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## 由“灰心”轉向“生活的勝利” [英文] The Ashen Heart or the Triumph of Life [in English]

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# The Ashen Heart or the Triumph of Life

Wolfgang Kubin

## 【中文摘要】

今天批判性地回顧二十世紀的人，會得出一致的結論：二十世紀最基本的特徵是仇恨。知識分子在傳播、實現這種仇恨的過程中，發揮了特別的作用。這種特徵也適用於接受了馬克思主義以後的中國。辛亥革命後的中國歷史主要是仇恨的歷史，代表這種歷史的最重要人物是魯迅和毛澤東。

在不容異說的強制下，文學不只在中國，而是在世界範圍內，變成一種壓迫工具，以至於寫作與殺人常常是完全一致的。這種現象特別存在於蘇聯和中國。一般來說，仇恨是現代人危機的結果。在破壞了所有的傳統以後，人們試圖清除一切有缺陷的事物，着手建立一個新社會。從此，人們的愛轉變成抽象的愛。這種抽象的愛體現為對斯大林、毛澤東這類領袖人物的愛。

失敗的人類試驗在文學上主要造成了對語言的疏離。重要的不是“寫作”，而是表達政治理想和政治目的。這導致了中國語言和中國思想的衰落。

第一個在中國文化領域內注意到政治與語言衰落之間的關係的知識分子是香港的散文家梁錫華。他的作品對盡可能在二十世紀末調整中國的道路具有特殊的重要性。

少數中國知識分子懂得，為了人的利益和意義而使用內容豐富的語言和傳統。梁錫華是其中之一。他在作品中含蓄、間接地提出恢復語言意識和傳統文化的要求，其要旨是對中國社會人道的要求。他提出：以才幹取代革命的急躁，並生活在現實中。以對人的同情取代仇恨。以承認現實中存在着有缺陷的事物，取代毀滅世界。以幽默取代對人生的絕望。這是一種對現世存在的多樣化的瞭解，以散文離題的形式表現萬物的不引人注目之處的幽默。這種幽默可以使被革命厭惡的灰色由“灰心”轉向“生活的勝利”。

In the prose of Gaylord Leung, which consists of recollections, travel stories and observations on life, I see first of all a quality I find largely missing in contemporary Chinese literature, namely work on and reflection upon language<sup>29</sup> and the playful treatment of language.<sup>30</sup> The medium of a writer is language, just as the medium of a soccer player is the ball. Having watched a bad pass or a missed penalty kick, no soccer fan would be satisfied with a statement of intent on the part of the player responsible. The all-important thing in soccer is mastery of the ball and keeping the opponent under control. In contrast, writers after 1945 or 1949 often refer to what they had actually wanted to say, doing this in the hope that they will then be judged by their intentions. Thus, those who say that their writing was intended as a contribution towards the “liberation”, “education” or “awareness” of their people believe this sufficient to earn general sympathy, irrespective of their in(ability) to master language. And I do not wish to give the wrong impression here; I am not being presumptuous or Eurocentric, and can, indeed, mention first of all some examples of this problem taken from German literature: Heinrich Böll, Günter Grass, Martin Walser and Siegfried Lenz are internationally renowned and prized representatives of post-war German literature, and yet their linguistic powers of expression are not highly developed. This is partly connected with the way they understand themselves and their role as writers; for they consider their primary commitment is not to language but to political intervention. A rather similar situation can be shown to have prevailed in post-1949 China, at least as far as the Mainland is concerned: ideology has, or rather had, priority over art. This does not only result in a stunting of form but also of language. On this point I would go further than Gaylord Leung, who has presented the decline of language with respect to the Mainland, for Taiwan and for Hong Kong generally as an artistic problem. I believe that seen in the international context and from the perspective of 1989, Chinese literature after 1949 must – at least on the Mainland – be classified as trash in the majority of cases in view of the shortcomings in the use of language. Even more recently, internationally prominent writers who have been widely translated have in fact no mastery of their own medium, namely the Chinese language. The ability to read and write often appears to be the only prerequisite for calling oneself a writer or being hailed as such. The reason for this decline of a once so rich Chinese language is the politicization of the intelligentsia. The movement of May 4, 1919 opened the way for the destruction of the classical tradition and education in China, and the Cultural Revolution finished it off. Today China has not yet recovered from these setbacks. Linguistic and often ideological prescriptions were adopted by the intellectuals, who at first chose to use a conglomeration of foreign vocabulary and foreign grammar (Japanese, Russian, English and German) as a kind of new vernacular, and were later told to use it. Decades of isolation and paternalism finally moulded the type of Chinese writer the world now knows: someone with a rudimentary understanding of his own tradition and language, incapable of expressing himself in anything but Chinese even after years spent abroad, characterized by a lack of reflection on his own tools as a writer and unable to develop independence of mind. In short, compared with the major representatives of pre-1949 Chinese literature, such as Lu Xun, Guo Moruo, Hu Shi, Qian Zhongshu and Feng Zhi, etc., they look like illiterates. The fatal flaw is not their lack of education – that could be made good – but their ignorance of this very fact. They are like soccer players who do not know what a “one-two” is but claim to belong to the national team merely because they have put on a pair of football boots.

For me Gaylord Leung, with his classical education and with his classical language skills, embodies the type of traditional scholar (*wenren*) I would like to find – not exclusively but certainly often – in a modern world. Why? Just because of beauty of the language he

presumptuousness following the “death of God”. The proclaimed “death of God” not only means man has risen to the status of absolute ruler, but also signifies the end of forgiveness: divided between friend and foe, the world now understands obedience only as duty to the one at the top and hatred of all deviancy. The new slogan became: A dog in the water must continue to be beaten! (Lu Xun), and: Revolution is not knitting doilies (Mao Zedong). Instead of bringing about an enrichment of life, the obsession with creating at any price an innerworldly salvation leads to life’s impoverishment: the crooked timber of humanity was cut into straight wood.<sup>14</sup> Hating and killing are values which have been adopted in the name of humanity, especially in the twentieth century.<sup>15</sup> In the field of literature the process of straightening humanity led to the “litany style”,<sup>16</sup> to dilettantism<sup>17</sup> or quite simply to the telling of lies.

The real subject of my paper is “The Hong Kong essayist Gaylord Leung”. Why, then, have I apparently wandered so far from the topic? These deliberations are connected with an experience I had fourteen years ago which has, however, remained as vivid as ever in my mind. In June 1980 the international community of sinologists met in Paris to discuss Chinese literature during the period of the Sino-Japanese War of 1937-1945. One of the conference participants fought a lone battle; he was attacked from all sides and laughed at. Judged in accordance with the *Zeitgeist*, filled as those times were with the ideals of the Chinese Revolution, he had committed sacrilege. He had dared to question the great names of modern Chinese literature such as Guo Moruo and Mao Dun, whom he had criticized simply in terms of their expressive power.<sup>18</sup> For my part, I was also blinded and joined in with the critics of Gaylord Leung. Today, after all these years, I know far better: probably the only criterion by which a writer should be measured is his power of expression – an ability which, I believe, also has something to do with his humanity. Put simply, the question is now posed for me in the following terms: is an author committed to the “crooked timber”, i.e. to the living, to life, or is he committed to “straight wood”, to the dead, to casting out, to killing. At that conference – and this is another undiminished memory – Liu Baiyu, head of the Chinese delegation, publicly defended the execution of Wang Shiwei,<sup>19</sup> openly stating that it had been correct to kill this “traitor” in Yan’an in 1942.

Literature from Hong Kong has as yet been only a minor focus of Western sinology. One reason for this is probably the fact, lamented by Gaylord Leung, that the Crown Colony has not regarded itself as a particular centre of (Chinese) culture, and thus of literature.<sup>20</sup> Nonetheless, with 1997 approaching, a process of taking stock has slowly begun and, with it, a search for identity<sup>21</sup> which has led to the appearance of the first translations in English.<sup>22</sup> Two authors have now become known in the German-speaking world: firstly, Leung Ping-kwan (Liang Bingjun)<sup>23</sup> and secondly, Gaylord Leung himself.<sup>24</sup> When, in 1988, I attended a conference in Singapore held by the Goethe Institute on the topic of “Chinese literature in Southeast Asia”, I chose to discuss the writer Leung Ping-kwan under the aspect of post-modernism,<sup>25</sup> but following a personal preference I then switched my subject for the conference in Suzhou. With more than twenty works already published, Gaylord Leung,<sup>26</sup> who is now Dean and Professor at Lingnan College in Hong Kong and a member of the academic artistic circle known as the Shatin Group, has come to the fore not only as an essayist but also as a literary expert,<sup>27</sup> critic and storyteller.<sup>28</sup> In what follows I shall concentrate entirely on the essays, firstly because I am strangely moved by them and secondly because I believe that, beyond the immediate focus of the person of Gaylord Leung, we can use them to trace a specific problem of Chinese literature in the twentieth century.

In the prose of Gaylord Leung, which consists of recollections, travel stories and observations on life, I see first of all a quality I find largely missing in contemporary Chinese literature, namely work on and reflection upon language<sup>29</sup> and the playful treatment of language.<sup>30</sup> The medium of a writer is language, just as the medium of a soccer player is the ball. Having watched a bad pass or a missed penalty kick, no soccer fan would be satisfied with a statement of intent on the part of the player responsible. The all-important thing in soccer is mastery of the ball and keeping the opponent under control. In contrast, writers after 1945 or 1949 often refer to what they had actually wanted to say, doing this in the hope that they will then be judged by their intentions. Thus, those who say that their writing was intended as a contribution towards the “liberation”, “education” or “awareness” of their people believe this sufficient to earn general sympathy, irrespective of their in(ability) to master language. And I do not wish to give the wrong impression here; I am not being presumptuous or Eurocentric, and can, indeed, mention first of all some examples of this problem taken from German literature: Heinrich Böll, Günter Grass, Martin Walser and Siegfried Lenz are internationally renowned and prized representatives of post-war German literature, and yet their linguistic powers of expression are not highly developed. This is partly connected with the way they understand themselves and their role as writers; for they consider their primary commitment is not to language but to political intervention. A rather similar situation can be shown to have prevailed in post-1949 China, at least as far as the Mainland is concerned: ideology has, or rather had, priority over art. This does not only result in a stunting of form but also of language. On this point I would go further than Gaylord Leung, who has presented the decline of language with respect to the Mainland, for Taiwan and for Hong Kong generally as an artistic problem. I believe that seen in the international context and from the perspective of 1989, Chinese literature after 1949 must – at least on the Mainland – be classified as trash in the majority of cases in view of the shortcomings in the use of language. Even more recently, internationally prominent writers who have been widely translated have in fact no mastery of their own medium, namely the Chinese language. The ability to read and write often appears to be the only prerequisite for calling oneself a writer or being hailed as such. The reason for this decline of a once so rich Chinese language is the politicization of the intelligentsia. The movement of May 4, 1919 opened the way for the destruction of the classical tradition and education in China, and the Cultural Revolution finished it off. Today China has not yet recovered from these setbacks. Linguistic and often ideological prescriptions were adopted by the intellectuals, who at first chose to use a conglomeration of foreign vocabulary and foreign grammar (Japanese, Russian, English and German) as a kind of new vernacular, and were later told to use it. Decades of isolation and paternalism finally moulded the type of Chinese writer the world now knows: someone with a rudimentary understanding of his own tradition and language, incapable of expressing himself in anything but Chinese even after years spent abroad, characterized by a lack of reflection on his own tools as a writer and unable to develop independence of mind. In short, compared with the major representatives of pre-1949 Chinese literature, such as Lu Xun, Guo Moruo, Hu Shi, Qian Zhongshu and Feng Zhi, etc., they look like illiterates. The fatal flaw is not their lack of education – that could be made good – but their ignorance of this very fact. They are like soccer players who do not know what a “one-two” is but claim to belong to the national team merely because they have put on a pair of football boots.

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demonstrates in his essays, a language full of allusion and so engaging thanks to its complexity? There is a deeper reason. The movement of May 4, 1919 was not completely wrong in criticizing the old tradition and yet, from today's perspective, it seems to me it went much too far. So we must now be permitted to ask just what kind of values were proclaimed and realized by the proponents of May 4, 1919. And one soon comes to a similar answer to the verdict on the French Revolution.<sup>31</sup> What remains of noble values such as enlightenment, emancipation and liberation, accompanied by the theory and practice of violence, is ultimately the terror of the counterrevolution. The persecuted turn into persecutors. An immediate example of the relationship between emancipation and "annihilatory stance" (*Zertrümmerungsgestus*<sup>32</sup>) is seen in "The Diary of Sophia" by Ding Ling, a story whose heroine, in accordance with the *Zeitgeist*, is named after a Russian assassin. What has apparently been lost in twentieth-century Chinese literature is the aspect of humanity, a love of life, of living and the concrete - an aspect which has something to do with accepting "uncertainty". In the course of revolutions after 1789 man came to believe he had attained the ultimate certainties and saw himself as master of a world which could apparently be shaped according to his will. As the twentieth century draws to a close, this view of man's position has been forced aside by a feeling of impotence. Modern man has used up his reserves of meaning; we can no longer reckon with new certainties.<sup>33</sup> Traditional man saw no certainty outside the theological or religious sphere. In China's case this had a variety of consequences for thought and the arts. Man understood himself as an unprepossessing part of an imperfect order; he did not see an ultimate cause, but saw his life handed over to a fate he could not control. Su Dongpo (1037-1101), to whom the work of Gaylord Leung owes a great deal, may - in the Chinese history of ideas - have been the most important advocate of a life in the given.<sup>34</sup> But after 1898 his exemplary "patience" was replaced by the impatience of the revolutionary. Lu Xun was the one who spoke of starting the global inferno and demonstrated in his essays the impatience which lends his a totalitarian and messianic dimension. His brother Zhou Zuoren rightly reproved work of this kind for displaying a lack of kindness (*renqing*).<sup>35</sup>

Gaylord Leung, too, employs the metaphor of literature as weapon, yet in his critique of Lu Xun he undertakes a reevaluation. The "scalpel", he writes, is not there to harm the patient but serves to rid the sick man from what is poisoning him.<sup>36</sup> This act of deliverance is a caring act: the essay is not a "club", not an expression of "hate", but sheds light on the human existence in general and the dangers it faces. Humour is the means he uses, not sarcasm or cynicism. Where does this humour in Gaylord Leung's writing come from?<sup>37</sup> Behind the humour I would identify his insight into the uncertainty of life. Precisely because life cannot be reduced to a common denominator, the disparate elements in his essays plays such an important role that digression becomes the dominant principle organizing his writing. The Chinese essay (*zawen*, *sanwen*) - in this case an airily textured fabric of scholarly, poetic and sympathetic reflections<sup>38</sup> - comes to life, as it were, through the possibility of bringing disparities together and thereby creating a humorous tension: the unprepossessing and the great, the ridiculous and the sublime are partners in the interpretation of the world, reciprocating rather than remaining alien. In so doing, the one can suddenly turn into the other, the merry into the menacing, the apparently insignificant into horror, thereby demonstrating an inherent proximity to its opposite. One only needs to consider the digression made in the economically written, and thus masterful, essay entitled "Fateful Circles" (*Yuanhuo*).<sup>39</sup> A circle is something mundane which would not at first glance seem worth making a fuss about. Through the pen of Gaylord Leung, however, it becomes the symbol of human existence in the past and present. An expedition through the

Cosmos (Earth, sun, moon) and through history brings together persons and things as far apart as, for instance, Christ, Li Bai, Yang Guifei, the Bible, ufos, football and traffic jams. Everything, including uncertainty and Nietzsche's motto "Live dangerously," appears interrelated. But why? What is the common thread transcending the superficial form of the circle, what is the deeper basis for a unity? The plain understanding that nothing can be regarded in isolation, that man is not *one*, that history is not nourished by a monocausal movement that can be reduced to a simple essence. Man is "slave" to the Earth, which works according to the Taoist principle of "*wuwei*"; but in his will to destruction he is master over her; he is afraid of the sun and yet, like the sun, he is consumed by the flames of his own yearnings; he is scared by the moon, but here he demonstrates his intellect. In view of the Cosmos he is a timorous being, but he himself can spread fear and terror.

In many essays he develops the principle of blending heterogenous things. He gives back to the apparently weightless, to the seemingly insignificant, the weight they once had but lost in the passage of everyday life. Take, for instance, that little word "not".<sup>40</sup> Gaylord Leung playfully traces this word through the great designs of human history: the reader moves from the Bible through literature to Marxism before it becomes aware that everything unprepossessing has the power to conjure up unhappiness and insurrection. Even the everyday things we appreciate can put on an ominous face. Who would have thought that "the immortal relationship between man and book" could drive a book-lover into the tensions between death, women abduction, adoption and banking?<sup>41</sup>

Yet since the author is well aware of the dialectic of things, he does not stop at a critique of civilization.<sup>42</sup> Although his heart is ashen at the sight of a world turning grey,<sup>43</sup> it is also the colour grey - the neighbour of love - which has enabled him for the first time to feel vital energy by liberating him from the simple-minded division of the world into black and white and thus freeing him of hatred.<sup>44</sup> In this way he is a visionary on the question of the "taste of death".<sup>45</sup>

Knowing about the transiency of life and the unavailability of death and nevertheless doing what has to be done: that is the triumph of life.<sup>46</sup>

When the twentieth century speaks of triumph, it is talking about the supposedly great triumph of humanity. There is talk of the triumph of the revolution, the triumph of socialism, the triumph of liberalism, etc., and political parties throughout the world in particular love to speak of their triumphs just when they suffer defeats: in their own minds they are charging from victory to victory. But who, if at all, speaks of the triumph of life? The twentieth century loves the idea but not life itself, which is why it has treated everything living, no matter whether man, animal or plant, with such disregard. And writers have not been spared the spreading contempt for the living. The Austrian authoress Ilse Aichinger, for example, answered the question "What, for you, is the greatest misfortune?" with "Genesis". And asked about her personal motto, she replied: "Vivere non necesse est."<sup>47</sup> Albert Schweitzer once called on people to show "reverence for life".<sup>48</sup> This reverence should, I believe, also apply to one's own life. In order to regain this reverence it is essential that we do not merely regard life as factual deficiency and seek to make fundamental corrections through human experiments; rather, we must conceive life as potential abundance - an abundance whose point of departure is in the given. Carefully reading the essays of Gaylord Leung means returning to things which have been thoughtlessly cast aside, returning to a life whose is not derived from some Utopia. I would like to conclude with an example: for Bing Xin, mountains embody a defect, so she loves the sea. The reevaluation undertaken by Gaylord Leung in his "New Classics of the Mountains and Seas" (Shanghai xin jing) demonstrates that the world of mountains is not *one*, a

minimum, but many, a maximum - but not in a naive sense: the mountain has something to do with man's living and dying and thus stands for earthly and temporal existence; but it also has something to do with writing and the divine.<sup>49</sup> Whoever suppresses this spiritual side will only perceive cold rock. Creation only reveals her eternal, her productive side to the humorist who has learnt that patiently beholding the imperfection of Being is his *métier*.

Notes:

<sup>1</sup> See my epilogue to *Ding Ling: Das Tagebuch der Sophia* (The Diary of Sophia), Frankfurt: Suhrkamp (= "Weißes Programm: im Jahrhundert der Frau"), 1987, p. 109.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. on this aspect my contributions: "The End of the Prophet: Chinese Poetry between Modernity and Postmodernity," in Wendy Larson, Anne Wedell-Wedellsborg: *Inside Out: Modernism and Postmodernism in Chinese Literary Culture*, Aarhus: Aarhus UP, 1993, esp. pp. 19-22; in Chinese in: *Today* 2/1993, pp. 133-145. And: "The Young Man as a Melancholic Person: An Approach to Yu Dafu (1896-1945)," in Márian Gálik (ed.): *Chinese Literature and European Context*, Bratislava: The Slovak Academy of Sciences, 1994, esp. pp. 43-46, passim. Cf. also Michael Gotz: "The Pen as Sword: Wartime Stories of Qiu Dong-ping," in: *La Littérature Chinoise au Temps de la Guerre de Résistance contre le Japon*, Paris: Singer-Polignac, 1982, pp. 101-113.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Klaus Rainer Röhl: "Lebenslüge Antifaschismus. Die nützlichen Idioten: Wie Schriftsteller und Intellektuelle der kommunistischen Propaganda erlagen (Living the Lie of Antifascism. The Useful Idiots: How Writers and Intellectuals Succumbed to Communist Propaganda)," in *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* of 9 October, 1993 (supplement). Hans Joachim Schädlich: "Von der heillosen Liebe zur Unwirklichkeit (From Utter Adoration to Irreality)," in: *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* of 28 December, 1992, p.23 ("Die Intellektuellen [...] wenn sie etwas lernten, so war es die Kunst, beherrscht zu werden [...] . [...] Mit euch war Staat zu machen!") (The intellectuals [...] if they learnt anything it was the art of being ruled [...]. [...] You were really something to show off!)

<sup>4</sup> Cf. on this issue, inter alia, José Ortega y Gasset: *Die Vertreibung des Menschen aus der Kunst* (Man's Expulsion from the Arts), Munich: dtv (dtv 194), 1964, pp.7-39.

<sup>5</sup> For China consider here the function of the superlative "zui, zui, zui" (the most, the best, the highest) at the time of the Cultural Revolution, c.f. Xie Mian: "Der mißverständene 'Leerlauf' (The Misunderstood 'Idling')," in: *Minima Sinica* 2/1993, p. 155.

<sup>6</sup> Cf. here Wolf Lepenies: "Das Ende der Utopie und die Rückkehr der Melancholie (The End of Utopia and the Return of Melancholy)," in: Martin Meyer (ed.): *Intellektuellendämmerung?*, Munich: Hanser, 1992, p. 15. Isaiah Berlin: *Das krumme Holz der Humanität: Kapitel der Ideengeschichte* (The Crooked Timber of Humanity: Chapters in the History of Ideas), Frankfurt: Fischer, 1992, p.13.

<sup>7</sup> The self-commentary and epochal turning-point which mark the start of the French Revolution are discussed by Henning Ritter: "Die Wüste wächst mit jedem Tag: Wie sich die Revolution eine Religion erfand (The Desert Grows with Each Day: How the Revolution Invented a Religion)," in: *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, 13 November, 1993 (supplement).

<sup>8</sup> On the context of this concept (act of Creation and end of the world) cf. Alfred Nordmann: "Der Geist in der Maschine (The Mind of the Machine)," in: *Die Zeit*, 3 September, 1993, pp. 53-54.

<sup>9</sup> Cf. Klaus Horning: *Das totalitäre Zeitalter: Bilanz des 20. Jahrhunderts* (The Totalitarian Age: Conclusions on the 20th Century), Munich: Propyläen, 1993, pp. 22-57.

<sup>10</sup> Cf. Zhou Qun, inter alia: "Der alte und der neue Mao-Kult (The Old and the New Mao Cult)," in *Minima Sinica* 1/1994, pp. 156-158.

<sup>11</sup> Wolfgang Hilbig: *Ich*, Frankfurt: Fischer, 1993, pp. 370-372.

<sup>12</sup> On Lu Xun, who repeatedly referred to his "hatred", cf. inter alia David Pollard: "Lu Xun's Zawen," in: Leo Ou-fan Lee (ed.): *Lu Xun and His Legacy*, Berkeley: University of California Press, 1984, p.63.

<sup>13</sup> The comprehensive lexicon *Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart*, Tübingen: Mohr, 1957ff. has no entry for "hatred"!

<sup>14</sup> Cf. Isaiah Berlin, p. 35f, who quotes Kant: "Aus so krummem Holz, als woraus der Mensch gemacht ist, kann nichts Gerades gezimmert werden." (From the crooked timber of humanity you cannot make anything straight.)

<sup>15</sup> On this cf. Henning Ritter: "Man muß die Menschheit zur Ader lassen (Humanity must be Bled)," in: *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, 10 July, 1993 (supplement).

<sup>16</sup> Cf. Rainer Rosenberg: "Der ritualisierte Diskurs (The Ritualized Discourse)," in: *Zeitschrift für Germanistik*, N.F. 1/1993.

<sup>17</sup> On this aspect in general cf.: "Das Prinzip Handwerk. Zurück zur Kunst: Bestandsaufnahme nach Jahrzehnten des Dilettantismus (The Principle of Craftsmanship. Back to Art: Taking Stock after Decades of Dilettantism)," in: *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, 5 March, 1994 (supplement).

<sup>18</sup> "The Eye of a Storm: The Familiar Essays by Liang Shih-ch'iu during the Anti-Japanese War Period," in: *La Littérature Chinoise* (cf. fn. 2), pp. 67-82. The Chinese version ("Fengbao zhi yan") appears in Liang Xihua: *Qiedao yinqing yuanque* (On Abundance and Scarcity), Taipei: Yuanjing, 1983, pp. 271-280.

<sup>19</sup> Cf. Ni Moyan: "Wang Shiwei und seine Erzählkunst (Wang Shiwei and His Narrative Artistry)," in: *Minima Sinica* 2/1989, pp. 149-151.

<sup>20</sup> Liang Xihua: "Xianggang he guoyu (Hong Kong and Mandarin Chinese)," in his: *Jitanjali* (Gitanjali), Hong Kong: Xiangjiang Chuban Gongsì, 1987, p.56.

<sup>21</sup> I am thinking here above all of the marvellous journal, *Xianggang wenxue* (Literature in Hong Kong), which among other things has been analysing the traces of modern Chinese literature pre-1949 (from the Mainland) in the Crown Colony.

<sup>22</sup> Above all cf. the 29/30 issue (1988) of the journal *Renditions*, which devotes all 356 pages to the literary scene in Hong Kong. In my own library I have three narrative works by Hsu Yu (*Woman in the Mist, When the Tide Comes, Bird Talk*), Hong Kong: South Sky Book [ca. 1972]. These are bilingual (Chinese-English) editions which appear to have been carelessly produced.

<sup>23</sup> "Unterwegs: Gedichte von Leung Ping-kwan (The Poems of Leung Ping-kwan)," in *Minima Sinica* 2/1991, pp. 105-119.

<sup>24</sup> Gaylord Leung: "Essays," in *Minima Sinica* 2/1990, pp. 97-109 and 2/1991, pp. 121-127. Bettina Vogel: *Die Essayistik des Gaylord Leung*, unpublished Diploma thesis, University of Bonn, 1992, 119 pages.

<sup>25</sup> Owing to lack of time I was unable to make my paper available for publication in Wong Yoon Wah and Horst Pastoors (eds.): *Chinese Literature in Southeast Asia*, Singapore: Goethe Institute, 1989, 399 pages.

<sup>26</sup> The time and place of Gaylord Leung's birth are uncertain. His interrupted educational career took him to Hong Kong, Macao, Canton, Canada and England. Attaining his doctorate in 1972 under Xu Zhimo at the University of London, he then began teaching (Chinese and Chinese Literature): 1974-1976 at St. Mary's University, Canada, 1976-1985 at the Chinese University of Hong Kong, and since 1985 at Lingnan College in Hong Kong. The introduction to the life and work of our author written by C.T. Hsia, cf. "Preface to *Duli cangmang*" (see fn. 28), pp. 1-24, is considered by Gaylord Leung to be "not accurate".

<sup>27</sup> Mainly through his works on modern Chinese literature prior to 1949, especially about Xu Zhimo and Liang Shiqiu.

<sup>28</sup> Two novels have so far appeared: *Tou shang yi pian yun* (Above Me a Cloud), Taipei: Yuandong, 1985, 218 pages, deals with the problem of Hong Kong 1997, and *Duli cangmang* (Alone in the Distance), Hong Kong: Xiangjiang Chuban Gongsi, 1985, 278 pages, is a treatment of the academic world.

<sup>29</sup> On this, above all see the pioneering piece written by Liang Xihua: "Lu Xun yu xiandai Zhongwen (Lu Xun and Modern Chinese)," in: *Jitanjiali*, pp. 17-44. Here, the author convincingly argues his thesis that the sacrosanct character of the works of Lu Xun and Mao Zedong led to a certain linguistic incompetence on the part of those who came after. See also: "Xianggang de yuwen xianxiang yu fazhan fangxiang (Chinese in Hong Kong: Developments and Trends)," in *Jijianji*, pp. 109-119. Light is also shed on the topic by an article dealing with the problem of false and pure Chinese in modern Chinese literature pre-1949: "Youguan Zhongwen de lianxiang (Thoughts on Chinese)," in: *Qiedao* (cf. fn. 18), pp. 321-330. See also: "Gang wen Gang wen (Language in Hong Kong)," in Liang Xihua: *Baxian zhi lian* (Baxianling: A Remembrance), Hong Kong: Wah Hon, 1985, pp. 145-148.

<sup>30</sup> The best example for a game with words and sounds is the untranslatable essay "Liangheguo, lian he ke", in: *Liang Xihua xuanji* (Liang Xihua: Selected Works), Hong Kong: Shanbianshe, 1984, pp. 180-181. The novel *Duli cangmang* (cf. fn. 28) plays a humorous game with classical Chinese education and tradition.

<sup>31</sup> Cf. inter alia Thankmar von Münchhausen: "Aufruf zur Vernichtung (Call to Destruction)," in: *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, 25 September, 1993 (supplement).

<sup>32</sup> I am grateful to Alfred Nordmann (cf. fn. 8, p. 54) for this expression.

<sup>33</sup> Cf. Helmut Dubiel: "Was, bitte, ist heute noch links? (What, Nowadays, if You Please, Is Leftwing?)," in: *Die Zeit*, 18 March, 1994, p.12. On this point see also his book: *Ungewißheit und Politik* (Uncertainty and Politics), Frankfurt: Suhrkamp (=NF 891), 1994, 247 pages.

<sup>34</sup> Cf. my article: "Traditionskritik und zyklisches Denken. [...] Das Beispiel Su Dongpo (Critique of Tradition and Cyclical Thinking. [...] The Case of Su Dongpo)," in: *Minima Sinica* 2/1992, pp. 39-53.

<sup>35</sup> David E. Pollard: *A Chinese Look at Literature: The Literary Values of Chou Tso-jen in Relation to the Tradition*, London: Hurst, 1973, p.114.

<sup>36</sup> Liang Xihua: "Xuezhe de sanwen (The Academic Essay)," in: *Jijianji*, p.39.

<sup>37</sup> The author discusses the relationship between humour and the essay in: "Xuezhe de sanwen" (cf. fn. 36), pp. 29-30, p.38.

<sup>38</sup> I do not wish here to attempt a definition of *zawen* or *sanwen*. This tricky business has already been undertaken by others, most notably David E. Pollard. Apart from the two separate works on Lu Xun and Zhou Zuoren I would also refer to a third study: "Contemporary Zawen," in: Josephine Riley, Else Unterrieder (eds.): *Haishi Zou Hao: Chinese Poetry, Drama and Literature of the 1980s*, Bonn Engelhardt-Ng, 1989, pp. 152-176. For Hong Kong, Gaylord Leung has written a very useful introduction on the subject: "Some Observations on Chinese Prose-writing in Hong Kong," in: Wong, Pastoors (cf. fn. 25), pp. 263-276.

<sup>39</sup> Liang Xihua: *Mingyue yu jun tong* (Partings: Memories), Taipei: Jiuge, 1983, pp. 113-117.

<sup>40</sup> On this see: "Das Ver'nicht'en (Becoming 'Not')," in: *Minima Sinica* 2/1990, pp. 99-101, *SBJ* pp. 136-137 ("Shuo bu")

<sup>41</sup> "Über das Verleihen und Ausleihen von Büchern (On Borrowing and Lending Books)," in: *Minima Sinica* 2/1990, pp. 97-99; *SBJ*, pp. 123-124 ("Jieshuhen").

<sup>42</sup> For example: "Bund auf Zeit (Temporary Bond)," in: *Minima Sinica* 2/1990, pp. 106-109; *SBJ*, pp. 109-111 ("Zhongshen fei dashi"). "Diese Welt (This World)," in: *Minima Sinica* 2/1991, pp. 123-125; *LXHXJ*, pp. 119-120 ("Zhe shijie").

<sup>43</sup> *Minima Sinica* 2/1990, p.106 "Grün, Gelb, Grau (Green, Yellow, Grey)," Liang Xihua: *Siba ji* (From the Hermitage), Taipei: Yuandong, 1985, p. 120 ("Lü, huang, hui").

<sup>44</sup> "Schwarz, Weiß, Grau (Black, White, Grey)," in: *Minima Sinica* 2/1991, pp. 121-123; *LXHXJ*, pp. 113-114 ("Hei, bai, hui").

<sup>45</sup> *LXHXJ*, pp. 117-118 ("Si yu shanzhong").

<sup>46</sup> *Minima Sinica* 2/1991, p. 126 "Über Leben and Tod (On Life and Death)," *LXHXJ*, p.116 ("Yu sisheng").

<sup>47</sup> *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung. Magazine*, 3 December, 1993, p. 30 (questionnaire).

<sup>48</sup> Cf. his book of the same title, Munich: Beck, 1991, especially pp. 13-37.

<sup>49</sup> Liang Xihua: *Wo wei shan kuang* (The Fool of the Mountains), Hong Kong: Xiangjiang Chuban Gongsì, 1989, pp. 105-115.

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