. It consists of seven parts, but its format, unlike that of the nightclub story, is clear. The story covers two years, from the first time the narrator encountered a girl to the time she is buried in the place where they meet. Unlike the vertiginous life of the city with its startling red, white, and black colors, the cemetery is a place full of purples. Mu Shiyong, however, does not adopt many cinematic techniques this time, but rather depends on the conventions of prose narrative, which, I think, is much more appropriate than a fast-moving rhythm for a story of this kind.

In such a commercialized society, it is quite impressive to have someone who still longs for romance. However, the solitary and pessimism of the male narrator always cause his failure to capture or understand the woman in the city. Ultimately, the skepticism towards urban civilization leads to his retreat to the rural area, to the imaginary pure land, where he can seek tranquility from his buried mother and buried lover.

## Conclusion

In the introduction, I have traced back the affinity between the Japanese Shinkankakuha and the Chinese New Sensationalist group. Under the impact of Japanese Shinkankakuha, the Chinese New Sensationalist group adopts some modern techniques to present its admiration of the machine, to express the chaos and conflicts of urbanization, but this does not mean that it is a complete adoption of its Japanese partner. On the contrary, the Chinese New Sensationalist group has its own setting and historical factors in its understanding of urbanization.

As one of the most important writers in this modernist literary group, Mu Shiying is a quite unique writer with a "dual personality". With the analysis of various female characters in his fiction, his images of modernity and purity show his own subjective sensation of them. The *femme fatale* pursues stimulus and fantastic adventures in love affairs, but feels solitary and depressed after the sentimental fulfillment. However, as the symbol of another side of his dual personality, the holy virgin, who represents purity, can only be buried in the cemetery. This also implies his strong pessimism and decadence through his innovative prose style such as his adoption of the cinematic techniques and fragmented episodes, which you can see from the following two translations of his representative works: "The Cemetery" (1932) and "Five People in a Nightclub" (1932).

CHAPTER II  
THE CEMETERY

Black marble, white marble, under this pure marble, lying quietly, was my mother. I wrote the inscription myself -

Grave of Madam Chen

Mother of Xu Keyuan

Written by her Son, Keyuan

February 15, 1929

April, a happy season.

In the suburb, the wind from the south brought the fragrance of late spring. Here, the sun was shining and the sky was bright blue. Every tiny wild flower was smiling. Here, no jazz music, no stereoscopic skyscrapers, no secretaries flirting with their bosses. The plain was vast, the road stretched out, and the air was quiet. The gentleman on the billboard could not speak, but he could smoke.

In front of my mother's tomb, I was pure and happy; I had a child's heart.

Every morning I went there alone, bought a bouquet of flowers and put it in front of my mother's tomb. Then sitting next to the evergreen trees, looking at the sky, I cherished the memory of my distant and solitary mother. Usually I would bring a collection of poems with me, and lay in the grassland to read; or I would bring a harmonica and played the Eighth Symphony, her favorite. There, in front of her tomb, I never smoked, because she disliked smoking.

Since I went to the cemetery every day, the caretaker and I got to know each other pretty well, and often came to chat with me about various things. I was talkative and enjoyed chatting with him about mother's disposition, and I would talk about what kind of person she had been. He would always tell me about the denizens of the city of the dead, about their families and those who often came to visit them in the cemetery.

"Miss Ling also comes here quite often," he said one day. "Once she's here, she will sit there, like you, for a long time."

"Why haven't I seen her?"

"Yes, you have seen her. She doesn't like to speak. She's very lovely, looks about eighteen or nineteen years old, and she's quite petite. Sometimes she comes here with her father."

I remembered then, for I had encountered her several times. Always wearing lavender, she was slightly slim, but I had lost the real sense of her face and posture. The only thing I remembered clearly was the impression that she was a contradictory combination. Sometimes she was a lilac, carrying a slight melancholy; sometimes she was a happy white dove, twittering under the bright sunshine.

"Which tomb belongs to her family?"

"Over there, the fourth one on your right, the one with flowers - See it? Miss Ling was here this morning."

The tomb was elegant and neat. I had compared it with mother's tomb, and I remembered the surname on it was Ouyang.

"It's the one with the name Ouyang, isn't it?"

"Yes. She is from Guangdong."

"What is the dead person's relation to her?"

"Probably her mom."

"Another orphan who comes here to be with a dead mother." The thought merely flashed through my mind at the time.

That day, when I came out of the cemetery and was walking in the narrow trail between the ferns, I saw her walking toward me, and looked at her closely. The wind whipping up the coldness of the cemetery blew up the corner of her dress, blew the dark sea in her hair, making a graceful apparition. She had a pair of enigmatic eyes, a pale face and ashen cheeks. At a glance you could tell she wasn't completely healthy. She made me recall a limpid brook in the mountains, the light mists at dusk, Dai Wangshu's "The Alley in the Rain" and the electric advertisements wearing the veil of plum rains<sup>11</sup>. Later, I encountered her again several times. I always saw her sitting there alone, with a silent smile, gazing at the large puffy clouds on the horizon. That pair of half-closed black crystals conceived the mystery of an ancient oriental empire. Only once did I see her come with several ladies her own age, to have a picnic next to her mother's tomb; otherwise, she came often, alone. Her companions had laughed and chatted loudly. Even the marble, the stone lions, half-broken pillars, and Fenglu Cao all shouted to me under her infectious laugh:

"Joy - April, a season of love!"

Hence I smiled joyfully. Cuckoos were crying, in the field the melancholy of the lilac. I returned to the campus along the country road, then I recalled her nasal Cantonese

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<sup>11</sup> Refers to the consistent rainy days around the Yangtze River in the early summer.

pronunciation of "you", and even forgot my hunger. I admired the bright and beautiful South, because of that enchanting "you".

I hadn't seen her come to the cemetery for two days. Her mother's tomb was lonely, without any flowers. Sitting in front of my own mother's tomb, I lowered my head; I was melancholy. For whom was I waiting - waiting for the sound of a tolling bell, coming with the wind from the Catholic Church, waiting for a evening breeze, or waiting for an obscure purple dream. Was I waiting for her? I didn't know. Why would I wait for her? I didn't even know her. Was I missing my faraway mother? Maybe I was. If she came here, I would smile joyfully, for that I understood.

On the third day, from far away, I saw her sitting there and gazing at her mother's tomb. With the same feeling I had when I tasted chocolate, I walked over and put some flowers down on the marble:

"You are early today."

My face flushed with embarrassment, and then I saw her flush with red face. She responded quietly, then walked away quietly. After she was out of sight, I suddenly flung myself down and lay on the grassland. Without a mouth, without hands, without vision, without a nerve center, what I wanted to do was to jump up, and down, up and down. I was a trackless train. I wanted to shout loudly, I wanted to run, and I wanted to fly. My body was full of energy and passion. I was powerful. All of a sudden, I realized that what I was doing would make me look like a lunatic, would make a fool of myself, so I calmed down gradually, but my thoughts had flown away, sped up, and my nervous system was exploding, causing so many electrons to fly through space. Every electron was happy. They were humming like flies near my ears. I kept thinking, but what I was thinking

about? I myself had no idea where I was and what I was thinking about. I wanted to smile; I was smiling. Was this spring fever? ...

"Mr. Xu, you have crushed all your flowers."

Holding a cigarette in the corner of his mouth, the caretaker was holding some shears for trimming small branches. I was lying on the flowers; I really had crushed them. He was trimming leaves and branches on the small trees that had been planted around my mother's tomb. I wanted to tell him that I had talked with Miss Ling, and to tell him I was happy, but that would be a joke for him, so I only chatted with him while pulling grass out of the ground.

At night, I said quietly to Mother: "If you were here with me, I would tell you. Your son is crazy." But whom I can talk with now? My classmates would make fun of me. After sleeping till dawn, I suddenly sat up and looked out of the window. No one was in the playground. The soft sunshine was caressing a large expanse of ground. I thought about last night's dreams, but they were unfathomable and had flown away like clouds. I lay down to sleep again, - to sleep, like a happy child.

In the afternoon, I put on a wide tie - I preferred soft-collar shirts and seldom wore a tie. I walked along that long and secluded cinder road toward the cemetery. What a gentle breeze! The train was pulling along the track, shouting, pouring out white steam, puffing and blowing with a face full of sweat. At the end of the horizon, was laying a layer of haze, far away, beyond my sight ..... I could see only the blue sky, the vast plain, the spire of the church and the green thickets. The greenhouse glass reflected the rays of the sunshine. Some old moss was floating in the pond; some willows were on the bank. Near



the low fence, a clump of roses and a peach tree were blossoming. I snapped a branch of white poplar, trimmed off the small branches and leaves, and used it for a walking stick.

A French girl, wearing a white French hat, was riding a horse toward me. Her smile contained the fragrance of a vineyard near the Mediterranean. Waving the branch of willow in my hand, I smiled, and said: "What a lovely April!"

"Give it a whip."

I whipped the horse on its leg, and it ran off. The French girl turned around and waved to me. She was affectionate, and even some country folks, carrying vegetables on their shoulders, smiled at me, too.

When I had gotten to the path to my mother's tomb, I looked in the direction of her mother's tomb. The light purple cheong-sam could be seen through the evergreen trees near the tomb; standing there, she was slim and graceful. Near the root of the tree, above the black silk high-heeled shoes, what a pair of delicate feet she had! Purple lilacs lay quietly on the white marble. In the gentle breeze, lavender Miss Ling silently hung her head.

"She is there: under the same blue sky as I, in the same April as I. The wind that blows her hair is the wind that blows my wide tie!" – I was that unreasonably happy!

Should I go there and talk with her about our mothers? Wasn't it a little bit rude to make so bold as to go there? But I really did go there, putting on a completely unconcerned face of someone admiring the architecture of the tombs. She seemed to be thinking about something, and showed embarrassment when she saw me coming. She greeted me, then avoided my eyes.

Having swallowed a bomb, it would not be right to spit it out again, but neither would it be right not to. Later, My face would flush from embarrassment again.

"Is this your mother's tomb?" I finally asked.

She still kept silent, but nodded her head with a nostalgic smile that started at the corners of her innocent mouth.

"In such a sunny season, it is much more interesting to come to the suburbs and keep my mother company than to do anything else." I had to act a comical part by myself, since I felt that it was soon going to turn out to be a comedy.

"There's a special feeling, sitting here quietly, looking at the blue sky." She sat down, but seemed to have no intention of repulsing me. "I often see you sit there, on your mother's tomb. Don't you come here every day?"

"Almost every day." Following her, I also sat down, at the same time, thinking, "Won't she consider me impolite?"

"My mother was very much afraid of leeches".

"Oh, mother." She was gazing into the distance again, smiling silently. In her gaze, in her smile, seemed to be a layer of thin mist, which suggested a feeling of warmth.

It was as if I were drunk, and lay above her hazy gaze and smile.

"I still remember Mother helping me play truant, letting me stay with my aunt, and not telling father."

"The sweater that Mother knitted for me when I was three, is still stored in the small steel box where I keep my jewelry."

"Mother hated smoking. She always grabbed the cigars out of my father's mouth."

"Mother liked white hibiscus, but I like purple lilacs."

"My father was a little bit afraid of my mother."

"Mother would cry after she quarreled with father. I saw her crying once."

"Oh, mothers!"

"Lying quietly here, under the marble, is my mother!"

"My mother is also lying quietly under the marble over there!"

Our friendly feelings for each other were mixed in with emotions of missing our distant mothers. We chatted about our mothers before they died, just like a couple of five-year-old children.

I jumped around the room that night until it made me very tired. Then I went to bed; after a bit, I sat up again. The lights in the dorm were all turned down. I gazed at the playground, which looked like a silver ocean, and watched the shadow of the goal, and the distant trees, too, thinking silently, smiling silently.

Sitting on the marble every day, with her, I listened to the quietly falling blossoms, while leaning against the tombstone. Those who thought she was reticent were wrong. Once her mother was mentioned, that silent mouth would stammer lively words. Even when she was silent, her eyes could speak a mystical language, which only I could understand. She had the sensibility of modern people. Her eyes were the thermometer of her emotions, from them I could infer the air pressure and weather of her heart.

Ladies should be put against appropriate backgrounds. If she were in straight buildings, wearing silver red, or a bright combination of black and white, located in jazz and neon light, she would lose her lightly carried melancholy charm. Her knitted eyebrows were appropriate against the vertical white marble tombstone, the lines of green trees, and the desolation of withered blossoms. Her bright and charming tones, dream-like smile,

were appropriate against the broad plain and sunny weather, with her hazy eyes were always gazing at her distant hometown and solitary mother.

Sometimes I walked with her in the field, and listened to the loving whispers that were thrown out by the heels of her shoes. With our mothers as the center, we had drawn concentric circles of conversational subjects.

"I like the air of the old countryside very much."

"Do you like horse riding? Horse riding and galloping through the fields are something for a young man to do."

"Mother died at the West Lake Sanatorium, one evening in May. Tuberculosis was her legacy; with this legacy, I am insulated from sports." As soon as she mentioned tuberculosis, her face looked like that of someone who had neurasthenia.

I worried about her health. "If she died, I would bury her in a purple lilac tomb, play a mandolin, sing a gentle Chopin melody, and visit her, just like I visit Mother." - I was thinking like this.

Having fallen in love with a girl who had tuberculosis, it was so painful to know she would be food for tuberculosis bacteria one day. But what good would the pain do? "So why don't you go live in Hong Kong? Aren't there some good sanatoriums? The sun of the south will cure you." I truly hoped I could put her in the greenhouse as a flower to cultivate..... sprinkling water carefully on the winter blossoms - being a gardener was happy work. I wanted to wrap her in purple silk, cover the flourishing flowers, watch over her all day and keep the bees away.

"Yes, I love Hong Kong. Looking out of the window in my home, I can see the snaky, wriggling roads of Victoria City in a fine mist. I love that kind of gentle

melancholy, but I'm afraid Father will be lonely by himself in Shanghai, so I come here to stay with him; I love him very much."

Walking into a narrow path, which had small bushes planted as a hedge, we passed by under the branches, and the sunshine penetrated the leaves and threw shadows on the ground, which looked like ants climbing on the grass. Grass kept twining around her heels, and when it caught, she lightly stamped her feet, knitted her brows, and said:

"Oh, dear me!"

The secluded narrow path was quite long, and the arms of those flourishing summer bushes, whose leaves and flowers covered the path, had grown out of the hedge head. The ground was piled with fallen blossoms, and eragrostis was under our feet. We bent over bodies to go through, and stepped on loose soil mixed with fallen blossoms. A rose stem suddenly poked out of the hedge, and her hair was caught on some thorns on the stem. I went to help her break off some thorns, and she tilted her head and looked at me. This made me forget the blood on my finger, pierced by the rose thorn.

We walked out of that narrow path. And look! A large field of wheat! Not a single house, and not a single person! There was a pond beyond, so we went over there and sat down. It was dusk, a huge, bloody sun was hanging at the edge of the heavens, standing on top of the heads of wheat. A blue sky, large puffs of red clouds and purple evening mist covered the wheat field in the distance. Shadows of willows and of us were reflected in the water, such a clear darkness. She was breathing quietly. Disheveled hair, pink cheeks – they are symptoms of tuberculosis! I was melancholy.

"Broad plain!"

"Blue sky!"

"The sun, the sun at dusk!"

"And - " What else was there? There was her; she was the sun at dusk! But I didn't say it. Why didn't I say it? Tell her "Miss, I love you." But I was timid. I only sighed quietly, "Such a lovely season!"

"Look!" she extended her feet, wearing transparent light gray silk stockings, many caterpillar-like pieces of grasses seeds were climbing on them.

"I ..... How can I say it? Let me tell you a story. Once upon a time, there was a girl, she was as lovely as a flower. Yes, like a lilac. An infatuated young man fell in love with her, but she didn't know. The young man stayed beside her every day, but he was lonely and distressed. That girl was not in good health, so he was worried about her. He loved her so much that whenever he saw her, he felt very happy. He dared not ask for anything, or hope for anything. He would be satisfied if she knew his love, but the girl didn't know; she didn't know that he sobbed every night....."

"But who was that girl?"

"That girl ..... that girl? A girl like a purple lilac ..... yes, it's just a story I got from a book."

"Such a sweet story. Lend the book to me."

"I've forgotten the name of the book, but I will give it to you when I find it. Even if I can't find it, I can tell you the story."

"A sweet story! But, look, over there, it's my hometown!" Her hazy eyes were gazing at the horizon with a dream-like smile that began at the corner of her mouth.

My love, a love nobody knew, a silent love, was buried at the bottom of my young heart.

"If Mother were still alive, she would know it; I would tell her. I would kneel down in front of her, let her caress my hair, and tell her the secret love of her son. Mother!" I was also gazing at the horizon, with a lonely smile at the corner of my mouth, with a pair of melancholy eyes.

Sitting on the stone steps in front of the classroom, I took out Mother's picture from my bosom and said to her quietly, "Mother, how did father tell you when he fell in love with you? Did he also hint at it by telling you a beautiful story? Was he as timid as I was? Mother, why did you give birth to such a timid son?"

Mother said, with a smile: "Naughty boy. Isn't it good to love her secretly?"

I sobbed quietly. Why did I come here at midnight? The night wind was chilly, but the night was tranquil and gentle; under the heavy pressures of both happiness and melancholy. The child's heart was weak.

Leaning against the tombstone, I played the mandolin and sang quietly.

A secret in my life,

a youthful love.

But she doesn't know, my beloved girl,

so I have to keep silent.

Near her every day, I am happy,

but still lonely;

my childlike heart is suffering, but she can't know,

so I have to keep silent.

Listening to a song full of "her,"

she will say: "Who is 'she'?"

Until years have become dust, I will not tell her my love,

So I have to keep silent!

I lowered my head, silently. Miss Ling sat in front of me:

"Look, your face, like the melancholy poet Lino's walking stick!"

"I'll tell you, my secret .....", but I could never tell her the truth. "I miss my mother!"

Then we were silent again. We often sat quietly. I didn't like her to say anything, since I felt it was painful to look at her mouth when she talked. Having a mouth, but unable to tell your own secret, didn't that make me a miserable mute? Even now, I still don't understand why I didn't tell her directly; I was not a person who didn't know how to start a conversation. But it was such a sin to have this pure girl, in the age of innocence, as the object of my love. She should be worshipped like the Virgin Mary, with the sincerity of a religious martyr, I should pray for her health every night. What's more, she couldn't help gasping if she talked a lot, and it was not good for her health. I would rather allow her to be silent. When she was silent, her hair, her closed mouth and her delicate heels could speak a silent language, a kind of fresh language you had to listen to with a sixth sense, which was even more interesting than actual speech.

On the way back that day, a desolated purple lilac was lying in the dust. Someone had trampled on it. She picked it up and wrapped it in a white handkerchief, then put it into my pocket.

"I have lots of these little purple flowers at home. Some of them are three years old and dried like paper flowers, but I store them like antiques. Come and look at them sometime. I have pictures of my mother and myself from when I was a child; and I also have some good candy, and a light green study."



The next day was Sunday. I have copied down my diary entry from that day as follows:

May 28

I don't want to go to see Father, and I don't want to go to see Mother either. In the morning, my friends asked me to go rowing at Liwa Lida; They said there were willows, flowers, and happy people there, and rowing in the Suzhou Creek is a patent right of people who live south of the Yangtze River. I refused, so they said that I had changed a lot recently. Certainly, I've changed. I like to be alone. I often walk by myself off-campus while pondering something, and I often have nights of insomnia, but who knows why I've changed? Who knows that I'm falling in love with a lonely girl! Mother knows, but she won't tell anyone. I myself know it too, but who can I tell?

Miss Ling is staying at home with her father today. Wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat, I sit under the shadow of trees beside a small brook all day, looking like a mute, doing nothing. From the plain beyond, through the crying of cuckoos, summer is drawing near. Along the bank of the river, the grasses look like the beard of someone who hasn't been to a barber for half a year. The simpleminded farmers walked shirtless in the fields. There's not so much as a tiny patch of cloud in the sky. On the road, there are people who have come for a holiday ride in the countryside; their white canvas riding breeches are shining on their horses' backs. I am alone.

At night, I put my spring clothes away in a case; I won't be wearing them again.

It's Ling's birthday tomorrow. I will go to see her. What presents shall I give her? I want to give her a collection of poems by Dai Wangshu, a bouquet of purple lilacs, and a suffering heart.

I will suffer from insomnia tonight.

The sprinkler car passed by on the asphalt road, making a noise, si si; the Catholics were wearing white hats and murmuring about their motherland; delicate Japanese parasols and silk nightgowns were displayed in shop windows. From somewhere there were already cicadas' cries.

Ivy leaves covered the whole wall; a banana tree in front of the window made rustling sound. A small garden was in front of the house, and along the street was a line of French-style fencing. As I came inside the fence and walked along the path to the stairs in front of the house, the door opened suddenly, and she was standing gracefully there, with a rare naughty. When I came close to her, she threw a handful of rose seeds at my face, and those kingfisher-like seeds exploded against my face. " I saw you earlier, from the window."

"Here are some presents for you."

"Thank you very much. They are much lovelier than the candies and jewelry they gave me."

"I know what you like." I looked at her with my heart in my eyes. But she couldn't understand my gaze. Silently, I went in with her, until I found I was in a very simply decorated study with windows on three sides. A peach-wood table was next to the window, and a bookshelf was beyond, containing a volume of Li Qingzhao<sup>12</sup> and a collection of poetry by Verlaine.<sup>13</sup>

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<sup>12</sup> Li, Qingzhao (1081-1141), a distinguished female poet of the Song Dynasty.

<sup>13</sup> Paul Verlaine (1844-1896), a French poet.

"Do you read French?"

"My father took me to France when he worked in the Embassy there."

I had given her "My Memory", which she put on the bookshelf. In the middle of the room was a couch with a velvet cushion on it, and in front of it there was a round side table with two photo albums and a miniature sofa on it. Next to the window was a pedestal table, with a bunch of purple lilacs in a longnecked vase. She put the purple lilacs I gave to her in that vase, too.

"Father gave me that bunch of purple lilacs. When they wither, I want to wrap them in purple silk and store them with the sweater that mother made for me."

She stood there, watching the flowers. The sunshine penetrated the white curtain, gently touching the purple lilacs and her hair. The shadow of the banana tree was on the curtain, and the study was immersed in tranquillity and repose. My soul and my thoughts were flowing toward her, joining the sunshine to touch the purple lilacs, and her hair.

"Why are you so serious about those two bunches of lilacs?"

She turned around and looked at me with her hazy eyes. After a while, she said: "You don't understand." But I do understand! This pair of hazy eyes, this instant, and this sentence would stay fresh in my mind forever.

The shadow of a person wearing a white canvas hat flashed past the window, and she suddenly jumped up and ran from the room. I then glanced at the decorations on the wall. There was a single silver gray picture frame hanging there, a country cottage of Monet's in verdant summer colors and simple lines.

"Dad, would you help me take care of the guest in the living room? Well, just for a moment. Come and meet him, he is the boy I've kept mentioning. His mother is Mother's

"Do you read French?"

"My father took me to France when he worked in the Embassy there."

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"Dad, would you help me take care of the guest in the living room? Well, just for a moment. Come and meet him, he is the boy I've kept mentioning. His mother is Mother's

"Who took the picture for you?"

"My father ....." She ran out, saying, "I'll make tea for you."

That picture, in terms of light and image, can be regarded as superlative, and the dreamy grace of her appearance in it couldn't be found in any of the other photographs. I gazed at the picture while thinking: "Why did she only invite me to her study? Why did she say I didn't understand? Didn't understand ..... didn't understand ..... What does that mean? Gazing me with such eyes? Tell her, tell her I love her ..... Oh! Oh! Ask her to give me this picture! I will put this picture in a silver gray frame and hang it in my study with Mother's picture, and arrange things on a side table as she has, I'll put purple lilacs there and kneel down in front of it every night to pray for her." – That was what I was thinking.

She came in with a silver tray, poured a cup of black tea with milk for me, and also bought some banana cake and two pieces of bread.

"I made this myself. I often used to make coconut and litchi cakes for Father in Hong Kong."

She stood next to the round table and watched me eating in a very childlike way.

"How about you?"

"I just had some candy. I couldn't eat any more. You're so lucky to be healthy -- I have such bad luck. All I can have is cod-liver oil. There are lots of litchi orchards in Guangdong, so many litchis, like black pearls hanging on the trees – Oh, I miss their lovely transparent pith."

"You are very happy today, aren't you?"

"Because I'm going to Hong Kong next week, with father."

"Pardon?" I forgot about the banana cake in my mouth.

"What's wrong? I will be back."

A moment before, I had been eager to eat the banana cake and drink the tea, but I couldn't swallow anything now. Tell her? Or not tell her? All of a sudden, my nervous system collapsed - spineless, nerveless, without a pulse.

"When are you going to leave?"

"The day after tomorrow. You should come to see me off."

"Of course, but let's go to see our mothers again tomorrow."

"I've been planning to. But why did you stop eating?"

I looked at her, silently - tell her or not?

"Not eating? You're terrible. I made that banana cake myself! Aren't you going to eat it?" Knitting her eyebrows, playfully stamping her feet, she smiled to persuade me.

Like a ruminant animal, I swallowed the banana cake, then regurgitated it, then chewed it again for a long time before finally finishing the cake. She sat down to play the piano: "Kiss Me Goodnight, Not Goodbye."<sup>15</sup> The melancholy melody was turning slowly on the purple lilacs, and hiding behind the window. The sky gradually became dark, and the last of twilight entered quietly through window, and spread across the whole room. Her shadow was indistinct, and her hair was invisible. I waited for her to finish the song and close the piano, then I put on my hat and prepared to leave. She accompanied me to the fence and said,

"I'm happy today!"

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<sup>15</sup> The original is in English.

"I'm happy, too! Bye."

"Bye!" Waving her arm, she sent me a smile.

I smiled, too. Walking on the road, I turned my head back. She was still standing next to the door and waving to me. A chain of streetlights ahead along the road was the jeweled hem of a lady's evening dress. Suddenly I found that there were lights in my eyes, too. Like pearls, they shone, then fell; In the picture which I was holding in my hands, Mother's face became obscure

"Why didn't I tell her?" I felt regretful.

When I turned back to look, the widow of the study toward the road had a slight green light, which illuminated the ivy that was peeping in from outside the window, but what was so lonely and hard to part with was the murmuring tune and clear sound of the piano.

The next day, after walking around the cemetery only once, I sat down on Mother's tomb. The girl noticed the sadness on my face, and asked me why. "Should I tell her?" I thought, but in the end I said,

"I'm thinking about Mother!"

It was hot, and her silk shirt was already soaked through with sweat in back, and her undergarment flirted audaciously - She had to pack for her trip, so I urged her to go back.

When I saw her off, we even didn't say goodbye. Then the ship drew slowly away from the wharf, but I understood the words her eyes were uttering. I stood on the wharf and watched the ship. Her father and she were standing behind the railing ..... the sea was green, and the even humid ocean wind would be harmful to her health. I would pray for her.

After she had been gone for several days, my father went to Tianjin on business, and he would have to live there for several years, so I transferred to a university in Beiping. I wrote to her before I left, sending her my Beiping address.

Sitting in front of the window every day, I listened to the camel bells from the desert and the cricket chirps of passing time. Here, the sun was bright and the sky was blue, but there was no wind like south of the Yangtze River. She sent me a letter from Hong Kong, saying that she would be going to Shanghai the following month; she said Hong Kong was full of bathing beaches, concerts, nightclubs, and open-air dance halls, and that she just stood in front of the window and played with a parrot every day. When her second letter came, she was already in Shanghai; she said that Shanghai already felt like autumn. The purple lilacs in front of her window had withered, and she had put them in her jewelry box. She had also brought the parrot with her and hung its cage next to the table where the vase was, and it had learned to sigh:

"Oh, Mother!"

She also said that she still visited the cemetery quite often, but that now there were only chrysanthemums in front of the tomb at that time. But in Beiping there were only withered leaves, and the season of blowing yellow sand would be coming soon, in a few days. Time passed slowly when I was waiting for her letters, but it speeded up when I was reading them. I hated Air China. Why there were no trains between Beiping and Shanghai? The speed of a train and of the *Presidential Flight* through space couldn't keep up with my pulse.

From the retreat of the golden sunshine, from the hunters' horn in the suburbs -- autumn is drawing near. I am coughing. Not fear, no sadness, no happiness, I understand



the weight of autumn. In a few days, I'll be feverish at night again. I'm used to having cold sweats in autumn.

When can we go to the cemetery together again? Maybe your mother misses you there!

Ling

October 23

A severe cough and a fever for five days. A pink flush is spreading on my face. Father is worried. I will have to be hospitalized soon. Every winter I always spend time with the butterfly-like nurses, with their thermometers and smelly nitric acid, but I never thought that I would be going there so soon this year.

Hope you write to me every day. When I'm in the hospital, your letters will be a necessity of life.

Ling

November 5

I've gotten a lot thinner. The illness is more serious this year than last year. I haven't been to see mother for a long time; when I am better, when spring comes, I'd like to go there every day.

I miss the days when we sat in front of the tomb and chatted about our mothers!

P.S.: The doctor forbids me to write letters, so I'm afraid I can't write to you any more.

Ling

November 14

After receiving this letter, I wrote to her every day, but without hearing from her. Every time I wrote a letter, I thought about "telling her". Finally, I wrote her a very long letter, telling her that I loved her, but the post office returned the letter, with a seal unbroken. On the envelope, it said:

"The patient has left the hospital."

"What's wrong? What's wrong? Has she recovered? Or ..... or ....." Then I remembered the cod-liver oil, the white sanitarium, the cold cemetery, her mother's tomb, new lawns, new tombs, new evergreen trees, purple lilacs ..... but the chilly wind in the cemetery ..... chilly wind ..... the chilly wind!

Without even taking time to breathe, I wrote a letter to her family immediately. I finally got an answer, but I felt my heart jump when I saw the vigorous handwriting on the envelope. I was sinking, sinking. The letter read as follows:

Young man, you are too late. She was buried next to her mother on December 28th. She left something for you when she was about to die. When you are in Shanghai, please come to see me, I will take you to her new grave.

Ouyang Xu

"Too late! Too late! Oh! Mother, why do you have such a timid son? Without tears, without sighing, and also without regret, I only lowered my head, and sat there quietly, quietly.

One year later, I went back to Shanghai with Father. It was April. I put on the clothes I had worn the previous year and went to Miss Ling's house. It was spring again. Look! Those young faces. I knocked at the door, and her father opened it. His face had more wrinkles this year, and he looked much older. He took me to Miss Ling's study. The

table in front of the window was still there. The vase was still there. All the things were the same as the year before; there were no changes. He asked me to take a seat, then brought the purple lilacs I had given her the previous year, withered and wrapped in a piece of silk, and a photo album with gilt edging, and gave them to me.

"Her legacy are two bouquets of withered purple lilacs and two albums of her own pictures. She asked me to give them to you."

I recognized these things, and accepted them quietly. I remembered that I still had in my pocket a lilac that she had picked up from the road and given to me.

"Let's go to see her tomb?"

I went there with him. On the way, I bought a bouquets of fresh lilacs.

In the suburbs, the wind from the south brought the fragrance of late spring. The sun was shining and the sky was bright blue. Every tiny wild flower was smiling. The plain was vast, the road stretched out, and the air was quiet. The gentleman on the billboard could not speak, but was able only to smile.

When we entered the gate of the cemetery, the caretaker smiled happily, and said,

"Mr. Ouyang, Miss Ouyang's tombstone has already been set up.

Seeing me, he added:

"You haven't been here for a while!"

"That's right."

Passing by Mother's tomb, I didn't stop. Beyond, among the black marble, and white marble, was a new epitaph:

In memory of my beloved daughter Ouyang Ling

I can never forget that dream-like smile, the misty eyes, unhealthy complexion, and also the "You don't understand". I understood, but it was too late.

He took off his hat, and I took off my hat, too.

March 16, 1932

## CHAPTER III

### FIVE PEOPLE IN A NIGHTCLUB

#### Five People Who Felt down from Their Life

Saturday afternoon, April 6, 1932

Red-eyed people crowded the Gold Exchange.

The price of gold was plummeting at the speed of one hundred kilometers per hour, it blew those people into animals, blew away their rationality, and blew away their nerves.

Hu Junyi smiled, a completely unconcerned smile, and said:

"What is there to be afraid of? In five more minutes, the price will rise!"

Five minutes later -

"Falling to six hundred *liang*<sup>16</sup>!"

A rumor rose in the Gold Exchange: "Great earthquake in Japan!"

"Eighty-seven *liang*!"

"Thirty-two *liang*!"

"Seven point three *qian*<sup>17</sup>!"

(A middle-age man, who wore a fur coat and had an ivory cigarette holder in his mouth, suddenly fainted and fell down.)

The price of the gold was plummeting faster.

Five minutes later, Hu Junyi sank his upper teeth into his lower lip.

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<sup>16</sup> A unit of weight (=50 grams).

<sup>17</sup> One tenth of a Chinese ounce. A *mace*.

When his teeth broke through his lip, his family fortune of eight hundred thousand had been blown away by the plummeting price of gold.

When his teeth broke through his lip, the strong heart of a modern entrepreneur was also broken.

Saturday afternoon, April 6, 1932

Zheng Ping was sitting near the pond on the campus. Couples after couples of lovers, passed by in front of him. He opened his eyes and watched; he was waiting, waiting for Nina Lin.

Last night he had sent the music of a song to her, under it, he had written some words: "If you'll still allow me to live, please come to the pond tomorrow afternoon. Because of you, even my hair has turned white from grief!"

Nina Lin didn't return the song, and after a whole night, Zheng Ping's hair had turned black again.

He had been sitting there since lunch today. He was both waiting and thinking:

"Dividing an hour into sixty minutes, and dividing one minute into sixty seconds -- this method is not correct. Otherwise, how could I have been waiting for only an hour and a half, but feel my beard growing out again?"

Nina Lin was coming, together with that Long-leg Wang.

"Hey, A Ping, who are you waiting for?" The Long-leg Wang made a face at him.

Nina Lin turned her head away and didn't look at him.

He was humming the lyrics of the song:

Oh, stranger!

I used to call you my lover,

but now you say I'm a stranger!

Oh, stranger!

You used to say I was your slave,

but now you say I'm a stranger!

Oh, stranger.....

Nina Lin dragged Long-leg Wang away while Long-leg Wang turned back to make faces at him. He sank his upper teeth into his lower lip -

When his teeth broke through his lip, Zheng Ping's hair turned white again.

When his teeth broke through his lip, Zheng Ping's beard broke through his skin again.

Saturday afternoon, April 6, 1932

Avenue de Joffre<sup>18</sup>, a street transplanted from Europe.

Walking in the street, which was immersed in golden sunshine and covered with the shadows of broad-leaved trees, a young man in front of her suddenly turned back and gave her a glance, then started to chat with another guy next to him.

Promptly, she pricked up her ears to listen:

Young man A - "Daisy Huang, quite hot five years ago!"

Young man B - "Lucky of you to have seen her! She looks really..... Amen."

Young man A - "It's a pity that we were born too late! Amen! A woman cannot pass for young for five years!" Suddenly, she felt a snake was biting her heart, and she rushed

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<sup>18</sup> A famous street in the French Concession in Shanghai, named after French general Joffre.

to the other side of the street. As soon as she lifted her head, she saw her own reflection in the window of a store - her youth had flown to someone else.

"A woman cannot pass for young for five years!"

Then she sank her upper teeth into her lower lip: -

When her teeth broke through her lip, that snake swallowed her heart.

When her teeth broke through her lip, she entered the French jewelry boutique.

Saturday afternoon, April 6, 1932

In Ji Jie's study.

Various editions of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* filled his bookcase, a Japanese translation, a German translation, a French translation, a Russian translation, and a Spanish translation, even a Turkish translation.

Ji Jie was sitting there and smoking, watching at the smoke ascending, floating and floating. Suddenly, he felt the whole universe was turning into smoke and ascending. The various editions of *Hamlet* opened their mouths to speak to him:

"What are you? What am I? What is 'you'? What is 'I'?"

Ji Jie sank his upper teeth into his lower lip.

When his teeth broke through his lip, all the editions of *Hamlet* smiled.

When his teeth broke through his lip, he himself, also transformed into smoke, and ascended.

Saturday afternoon, 19\*\*

Municipal government office.

Miu Zongdan, the first-class clerk, unexpectedly received a hand-written letter from the mayor.



He had been here for five years, and even though there had been quite a few new mayors, he seemed to be rooted there. He had only been promoted, and not demoted, but he had never received a letter from the mayor.

He had been here for five years, he wrote regular small script, sat on the sofa, drank pure tea and read the local newspaper supplement every day. He had never been late, nor left early, and he had thrown away all of his ambitions, dreams, and romance.

He had been here for five years, and had never received a letter from the mayor, but he got one today! He opened it with the same care he used in coping official documents. But who could have known? It was a notice of dismissal.

In a moment, the end of the earth had come!

He couldn't believe it:

"What did I do was wrong?"

He read it again and again, but a notice of dismissal was still a notice of dismissal.

He sank his upper teeth into his lower lip: -

When his teeth broke through his lip, he never needed to grind the ink stick in the ink box again.

When his teeth broke through his lip, the chief accountant brought him his salary.

### Saturday Evening

The thick-glasses revolving door: when still, like a Dutch windmill; when moving, like a crystal column.

From five to six o'clock all across Shanghai, hundreds of thousands of cars were charging from east to the west.

However, the revolving door of the offices turned into windmills while the hotel's was like the crystal column. When people stood at an intersection, the red light of the traffic lights flooded their bodies, and cars brushed past their noses. When the crystal column revolving door stopped, people immediately swam inside like fish.

The list of programs on Saturday night was:

1. a sumptuous feast, which must include ice water and ice cream;
2. looking for a lover;
3. going to a nightclub;
4. nourishing refreshments, but ice water, ice cream, and fruit are absolutely forbidden.

(Note: It is Monday when you wake up - because Sunday is the Sabbath.)

After having the *Chicken a la king*, what followed was fruit and black coffee. The lover was as soft as the *Chicken a la king*, and as fresh as the fruit, but her soul was as black as the coffee ..... The snake that escaped from Eden!

The world on a Saturday night was a cartoon earth that revolved on the axis of Jazz, so lively, and so crazy; without the gravitational force of the earth's core, everything was built in the space.

Saturday night was the time without rationality.

Saturday night was the time when even a judge was anxious to commit crimes.

Saturday night was the time when God went down to hell.

Those who were with women forgot the seduction regulations of civil law. Every woman who was with a man said she had not reached the age of eighteen, but secretly

stuck out her tongue. Whoever was driving a car forgot the car was moving, since his eyes were appraising the landscape of his lover's body, and his hands turned into tentacles.

On Saturday night, those who had never been a thief stole things, and those who were forthright became found their bellies full of conspiracies. Christians lied; old people tried hard to swallow rejuvenating pills; all the experienced women got their kiss-proof lipsticks ready.

Street-

(The annual profits of Pu Yi Real Estate reached its assets by one-third.

100,000 *liang*

Had the three provinces in the northeast fallen?

No. The army of volunteers in the northeast was still fighting to death with

Japanese bandits.

Compatriots, please come to join the monthly donation organization.

The circulation of the *Mainland News* had reached fifty thousand.

1933 Bao Ta Ke<sup>19</sup>

Eat pork chop freely! )

"*Evening Post!*" The newspaper boy opened his blue mouth, in which were blue teeth and a blue tongue tip. The point tip of that blue neon light high-heeled shoe facing him, was smashing against his mouth.

"*Evening Post!*" All of a sudden, he had a red mouth, in which the tip of his tongue was extended. The large bottle opposite to him was pouring out wine.

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<sup>19</sup> It is hard to tell what it is. I guess it might be a brand of automobile.

Red streets, green streets, blue streets, purple streets ..... A metropolis decorated by exciting colors! The neon lights were jumping – a colorful tide of lights, a transforming tide of lights, a colorless tide of lights – a sky-inundating tide of lights. In the sky there are wines, cigarettes, high-heeled shoes, and clocks, too.....

Please drink White Horse Whisky ..... Jishi Cigarettes are not harmful to the smoker's throat .....

Alexander Shoe Store, Johnson Bar, LaSalle Cigarettes, Daisy Music Store, Chocolate Candy Store, Cathay Theater, Hamilton Hotel .....

Twinkling, the neon lights were forever twinkling-

Suddenly, the neon lights were still:

"The Empress Nightclub"

When the glass door opened, the face of an Indian appeared; when the Indian disappeared, the glass door closed. A man wearing a short blue gown was standing in front of the door holding many barking white Pekinese dogs in his hands.

A green frog, opening its two big eyes and crawling with its belly touching the ground, stopped in front of the glass door. Lowering her head, a pretty lady came out of the car, followed by a gentleman in evening clothes, who immediately grabbed her arms.

"Let's buy a dog."

The gentlemen got out a dollar at once, and chose one for the lady.

"How are you going to thank me?"

The lady drew back her neck, stuck out her tongue at him, then crinkled her nose to make a face.

"Charming, dear!"<sup>20</sup>

Then she pressed the belly of the dog to make it bark, and ran into the club.

### Five Happy People

White tablecloth, white tablecloth, white tablecloth, and white tablecloth ..... white-

On the white tablecloth were: black beer, black coffee ..... black, black .....

The man wearing evening clothes was sitting next to the white tablecloth: a stack of black and white: black hair, white face, black eyes, white collar, black bow tie, white shirt, black coat, white vest, black pants ..... black and white .....

Behind the white tablecloth the waiter was standing, white clothes, black hat, and white pants with a line of black edging .....

Happiness of the white, sadness of the black. The music of an African cannibalistic ritual and the sound of drums like soft and loud thunder. A horn was crying, on the floor in the middle, a line of deposed Slavic princesses were dancing a step dance, and under the black silk which wrapped their bodies, all those white legs were tapping one by one: -

De de de - de da!

Another stack of black and white! Why were there two pieces of white silk edging across their chests, and why was there a piece of silk edging over their bellies? Dancing, the Slavic princesses; dancing, the white legs, white chests and white bellies; dancing, a stack of white and black ..... a stack of white and black. All the folks in the hall had malaria. Such malarial music, there were poisonous mosquitoes in the African forest.

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<sup>20</sup> The original is in English.

The Pekinese dog was barking from the staircase. The glass door opened, and the lady walked ahead, followed by the gentleman.

"Look, the hunting dance of Pavlova<sup>21</sup> Group!"

"Not bad!", the gentleman said.

The conversations between customers:

"Look, it's Hu Junyi! Hu Junyi is coming."

"Is he the middle-aged man standing at the door?"

"Yes."

"Who is the woman next to him?"

"Daisy Huang! Gosh, what's wrong with you? You don't even recognize Daisy Huang."

"How could I not recognize Daisy Huang? It's not Daisy Huang!"

"How can it not be? Who said so? I'll bet on it!"

"Daisy Huang isn't as young as that one! It's not Daisy Huang!"

"What do you mean, she's not so young? She's only about thirty years old!"

"Is that woman over there thirty years old? She's not even twenty --"

"I wouldn't argue with you. I said it's Daisy Huang, but you said it's not her. I'll bet you a bottle of wine. Look at her carefully again."

Daisy Huang's face was smiling. Under that Norma Shearer<sup>22</sup> style short hair, you

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<sup>21</sup> The group might named after the famous Russian ballerina Anna Pavlova (1885-1931).

<sup>22</sup> An American movie star in the 1920s.

could see only one eye. There were wrinkles in the corner, but they were clearly hidden between the black lines of her eyelid and eyebrow. She had a straight nose, which covered the wrinkles beside her mouth with its shadow, but the taste of something worn and sallow inside her eyes was hard to hide even with her smile.

The horn was blowing urgently. The half in white and half in black Slavic princesses drafted out through the white tablecloths one by one, and melted one by one among those gentlemen in evening clothes. The sound of a brass cymbal was like a glass plate dropped on the floor, and the last Slavic princess bent halfway over and disappeared.

A burst of applause, which almost seemed to blow off the roof.

Daisy Huang threw the Pekinese at Hu Junyi, then began to applaud. Hu Junyi caught the dog at once with his applauding hands, then laughed loudly.

The conversations among customers:

"O.K., I'll make a bet with you! I say that woman is not Daisy Huang - Oh, wait a minute, I say that Daisy Huang is not that young, and I say she is about thirty years old. You say she is Daisy Huang, so you go and ask her. If she's under twenty-five, she's not Daisy Huang, then you lose a bottle of wine to me."

"If she is over twenty-five?"

"I lose a bottle to you."

"OK! It's settled, is it?"

"Needless to say. Come on!"

Daisy Huang and Hu Junyi sat at the white tablecloth, and a waiter next to her was pouring orange colored wine into long-stemmed glasses from a bottle wrapped in a white towel. Hu Junyi looked at the wine and said:

"Lips as red as wine! The wine of your mouth is more intoxicating than wine."

"Naughty!"

"That's a line from a song."

Ha, ha, ha!

"Excuse me, would you please tell me if you are twenty or thirty years old now?"

Daisy Huang turned her head, and saw customer A standing behind her. She didn't understand whom he was talking to, so she only looked at him.

"I say, would you please tell me are you twenty, or are you thirty now? Because my friend and I are - "

"What, what did you say?"

"I asked you if you are twenty years old this year? Or -"

Daisy Huang felt that snake of the day was biting her heart again. All of a sudden, she jumped up, slapped him with a whack, drew back her hand, gritted her teeth, and then put her head down on the table and burst out crying.

Hu Junyi stood up and asked: "What do you mean?"

The customer A covered his left cheek with his left hand and said: "Sorry, please forgive me. I thought she was someone else." Then bowed and left.

"Don't take it so seriously, Daisy. The madman made a mistake."

"Junyi, do I really look old?"

"No! No! In my eyes, you are young forever!"

Daisy Huang suddenly burst out laughing: "In 'your' eyes, I am young forever! Ha ha, I am young forever!" She lifted the glass, "To my youth!" then nestled on Hu Junyi's shoulder and laughed loudly after bottoming up the wine.



"Daisy, is anything wrong? What's wrong with you? Daisy! Look, you're crazy! You're crazy!" Simultaneously, he pressed the Pekinese dog's stomach to make it bark.

"I'm not crazy!" She became quiet suddenly. After a while, she suddenly burst out laughing again. "I am young forever - let's indulge ourselves all night long." Then she dragged Hu Junyi out to dance.

The table was left empty.

People sitting at the next table were chatting quietly:

"Isn't that woman crazy!"

"She is Daisy Huang, isn't she?"

"That's her! Getting old! After all!"

"The man with her looks like Hu Junyi. Once a friend of mine treated some guests, and I met him at that banquet."

"That's him, the gold king, Hu Junyi."

"Isn't there a rumor going around everywhere these days, saying that he went bankrupt because of his speculating in gold?"

"I heard that too, but I saw him riding that Lincoln today; he went to department stores with Daisy Huang and bought a lot of stuff - I don't think it's so easy to go bankrupt all at once. After all, it's not the first day he's been messing around with gold."

The glass door opened again, and a man of twenty-two or twenty-three entered laughing with another man, of about the same age, who was dragging the first man's arm, and beside them and walked slightly behind was a very young lady, showing a worried face. When the person who came inside first saw the bald head of the manager of the dance hall, he raised up his hand and tapped the shiny head with finger:

"What a wonderful bald head!"

Then with a burst of laughter, he fell down backwards, holding his stomach.

Everyone turned to stare at him.

There were some wine stains on the front of shirt he was wearing under his suit; strands of hair were spread across his forehead; his eyes were a little bit damp, and seemed feverish; his cheeks were red, and a linen handkerchief was stuffed haphazardly into the lapel pocket of his suit.

"This guy had too much to drink!"

"Look how drunk he is!"

The bald-headed manager who had been tapped on his bald head ran to support him with his hands, and asked the other man: "Where was Mr. Zheng drinking?"

"In the hotel! He got this drunk, but he still insisted on coming here." Suddenly he moved next to his ears and asked: "Did you see Miss Lin come in here? Nina Lin?"

"She is here!"

"Who did she come with?"

Just then, a woman said to a man at the table over there: "Let's go. That drunk is coming!"

"Are you afraid of Zheng Ping?"

"I'm not afraid of him. He's drunk, and it's not worth being insulted by him."

"If we leave, don't we have to go right past him?"

The woman then softened her voice, as if muttering in a dream: "Let's go!"

The man lowered his head and moved close to her: "Sure, dear Nina!"

Nina smiled, stood up, and walked out with the man behind her.

The manager indicated them with his mouth: "Isn't that her over there?"

The woman who had come with the man who was drunk, chipped in, saying:

"He's right. Isn't that Long-leg Wang?"

"Damn! Enemies meet!"

Long-leg Wang and Nina Lin were drawing near. Nina Lin saw Zheng Ping, then lowered her head and said quietly: "Mingxin!"

"Nina, I'm here, don't be afraid."

Zheng Ping was laughing, laughing and laughing, and laughing until tears came from his eyes. All of a sudden, from behind the tears, he saw Nina Lin walking toward him, so he shouted happily:

"Ni -

Wiped his tears, then saw clearly that Nina Lin was hanging on Long-leg Wang's arm, then said:

"Ni! - You! Bah, what trash!" He struggled with his arms.

His friends caught his arms again at once and said: "You made a mistake, that was the wrong person." Then dragged him ahead. The women who came in with Zheng Ping nodded to Nina, and Nina returned a slight smile, then lowered her head and walked out with long-leg Wang, who was staring at Zheng Ping. When they got to the entrance, started out the glass door, another couple was coming in from outside. The neon lights above the door was reflected on the glass.

An idea flashed in Long-leg Wang's head: "Isn't that Zhijun, who broke up with me? Why is she hanging out with Miu Zongdan?"

An idea flashed in Zhijun's head: "Long-leg Wang has found a new girlfriend!"

Long-leg Wang pushed the left door while Zhijun was pushing the right one. With the moving of the door, the reflection of the neon lights shone on the glass, and long-leg Wang immediately caught Nina Lin's arm and called to her intimately: "Dear! ....."

Zhijun immediately hung onto Miu Zongdan's arm, and raised her head slightly: "Zongdan ....." In the head of Zongdan was: "This is for Mr. Miu Zongdan, the letter from the mayor, the letter from the mayor, this is for Mr. Miu Zongdan ....."

After the door closed, the green velvet on it separated the two couples: the Long-leg Wang couple and the Miu Zongdan couple. While walking in the corridor, they met the drummer Johnson, who was running out hastily. Miu Zongdan waved to him:

"Hullo, Johnny!"<sup>23</sup>

Johnson glanced at them, said: "Talk to you later", and kept on going.

As soon as Miu Zongdan and Zhijun sat down, they saw a man, with disheveled hair sitting at the next table, struggling with his arms and knocking over the glasses on the next table. The orange colored wine splashed, splashed on the legs of Hu Junyi while he was talking with Daisy Huang, who had also jumped up, startled.

Uncomprehendingly, Hu Junyi stood up and asked: "How did you knock that over?"

Daisy Huang was staring at Zheng Ping, but Zheng Ping glanced at her, and said: "Bah, what trash!"

His friend pushed him down into the seat while apologizing to Hu Junyi: "I'm terribly sorry. He's drunk."

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<sup>23</sup> The original is in English.

"Never mind!" Then he pulled out his handkerchief and asked Daisy Huang if her clothes had gotten dirty. Suddenly, felt that his leg was wet, and couldn't help laughing.

Several white clad waiters came around, and kept them out of others' sights.

At this moment, Johnson came over and sat next to Zhijun.

"What's up, baby?"<sup>24</sup>

"Everything's fine, thanks."

"Johnny, you look very sad!"

Johnson shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"What's wrong?"

"My wife is giving birth to a baby at home, and called and asked me to come - Didn't you see me rush out just now? - I told the manager, but he wouldn't let me go." As he spoke, a waiter ran over to them and said: "Mr. Johnson, telephone for you." Then he hurried away.

When the lights were turned on, orange-colored wine had been put back on Hu Junyi's table and his face had moved close to Daisy Huang's face again. Revealing the face of a person whose hair had turned white because of grief, Zheng Ping sat there silently while his friend was wiping off sweat with a handkerchief. Zhijun felt someone was looking at her from behind, so she turned around and saw Ji Jie, whose eyes were as black as the dark of night. No one knew their depth nor what lay within them.

"Come join us."

"No. I'd like to sit by myself."

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<sup>24</sup> The original is in English.

"Why are you sitting in the corner?"

"I like tranquillity."

"Did you come here by yourself?"

"I love loneliness."

He shifted his eyes away slowly, like the eyes of a corpse, and stared at the heels of her black shoes. After an unconscious shiver, she turned her head back around.

"Who's he?" Miu Zongdan asked.

"A graduate of our college. He was a senior when I was a freshman."

Miu Zongdan was breaking matches. He broke them one by one, then put them in the ashtray.

"Zongdan, what's wrong with you today?"

"Nothing!" He straightened his back, then raised his eyes to look at her.

"You can get married, Zongdan."

"I don't have any money."

"Isn't your salary from the municipal government enough? You're very capable, too."

"Capable - " He choked back his words just as Johnson came back inside after the call. "What's wrong?", he asked.

Standing in front of him, Johnson said slowly: "She had a boy, but he died. My wife had lost consciousness, so they asked me to come, but I can't."

"Unconscious! why?"

"I don't know." Then he was silent. After a while, he said: "Now I want to cry, but I was told I have to smile!"

"I'm sorry for you, Johnny!"<sup>25</sup>

"Let's cheer up!"<sup>26</sup> He drank down the wine, stood up, patted his legs, and jumped and jumped, " I have wings; I can fly! Oh, I can fly! I can fly!" Then he flew away, jumping and jumping.

Zhijun laughed and bent her waist; Daisy's mouth was hidden behind a handkerchief; Miu Zongdan burst out laughing; Zheng Ping suddenly laughed, holding his stomach. Hu Junyi quickly swallowed a mouthful of wine, then bursting out laughing with them.

Ha, ha, ha! Ha! Ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, haha!

Daisy didn't know where she had thrown her handkerchief. She sat there, her back against the chair, her face turned to look at the neon lights at the top of the dance hall. Everyone joined in laughing - the wide-open mouth, the wide-open mouth, the wide-open mouth ..... the more you looked, the less they looked like mouths. Everyone's face had changed completely. Zheng Ping had a slender jaw; Hu Junyi had a round jaw; Miu Zongdan's jaw, separated from the mouth, looked as though it had grown from his Adam's apple. Beneath Daisy's jaw, wrinkles were everywhere.

Only Ji Jie did not laugh. Silently, he was watching them with eyes as sharp as scalpels. Like a hunting dog in the forest, he pricked up his ears to catch every laugh.

Miu Zongdan saw the scalpel-like eyes, the pricked ears, and suddenly heard his own laugh, and the laughter of others. "What strange laughter!", he thought.

Hu Junyi also saw it - "Is this my laughter?"

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<sup>25</sup> The original is in English.

<sup>26</sup> The original is in English.

Unclearly, Daisy Huang vaguely remembered that once, in childhood, she had woken up from a dream and shouted loudly "I'm scared!" when she saw the dark room.

Zheng Ping was confused - "Is this the sound of human beings? Why are they laughing?"

After a while, all of these four people all stopped laughing. Around them some others stopped, too, but some were still laughing quietly, and then those laughs were silent. Feelings of fear and loneliness were attacking them, just like someone walking in the forest at midnight without a light, all alone, and looking for something to depend on.

A brass cymbal sounded, and Johnson was standing on the platform:

"Cheer up, ladies and gentlemen!"<sup>27</sup>

Then he began beat the drum, urgently as a rhythmic whirlwind. Couples of men and women were all swept onto the floor, turning along with that whirlwind. Daisy Huang grabbed Hu Junyi and ran onto the floor; Miu Zongdan tossed aside the mayor's letter; Zheng Ping was trying to stand up and friend he had come in with had already put his arms on the young lady's waist.

"They all escaped! They all escaped!" He suddenly covered his face with his hands, lowered his head, and sat there overcome with the feeling that escape was impossible. Suddenly, he felt his heart was clear of everything, and felt that he was no longer drunk at all. Raising his head, he saw the lady whose wine he had knocked over running with that middle-age gentleman around the hall with such fast steps, crazily. A dancing couple flew in front of him, turned, then disappeared again. Another couple appeared, then

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<sup>27</sup> The original is in English.



disappeared again. "Impossible to escape! Impossible to escape!" He turned his head back, looking for a place to hide, but saw Ji Jie staring at him, so he went to him and said: "Friend, let me tell you a joke." He poured out words like a chatterbox. Ji Jie still kept silent, merely staring at him, and said to himself in his heart: -

"What are you! What am I! What is 'I'! What is 'you'!"

Zheng Ping saw a pair of fossil eyes in front of him, completely unmoving, but he didn't care and talked and laughed.

Zhijun and Miu Zongdan came back from dancing and sat on the table. Zhijun breathed quietly while listening to Zheng Ping's joke, then laughed quietly when she had heard it, but before she had finish laughing, Miu Zongdan again dragged her off to dance. Ji Jie's ears were listening to Zheng Ping while his fingers were breaking matches. After he had broken all the matches, he started to tear the matchbox. After he had torn the matchbox apart, he asked the waiter for another one.

The waiter brought him a new box of matches and said: "Sir, your table is filled with broken matches!"

"A match can be broken into eight pieces in four seconds, so a box and a half an hour. It's - What time is it?"

"A quarter to two, sir."

"So, after I have broken six boxes, I can leave." He was still breaking matches.

The waiter rolled his eyes at him, then left.

The conversation among customers:

Customer C - "That guy is funny. Comes here to break matches. Why not buy a dollar's worth, and break them all day at home?"

Customer D - "Nothing to do after meals. Comes here to break matches, isn't he a happy guy."

Customer C - "Isn't it funny, that stupid drunk? Knocked over their wine after he came in, and insulted them, but he's telling jokes with them now."

Customer D - "Around here, those are the happy ones! Look, Daisy Huang and Hu Junyi, and that couple opposite them, dancing so crazily!"

Customer C - "Yes, seems they aren't afraid of breaking their legs by dancing too much. How late is it now?"

Customer D - "After two."

Customer C - "Let's go. Everyone's left."

The glass door opened, a couple, a man with his tie crooked and a woman with her hair mussed, rushed out.

The glass door opened again, another couple, a man with his tie crooked and a woman with her hair mussed, rushed out.

The dance hall gradually became empty; and seemed very quiet. The manager was walking up and down, and his shining baldhead turned red, then green, then blue, and then white.

Hu Junyi sat down, wiped the sweat from his neck with a handkerchief, and said: "Let's rest for one song, and not dance."

Daisy Huang said: "All right - No, why don't we dance? I'm twenty-eight today, and I'll be twenty-eight and a day tomorrow! I'm getting older and older every day! Women can't miss a day! Why don't we dance while I'm still young? Why don't we dance!"

"Daisy -" Still holding the handkerchief in his hands, he was dragged onto the hall again.

Miu Zongdan was dancing when he saw that the strings which fastened the balloons were falling, so he jumped up to catch one, then patted Zhijun's face and said: "Hold this, it's the world!" Zhijun put the balloon between their faces, and smiled:

"You are in the Western Hemisphere. I'm in the Eastern Hemisphere!"

They didn't know who poked their balloon, but it suddenly burst with a loud sound. Miu Zongdan's smiling face was suddenly stunned: "This is the world! Look, the broken balloon - the broken balloon!" Abruptly, he pushed Zhijun with his chest, gliding forward as if he were skating, gliding and zigzagging through the crowd.

"That's enough, Zongdan, I'm about to fall down dead!" Zhijun was breathing and laughing.

"Never mind, it's after three, they'll close at four, soon! Dance! Dance!" All of a sudden, they bumped into someone. "Sorry!" Then they glided away.

Ji Jie had broken were whole floor of full of matches.

One box, two boxes, three boxes, four boxes, five boxes .....

Zheng Ping was still there telling jokes, even he himself didn't know what he was talking about. He just laughed and talked.

A waiter who stood next to them was yawning.

All of a sudden, Zheng Ping stopped talking.

"Are you thirsty?" For some reason, Ji Jie was able to smile.

Zheng Ping was silent, and muttered:

Oh, stranger!

Previously, I called you my lover,

Now you say I am a stranger!

Oh, stranger!

Ji Jie looked at his watch, rubbed his hands, and put down the matches: "Still twenty minutes."

The footsteps of time ticking away in Zheng Ping's heart. Every second, was like an ant crawling over his heart, one by one, so quick, but so many, and endlessly - "Nina was posing with her head raised and waiting for the movement of Long-leg Wang's lips! After a second, the pose would change, then after another second, it would change again, till now, who knows what kind of pose the kissing pose would take..." He felt his heart gradually shrinking, "Let's tell jokes!" But he didn't even have any jokes.

The footsteps of time were ticking away in Daisy Huang's heart. Every second, was like an ant crawling over his heart, one by one, so quick, but so many, and endlessly- "One second is older than another second! 'Five years is a long time for a woman.' Maybe tomorrow I will be an old woman!" She felt her heart gradually shrinking. "Dancing!" But she was too exhausted to dance.

The footsteps of time were ticking away in Hu Junyi's heart. Every second, was like an ant crawling over his heart, one by one, so quick, but so many, and endlessly - "At dawn, the gold king, Hu Junyi will be bankrupt! The court, the auction, the jail ....." He felt his heart gradually shrinking. He remembered that bottle of sleeping pills on the table next to his bed, the chef's knife for cutting pork chops in the kitchen, the six-inch pistol on the belt of that sleeping Slavic prince in the car outside, such a black hole at the end of the

barrel....."What is inside of that little thing?" He was suddenly anxious to sleep, and anxious for the black hole at the end of the barrel.

The footsteps of time were ticking away in Miu Zongdan's heart. Every second, was like an ant crawling over his heart, one by one, so quick, but so many, and endlessly- "I will be a free man next week. I don't need to write in a small, regular script. I don't need to rush to Fenglin Bridge in the early morning, and don't need to sit by myself and eat the wind in the No. 22 bus. Isn't that so? I'm a free man!" He felt his heart gradually shrinking. "Have fun! Get drunk! From tomorrow, every day without a salary!" It would be hard for those who worked in the municipal government office to believe Miu Zongdan could have such degenerate thoughts. He was such a timid person. It would be impossible, but one day those impossible things became possible!

The ladies who sat at the white tables all stood up one by one, holding their handbags in their hands. They opened them and dappled powder on their noses while looking into small mirrors. "As lovely as I -", they thought. But that was because they saw only their nose, or one of their eyes, or their mouth by itself, or one lock of hair; they didn't see the whole face. Each of the gentlemen took out his cigarettes, and used a mat to light his last one.

From the bandstand came:

"Good night, sweetheart!" A playful and short melody.

"The last one!" All the people stood up and danced. All that could be seen in the hall: Line after line of messy white tablecloths, the yawning mouths of those waiters who stood in dark corners with brooms in their hands, the bald head of the manager shining here and

there, the glass door wide open, and lines of men and women walking out of a dream into the bright corridor.

Thud, with the sound of the drum, all the lights were turned on in the hall. The musicians on the bandstand were packing up their instruments. All the waiters came running with brooms in their hands. The manager stood at the door and said good night to everyone. After a while, the hall was empty. All that was left was an empty room, messy and lonely, an empty floor. The white lights had driven all the dreams away.

Miu Zongdan stood next to his table - "Looks like a burst balloon!"

Daisy Huang gave him a glance - "Looks like a burst balloon."

Hu Junyi sighed - "Looks like a burst balloon!"

Zheng Ping was holding his head, flushed from drinking - "Looks like a burst balloon!"

Ji Jie was staring at the big base of the light that hung in the middle of the room –  
"Looks like a burst balloon!"

What was the balloon? What was the burst balloon?

Johnson walked slowly from outside, frowning.

"Good-night, Johnny!"<sup>28</sup> Miu Zongdan said.

"My wife died, too!"

"I'm awfully sorry for you, Johnny!" Miu Zongdan patted his shoulder.

"Are you about to go?"

"Going or staying, it's all the same."

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<sup>28</sup> The original is in English.

Daisy Huang - "No matter where I go, my youth can't come back."

Zheng Ping - "No matter where I go, Nina won't come back."

Hu Junyi - "No matter where I go, my fortune of 800,000 won't come back."

"Wait a minute! Let me play another song, and you can dance, how's that?"

"All right."

Johnson walked to the bandstand and picked up a violin, stood in the middle of the hall, touched his lower jaw to the violin, and played slowly, very slowly. Two tears came out of his brown eyes and fell on the strings. Three seemingly spiritless and exhausted couples, Ji Jie and Zheng Ping, Hu Junyi and Huang Daixi, Miu Zongdan and Zhijun were all dancing around him.

Suddenly, dang! One string was broken. Johnson lowered his head, then his hands.

"I can't help!"<sup>29</sup>

The dancing people stopped, too. Looking at him, they were stunned.

Zheng Ping shrugged his shoulder, said: "No one can help!"

Ji Jie suddenly saw that broken string and said: "C'est totne sa vie."<sup>30</sup>

A voice was whispering near these five people's ears: "No one can help!"

Without saying a word, like five ghosts, with exhausted bodies and tired hearts, they walked out step by step.

Outside, next to Hu Junyi's car, there was suddenly a sound: peng!

The tire of a car? A gunshot?

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<sup>29</sup> The original is in English.

<sup>30</sup> A common expression in French is: "C'est la vie", which means "That's life", or that something cannot be helped. Perhaps this is meant to show that Ji Jie does not know French well.

Hu Junyi, the gold king, was lying there with a hole in his temple. Covered with blood, his face was wrinkled in suffering. Daisy Huang was paralyzed with fear in the car. People toward here, asked loudly questions, rushed around, talked and sighed, then ran off.

The sky was gradually getting light. In front of the gate of the Empress Nightclub, and beside Hu Junyi's corpse, stood five people: Johnson, Ji Jie, Miu Zongdan, Daisy Huang and Zheng Ping, who were all looking at him silently.

#### Four People in the Funeral Procession

On April 10, 1932, five people came out from the International Cemetery. They had just attended the burial of Hu Junyi, The four were white-haired Zheng Ping, unemployed Miu Zongdan, twenty-eight years and four days old Daisy Huang, staring with scalpel-like eyes Ji Jie, who were on their way to Hu Junyi's funeral.

Daisy Huang - "I'm too tired to be a person!"

Miu Zongdan - "He is done with being a person! It's wonderful to have the kind of rest he has!"

Zheng Ping - "I also have an old man's heart!"

Ji Jie - "I don't understand what you said."

All of them were silent.

A long train passed by, and passed by, and passed by, on a long track, and sighed,  
du.

A distant city, a distant journey!



All of them sighed, walked slowly - walked, and walked. In front of them was a secluded and lonely road .....

A distant city, a distant journey!

December 22, 1932

APPENDIX

LIST OF NAMES IN CHINESE AND JAPANESE

|                                   |           |
|-----------------------------------|-----------|
| Avenue de Joffre                  | 霞飞路       |
| Baijin de nuti suxiang            | 白金的女体塑像   |
| Beiping                           | 北平        |
| Bei dangzuo xiaoqianbin de nanren | 被当作消遣品的男人 |
| Cathay theater                    | 国泰剧院      |
| Dai Wangshu                       | 戴望舒       |
| Di er lian                        | 第二恋       |
| Du Heng                           | 杜衡        |
| Fenglin qiao                      | 枫林桥       |
| Gong mu                           | 公墓        |
| Guanghua daxue                    | 光华大学      |
| Guo Jianying                      | 郭建英       |
| Guomindang                        | 国民党       |
| Hei Mudan                         | 黑牡丹       |
| Hu Junyi                          | 胡均益       |
| Hua Feng                          | 华风        |
| Huang Daixi                       | 黄戴西       |
| Ji Jie                            | 季洁        |
| Kataoka Teppei                    | 片冈铁兵      |
| Kawabata Yasunari                 | 川端康成      |
| Lin Ni'na                         | 林妮娜       |

|                        |        |
|------------------------|--------|
| Liu Na'ou              | 刘呐鸥    |
| Liu Youde              | 刘有德    |
| Lou Shiyi              | 楼适夷    |
| Lu Xun                 | 鲁迅     |
| Mao Dun                | 茅盾     |
| Miu Zongdan            | 宗旦     |
| Mu Shiying             | 穆时英    |
| Nan bei ji             | 南北极    |
| Ou-yang Ling           | 欧阳玲    |
| Peng luo fu            | 彭洛夫    |
| Rong Zi                | 蓉子     |
| Shanghai               | 上海     |
| Shanghai de hubuwu     | 上海的狐步舞 |
| Sheng chunu de ganqing | 圣处女的感情 |
| Sheng Wu               | 圣五     |
| Shi Zhecun             | 施蛰存    |
| Su Wen                 | 苏汶     |
| Su Xuelin              | 苏雪林    |
| Tianjin                | 天津     |
| Wang Jingwei           | 汪精卫    |
| Wang Jinhou            | 王锦厚    |
| Wenhui bao             | 文汇报    |
| Wenyi huabao           | 文艺画报   |
| Wenyi yuekan           | 文艺月刊   |

|                  |       |
|------------------|-------|
| Wugui lieche     | 无轨列车  |
| Xian dai         | 现代    |
| Xiaode           | 小德    |
| Xin gangue pai   | 新感觉派  |
| Xin wenyi        | 新文艺   |
| Xu Keyuan        | 徐克渊   |
| Xu Xiacun        | 徐霞村   |
| Yan Jiayan       | 严家炎   |
| Yokomitsu Riichi | 横光利一  |
| Yu xiang         | 雨巷    |
| Zanmen de shijie | 咱们的世界 |
| Zhijun           | 芝君    |
| Zi ye            | 子夜    |
| Zheng Ping       | 郑萍    |
| Zhongguo ribao   | 中国日报  |

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