Etiam distincti membra poetas

DAI WANGSHU
DAI WANGSHU:
THE LIFE AND POETRY OF A CHINESE MODERNIST

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ABSTRACT

Dai Wangshu as a poet and a personality made a controversial and lasting impact on the Chinese literary world of the 1930s and 1940s. Since the 1950s, however, many literary figures of the time have suffered neglect because they are not easily categorized as belonging to the orthodoxies of Left or Right. This has been so in Dai Wangshu's case. Moreover, there is also genuine confusion about Dai's political and literary beliefs.

This thesis aims to revaluate Dai's position in the canon of modern Chinese literature and, by chronicling his literary, political and personal life, to present a comprehensive picture and correct current misconceptions.

There is a biographical emphasis as a result of much new information uncovered in the course of the author's research. The approach is chronological and covers Dai's early involvement in poetry and politics in late 1920s Shanghai, the process of intellectual sophistication and expansion in Europe, his anti-Japanese stance during the war period in Hong Kong and the final years of poetic silence leading up to his premature death in Peking, in 1950.

Dai's poetry is treated in terms of theme, language and form to reveal the poet's growth and progression of style. The extent of the poet's retention of classical Chinese poetic elements and the assimilation of Western post-Symbolist and other poetic influences are assessed in order to arrive at the essence of the poet's style, to examine its effectiveness as a modern medium for the expression of poetic thought and to decide the appropriateness of the label 'Modernist'. The definition of Modernism is thus broached and discussed.

Previously unconsulted material such as letters, diary fragments and manuscripts have been exploited and in the discussion of Dai's poetry and the literary and political questions of his day, extensive use has been made of correspondence and interviews conducted in China.
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INTRODUCTION

I started to take more than a general interest in Dai Wangshu, while participating in Professor D.E. Pollard's poetry course while an undergraduate. Apart from the fact that Dai's poetry was qualitatively different from that of most of modern Chinese poets, what attracted me more was the poet's apparent interest in the modern poetry of France and, to a lesser extent, of Spain. Chinese Government-British Council postgraduate scholarships held at the University of Peking from 1979 to 1981 and 1982-1983, gave me the opportunity to follow up this interest and I determined to discover to what extent Dai Wangshu had drawn on foreign influences. French poetry, in particular, had had a tremendous influence on modern Chinese poets of the 1920s and 1930s and I was anxious to discover what in particular had encouraged Dai in his relatively freer and more Modernist inclinations, while most modern Chinese poets were moving towards a Realist mode of expression. Evidently the French poets that Dai had chosen to emulate were not of the same ilk as those that others had taken as their models. In addition there was doubtless something in the personal and political make-up of Dai the man, that impelled him along his unique path.
While quite a lot has now been written in European languages about modern Chinese literature, there has been very little written about Dai Wangshu and others like him. In China, he has to a large extent been ignored. Since the beginning of the 1980s, however, the picture has started to change, and both in China and Hong Kong selections of his writings and critical articles have started to appear, although many of these have kept up a negative criticism of the majority of the poet's work. That Dai Wangshu has brought something unique to the growth of modern Chinese poetry has now, sometimes reluctantly, been admitted.

Because of the dearth of both biographical data and literary criticism concerning Dai Wangshu and his poetry I have decided to attempt to discuss both the life and work of the poet. A further problem has been the lack of critical explanation of Chinese Modernism. If it existed what was it? Western literature is far from revealing about the nature of Modernism in general and most attempts to define the Movement are only partial accounts. I have therefore considered it necessary to include a chapter on Modernism in general and how it may be perceived in the Chinese context.

The thesis therefore falls into seven chapters: three biographical, one central chapter dealing with Modernism, and three dealing with Dai Wangshu's poetic corpus.
In selecting poems for discussion, I have attempted to choose those poems which show both the strengths and weaknesses of the poet's craft, and those which best reveal the course of the poet's growth.

Previously attention has mainly been focused on the poet's earlier verses and except where I have found undiscovered points of interest I have observed a highly selective approach and opted for a detailed discussion of appropriate poems rather than a general survey of them all.

As for the critical approach I have adopted a magpie-like method. Since Dai's poetic growth encompasses preoccupations with, and later distaste for form, assimilation of foreign poetry and a concentration on certain thematic trends, I have attempted to parallel that growth with appropriate critical perceptions. To that end the reader will find detailed practical criticism of some of the early poems, attempts to uncover foreign influences which range from location of specific borrowings to a discussion of cultural and social similarities, and a more biographical approach to the poet's later poems which for the most part deal with the poet's own predicaments.

As for the foreign influences the reader will perhaps be surprised at the relatively less well known poets whom Dai Wangshu chose to admire and emulate. This in part explains the distinction between Dai's poetry and other Chinese poets influenced by
the French.

Throughout the literary chapters I have taken for my main approach the uncovering and explanation of the specific and general nature of Dai Wangshu's Modernism, whether it be in technique, mood or theme.

As to sources, the greatest difficulty encountered was in discovering the facts about the poet's life, in Shanghai, France, Spain, Hong Kong and Peking. Many misconceptions and much confusion lay in the path of this investigation.

As very little of Dai's life had been documented, I set about finding the truth by contacting the poet's acquaintances whether in China or France and was pleasantly surprised at their response. Professor Shi Zhecun (a neglected though substantial writer in his own right) and Professor Wu Xiaoling, longstanding friends of the poet, were particularly anxious to help as was the now famous French man of letters Etiemble. I have counted it a piece of extreme good fortune to have been able to talk to and correspond with these men of undoubted integrity who were happy and willing to document the facts.

As a result, many of the sources used, both in biographical and literary chapters, are unpublished: the information coming from letters and interviews, several of them tape recorded. In addition I have also been extremely fortunate in gaining access to hitherto unknown and unpublished letters and manuscripts; copies and translations of which are
appended to this thesis.

As to the bibliography, I have listed both books and articles cited and background material not quoted in the text. I have rifled and adapted the literary theories of others, especially those of the British literary critic, David Lodge. The books of Nadezhda Mandelstam also proved a great inspiration.

Dai Wangshu's cosmopolitan life and the times through which he lived, have necessitated recourse to works on European literary and political history, a reading of which undoubtedly clarifies the politico-literary events of pre-War China.

Dai Wangshu's poetry has for much of the last thirty-five years been ignored or condemned. Recent trends in China happily hold the promise of a more objective and considered 'revaluation' of his work. It is hoped that the reader will find this thesis a small contribution to that 'revaluation'.
CHAPTER I

POET IN THE MAKING

1905-1932

Childhood and Youth

We poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof comes in the end despondency
and madness.

Wordsworth, Resolution and Independence

Born Dai Meng'ou 彭梦鸥 near Hangzhou, in the district of Hangxian, Zhejiang, in the year 1905 during the death-throes of the Manchu Empire, Dai Wangshu had a comparatively privileged childhood. His father was a branch manager of the Bank of China, an occupation which, while not attracting a large salary, nevertheless afforded certain advantages. Dai Licheng 彭立诚 was frequently feted and entertained by clients of the bank and thus managed to sustain a fairly comfortable standard of living.¹

Dai attended high school in Hangzhou—the Zongwen zhongxue 宗文中学— together with Shi Zhecun 施蛰存 and Du Heng 杜衡 who were to be his friends and literary associates for many years.² It was during the last year or two at school that these three discovered a passion for writing and publishing. In
the spring of 1922 Dai, Du Heng and Shi Zhecun, who had already started his higher education at Zhijiang University, together with Zhang Tianyi, who was to become a celebrated writer of fiction, launched a small literary magazine. Unfortunately none of its founders can remember the title and no copies survive.  

Dai had not yet started to write or publish poetry. His first literary efforts, still extant, are to be found in Hong zazhi; they amount to little more than a couple of humorous anecdotes in dialogue form. His next contribution to this magazine was no more serious, consisting of a series of two line jokes in the form of puns. Both pieces were published under his real name: Dai Meng'ou.

His next published piece of writing was a short story, presented under the heading: 'Five Minute-Short Story'. It appeared in the magazine Banyue.  

In 1923 Dai graduated from high school and enrolled in Shanghai University where he majored in Chinese literature. He also attended classes in English together with Ding Ling. The class was taught by, the later famous, Mao Dun who during the Anti-Japanese War liaised with Dai in the organization of Chinese writers in Hong Kong.

Between 1922 and 1924 Dai, according to his friend Du Heng, turned his hand to writing New Poetry. It was also during this period that Dai took an increas-
ing interest in foreign, and in particular French, literature, an interest which fascinated him to such an extent that he transferred to Shanghai's Aurore University—a Jesuit institution which ran a special one year intensive course in French, *le cours spécial*. This was a course which leaned heavily on rote learning and extensive reading of texts. As a consequence, Dai's reading ability was good but his fluency in the spoken language was somewhat limited.11

These university years were to be very influential throughout his life. Dai's love of French literature would colour his literary ideas until the very end of his writing career. Nevertheless Dai's grounding in Chinese literature was not wasted; during the 1940s he wrote numerous articles on classical literature. The double foundation of French and Chinese literature would later be evident in his creative writing.

1926 was a year of considerable activity for the young student. Dai joined the Communist Youth League and carried out basic propaganda work with Shi Zhecun: distributing leaflets and the like.12 In the spring, Du Heng, Shi Zhecun and Liu Na'ou collaborated with Dai on a little magazine scheduled to appear three times a month. The title of the magazine was *Yingluo xunkan* [Jade necklace tri-monthly]. The publication ran to four issues, from 17 March 1926 to 17 April 1926.13 Although enjoying but a short life the magazine nevertheless provides a useful
source for research into Dai's early work, containing the first examples of Dai's poetry in print.

In each of the first three issues of the magazine, one of Dai's poems appeared, respectively: 'Ning lei chu men' (Stopping the tears I leave home); 'Liulangren zhi yege' (Wanderer's night song); 'Kezhi' (It's plain). All three poems appear in Dai's first volume of verse, Wo de jiyi [My memory], which appeared several years later in 1929.

The poems are technically archetypal of his early phase: the single irregular end rhymes, the reduplicated adjectives, the literary Chinese tendencies.

First publishing poems in magazines was to develop into an established practice which would span the length of the poet's career. In the subsequent transition from magazine to anthology the poems would often be further polished and occasionally punctuation and vocabulary would be altered—the three poems mentioned above were all to some extent revised before inclusion in Wo de jiyi.

However, it was more likely to have been necessity rather than preference that led a young poet like Dai to publish poetry in small magazines run by friends. Even the work of well-known poets was not often enthusiastically taken up by established publishers, who could make quicker and larger profits from churning out popular light fiction. Indeed, poets often had to resort to publishing their work themselves, which was naturally
Apart from poems, Dai contributed a three-part detailed review of a selection of French poems, translated into Chinese, to the fledging *Yingluo xunkan*.

The selection, *Xianhe ji* [Immortal streams] had appeared in *Xusheng* and was compiled and translated by a professor of French literature at South-Eastern University, a certain Li Sichun 李思纯 who had studied in Europe for five years, living in the Latin Quarter of Paris for three years.

Dai found the inaccuracies and the apparent departure from the literal sense in Mr. Li's translations so annoying that he took the time to criticize several of the translated poems meticulously. He even went so far as to write:

> Not only is the translator not conversant with French, but not even his Chinese is sufficiently lucid.

While Dai's slightly immodest and enthusiastic condemnation of another's efforts at translation may not be entirely justified, the fact that Dai undertook this review indicates the young poet's admiration for French poetry and his apparent facility in the French language. Neither are his comments entirely unwarranted as a criticism of literal translation. Mr. Li evidently was not a literal-minded translator, Dai on the other hand had definite ideas about the art and execution of translation.
The short-lived publication also contained translations of Paul Verlaine and Heinrich Heine, indicating a discerning acquaintance with modern European poetry on the part of the young editors. The summer of 1927 brought these early literary activities of Dai to an end as the excessively severe wholesale anti-Communist purges of Chiang Kai-shek (Jiang Jieshi) obliged Dai to withdraw from University and go into hiding. According to one source, Dai had already been arrested and briefly detained in March of that year.

The enforced exile, in the company of his friends, while preventing any further publishing ventures, at least gave Dai the opportunity to concentrate on writing and translating. The literary efforts resulting from the flight of 1927 would supply much material for publication in the subsequent year.

In 1928 the friends re-grouped in Shanghai and Dai occupied himself solely with writing, translating and publishing. During the year Dai's output of printed poetry was considerable and moreover went a long way to establishing his reputation.

At this time Dai became involved with the most ambitious project he and his associates had yet contemplated: the founding of a publishing house, Diyi xian shudian [First line bookshop]. The collaborators were Shi Zhecun and Liu Na'ou. The company was later re-named and re-established as the better known Shuimo shudian.
Rainy Alley Poet

Never durst poet touch a pen to write.
Until his ink were temper'd with
Love's sighs.
Shakespeare, Love’s Labours Lost

Although Dai and his friends had established a publishing company, they did not succeed in producing a publication until later in 1928. Dai therefore was still obliged to submit his work to other already established magazines.

Translations of a short story by Blasco Ibanez and two poems by the French neo-Symbolist Paul Fort appeared in Weiming 〈未名〉, a northern based magazine closely associated with Lu Xun.23

In August 1928 what was to become Dai Wangshu's most famous poem was, along with five other poems, published in Xiaoshuo yuebao.24 The six poems—the first Dai had in print in over two years—were all subsequently included in Wo de jiyi, in the first of its three sections, "Jiu jinnang" 旧锦囊— except for 'Yuxiang' 雨巷 (Rainy alley) which was the title poem of the second section of the volume.25

The poems, 'Caohua de lei' 残花的泪 (Tears of faded blossoms); 'Jingye' 静夜 (Quiet night); 'Zijia shanggan' 自家伤感 (Self-lament); 'Xiyangxia' 夕陽下 (Under the setting sun) and 'Fragments'— original title:
later the poem appeared with a Chinese title— were all significant poems but the one which captured the imagination of the young poetry reading public was 'Rainy alley'. Eventually, it was this poem— its style, its imagery, its Symbolist associations—which Chinese readers would identify with Dai Wangshu and Modernism.

At the age of twenty-three with a handful of poems to his name, and with one in particular making an impact, Dai Wangshu's reputation as a modern poet of some importance was established.

Dai and his friends launched their magazine Wu gui lieche [Trackless train] on 10 September 1928, its success assured by the popularity of 'Rainy alley' and the contributions of Dai to the new publication.

In the first issue were published the poems 'Lu shang de xiao yu' (A little chat on the road) and 'Ye shi' (Night is). Translations of two French short stories by Paul Morand appeared in the fourth issue. A further translation of Paul Fort's verse was published in the fifth issue.

The last two months of 1928 and the first month of 1929 saw the publication of five poems which, while retaining thematic similarities with his earlier work, show a certain growth in poetic vision. In November 'Du zi de shihou' (When alone) appeared; in December 'Duan zhi' (Severed finger); and 'Duiyu
tian de huaixiangbing 对乎天的想郣症 (Homesickness for the sky); in January the title-poem of the volume "My memory" and 'Qiutian 秋天 (Autumn). 31

In the space of six months thirteen poems had been published in some of the most prestigious literary magazines of the day. The way was paved for the publication of Dai Wangshu's first collection: Wo de jiyi [My memory]. 32 At a time when New Poetry was far from gaining complete acceptance, the success of Dai's first volume was considerable when measured by popular demand; a success evidenced by the size of the print-run: the first impression ran to one thousand copies, as did the second six months later. 33

In the same month, April, Shuimo shudian published Dai's translation of Ovid's Amores — translated from the French. 34 What effect a close reading of Ovid's classic had on his own poetic sentiments is hard to judge. Less earthy and more in tune with the emotions of Wo de jiyi is his translation of the thirteenth-century French romance Aucassin et Nicolette, an anonymous work, unusual in that prose alternates with verse. The story concerns two young aristocratic lovers who after a long and troublesome separation are finally united. 35

The demise of Wugui lieshe — it was because of views expressed in this magazine that the Diyi xian shudian was obliged to be wound up, but only nominally as the establishment merely changed its name to become the Shuimo shudian — in December of the previous year left
the group temporarily without a forum; not until September 1929 did Shi Zhecun launch a new periodical, the monthly *Xin wenyi* which brought together the work of Dai Wangshu, Liu Na'ou and Mu Shiying. 36

The first number of *Xin wenyi* carried several of Francis Jammes' poems, translated with introductory notes by Dai. 37 This was the second neo-Symbolist poet to have attracted Dai's admiration—the first being Paul Fort. This issue also included the first instalment of a serialized translation of Colette's *Chéri*. 38

The second number carried two poems later to be included in Dai's second volume of poetry: *Wangshu cao* Rough drafts of Wangshu] which appeared in 1933. 39 The two poems, 'Dao wo zheli lai' (Come over here to me) and 'Jiri' (Day of sacrifice), while still maintaining the thematic trends of earlier poems—disappointment, melancholy and hopelessness—do nevertheless show a marked difference in several ways. 'Come over here to me', for instance, is much more explicit and sensuous in its imagery of love and the tone more intimate.

Dai's other contribution to this issue, a translation of two stories by the celebrated Spaniard, Azorin, shows a widening of interest in European literature. 40 Furthermore, Dai would enjoy reading and translating Azorin for many years and while in France Dai corresponded with the author and received a warm and gracious acknowledgement together with permission to trans-
late and publish at will.\(^{41}\)

The first published reactions to *Wo de jiyi* appeared during November 1929.\(^{42}\) Apart from readers' letters, the main piece was written by Zhu Xiang, poet and critic, who picks out for comment the poems he finds most pleasing. In fact the piece was little more than a congratulatory letter from one poet to another and lacks any deep critical appraisal. Zhu Xiang concludes his comments by saying that he finds Dai's volume of poetry encouraging and that there is no reason at all to be "pessimistic about the future of New Poetry, the only sad thing is that too few people understand it!" 芸术的前途并非可悲观的，可悲观的是懂得新诗的人太少了!\(^{43}\)

*Political Poet?*

The four months December 1929 to March 1930 afford definite evidence of Dai's left-wing leanings. In the December issue of *Xiaoshuo yuebao* we find the first of several articles dealing with Marxism and literature.\(^{44}\) Admittedly the article in question represents an unorthodox view of the place of Marxism in the literary sphere but it nevertheless indicates that Dai was thinking over the role of politics in literature. It is also significant that this article should have been submitted to *Xiaoshuo yuebao* since at the time the magazine was something of a forum for left-wing writers. Dai reserved his poetry and translations for
his own journal—the poems 'Shaonü' (Young girl) and 'Fanyou' (Troubled) in the December number and a translated selection of the poetry of Paul Fort in the January 1930 issue.45

In March 1930 Dai published two poems which were completely out of character and were never included in any anthology of Dai's verse while he was alive.46 The unique nature of the two poems lies in the fact that they are both of a popular or leftist bent out of tune thematically with the poetry Dai was writing at the time; see for instance the two poems mentioned above and the two poems published soon after: 'Bachongzi' (Ya-e-ko) and 'Wode sumiao' (A simple sketch of myself).47

The first of the two poems, 'Women de xiao muqin' (Our little mother) eulogizes the machine predicting that it will be turned to the advantage of ordinary people rather than being the instrument of their oppression and thus should not be thought ill of. The second poem, 'Liu shui' (Flowing water) may be seen symbolically as representing the progressive forces of social history flowing onwards incessantly over all would-be obstacles.

The great significance of these poems is not in their literary merit or lack of it, but in the fact that their existence, and the date of their composition, belies the usual contemporary Chinese critical standpoint on Dai's literary and political career: that it
was not in fact until much later—during the period of Anti-Japanese Resistance—that Dai shed, as the critics see it, his despondent bourgeois individualism pervading his life and work and became a progressive and concerned writer. Narrow and over-simplified opinions such as the following abound:

Because the poet did not throw himself directly into the real social struggle, the fast-flowing current of the times, he inevitably hid in a little alleyway of individualism...When the Anti-Japanese War broke out...he awoke.

This is the standard politico-literary line on Dai Wangshu. But the two poems in question, serve to cast doubt—leaving aside the suitability of the judgment itself—on such straightforward periodization of, in Chinese terms, the poet's politically progressive awakening.

This point was emphasized by Shi Zhecun when interviewed:

...these two poems are useful as far as Dai Wangshu is concerned, because now people say that it seems that Dai Wangshu only became progressive after 1940 during the Anti-Japanese Resistance, but these two poems refute that.

Shi Zhecun also points out that to try and determine a person's political thinking by the content of his creative work is hazardous and not a practical path worthy of pursuit.
While in retrospect it may seem to have been only good politics to have written and published poetry in such a vein, it would seem that Dai’s motivation was somewhat more altruistic. In the same issue of *Xin wenyi* several other articles and pieces written by Dai indicate his increasing interest in Marxism and progressive tendencies: for example, a piece on the British working class literary movement and another reporting the International Worker’s Drama Conference.\(^{51}\)

There is further evidence of Dai’s political involvement at this time. Not two weeks earlier Dai and Du Heng had attended the founding meeting of the Chinese League of Left Wing Writers—a fact until recently not widely publicized by Chinese critics and literary historians.\(^{52}\) Also little mentioned has been the fact that Dai had been active as a member of the Communist Youth League; a fact which led directly to his flight from Shanghai in 1927.

Over the succeeding few years Dai and his associates Du Heng and Shi Zhecun became more and more critical of the League and its policies, but in 1930 Dai was still quite enthusiastic about broadly left-wing literary discussions and activities. For a while Dai seems to have been interested in Soviet literature and literary theories—interested but not convinced.

It was still possible for League members to have diverse opinions at this point in its history. Coherent and dogmatic policies were yet to be formulated;
the absence of complete Communist Party discipline and control at this stage gave a relatively free hand to the organization's adherents.

Meanwhile Dai's literary ventures were suffering certain setbacks. In April 1930 Xin wenyi was forced to close and apart from a couple of poems published in June, Dai published no further poetry in 1930. Translations of fiction and literary theory seemed to occupy Dai during 1930. In March a collection of short stories by Azorin appeared, followed in May by a contemporary Soviet novel by Libedinski—translated via the French. In August, after selected sections of the work had already appeared in various magazines, the full translated text of Marc Ickowicz's *La littérature à la lumière du matérialisme historique* was finally published.

In December 1930 an essay entitled "On Mayakovskiy's Death" appeared in Xiaoshuo yuebao. The fact that Dai broached such a subject would seem to indicate that he was not totally convinced by the official versions of Soviet literary life. Apart from considering the Russian's life and works and investigating the reasons for his death, the article also mentions Marinetti, the Italian Futurist who later became an exponent of Mussolini's fascism, Constanovitch Meyerhold and Esenin—another Russian poet who, torn between the vision of the past and the romantic revolutionary present, drifted into alcoholism and like
Mayakovsky eventually committed suicide. Apart from indicating a certain scepticism about the position of writers in the new Soviet state, the article underlines Dai's fascination with European literary personalities, movements and political associations. This fascination remained with Dai—expressed in his translations of numerous essays and poems—for the rest of his life.

1931 was a rather fallow year as far as Dai's creative and translating work was concerned. Eleven poems were published altogether throughout the year—not an insignificant number when judged against his output in later years—and only one translation. Very little information about Dai's other activities during the year is available. It is known, however, that some time during 1931 he made a trip to Peking to see if anything could be done about the pirating of Shuimo shudian's books. Pirating was a common practice at the time with central government control intermittently non-existent and recourse to prosecution costly and ineffective. The mission was unsuccessful but Dai did meet Luo Dagang 罗大冈 who was studying French in Peking and who would be Dai's room-mate in Lyons a year or so later.

Of the poems Dai published in 1931, nine appeared in Xiaoshuo yuebao; in the January issue: 'Qiutian de meng' 秋天的梦 (Autumn dream) and 'Lao zhi jiangzhi' 老之将至 (Old age will soon arrive); in February: 'Dan lianzhe' 单恋者 (Unrequited lover); and then after a gap
of seven months a flurry of half a dozen poems: 'Cungu' (Country girl), 'San ding li' (Three acts of worship), 'Eryue' (February), 'Wo de lianren' (Yesterday evening) which were exceptionally, not included in subsequent anthologies appeared in the same month in the League of Left Wing Writers organ Beidou ions; they develop the familiar themes of solitude and love.

At the beginning of 1932, however, Dai openly appears to differ with the orthodox literary theories of the organized left. In a short piece written for a feature in Beidou which comprised the views of various, mainly left wing, writers on the reasons for the stagnation to be found in current creative writing and what should be done about it, Dai's own viewpoint indicates a distinct distancing from the more or less official League line that had emerged over the previous year.

By picking up on the League's favourite demand: that works should display realism, Dai made some very
astute and incisive observations on the problems of young writers who attempted to write in a 'realistic' vein:

The problem with the literary creation of authors to-day is that, with a few exceptions, they all display two weaknesses. The first is a lack of experience of life, so that their works often appear unrealistic, just like something made out of papier mâché. They know nothing about the life of the proletariat, neither do they know about the life of the bourgeoisie, and yet they still insist on writing this kind of thing, leading people to react in an adverse way. The second weakness is immaturity in technique. I think that at present there are several authors who need to go straight back to the beginning and start again with a, b, c and constructing sentences. They do not have the ability to produce a piece of coherent writing,...

This straightforward and stringent criticism gives some idea of Dai's strict standards in literary considerations. It also illuminates Dai's attitude towards the maladroit efforts of some leftist authors to write 'realistic' literature.

It is however the last paragraph of Dai's piece which really highlights the fact that Dai resented the interference of the 'esteemed' critics and also proves that a real rift had taken place, since the League's inception, between the League's chiefs and those of a
more independent mind who nevertheless felt themselves to be politically left-wing.

Most criticism of modern literary efforts came from the League at this time but Dai's point refers not only to the left but to anyone who would try to restrict the right of the individual to write as he saw fit, free from excessive pressure whether from left or right:

I hope that the esteemed critics will not insist that everyone adopt the correct [political] line of thinking on any given issue; this would be both impossible and futile.

Dai is here stressing that the spirit of political consciousness is to be preferred to the strict laying down of the literary law in an officious manner. It must be said however that not even the spirit had any noticeable manifestation in Dai's own creative work.

The month of January 1932 was the last month of publication for most literary magazines. The suspension of the left-wing literary debate was likewise an inevitable consequence of the attack on the great metropolis of Shanghai by Japanese armed forces.

After the January 28 Incident the Shuimo shudian ceased operations, Liu Na'ou left for Japan—the poem 'Qian ye' 前夜 (The night before) refers to this—, Shi Zhecun returned to Songjiang and Dai and Du Heng return-
For three months hostilities raged, wrecking the economic and cultural life of the city. Almost every magazine and periodical had ceased publication.

By 1932 Dai had made his mark as a poet, asserted his artistic independence and worked out his political standpoint vis à vis the League of Left Wing Writers. The heyday for Dai and his friends was shortly to come with the establishment of the magazine Xiandai "現代" or Les Contemporains.

For Dai himself there lay ahead the invigorating experience of a sojourn in France and Spain at a time when the ferment of political and literary activity was no less effervescent than in China.
Fig. 1 Francis Jammes
Fig. 2 Paul Fort
Fig. 3 Shi Zhecun
Fig. 4. Xianda Cover Illustration
CHAPTER II

VOYAGES AND DISCOVERIES

1932-1935

The Launching of Xiandai

A man must carry knowledge with him, if he would bring home knowledge.

Boswell's Life of Johnson

The three years 1932-1935 saw a steady increase in the prestige and influence of Dai Wangshu and his friends, coinciding with a temporary eclipse of the established literary left.

The magazine Xiandai "現代", which also carried the French title Les Contemporains, edited by Shi Zhe-cun, made a great impact not merely because of its literary quality but also because it was one of the few literary periodicals which managed to survive the political vicissitudes of the period and thus attracted articles, short stories and poems from many talented writers, among whom were Ai Qing, Mao Dun and Ba Jin.

The group of friends also found themselves in the midst of a literary-political storm, the main protagonists of which were Lu Xun and Qu Qiubai, on the one hand, and Du Heng and Dai Wangshu on the
other. Dai himself making his contribution to the debate from Lyons and Paris where he lived and studied for the greater part of this period.

In France, Dai met many intellectuals and writers and was apparently in the good grace of the French leftists.

In March, or possibly April, 1932 Shi Zhecun was invited by the proprietors of Xiandai shuju [the Modern Book Company] to produce an apolitical literary magazine. (The choice of title for the magazine may have been one of convenience.)

The new magazine eventually appeared in May 1932 and included five new poems by Dai: 'Guoshi' (Out of date); 'Yinxiang' 印象 (Impressions); 'Qian ye' 前夜 (The night before); 'Kuanbu' 款步 (Leisurely stroll) and 'You zeng' 有赠 (In tribute). The latter poem provided the inspiration for the lyrics of a famous 1930s popular song called 'Chu lian' 初恋 (First love).

Yet another of Azorin's short stories was translated by Dai for inclusion in the founding issue of the magazine, together with a translation of a story by another famous Spanish writer, Ayala. The former story appeared under Dai's pen-name, Jiang Si 江思, probably to conceal the fact that so much of the magazine consisted of Dai's own contributions.

The third issue saw four more poems of Dai's published: 'Youzi yao' 游子谣 (Ballad of a traveller);
'Qiu ying' 秋蝇 (Autumn fly); 'Yexingzhe' 夜行者 (Night walker) and 'Weici' 微 辟 (Concealed criticism). Also in this issue was a short story, translated by Dai, written by the French Communist intellectual, who, aside from being editor of L'Humanité, was the French Communist representative to the Franco-Chinese friendship organization, Amis du Peuple Chinois, in which capacity he visited China. Vaillant-Couturier would be a close associate of Dai in France where the two co-operated on several projects.

In the same issue there is an interesting interview with Marinetti, the Italian futurist that appears under one of Dai's pen-names: Jiang Si. In fact this turns out to be a translation of an interview culled from a newspaper.

In the October and November issues six new poems were published. In October: 'Qiebo' 秋薄 (A woman's fate is cruel) and 'Shaonian xing' 少年行 (Ways of youth). In November: 'Leyuan niao' 樂園鳥 (Bird of paradise); 'Xunmengzhe' 暴夢者 (Dream seeker); 'Deng' 燈 (Lamp) and 'Shenbi de yuanzi' 神鄙的園子 (Secluded garden). Thus fifteen of the poems to be included in Dai's second collection had first appeared over a six month period in the pages of Xiandai. These were the last poems for three years to appear in a Chinese literary magazine—until the appearance of Dai's own magazine Xiandai shi-feng 《現代詩風》 in October 1935. While in France Dai submitted only manuscripts of translations to magazines.
in China.

Also in November the publishers of Xiandai, the Xiandai shuju, brought out a novel, translated by Dai via the French, by the Soviet author Vsevoled Ivanov. The work Bronepoyezd 14-69 (Бронепоезд 14-69) [Armoured train No.14-69] was popular in the Soviet Union at the time and was also successfully turned into a long-running play. 9

But by the time this latest translation was published Dai was already well on his way to France.

France

Dai set sail for France on 9 October 1932 and kept a detailed diary of the voyage. The diary provides a full account of the day of departure and Dai's subsequent experiences and adventures. [A copy of the manuscript with notes and translation is appended. See appendix I.]

Dai left behind a flourishing magazine—much of the credit for which was his—and a firm reputation as a poet. He also left behind many close friends and his fiancée, Shi Zhecun's sister, Jiangnian who had been the object of Dai's attentions for several years.

Several of the poems in the collection Wo de jiyi were written with Jiangnian in mind and indeed the entire volume is dedicated to her; the dedication reads: "A Jeanne", which was the French name she adopted. 10

Shortly after Dai left China, Jiangnian made it
clear to her brother that she wanted no more to do with the poet, but Shi, fearing Dai's reaction kept it from him throughout his stay in France. One of the reasons for her discontent appears to have been Dai's precarious financial and social position; an anxiety shared by his father, Dai Licheng, who worried that Dai did not have a stable income or occupation. Shi's sister eventually eloped with a refrigerator salesman, presumably thus finding the financial and social standing she required.

Dai arrived in France in November 1932, but until the end of 1933 around November or December his movements and whereabouts in France can only be roughly determined. From December 1933 onwards we are fortunate enough to have some surviving correspondence—letters from Etiemble, Abbé Duperray, Azorin and others—which furnish useful information about Dai's activities. [For facsimiles of letters and translations see appendix II.]

Also of great assistance are the recollections of Dai's room-mate in Lyons.

According to Shi Zhecun, Dai went straight to the Institut Franco-Chinois—中法大学, a constituent unit of the University of Lyons—and later visited Paris. But several pieces of evidence seem to contradict this. Luo Dagang, who arrived in France in October or November 1933—a year later than Dai—and shared a room with Dai Wangshu at the Institut—which in fact was little more than a dormitory for Chinese students studying at the University of Lyons—thinks that Dai
only came to Lyons because he could no longer afford to live in Paris.

Dai enrolled at Lyons on 1 October 1933, Luo Dagang on 17 November 1933. Luo recalls that Dai was to have met him at the railway station on arrival in Lyons, but being indisposed sent another student in his place.

Dai therefore spent his first year in France, living and studying in Paris which was a thriving centre of literary and intellectual activity at the time. That Dai was obliged to transfer to Lyons because of his financial difficulties and had no real desire to reside there is further evidenced by a letter he wrote to Ye Lingfeng on 5 March 1933, in which Dai indicates he had not been to Lyons and had no intention of moving there on a permanent basis:

I haven't used that letter of introduction you gave me yet, because I haven't been to Lyons. I might go down there for a trip during the latter part of the year.

While in Paris, because of his interest in Spanish literature, Dai enrolled at the Berlitz language school and took a course in Spanish. Shi Zhecun also believes Dai attended classes at the Sorbonne and in a form filled in by Dai himself he writes that he attended the University of Paris.

While in Paris Dai met a number of aspiring and established writers and men of letters including
Eugène Jolas, André Breton, Max Jacob and Etiemble. With the latter Dai developed a close working relationship. Etiemble was interested in Chinese language and literature and the two co-operated on translation projects as can be seen from Etiemble's correspondence with Dai. [See appendix II.] Supervielle, a poet whom Dai admired greatly, was interviewed by Dai in 1935. 18

Literature and Politics

1933 was a crucial year in the political history of Europe and Dai arrived in France just as the intellectual community was becoming increasingly concerned at the prospect of the spread of fascism. Mussolini had already been in power for several years and in January 1933 Hitler became Chancellor of the German Reich. The persecution of writers and artists in Germany swiftly followed and in France the reaction of left-wing intellectuals, with Communist Party impetus, was to establish the Association des Écrivains et Artistes Révolutionnaires (AEAR). It was under the aegis of this organization that Vaillant-Couturier set up a rally to be addressed by famous speakers from the literary and artistic world. Dai was invited to attend and later produced an account of the occasion for Xiandai. 19

Speakers at the meeting included Paul Eluard and André Malraux, but the main attraction of the
evening was André Gide.

Dai was impressed by the show of solidarity displayed by these figures and in particular by the fact that a non-Communist writer such as Gide could apparently be both willing to support the Communists and be enthusiastically welcomed by them and not be rated for not following the 'correct' line.

Dai seemed to savour the common sense of this arrangement and in his article asserts the writer's independence:

Although last year the rumour spread that Gide had joined the Communist Party, in fact ... ever since 1891 when he published his first famous work... he has throughout been a man loyal to his art.

Dai continues:

Nevertheless a writer loyal to his art is not necessarily a bourgeoisie 'flunkey'; France's revolutionary writers do not hold that kind of unenlightened opinion...

This last statement is an obvious jibe at China's League of Left Wing Writers with whom Dai is comparing France's A.E.A.R. Dai's position, then was one of asserting the writer's independence to write as he wished while giving political support outside of writing to the Party. But was Dai correct in thinking that such a position was acceptable
to the Communist Party, any Communist Party, in the 1930s and was he right in believing that the French leftist literary establishment was so much more tolerant than that in China? Moreover could the writer really operate on two planes, as Dai seemed to believe?

It is well known that Gide had had a long and erratic flirtation with Communism, which for him had associations with Christianity, and yet had never felt at ease with this attachment.

In fact there were tensions under the surface that Dai was naturally not privy to. While in China unorthodox leftist writers might be criticized in public, in France the tactic seemed to be one of private pressure and persuasion. Of this rally, for instance, which Dai thought so highly of—there exists a different account which casts doubt on Gide's attitude to collaboration and participation. A close confidante of Gide, Maria van Rysselberghe, provides the background to this rally in her published notebooks. It appears that Gide was very strongly coerced into participating in the event. He was extremely apprehensive of being engagé and not being able to think and write independently. Indeed several days before the rally took place, he had written an apology for his absence to be published in L'Humanité, but after a telephone conversation with Vaillant-Couturier Gide relented. Nevertheless, even after speaking at the popular meeting he still had grave doubts about the wisdom of his
action, worrying that it involved him too much "and
when I say that I do not mean physically, I'm talking
about my thinking." 24

Dai could not have known of Gide's personal
agonizing and no doubt was not enlightened by his
acquaintance Vaillant-Couturier. From Gide's earlier
pronouncements the reasons for Dai's empathy with him
are understandable. In 1932 Gide had written:

J'en suis venu à souhaiter de tout mon
cœur la déroute du capitalisme et de
tout ce qui se tapit à son ombre...

[I have come to wish most heartily for
the upset of capitalism and everything
that lurks in its shadow...]

Here Gide is talking of a utopian communism as a re-
placement for the corruption of capitalism. He contin-
ues:

Un communiste bien compris a besoin de
favoriser les individus de valeur, de
tirer parti de toutes les valeurs de
l'individu, d'obtenir le meilleur
rendement de chacun. Et l'individu-
isme bien compris n'a pas à s'opposer
to ce qui mettrait tout à sa place et
en valeur.

[A well understood communism needs to
favour worthwhile individuals, to take
advantage of all of the individual's
values, to get the best output from
everyone. And well understood indivi-
dualism has no reason to be opposed
to what would put everything in its
place and bring out its value.]

This was the kind of pronouncement with which
Dai would have sympathized and Communist Party theori-
eticians abhored. From what Dai's friends relate Dai
was a warm-hearted man, generous and with a dislike of injustice. As for Dai's political beliefs, Shi Zhecun asserts that Dai was a leftist all his life.\(^{27}\) As for the period of time in question we have Etiemble's testament that Dai's political attitude was "unyielding, very orthodox".\(^{28}\) For instance Dai took a typical Communist Party dislike to Trotsky:

> Très violemment hostile à Trotsky, que je défendais, admirais, moi, ce qui me valait chez les orthodoxes la réputation exagérée de "trotskiste".  

> [Very violently hostile to Trotsky, whom I defended, even admired, which got me the exaggerated reputation of being a "Trotskyist" with the orthodox [communists].]

Trotsky was of course most disliked by the Orthodox, or Stalinist, Communists—although this distaste for Trotsky was not exclusive to the Stalinists. This would seem to support the view that Dai was a strong supporter of the revolutionary aims of the Communist Party. Nevertheless, as evidenced in Dai's reference to Gide in his article about the A.E.A.R. rally, Dai sees a conflict between being an artist and a Communist Party member. In the field of art and literature Dai, naively perhaps, saw no reason why the politicians should interfere.

Michelle Loi in her recent study of Chinese poets influenced by France and French literature, notes that Luo Dagang, in a letter informing Abbé Duperray of Dai's death in 1950, states that Dai was on the point of joining the Communist Party. In interview
with me, Luo Dagang denies ever having written such a thing and moreover said that Dai had never even con­sidered joining the Party; Shi Zhecun confirms this.30 Dai's attitude could well have echoed Gide's when the Frenchman wrote in 1933:

... communiste, de cœur aussi bien que d'esprit, je l'ai toujours été... Au demeurant parfaitement inapte à la politique. Ne me demandez donc point de faire partie d'un Parti.

[...in heart as well as mind I have always been a communist....

Albeit, utterly unfit for politics. Do not therefore ask me to belong to a party.]

That Dai should have felt so positive about the Communist Party in France is understandable. The conditions were different. Dai himself was not directly involved and not under any pressure. Perhaps the French Communists were less dogmatic than their Chinese counterparts.

However cosy Dai may have found the alliance between the Communist and non-Communist left in France, the situation was far different in China at that time. A storm was brewing and Dai's favourable comments about the French A.E.A.R. served only to inflame the situation.

The 'Third Kind of Man' Controversy

Dai ends his account of the AEAR rally with the following comment:

While the revolutionary writers of France are joining hands with Gide, our League of Left Wing Writers, it seems, see fit
only to continue projecting the so-called 'Third Kind of Men' as their sole enemies!

This was a dig at the League in the continuing wrangle between Du Heng and Dai on the one hand and the League's policy makers on the other.

The open split between the erstwhile League members Dai and Du Heng, and the League's intellectual giants came about after Du Heng assuming the pseudonym Su Wen, had published an article in the July 1932 issue of Xiandai. The article was written in critical support of Hu Qiuyuan—a disenchanted leftist— who had asserted the belief that literary independence was essential for the Marxist writer and furthermore that the League did not have a monopoly on Marxist literary theory.

Du Heng went further than Hu, with a full scale critique of the Left's attempts at literary theorizing. Theorizing was idle and unproductive, according to Du Heng, and to attempt to distinguish between 'useful' and 'useless' literature was wrong. While accepting the marxist view of history—as Dai accepted the political work of the Communist Party—he denounces the struggle for literary hegemony. He then introduces his concept of the "Third Category
of Men" or "Third Kind of Men":

In the fight for literary hegemony between the "free men of the intelligentsia" and the "unfree group bound to the Party", those who suffer most are the third group of people outside of these two groups.

To Du Heng it was the idea that literature could be appropriated either by those purporting to represent the proletariat or those claiming to represent freedom that he found abhorrent, and he felt that it was this tug of war that had succeeded in discouraging writers from writing at all.

In October Qu Qiubai replied on behalf of the League in that month's issue of *Xianghai*, in an article entitled 'Wenyi ziyou he wenxuejia de bu ziyou' [Literary and artistic freedom and the writer's lack of freedom].

Qu Qiubai first of all denies that there was a great mass of writers who shared Du Heng's feelings and goes on to attack Du Heng himself. He claimed that Du Heng in taking this position of the so-called 'Third Kind of Man'—and indeed even his putting pen to paper—was expressing a certain class consciousness. Qu also insisted that literature should serve politics. Literature belonged to a certain class and each class had in fact a literature. The struggle
was between these different literatures—an uncompromising Marxist stance. As for the writer:

...he can never be a 'Third Kind of Man'

... Each writer consciously or not, whether wielding a pen or not, is the representative of a certain class ideology.

Lu Xun, after reading Dai's write-up of the A.E.A.R. rally in Paris which included Dai's jibe at the League, put pen to paper to criticise Dai.\(^\text{38}\)

Having written off the existence of a 'Third Kind of Man' and his literature, Lu Xun then casts doubt on the possibility of Gide's being some sort of French 'Third Kind of Man', but admits that he had never read any of the man's work and knew little about him. According to Lu Xun, whatever the situation might be in France, the situation in China was completely different. In China, a literature of struggle was emerging; a literature of a new class. It was a time of war and class struggle and for anyone to think that he could transcend class when living in a class society, to think he could be independent when living in a time of war and write the literature of the future while living in the present was in fact an illusion.\(^\text{39}\)

What Lu Xun knew or thought of the struggles in Europe at the time—the revolutionary tide in Social-
ist Republican Spain, the struggle against fascism in
Italy and central Europe, the factional rioting in
France—we do not know. Evidently any allusions to
social and political conditions outside China did
not interest him, at least not as far as discussing
the 'Third Kind of Man' controversy was concerned.

Lu Xun had, perhaps intentionally, missed the
point. Dai was urging the independence of the writer
as writer and not an escape from the social and polit­
ical conditions prevailing. Dai continued to help
Vaillant-Couturier and Etiemble with their political
work in France and was active in promoting the work
of Zhang Tianyi and Ding Ling—both active League
members—and later during the Anti-Japanese War was
a vital member of writers' organizations doing prop­
aganda work in Hong Kong.

By the time Dai returned to China, Lu Xun's
and Qu Qiubai's views on proletarian literature were
in abeyance. The emphasis had shifted temporarily
to unity among writers and intellectuals—who became
the corner-stone and beacon of the new political United
Front policy adopted by the Communist Party. Under
the banner of National Defence Literature insistence
on revolutionary proletarian literature was relaxed.

Lyons

By the end of 1933 Dai was more involved with
his French acquaintances and publishing work in France
than he was with the literary-political wrangles back
in China. At this time he was probably more interested in receiving the fees for his translations than in pursuing literary vendettas.  

At the end of September 1933 Dai moved to Lyons. He shared a room, a rather large room as the building was a converted hospital, with Luo Dagang, in the Institut Franco-chinois. Dai would spend his time writing letters, translating and visiting friends. Dai had little money to do anything else. He had a free room and a little pocket money from the university authorities. Luo Dagang, who had a scholarship, would often lend him money for cigarettes and books. They had one regular visitor, Abbé Duperray, who helped them both with translations and the understanding of French poetry.

Throughout 1933 Dai had been submitting translations to Xiandai and Dongfang zazhi. In May, Dongfang zazhi published Dai's translation of an Italian short story. In Xiandai a translation of a biographical article by Jean Cocteau preceded a nine part serialization of Dai's translation of Radiguet's novel Le bal du comte d'Orgel. Again in Dongfang zazhi, in the September issue, there appeared a translation of Jean Giono's La solitude de la pitié with an introductory note by Dai.

In August 1933 the first edition of Dai Wangshu's second volume of poetry, Wangshu cao [Rough drafts of Wangshu], prefaced by Du Heng,
was published. While assuring Dai's position as a poet—it had been four years since Dai's first volume of poetry had been published—the fact that Du Heng had provided the preface also served to identify Dai more emphatically with Du Heng's literary-political stance. Moreover Dai and Shi Zhecun were already seen as closely allied with Du Heng as the latter had assumed the position of co-editor of Xiandai, not entirely to the satisfaction of the existing editor, Shi Zhecun. 45

The poetry published in the new volume had all been written before Dai's departure for France and Dai once in France wrote very little poetry, preferring, possibly because he was in need of the fees, to do translations for publication in Chinese magazines. But Dai also was active in helping his French acquaintances translate Chinese pieces into French.

The first letter (of eighteen extant) from Etiemble, concerns the translation of short stories by Ding Ling. In the letter Etiemble asks Dai to select, translate and send to him examples of Ding Ling's work to be read out at a meeting in Paris. The letter was sent in November 1933, shortly after Dai's move to Lyons. 46 Dai replied to Etiemble in a letter of 2 December 1933— one of only five extant letters written by Dai to the Frenchman. 47

Etiemble's next letter asks if Dai would consider contributing some "interesting and short" pieces
for a special issue of *Commune*, for which Etiemble was responsible: "chargé de préparer avec Tai Wang-chou un numéro spécial de *Commune* ... consacré à la Chine révolutionnaire." 48 *Commune* was a French Communist Party inspired publication "founded in July 1933 by Vaillant-Couturier and Aragon...as the monthly organ of the A.E.A.R. ....[it] remained strictly orthodox and was Vaillant-Couturier's most potent organ of propaganda." 49

Dai replied to Etiemble on 16 December agreeing to assist. 50 Thus despite his reputation in China as a 'third kind of man' Dai was still happy to promote the work of League members such as Ding Ling and Zhang Tianyi, both of whom it may be remembered were old classmates of Dai's. Dai was not paid for his translations as we discover from Etiemble's letter of 2 May 1934 in which he congratulates Dai on his translation of the Zhang Tianyi short story 'Hen' (translated as 'Haine') and goes on to suggest that Dai might submit other translations to magazines which paid, such as *Europe*. 51 Dai did in fact later submit translations of some of his poems to this literary magazine only to have them rejected. 52

The French translation of 'Hen' has survived and was reproduced by Etiemble in his biographical *Quarante ans de mon maosme*. 53 The translation first appeared in the March-April issue of *Commune*, with Etiemble (using the pseudonym Jean Louverné) as co-
translator. The same issue also contained Dai's translation of a short story by Ding Ling.\(^{54}\)

Etiemble tried unsuccessfully throughout the year to get publishers, such as *Nouvelle Revue Française* and *Europe*, to accept a collection or at least individual short stories for publication.

Although Etiemble was finding difficulties in having Chinese short stories published in France, Dai found no such problems in attracting publishers for the stories and articles that he translated from the French. In May 1934, for instance, a volume of French stories, commissioned by the Shanghai publishers *Tianma shudian* [Heavenly horse bookshop], was published. An interesting anecdote revolves around this collection of stories. Dai had promised to translate a selection of a dozen stories before he had left China in 1932 and indeed had already been paid for the work. However, Dai was so occupied with other projects—such as his collaboration with Etiemble—that he had not managed to complete more than a couple of translations.

Dai resolved the dilemma of the unfinished translations by enlisting the support of his friend, Luo Dagang who did Dai the favour of translating the remaining stories. Although Dai had entrusted the work to Luo, without payment, when the volume finally appeared it was Dai alone who was credited with the translation! Luo does not seem to have been overly perplexed by this episode although he has not forgot-
Dai seems to have taken an increasing interest in Soviet literature and his translation of an article by the Russian emigré Benjamin Goriely, entitled "Esenin and the Russian Imaginist School of Poetry", appeared in the July issue of Xiandai. Dai's attraction to Russian poetry is not surprising when one considers Dai's contacts with French Communist intellectuals who at that time had a higher regard for the literature of the Soviet Union than for that of France.

Nevertheless it seems to have been Spain rather than the Soviet Union that inspired Dai's imagination throughout 1934. In a letter from a certain Lee Hagen written from New York we read: "It pleases me very much to hear you are going to Spain." The letter is dated 8 March 1934.

There exist unconfirmed reports of Dai's visit to Spain which would have him in Valladolid in August 1934 and in Madrid in 1935, but the only solid evidence indicates that Dai visited Spain in the autumn of 1934. Shi Zhecun relates that Dai was in Madrid for several weeks in September and October and has supplied a photograph of Dai in the Plaza de España, Madrid, dated 15 October 1934. Etiemble has in his possession a letter written from Madrid and dated 19 September 1934, in which Dai said he would be leaving Lyons in November to return to China, which he did not do.
As for Dai's activities in Madrid we know, from an article he later wrote, that he spent much of his time browsing in bookshops and discovering the relatively cheaper bookstalls:

Whereas the bookshops wanted seven to ten pesetas for new books, there [at the bookstalls] you could buy them for two or three pesetas.

Dai also managed to see the collection of Chinese books kept in the Palace of the Escorial outside of Madrid and later wrote an account of his visit and of the collection brought to Spain by early Jesuit missionaries.

Thus the month of October sped by and Dai, having bought numerous books of poetry by Lorca, Salinas, Alberti and novels by Azorin, Ayala and Baroja among others, returned to France.

It was still four or five months before Dai would leave France for China but his remark about an imminent departure in his letter to Etiemble was timely, for this visit to Spain led to Dai's being reported to the university authorities in Lyons. The fifty to sixty Chinese students at the Institut franco-chinois were politically a mixed bag. They included secret leftists and K.M.T. rightists between whom there was naturally much tension. The rightists reported Dai as having gone to Spain to engage in
revolutionary activities and claiming that he was a supporter of the left-wing government there. That Dai supported the government is likely and his known association with Communists like Vaillant-Couturier would undoubtedly have helped his opponents' case. Political activity was not permitted at the Institut and Dai had also failed to keep another of the University's rules: that students must submit themselves for examination within two years of taking up residence. Dai had no intention of taking a diploma and moreover did not attend classes. The allegation of political activity together with his failure to attain academic distinction in the eyes of the authorities led ultimately to his being asked to leave. 63

There is no evidence that Dai made any political contacts in Spain or indeed that he consorted with any Spaniards. Michelle Loi asserts that Dai may have very well met several authors in Spain but none of Dai's acquaintances, such as Luo and Shi, believe this to be so. Mme Loi also writes that Dai visited Spain on a second occasion in 1936, which might give more credence to the notion that Dai had contact with Spanish writers, had he not left Europe early in 1935. 64

Back in Lyons, Dai found a letter from Jean Ballard, editor of Cahiers du sud (a southern literary monthly published in Marseilles). Ballard wished to accept six of Dai's poems, translated into
French, for publication in his magazine. This was a fortuitous event as two other magazines—Europe and Noir et Blanc—had both rejected Dai's work. The poems eventually appeared in the March 1935 issue of the magazine.

Before leaving France for good, Dai paid one last visit to Paris. He arrived in late December 1934 and stayed at least until the 15 January 1935, at the house of a Chinese friend in Paris. The Chinese friend was Chen Shiwen, who lived at 48 rue Daguerre, in the fourteenth quarter of Paris—a district popular with writers and artists, Henry Miller being one famous resident.

These details are available to us through the correspondence of Etiemble and Duperray over these few weeks—Duperray himself being in Paris over the Christmas period.

Luo Dagang recalls how, when visiting Paris, they spent their time. Penniless, they relied on the hospitality of Chang Shuhong, an artist, and spent their days leafing through second hand books at the bookstalls, looking at paintings in the various galleries and museums, in fact taking advantage of all kinds of low-cost pastimes.

It was not all play. In December 1934 Dai had several meetings with acquaintances of Etiemble and thanks to an introduction from Duperray had an interview with the poet Jules Supervielle.
This interview Dai later wrote up and published in October 1936 in the first issue of a new poetry journal founded by Bian Zhilin, Sun Dayu, Feng Zhi and Dai himself. The interview is interesting for the insight it gives into Dai's changing literary preferences. For instance, when Supervielle asks Dai which French poets he prefers, Dai replies:

...perhaps Rimbaud and Lautreamont; as for contemporary poets, in the past I have liked Jammes, Fort, Cocteau and Reverdy, now I have already transferred my predilections to you [Supervielle] and Eluard.

So the poets of the late Symbolist tradition were no longer as favoured by Dai as they had been in earlier years. He also goes on to say that his favourite Spanish poets were Lorca and Salinas.

After Dai's short stay in Paris the correspondence unfortunately stops. Dai left the Institut on 8 February 1935. As an unsuccessful student, according to the rules of the Institut, Dai was supplied with only a 4th class no-berth ticket for the voyage from Marseilles to Shanghai. Since Dai had no money there was little he could do but take it. Only Luo Dagang saw him off at the port. Dai asked if Luo had enough money to buy him a small present and said he would like a volume of Mallarmé's poems.

Thus Dai set sail for Shanghai. Things had
changed somewhat in his absence. Xiandai had passed out of the editorial hands of Shi Zhecun and Du Heng after a dispute with new management. Shi had founded a new journal, Wen fan xiaopin in February 1935, to which Dai submitted a selection of translated poems by his recent discovery: Lorca.72

Dai had written only two poems while in France: 'Guyi da ke wen' (Classic answers to a friend's questions), dated 5 December 1934. The poem was also, and perhaps originally, written in a French version with the title 'Réponses à un hôte'. The second poem 'Deng' (Lamp)—the second poem Dai had written with this title—is dated 21 December 1934 and was therefore probably written while Dai was staying in the rue Daguerre in Paris.73

But while Dai had written very little new poetry during his time in France, he had nevertheless broadened his knowledge of European literature considerably and become acquainted with several writers personally.

Back in Shanghai Dai would gradually settle back into the literary world, at least until that world broke up, for ever, with the impact of the Japanese invasion.
Fig. 5  Raymond Radiguet, by Picasso
Fig. 6 André Gide
Fig. 7  André Breton
Fig. 8 Max Jacob, by Picasso
Fig. 9 Jules Supervielle
Fig. 10 Institut franco-chinois
Fig. 11 Institut franco-chinois, dormitory
Fig. 12 Dai Wangshu in Paris
Fig. 13 Dai Wangshu in Madrid, October 1934
CHAPTER III

EXILE AND RESISTANCE
1935-1950

The Last Years of Peace
1935-1938

From the summer of 1935 to the summer of 1937 Dai Wangshu spent his time and earned his living in editing, translating and teaching. He wrote only seven poems during this period and published a volume of verse which was by and large a critical selection of previously published poetry.

In the spring of 1938 after the Japanese invasion of Shanghai, Dai left for Hong Kong with his wife and baby daughter.

In October 1935, Dai made a significant literary reappearance in Shanghai—after his long absence in France—with the launching of a new magazine devoted entirely to poetry. The new publication, Xiandai shi-feng, (Contemporary trends in poetry), was intended to appear every two months but failed to reappear after the first issue. Dai's contributions to the magazine were extensive and according to the publication data in the magazine itself Dai was the Editor-in-Chief and Shi Zhecun the publisher. Shi, however,
states that he alone was responsible for the whole
venture. ²

Most of those who contributed would have des-
cribed themselves as Modernists, as might be expected
from the title. The contributors included:
Jin Kemu 金克木, Xu Xiaocun 徐霞村, Shi Zhecun 施蛰存,
Xu Chi 胥迟, Nan Xing 南冥, Hou Ruhua 侯汝花, Lin Geng
林庚, and Lu Yishi 鲁易士 who all contributed poems and
Liu Na'ou and Du Heng who translated some foreign poet-
ry. ³

Dai himself included four previously unpub-
lished poems in the magazine. The two poems he had
written in France and two written in 1935: 'Qiu ye si'
秋夜思(Autumn night thoughts) and 'Shuang hua'霜花
(Frosty flower). He also contributed a translation of
an article on Russian poetry by Goriely which dealt
exclusively with Mayakovsky. ⁴ Also concerning Dai
is an advertisement for Wangshu cao, explaining that
the poet no longer considered a number of the poems in
Wo de jiyi to be satisfactory and therefore he had
decided to publish Wangshu cao as a definitive edit-
ion-dingben 立本—of his work to date. ⁵ The volume had
of course already been available for two years.

In 1936, he continued to translate and also
produced a small number of poems. It was during 1936
that he undertook to translate the whole of Cervantes'
Don Quijote. Shi Zhecun recalls that Dai was given a
monthly stipend by the British committee in charge of
a fund of money turned over to Britain under the Boxer Indemnity. However the only record of this project is to be found in the reports of the United States committee established for a similar purpose: The China Foundation for the Promotion of Education and Culture. One of its projects administered through the Committee on Editing and Translation, was to translate foreign works of literature into Chinese. In its 1936 report there is the following note: "translations that are under way in the sub-division of literature include Cervantes' Don Quixote by Mr. W.H.Tai,..." 7

The translation was never completed—perhaps because the undertaking was too ambitious, perhaps because the war rendered the project a luxury. (Unfortunately, the manuscript has been lost.) In any case, Dai still had to try and supplement his income by translating other more manageable works. 8

Nevertheless the regular stipend while it lasted, was undoubtedly welcome for on 27 May 1936 Dai married for the first time. 9 His bride, Mu Lijuan was the sister of his friend and colleague Mu Shiyung, the short story writer who during the War of Resistance Against Japan was assassinated by the 'underground' as a suspected Japanese collaborator. 10

It was also in 1936 that the fruit of Dai's visits to Madrid's bookstalls became apparent. Among other translations a collection of Spanish short stories was brought out; the volume included writers
such as Alarcón, Dario, Unamuno, Ayala and, of course, Dai's favourite, Azorin. Its publication in June was followed by a translation of the novel Le disciple by the French author Bourget, in July.

Translations of foreign poetry appeared in yet another magazine wholly devoted to poetry: Xin shi [New poetry], launched and co-edited by Dai and Bian. The monthly magazine first appeared in October 1936 and successfully ran until the summer of 1937 when outside circumstances forced its closure. Eight issues in all were produced carrying the work of many of China's new poets and introducing by way of translation and critical articles many foreign poets. Dai himself was responsible for much of the translating and the biographical and critical sketches.

As for Dai's own original poetry, he wrote a mere six poems in the two years 1936 and 1937, three of which appeared in the new magazine. Indeed the poem he wrote in 1937, dated 14 March, 'Wo sixiang' (I think) was his last poetic effort until the appearance of 'Yuanri zhufu' (New Year blessing) written and published, while in exile in Hong Kong, on the first day of 1939.

The second half of 1936 was taken up with translation and preparing for publication the new poetry magazine in which Dai finally managed to publish his account of his interview with Supervielle. Accompanying the interview was a critical appreciation of
the French poet's work and Dai's translations of a selection of his poems, chosen for translation into Chinese by Supervielle himself. Eight poems in all were selected from three different volumes: *Le forgéat*, *Gravitations* and the volume published just before Dai's departure from France, *Les amis inconnus* [Unknown friends], (1934). Supervielle refused to be categorised with any movement or school and believed that however complex or mysterious the subject of a poem, clarity and intelligibility should be the objective. Remarks with which Dai evidently empathised, as he confesses in the interview with Supervielle.¹⁴

The clarity and intelligibility advocated by Supervielle is adequately conveyed in Dai's translations. One poem in particular is notable, for not only does it illustrate Supervielle's meaningful simplicity but was also obviously chosen by the Frenchman for its symbolic representation of the ties between the two poets. The poem, which relies on simple imagery for its impact is 'Un bœuf gris de la Chine', taken from the collection *Le forgéat innocent* [The innocent convict]:

Un bœuf gris de la Chine,
Couché dans son étable,
Allonge son échine
Et dans le même instant
Un bœuf de l'Uruguay
Se retourne pour voir
Si quelqu'un a bougé.
Vole sur l'un et l'autre
A travers jour et nuit
L'oiseau qui fait sans bruit
Le tour de la planète
Et jamais ne la touche
Et jamais ne s'arrête.

[A grey Chinese ox,
Lying in its shed,
Stretches its back
And at the same moment
An ox in Uruguay
Turns round to see
If someone has moved.
Flying above them both,
Bridging night and day,
The bird who silently
Flies around the planet,
Yet never touches it,
And never stops to rest.]

Supervielle had lived most of his youth in Uruguay and such images of his other home are common in his poetry. Here these animals of a kind acting in a similar fashion though they will never come across each other are nevertheless connected by a common element, the bird. It is easy to see why the poem was chosen as suitable for this short selection in Chinese. Interpreting the bird as some sort of muse connecting the two poets might not be misinterpreting Supervielle's choice of this poem.

In the second issue of Xin shi (November 1936) Dai unveiled another of his European discoveries: the contemporary Spanish poet, Pedro Salinas; translations of whose poetry were accompanied by a biographical sketch.¹⁶

In the subsequent issue an unusual departure for the poet was the translation of three poems by the English poet, Blake. Perhaps one of Dai's literary friends who specialized in English literature interest-
ed Dai in the poet. Dai had, of course, taken an English course while attending Shanghai University but whether or not Dai translated these poems from the English or from French is not known.

What is certain, however, is that when in 1937 Dai turned once again to the translation of Russian poets of the revolutionary era, Dai worked from French versions. According to Shi Zhecun, Dai knew no Russian and had only a passing interest in Russian poetry and that no political significance should be inferred.

Shi also recalls that Dai was commissioned by the Russian community in Shanghai—already large but swelled to about 25,000 becoming the largest single group of foreigners in Shanghai by the influx of refugees from Japanese-occupied Manchuria—to translate some of Pushkin's poetry into Chinese in commemoration of the centenary of the poet's death.

The only published translations of Pushkin's poetry are to be found in the February 1937 issue of Xinhai. Dai used the pen-name Ai Engfu when translating Pushkin as he did when translating Esenin for the April issue of the magazine.

As is the case with most literary translators Dai tried to translate only those works he loved, but this was not always possible when money was in short supply. One outstanding case in point was a translation entitled Xiandai Tuerqi zhengzhi [Modern Turkish politics] done purely for the finan-
cial rewards. Money thus earned meant that he could afford to translate what he pleased for his own magazine, without payment, of course. Without doubt his translations of poets such as Altolaguirre—a contemporary of Lorca—were certainly useful to the Chinese literary world who without Dai's efforts would have been ignorant of the new poetry being produced in Spain during a fecund literary period.

The main event in Dai Wangshu's literary life in 1937 was the January publication of Wangshu shigao (Wangshu's poetry manuscripts). Any of his aficionados expecting new poems would, however, have been disappointed, for, barring four new poems, the volume was an anthology of previously published poetry and would only have served to put his poems back into circulation. The volume did, nevertheless, contain an appendix of the six poems that Dai had translated into French for Cahiers du Sud.

Eleven years would pass before Dai's next and ultimate volume of poetry appeared, a fact not so surprising when one considers that China would be in a continuous ferment of war, both international and civil, for the next decade.

The summer of 1937 saw yet another advance in the encroaching Japanese occupation of China. The Marco Polo Bridge incident provided the pretext for the southward invasion of China by the Japanese. In August 1937 the Japanese reached and encircled Shang-
hai and despite Chinese resistance the metropolis
finally fell in November. By that time the effect on
the literary world had been devastating; paper short-
ages had forced most large magazines to cease public-
atation, the last number of Xin Shi had appeared in
July.

An editorial appearing in the English lang-
usage China Critic in November reported the situation
thus:

During the first two weeks of hostilities
the Book St. of Shanghai, or Foochow Rd.,
experienced a period of unusual stagnancy and
trepidation. Many bookstores temporarily
suspended their business...

One happy event in Dai Wangshu's life
took place while Shanghai was under siege. Dai's
first child, a girl, was born on 1 October and was
named Yongsu 莹素. 23 23 Dai lived on in Shanghai for
some months but life, and earning a living, had
become virtually impossible.

Politically, however, these unfortunate
circumstances brought some compensation when the
United Front Agreement—between the Communists and the
K.M.T.—was concluded after the Xi'an Incident.

As far as the literary world was concerned
the unity, albeit nominal, between the K.M.T. and the
Chinese Communist Party in opposing the Japanese,
meant a relaxation of the hard C.P. literary line
which demanded a literature of class struggle. The
new but temporary mood of freedom made life easier for
Dai and enabled him to co-operate actively in anti-Japanese resistance work among intellectuals when he moved to Hong Kong and no doubt in the spirit he had advocated when writing of the A.E.A.R. 'popular frontism' in France.

**Exile in Hong Kong**
1938-1946

A weary Asia out of sight
Is tugging gently at the night

Day breaks upon the world we know
Of war and wastefulness and woe,

W.H. Auden, *New Year Letter*

From 1938 until his arrest in 1941 Dai divided his time between anti-Japanese propaganda work and the editing of literary supplements. Although still producing literary translations, his poetic output became spasmodic. After his release from gaol opportunities for writing and publishing were scarce until 1944 when he was once again invited to be a literary editor.

Dai arrived in Hong Kong in 1938, probably in May. It was in May 1938 that Dai first attended a meeting of writers and artists exiled in Hong Kong, a gathering known as the *Liu gang wenyijie suotanhui* 留港文艺界生番会 which had been established in February of that year. Friends and colleagues of Dai's who also attended these meetings included Xu Chi 柳迟 and
his brother-in-law Mu Shiying 穆時英. 26

It was not long before Dai found some regular employment, for on 1 August 1938, the newspaper *Xing-dao ribao* 星岡日報 was founded and Dai became editor of its literary page or supplement: *Xingzuo* 星座 which first appeared on page 14 of the newspaper and included contributions by two well-known literary figures, Mao Dun and Yu Dafu 郁達夫. 27 Dai's own contributions were, in the main, translations. One in particular is notable in that it reminds us of Dai's early literary influence: a translated selection of some of Francis Jammes' longer poems, which was printed as a tribute to the French poet along with a notice of his death on 1 November, in the 11 December issue of the newspaper.

The only poem of Dai's to have appeared in *Xingzuo* was 'Yuanri zhufu' 元日祝福 (New year blessing).

The poem seems to have been written in the early hours of the morning, just before the paper was 'put to bed', as the poem, dated New Year's Day appeared in the 1 January edition of the newspaper.

It is a simple poem sympathizing with the Chinese people and their suffering. It does not extol the people to be brave but rather recognizes their plight and acknowledges their courage:

The New Year brings us new hope.
Blessings! From our earth
Blood-stained, scorched, cracked earth,
An even stronger life will grow.

The New Year brings us new strength,
Blessings! Our people,
Staunch people, brave people,
Tribulation will bring freedom and liberation.

That is the version as published in Zainan de suiyue some years later. The last line as it appeared in Xingsuo was as follows:

我为你的自由歌唱。
I sing for your liberty.

The poem indicates that when Dai did decide to compose a poem he felt committed to recording some relevant sentiment. This poem was, however, the only poem he was to write in 1939 and the only poem showing any political consciousness until after his imprisonment in 1941-42. Dai was clearly not at ease moulding his poetic talent to carry the burden of political messages and perhaps preferred as Gide to remain silent poetically and use his energies otherwise in the furtherance of his beliefs, or perhaps, again like Gide, he simply found it impossible to write creatively when engaged in work of a political nature no matter how much he believed in the cause.

Dai was pleased, or at least not averse, to engage in propaganda work: co-operating with Communist and other progressive writers for the common good. This was the sort of politically co-operative role he had envisaged for the 'Third Kind of Man'; a role previously unacceptable to the Chinese Communist Party when Dai had advocated it while in France, but which was now encouraged under the flag of National Defence Literature.
This was the kind of common front position that Gide had apparently willingly adopted—at a psychological cost then unknown to outsiders.

Dai's belief in this kind of unity was not new, it was the Communist Party's position which had tactically changed. Ironically, the French Communist Party's—and in particular Vaillant-Couturier's—tolerance and advocacy of this kind of arrangement was by 1939 redundant and indeed many Communists in France had been arrested as a result of the Nazi-Soviet Pact and its ramifications.

Dai's own willingness however, does not seem to have stemmed from any shift towards the Communist Party. For instance, in his literary activities, he still pursued his own proclivities, as is demonstrated by the devotion of so many column inches of Xingsuo to the commemoration of Francis Jammes' death.

The general shape of Dai's literary and political personality had been formed at an early age and although his personality may have filled out it seems not to have changed fundamentally. It certainly did not 'develop'—as some present day mainland commentators would have it—into something more progressive, with Dai's desire to see China rid of its Japanese occupiers. Dai, as we have seen, had throughout his life been a man of the left and by any objective criteria did not become any more or less 'progressive'.

He was, naturally, more active politically during this
period because of contemporary events. This was a time of war and like many thousands of others both in China and elsewhere Dai felt obliged to do what he could to aid the resistance against what was commonly perceived as an international fascist threat and a struggle for national survival.

Dai had already seen the dangers of fascism in Europe and besides his work for resistance against Japan also lent space in his literary supplement to literary expressions of opposition to fascism in Europe, most notably translations of poets who supported the Republican cause in Spain. This kind of line was not forced upon him by the Communist Party. For over two years Dai attended meetings, gave advice and generally did what he could together with other writers residing in Hong Kong to maintain a united opposition to the Japanese occupation of China and yet did not, as he had not done before, surrender his critical independence; considering the place and the circumstances he could hardly be obliged or required to do so. Indeed it was not by the Communist literary or political establishment that his freedom of expression was challenged but by an altogether different authority.

From 1938 to 1941, Dai's main concern was with trying to edit an anti-Japanese literary supplement. But throughout this period the administration in Hong Kong did not recognize Japan as an enemy and so did not encourage anti-Japanese publications. It
was not until the eve of the Japanese invasion of Hong Kong itself that Dai was free of censorship by which time it was, of course, too late.

One of the few autobiographical pieces that Dai ever wrote happens to concern his involvement with Xingdao ribao and in particular his frustration with the censors during this pre-invasion period. In this article written to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the founding of the newspaper, Dai recounts how he came to be involved with the preparations for the establishment of the newspaper and his subsequent editorship of its literary supplement.\(^{32}\)

According to this account, although Dai still had his income from the committee which had commissioned the translation of *Don Quixote*, he was not planning to stay in Hong Kong for good but rather to make sure his family was secure there and then proceed to the unoccupied zone of mainland China to participate in resistance work among the literary and artistic world which at the time was organizing the All China Literary and Artistic Circles' Resistance Association. It was but a chance occurrence that made him alter his plans and remain in Hong Kong. Hesitating for several days he finally decided to take the post as editor of the literary supplement of *Xingdao ribao*, and from that moment gave his advice and generally assisted in setting up the new newspaper, which appeared in August.

The chance occurrence was a meeting with an
acquaintance, Lu Danlin 陆丹林 who thought Dai suitable for the post of literary editor of the planned newspaper. The prospective newspaper's proprietor was a certain Hu Wenhu 胡文虎, whose son Hu Hao 胡 Hao had been given overall responsibility for the venture. Dai was amazed at the youth of Hu Hao—he was only nineteen—and yet surprised at the young man's ability. Hu Hao accepted Dai's idea of what the literary supplement should be and gave him carte blanche.

The title of the literary supplement, Xingzuo 星座, stemmed from the hope that it would be seen as a bright constellation in the southern sky and also from the desire to have writers come forward with their ideas and opinions as if it were teashop attached to Xingdao ribao.³³

As for contributions, there was no lack of famous authors willing to submit manuscripts, indeed they flooded in:

As far as manuscripts were concerned there was not the slightest difficulty, literary friends everywhere sent in manuscripts and those authors residing in Hong Kong for the time being, also kept supplying manuscripts. In fact, it can be said that there is not one well-known author who has not written an article for Xingzuo.
During the first few months of the newspaper's existence there were indeed many celebrated authors who contributed. The second issue carried an article by Du Heng dealing with Hitler and Nazism entitled 'The Fascist threat' and also a contribution from Xu Chi, a fellow-poet and old acquaintance of Dai's. Publishing articles about German, Italian and Spanish fascism was one way of alluding to the Japanese militarists without attracting the opprobrium of the censor.

The fourth number of the supplement contained articles by the poet Jin Kemu and the fiction writer Shen Congwen, as did Dai's brother-in-law Mu Shiyong. On the whole, it would seem that it was Dai's reputation and personal connections that ensured a steady supply of material.

The supplement—indeed the paper as a whole—had an anti-fascist bent and in particular an anti-Japanese stance. Thus, it attracted the attention of the censors, as Dai recalls in his anniversary piece:

What gave me the greatest trouble was the system of censorship at that time. ... all kinds of unimaginable annoyances were liable to arise at any time. It was as if Xingzuo were currently the only object of censorship. At the time one was not allowed to use the word 'enemy' in newspapers, 'Japanese bandits' was even more out of the question. On Xingzuo, even though I went to great pains to avoid it, I could not evade the censor's pencil. Sometimes it was a few words, sometimes one or two paragraphs, and sometimes
it went as far as the whole article.

Obviously Dai was genuinely frustrated by these censorship measures and was irked at being forced to refrain from publishing freely—a feeling not unknown to Dai, who had previously had his publishing ventures in Shanghai closed down by the K.M.T.

Dai's 'cold war' with Hong Kong's censors continued for three years:

Under this system, Xingsuo could not help but sacrifice many outstanding manuscripts.... This kind of trouble was maintained right up until the last day of my editorship of Xingsuo. The day-to-day work of three years was a "cold war" with the censor.

Thus, together with attending resistance meetings, was Dai's life filled.
After the establishment of the All China Literature and Artistic Circles' Association's Hong Kong Branch, Dai undertook several tasks connected with the propagation of resistance ideas and was also responsible for the handling of research and foreign literature for the new body. He also edited the association's newsletter Wen xie shoukan 文协周 刊 which had no permanent home but rather appeared in several Hong Kong newspapers.

Apart from such editorial duties Dai also spoke and lectured from time to time. On the 18 June 1939, for instance, he talked on future relations between Hong Kong and mainland cultural movements at a meeting of the liu gang wenhuaren chahuahui 留港文化人 聚餐会 [Discussion group of people involved in culture residing in Hong Kong].

In August Dai was involved in co-editing, with Ai Qing 艾青 , the magazine Dingdian 题刊. One or two issues of this potentially interesting cultural resistance organ were produced but unfortunately no copies have survived.

In September Dai helped to establish another organization of 'ex-patriate' literary figures; styled the Chinese Cultural Association, Zhongguo wenhua zhe-jinhui 中国文化艺术会 , it was not strictly a left-wing organization like the All China Literary and Artistic Circles' Association, established the previous March. It seems that Dai was quite content to be
associated with this grouping and even became its deputy head of propaganda. There was indeed a degree of co-operation between left and right although at times, as after the Wannan Incident in 1941, animosity broke through to the surface. Dai himself was no friend of the K.M.T. and nor was the paper he represented and both came under fire in 1941. The apparent contradiction in Dai's attachment to literary organizations of both left and right is explained by the, albeit fragile and uncertain, United Front between the K.M.T. and the C.P. at this time. Although at times attacked, more by the K.M.T. than the Communists, Dai attempted personally to put into practice the ideals of the United Front and did liaison work between the two sides.

Shortly after the founding of the Chinese Cultural Association, Dai was involved in yet another publishing project: a resistance organ to be published in English. Apparently Dai started the new publication on instructions received from Mao Dun. The editorial team brought together several left-wingers: Feng Yidai, Xu Chichuan and Ye Junjian. The publication entitled *Chinese Writers* was published two or three times. Feng Yidai recalls that two issues had come out and a third was planned when he left Hong Kong—apparently the advertising revenue attracted was sufficient to contemplate continued production—but the magazine was closed down by the censors. Unfortunately Feng has no copies of the magazine and it
In 1940, Dai started to lecture on a regular basis and talked at classes for young people organized by the Literature and Arts Association, *Wényì xiéhùi* 文艺协会, the re-organization committee of which he was a member. According to Feng Yidai, he was very enthusiastic about this aspect of the Association's work and very much enjoyed teaching literature to youngsters.

April of 1940 seems to have been a particularly busy month. On 14 April Dai gave the annual report of the *Wényì xiéhùi* work, on the seventeenth he became a member of the propaganda section's editorial committee and finally was elected Director of the *Wényì xiéhùi* for 1940. On 27 April Dai was responsible for the publication of a pamphlet entitled *Suìqìng mái guo wényì* 靖清国逆 [Do away with traitorous literature and art], sponsored by the joint committee *liányì huiwei* 联谊会委 of the *Wényì xiéhùi* and *Zhōngguó wénhuà xiéjīnhùi* organizations.

Also in April, *Gēngyún* 转运 [Cultivate], a magazine that Dai had helped to establish, was published. It appeared twice before financial problems forced its closure. The first issue had been quite successful and sold two thousand copies.

Of the two numbers, the first is replete with drawings of soldiers and peasants, cartoons mocking collaborators and fascist dictators and the like. The
advantages of using so much pictorial material would appear to be: to reach as many people as possible, including the many illiterate members of Hong Kong’s population and further to avoid the wrath of the censor who tended to concentrate on the written word.

The magazine was concerned wholly with propaganda and there is nothing of any literary value in its pages. The second issue which appeared in August 1940 commemorates Lu Xun’s birthday and so naturally in addition to cartoons there is an abundance of woodcuts. There is nothing in either issue written by Dai.

In June Dai again lectured for the Wényì zìe-huí literature course. The title of his lecture on this occasion was 'On studying Balzac.' After which Dai’s time was largely taken up with preparatory work for the commemorative meeting in honour of Lu Xun’s birthday: 經過六週辰紀念會 . Apart from a celebration of the great man’s birth, the event was intended to publicise the anti-Japanese war of resistance. Dai organized the registration, discussion meetings and did all the liaison work with government officials.

Dai’s position vis-à-vis the two literary-artistic associations seems to have been one of continuing unbiased co-operation, for in December 1940 he became a member of the Chinese Cultural Association’s Committee for the Promotion of the National Language, Guoyu tuijin weiyuanhui 国语推选委员会 .
And yet over the subsequent six months, Dai devoted most of his time to the Wenyì xiéhui. For instance, in March 1941 Dai was the Hong Kong representative to the All China Literary and Artistic Circles' Association's third Council meeting. If Lu Weiluan is correct in her assertion that the Chinese Cultural Association represented the right, it would seem strange that this organization should have organised a reception, a month after the Wannan Incident, to welcome the well-known communist writer Xia Yan to Hong Kong—a reception also attended by Dai. It must be assumed therefore that the situation in Hong Kong was different and that the Chinese Cultural Association in Hong Kong was not enthusiastically supporting the K.M.T.'s new initiative of hostility towards the left.

In June Dai wrote a poem which seems to have been inspired by the loneliness he was experiencing after his wife had left him the previous year. Mu Lijuan had departed for Shanghai with their daughter in the winter of 1940. According to Jin Kemu, she returned to Shanghai with no intention of returning. She apparently disliked Hong Kong and could not speak Cantonese. Dai of course could not follow her.

The last few lines of the poem 'Zhi yinghuo' 致萤火 (To the glow-worm), written on 26 June 1941, indicate the poet's unhappiness:

Glow-worm, glow-worm,
Give me just a fine beam of light ——
Enough to bear the burden of memory,
Enough to swallow up grief!

But before the year was out problems other
than his married life would loom large. The war
had been moving closer to Hong Kong but the final
blow came on 8 December 1941.

The Japanese military machine had gone into
action once more, bombing Pearl Harbour and occupying
the International Settlement in Shanghai. Although
this meant the entry of the United States into World War II
and an end to censorship in Hong Kong, there was lit­
tle to rejoice about, for the Japanese invaded the
British Colony of Hong Kong on 19 December and although
local forces held out for a week the Island finally
fell on Christmas Day 1941. Dai recalls the final
hours in his anniversary article for Xingdao ribao:

...one day, early in the morning of 7
December 1942, the Pacific War broke out.
Although I usually started work after
lunch, that day was an exception as I
arrived at the newspaper office in the
morning. As the news about the war
was verified, the office was in noisy
confusion. The enemy had started bomb­
ing. That day it was decided to turn
Xingzuo into a special wartime extra....

The evening of the second day,
carrying a quilt under my arm, I walk­
ed down Pokfulam Road to the newspaper
office. My duties were no longer
editing the supplement but translating
the telegraphic code into Chinese. Be­
cause of the gunfire, some colleagues
could not get to the office, so when
manpower was short, one had to do
whatever needed to be done. From then
on, braving the gunfire, during the day, I would go down into Central and search out the news. At night, I would translate the telegraphic messages in the office. Living this tense life, I forgot about home, sometimes I even forgot to eat.

The situation deteriorated, the news wires fell dead, the fighting got closer. The newspaper kept going even though there was now practically no source of news. The fighting had been going on for a fortnight:

...I remember it was three days before the surrender of Hong Kong, the newspaper office was already surrounded on all sides by gunfire, in fact the newspaper could no longer be got out. The news got worse and worse...

...我记得是香港投降前三天吧，报纸的电报已经不能发出去了。消息越来越坏。

The decision was taken to cease publication and the reporters and workers began to say their last farewells and disperse. Just then, a deceptive and inaccurate piece of news came in: the Chinese Army had broken through to the New Territories:

When the news came in, there were only Zhou Xin and myself in the newspaper's offices. We thought the news was unreliable, but we had to publish it any-
way. However, our colleagues in the print room had already dispersed, we had no way to get it published. But we had to carry out our final day's duty. Then we found a blank sheet of paper and wrote in red ink as large as we could: "Accurate News, Our Army as far as New Territories. Japanese bandits scattering, Hong Kong guaranteed Out of Danger." We went and stuck it up in the doorway of the newspaper offices and then the two of us silently left.

消息到了的时候，报纸的只有我和同

事们。但我们想这消息是不可靠的，但我们

总得将它发表出去。然后，排字房的工

友散了，我们也只好将它发表出去。于是，

找到了一张白报纸，我们用红墨水将它

大大的写着：“嘱咐，先于已开到新界、日寇

望风披靡，本港可保无虞”，把它张贴到

报馆门上。然后两人沉默地离开了报

馆。

Dai was arrested by the Japanese auth-

orities for his well-known anti-Japanese activities

and in late December was thrown into gaol. Even

though released three months later the consequences

for his health were to prove ruinous.

The impressions of his prison experience are

related in the poem, dated 27 April 1942, 'Yu zhong

ti bi', 獄中題壁 (Written on a prison wall). Iron-

ically Dai's imprisonment and writing of this poem

is one of Dai's saving graces as far as post-Liber-

ation Chinese critics are concerned. Had he avoided

gaol and lived longer as a consequence, his reputation

would have been even more tainted than it has been.

Although Dai's incarceration made him some-
thing of a martyr in the literary world, it also led directly to his developing the crippling affliction of asthma which gradually grew worse in Dai's case. One writer has described the horror of the disease graphically:

Suddenly something grips me round the chest, tightening like a belt, fighting for mastery. I struggle, gasp, whoop for breath, fighting back. Yet my lungs are full, not of air but of another force inside, expanding outwards. I am locked, unable to breathe in or out. I can't lie down, I prop myself up or sit leaning forward with my heart galloping and shoulders hunched, head down, speechless, panting for every ounce of fresh air I can get.

There was, and is, no cure for this disease which can, and in Dai's case did, lead to death.

Sometime after coming out of gaol Dai is said to have been formally divorced from Mu Lijuan. Although he soon remarried, his thoughts remained with his first wife and their daughter; most of the poems he wrote after his release from gaol until 1945 concerned memories of former halcyon days with his family. Perhaps his new found leisure together with his new disability brought about his return to poetic activity.

Marcel Proust, the most famous of asthmatic authors, touches on a sentiment relevant to Dai's condition. In 'Remembrance of Things Past' he writes of how illness can enhance and encourage memory, his great theme. More probably, Dai's new found productivity was the expression of a genuine sense of loss and unhappiness.
After 'Wo yong canyuan de shouzhang' (With my injured hand), dated 3 July 1942, a poem which managed to craft sentiments of nostalgia and patriotism into an impressionistic yet vivid tableau of personal reflections and hopes, Dai next composed the poem 'Xinyuan' (Desire) on 28 Jan 1943. The latter can be read on both a personal and a universal level. It deals with family life as it had been before enemy occupation and as the poet hoped it might be again. Later the good times he writes of, returned for others but not for Dai himself.  

Soon after writing 'Desire', with all hope of a reconciliation with Mu Lijuan gone, he married once more. There is a suspicion that this was not a marriage made in Heaven, for four months later a daughter — Dai Yongxu — was born to Dai and his new bride Yang Lizhen, a young Cantonese.

A few months later Dai wrote two poems entitled 'Dengdai' (Waiting) dated 31 December 1943 and 18 January 1944, which in bitter and heart-felt language outline the suffering of waiting; waiting for the return of loved ones, of friends and waiting for the restoration of normality. Again the poems carry a universal meaning.

The subsequent poems of 1944 are far more personal. 'Guo jiu ju (chu gao)' (Passing by the old house (first draft)) and 'Guo jiu ju' (Passing by the old house), dated respectively 2
and 10 March 1944, spring directly from the poet's reminiscences when passing by his old house.72 Feng Yidai recalls the house, situated in Hong Kong Island's mid-levels, and its pleasant aspect.73

Dai's new marriage seems to have provoked rather than dampened his longing for the past. Dai's traditional and favourite theme of nostalgia seems to be now imbued with a sense of personal experience.

However much we read into these poems about Dai's personal life, it would seem that an absence of two years from the publishing world and the daily routine of the newspaper office had provided a respite providing occasion for reflection on his own and his nation's suffering. Disaster had rekindled the poetic imagination.

Yet soon Dai was to re-embark on his career of literary journalism, for in January 1944 he was invited, together with Ye Lingfeng, to edit a literary Sunday supplement for Huaqiao ribao (華僑日報), [Overseas Chinese daily]. The supplement Wenyi shou-kan (文藝週刊) appeared for the first time on 30 January 1944 and remained under Dai's editorship for a year and a half, during which time seventy-two issues were published.74 The newspaper was a modest affair with only four pages of news—the colony was, of course, still under Japanese military administration and so paper was in short supply and censorship strict—and yet the literary supplement filled one half of a page
every Sunday. Because of censorship Dai devoted much of the column space to translations of European literature. Mostly Dai translated his old favourites Azorin, Jammes, Fort and Baroja, but he also now turned to earlier poets such as Baudelaire and Apollinaire.

The first issue carried one of Dai's own poems, 'Zhi yinghuo' (To the glow-worm), written two and a half years previously. In subsequent issues Dai published several more of his own new poems, but obviously none of the 'resistance' poems. Dai had previously complained of the British censors, but there was absolutely no chance of hoodwinking the Japanese censors so as to promote the resistance cause in the pages of Huaqiao ribao.

In the second issue of the supplement we find one of Dai's rare statements on poetic theory. Entitled "Shilun lingzha" (Some odd notes on poetic theory), this piece was the second and final formulation of his views on the writing of poetry. The article presents Dai's ideas on the nature of poetry, the relationship between form and content and an affirmation of his belief that poetry should be translatable.

There is also in Wenyi shoukan, evidence of Dai's reawakened interest in classical Chinese literature, for example there is a long piece on the Tang story, Liwa shuan (The story of Liwa). It
was through this renewed interest in classical literature that Dai came to correspond with, and later befriend the young Wu Xiaoling.

The 4 June 1944 number of the supplement carried two poems, one, 'Zai tian qingle de shihou' (When the sky is clear), was written two days before publication and the other, 'Shi zhangni' (For my eldest daughter) proved to be a draft for a substantially altered poem, later revised and dated 27 June 1944. The latter is a pastiche of memories of life as it had been, emphasizing the role his daughter played in his enjoyment of life.78

Written about the same time is a poem dedicated to his wife; dated 9 June 1944, it was published in Wenyi shoukan number 33. The poem 'Zeng nei' (For my wife) raises the question—in the light of the attachment shown to his first wife and family in earlier poems—which wife? It seems possible that Dai still regarded Mu Lijuan as his wife. One wonders what Yang Lizhen made of all this.

Whomever the intended subject of the poem is, it provides an explanation of the impetus which led Dai to write poetry at this time. Only in times of unhappiness and misfortune does he put pen to paper, the happy times being marked by silence:

The poemless blank page,
The happy years;
Because my bitter verse
Just registers the milestones
of disaster.
Dai did not again write poetry concerning his personal life, and indeed only wrote a further three poems in his life. Unfortunately the "poemless blank page" of the last five years of his life did not represent "happy years" as yet more misfortune would befall the hapless poet.

'Zeng nei' probably provided the idea for the title for all these poems when finally they were collected and published in 1948 as Zainan de suiyue 《灾难的岁月》[Years of disaster].

Published alongside 'Zeng nei' was a poem entitled 'Mubian zhan' (An impromptu graveside verse). The poem, which later appeared as 'Xiao Hong mupan kouzhan' (Impromptu verse at Xiao Hong's graveside), was a four line poem written after a secret pilgrimage to the woman writer's grave. Xiao Hong had come to Hong Kong in 1940 and died there two years later; the fact that she was a Communist writer necessitated the anonymity of the original title.

Marking another 'milestone' in China's and Dai's fortunes, 'Kouhao' (Battlecry) welcomes the Allied bombers which were engaged in the elimination of Japanese installations in Hong Kong. Such bombing unavoidably threatened the lives of Chinese civilians too, but Dai intimates in this poem that he would pre-
fer such an end rather than see the continuation of Japanese occupation.

The occupation would, however, continue for another seven months and in the meantime, Dai could only carry on with his translation and editorial work. In May there was a boost for the morale of Hong Kong's population when the Allied victory in Europe brought the war there to an end. The attention of the allied armies was now fixed on the only remaining Axis power and the war in the Pacific theatre.

Dai realising the significance of the German defeat wrote a poem on 31 May which hit an optimistic chord. The last poem of Dai's poetic career was entitled 'Oucheng' (Impromptu) and can be read on more than one level but however it is read it conveys a sense of hope. In retrospect Dai's optimism was ill founded. The poem looks back to the good times before the war, but Dai would not live to see any significant upturn in his fortunes. Dai, however, is not thinking of his own fortune but rather of such fundamental good things as "glowing smiles" and "bright cries of joy" when he writes:

These good things cannot disappear,
Because all good things exist forever,
They are just frozen the same as ice,
And one day just like flowers they
will blossom again.

A defiantly optimistic poem with which to end a poetic
corpus so rich in pessimism and despondency!

After editing seventy-two issues of *Wenyi zhoukan*, Dai and Ye Lingfeng left the publication following a wage dispute. In June the two took charge of another literary supplement, for *Xiangdao ribao* (香岛日报), with the title *Riyao wenyi* (日曜文艺) [Sunlight literature and arts] and in the first issue, of 1 July 1945, Dai, Ye and other regular contributors to *Wenyi zhoukan* explain that they abandoned the supplement because the management refused to increase editorial wages and the fees paid to contributors. ⁸³

The pattern of the new supplement closely followed that established in *Wenyi zhoukan*. Dai's own contributions were again mainly translations of European poets and authors: Azorin, of course, and Baudelaire, a selection of whose poems would later be published as a book. But also, in the few issues extant, we find long pieces by Dai about the Paris book-stalls through which he had browsed years earlier when living in France. ⁸⁴ Even more interesting is a piece entitled "Shan ju za zhui" (Odd fragments on living on the mountain) which consists of a series of poetic vignettes entitled: 'Shan feng' (mountain wind), 'Yu' (Rain), 'Shu' (Trees) and a longer piece, 'Shiqu de yuanzi' (Lost garden). These vignettes were never re-published and, until recently, were unknown to historians of Chinese literature. ⁸⁵

From the internal evidence of the texts we can
establish that the time to which Dai is referring is the same as that referred to in his poem 'Shi zhangnu' which provides a sentimental account of his life with his former wife and first child. This period of apparent happiness was some time between 1938 and 1940—when his wife left him and returned to Shanghai. In these pieces the poet still writes fondly of his garden and his house facing the sea and the bluish green of the pine trees. Almost poems in prose, these reminiscences deal with a life which is lost, a life lived before the occupation of Hong Kong, a life lived with another woman in beautiful natural surroundings totally dissimilar to the hurly-burly of Hong Kong's Central district to which he later moved.

These are the last glimpses into Dai's poetic imagination that remain. They reveal a man still looking back with nostalgia to the good old days.

The pieces seem to have been written shortly before publication in July 1945. In the third of the four pieces, Dai recounts how he took his daughter to revisit the places and things so dear to him in his past, and searching for his favourite tree, finds it chopped down. Counting up the rings on the severed tree trunk finds they come to "forty-two! Exactly my age." 也许这是诗意的许可吧。也许当考虑到中国计年法时，Dai 不应该超过四十一岁。也许这正是我的年龄。Perhaps this is poetic licence for even when taking into account the Chinese method of counting years of age, Dai should not have been more than forty-one. Moreover the poet re-
fers to this expedition as having taken place in "the autumn of last year," 去年秋天. If the autumn is
the autumn of 1944, then the discrepancy is even greater; either Dai is mistaken about his age, or all his
friends and the literary historians have incorrectly fixed his year of birth as 1905.

As for the poetic sentiment expressed in the pieces, the last line of 'Trees' captures the reflective mood of loss and happiness, recalling the mood of much of Dai's poetry:

Tree, who is the more unfortunate, is it you, or is it me?

樹啊,誰更不幸一點,是你呢,還是我?

'Odd fragments on living on the mountain' is the last piece of original writing of Dai's extant. He continued with his translations but no other literary efforts either in prose or poetry have been uncovered.

On 6 and 9 August, atomic bombs were employed against Japan. The Second World War was brought to a swift conclusion and with it the years of Chinese resistance against the Japanese occupation. British authority was restored in Hong Kong in mid-August. On 29 August British troops landed in Hong Kong.

Dai was once more a free agent, free again to publish as he wished, rid of the burden of censorship and no longer obliged to devote himself to the promotion of resistance literature. And yet Dai did not seize the opportunity to write poetry again; the
Proustian muse of illness seemed to give no further inspiration to Dai Wangshu.

On 19 December Dai's third daughter was born and in March of 1946 he returned with his wife and two children to Shanghai after an absence of eight years. He returned with a new wife and family, his health broken and to a very different environment.87

Years of Decline 1946-1950

He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Gray, The Progress of Poesy

The last five years of Dai's life were barren as far as his writing of poetry was concerned. His health was rapidly deteriorating and the respite from the years of hardship and harassment in Hong Kong would be all too brief. In 1948 after having made a living teaching and translating, he was forced to flee once more to Hong Kong. His personal life was beset by troubles and suffering emotionally and physically he returned to China in 1949 and died in the spring of 1950.

* 

After returning to Shanghai Dai secured a post at the Shanghai Normal Polytechnic School 上海师范 科学校, a teachers' training college.88

Feng Yidai and Xu Chi visited Dai after he had
arrived back in Shanghai and found that he had aged and was suffering acutely with asthma.

Feng Yidai recalls that his asthma attacks were now a daily occurrence:

As soon as evening came around... it would start. As soon as he'd eaten it started... he had problems sleeping, he couldn't sleep well.

一到晚上...)... 就要开始了,一吃过晚饭他就要开了... 睡觉有问题,不能睡好觉。

Nevertheless, he went around his daily business of teaching and translating. In the winter Lou Shiyi introduced a young man by the name of Gu Zuhong to Dai. Gu was seeking assistance with French to Chinese translation. Dai agreed to tutor him on a regular basis and every two weeks during 1946 and 1947 they met to go over Gu's translations.

Unfortunately, Gu admits, he was too young and naive to take full advantage of his acquaintance with Dai and too young also to realize the significance of all that was going on around him. Nevertheless Dai made an impression on Gu as being an extremely kind-hearted man.

Gu also recalls Dai's fascination for the poet Baudelaire and during the time he was in contact with Dai, the poet was making a close and faithful translation of Les Fleurs du Mal, word by word, line by line, perhaps only translating two lines a day.

Throughout 1947 Dai continued to teach—in the main, classical Chinese literature—and to translate.
He continued to do translations of the poems of Lorca and Verhaeren, and the short stories of Azorín and translated also his declared favourite poets, Super- vielle and Eluard. In March 1947, Dai's painstaking work on Baudelaire's poems was concluded with the publication in Shanghai of *E si hua duoying* [Selections from 'Fleurs du Mal'].

In the summer of 1947, Dai gave Gu Zuhong an introduction to his acquaintances in the Hong Kong film world and Gu went off there to make films. It would not, however, be long before Dai, as a known associate of Communist writers, would be obliged to follow him there to evade arrest by the K.M.T. government.

In February of 1948, Dai's last and long awaited volume, *Zainan de sui-yue* [Years of disaster] was published. Less than three months later, in May, the K.M.T. authorities put out a warrant for Dai's arrest and he fled once more to Hong Kong.

During his second exile in Hong Kong, Dai did not—apart from a few pieces for his old newspaper *Xingdao ribao*—write or publish a great deal. He supported himself and his family by private tutoring, living at first with his mother-in-law. He later moved to the house of Hu Wenhu, the proprietor, it will be remembered, of *Xingdao ribao*.

Another marital disaster was about to strike. Dai, after acting as a tutor in Hu Wenhu's household
moved into the home of a student of his surnamed Cai 蔡. Soon afterwards his wife, Yang Lizhen, eloped with the young man, abandoning Dai and their two children. Dai's wife was about twenty years younger than her husband and so her action cannot really be conceived as baby-snatching. This occurred towards the end of 1948.

While trying to persuade his wife to return, Dai meanwhile lodged with the writer Ye Lingfeng 叶凌风 until his return to the mainland in 1949.96

Dai had now been abandoned for the second time and now he was left, in poor health, with two small daughters to care for.

Since 1947 the Civil War had been going against the K.M.T. and by April 1948 the Communist forces had crossed the Yangzi. In January 1949 the People's Liberation army took Peking.

In March 1949, Dai decided to leave Hong Kong and make for Peking. Dai was not a Communist but like Shi Zhecun— not even as far to the left as Dai— people of his sort had even less in common with the K.M.T..97 Dai had no option but to throw in his lot with the Communists; he was after all on the K.M.T.'s wanted list and perhaps he was optimistic enough to think that his record in Hong Kong would allow him to start with a clean sheet and that his opposition to the League of Left Wing Writers and in particular Lu Xun and Qu Qiubai would be forgotten. Du Heng, the prime
mover in the 'Third Kind of Man' debate, decided otherwise and ended his days on Taiwan.

In 1949 Dai had no reason to believe that he, along with other fellow-travellers and 'liberal' Communist writers, would become persona non grata with the authorities, as occurred in the late 1950s. Dai unlike others was only posthumously ignored, or vilified according to the political climate, and was fortunate not to suffer opprobrium during his lifetime for his 'sins of omission'.

In a climate of euphoria—which often accompanies revolutions—created by the continuing advance of Communist forces, Dai decided to go north to the 'liberated area' and managed to find a place on a ship, the cargo vessel Germa flying the Norwegian flag; the ship had been organized by Shen Songquan and some friends to take badly needed supplies to the north and room was found aboard for Dai and his daughters. They arrived in Dagukou on 17 March 1949. Shen Songquan has written of the journey: "On 19 March we left Tangu by train. I got off at Tianjin, Dai Wangshu and his daughters went straight on to Peking." Bian Zhilin also travelled back with Dai.

In June and July of 1949, Dai took part in the first Conference of Literary and Artistic Workers, Wen dai dahui 文代大会. Luo Dagang, Dai's former room-mate at the Institut franco-chinois in Lyons, whom Dai had not seen in fifteen years came to see him while the
conference was in session. Luo found his friend with his two daughters and asking about the whereabouts of their mother, discovered the facts about their separation. Luo recalls that Dai was obviously very ill. Dai asked Luo to join him at the International News Bureau where Dai was to be in charge of the French Section's translation bureau—this later became the Wai-wenju 外文局 — but Luo was content to stay in Tianjin with his wife and teach French.

Dai was not to be in his new post for long, however. The winter climate in Peking aggravated his illness. At the end of 1949 Dai was in hospital for a short while, but had gone straight back to work. Meanwhile Dai had brought his mother to Peking to take care of the children. Dai seems to have still been in contact—by letter—with his wife but she did not rejoin him.

On 28 February 1950 Dai was working at his desk at home. As he rose from his desk he swooned and lost consciousness. His mother phoned his office and spoke to Dai's opposite number in the English language section of the International News Bureau, Liu Zunqi 刘尊棋, who rushed over immediately with two of his assistants, but arrived too late. Dai died without regaining consciousness. Dai had taken too much ephedrine for the heart to withstand. Dai apparently injected himself with ephedrine rather than take tablets, and so an unintentional overdose could have
easily been administered.

In an obituary written by Bian Zhilin, we are told of the severity of Dai's condition. Dai could not even climb a flight of stairs or lift a suitcase without the onset of an attack of asthma.\(^{103}\)

At the age of forty-five Dai had died in Peking. Dai had not written a poem in five years and was making a living out of his secondary profession of translator. The man who had introduced the poems of Baudelaire to Chinese readers died while supervising the French edition of the works of Mao Zedong.\(^{104}\)
Fig. 14  Dai Wangshu, Hong Kong, 1948
Fig. 15 Dai Wangshu, Hong Kong, 1949:
a year before his death
Fig. 16 Feng Yidai, Dai Yongxu (Er Duoduo) and Wu Xiaoling, Peking 1983
Fig. 17. Poem written by Shi Zhecun after seeing an article by Wu Xiaoling, commemorating Dai Wangshu.
CHAPTER IV

MODERNISM

The Problem of Definition

Before attempting an appraisal of the nature and meaning of Modernism in the Chinese context, it is necessary to first investigate what literary historians and critics have seen fit to term Modernism in general—termed rather than defined because while generalizations are not hard to come by, precise definitions of Modernism have proven elusive.

The difficulties involved in defining the term have been well summarized by Professor Frank Kermode:

Somebody should write the history of the word 'modern'. The OED isn't very helpful, though most senses of the word now have been in the air since the 16th century... An earlier usage in the 16th-century devotio moderna seems more significant, because it denotes a sharp sense of epoch, and of a reaction against the style of life and thought of immediate predecessors, something rather more than the technical operations indicated by the word 'new'—in the 'new' poetry or the 'new' music... The New is to be judged by the criterion of novelty, the Modern implies or at any rate permits a serious relationship with a past, a relationship that requires criticism and indeed radical re-imagining.

This notion that the Modern is in part a re-action against what has gone before occurs again and
again in the literature attempting to define what Modernism is.

Modernism is not a monolithic, unitary school or structure either stylistically, nationally or linguistically. For instance, there are many differences between what we might term European Modernism and Anglo-Saxon Modernism. At the end of the nineteenth century, Kermode notes that "Modernism was not only the dangerous line of Beardsley, the clever excess of Wilde and Beerbohm; it was also the French cult of things as they now are."  

The phrase "the French cult of things as they now are" may indeed prove to be an essential component of Modernism as perceived by Dai Wangshu and his associates, for it was from French culture that the poet drew his greatest inspiration and literary attitudes.

Kermode also writes on the role of politics in Modernism:

...on the whole one would want to say that politics has no essential part in the [Modernist] Movement. If there is a persistent world-view it is one we should have to call the apocalyptic; the modernism of the nineties has a recognizable touch of this, if decadence, hope of renovation, the sense of transition, the sense of an ending or the trembling of a veil, are accepted as its signs. At such times there is a notable urgency in the proclamation of a break with the immediate past, a stimulating sense of crisis, of an historical licence for the New. And there appears to be a genuine continuity here, for all modernist art and literature between the nineties and now is associated with similar assumptions in some form or other. (Italics mine)
"Hope of renovation, the sense of transition" are certainly "assumptions" that may be associated with the Chinese social, political and literary scene through the twenties, thirties and forties. The intellectual break with the past around the turn of the century had secured little but dashed hopes and a further break with the "immediate past" was certainly desired by most aspiring writers in the late 1920s and 1930s, not all of whom turned to Modernism.

As for the political content of the Modernist Movement, Shi Zhecun holds a similar opinion of politics to that of Kermode, in that he does not see the content of Modernist verse, political or otherwise, as an essential criterion for its definition. Shi, of course, is viewing Modernism, in its widest context, as a style and ignoring the moods and emotions of Modernism. 4

And yet the role of politics in twentieth-century China in relation to literature has been one of a constant and significant back-drop and at times of a forceful interloper.

In ideal circumstances—in the absence of political turmoil—Kermode's deduction would seem to be borne out by a perusal of the work of both Western and Chinese early Modernists. At least this would seem to be true as long as there was but a "stimulating sense of crisis", once that crisis was upon them Modernist writers were in a more invidious position and during
the 1930s Modernist writers were drawn into the maelstrom of contemporary political events; witness not only China, but France, Italy and Spain. Thus, Professor Kermode's assertion of the persistence of an "apocalyptic" world-view "between the nineties and now" might bear modification, certainly in those cultures where the Modernist tradition came under strong moral or political pressure, or was even as with the Spanish and Chinese cultures, killed off altogether. Nevertheless, that Modernism as practised to-day, as for instance in the Latin American novel, has retained its apocalyptic world-view, and very much in the sense described by Kermode, cannot be denied.

This notion and in particular what has been termed "the sense of an ending or the trembling of the veil" has indeed been noted by other essayists, most notably Herbert Read, to whom we shall shortly turn.

Kermode's inquiry, while brief, is comprehensive and ambitious. Indeed, others are criticized for the shallowness and narrowness of their approach, in particular Cyril Connolly and his survey of Modernism which is described as "superficially stylish" but "careless as to detail." In fairness, it should be noted that this is a fault common to most works dealing with Modernism.5

Modernism by Peter Faulkner, for instance, concerns itself only with "English literary Modern-
ism" and "above all T.S.Eliot, Ezra Pound, James Joyce and Virginia Woolf"; to which ethnocentricity is added the temporal constraint of confining the study to a "Modernist era", 1910-1930, thus dispensing with the necessity to deal with the origins and early manifestations of Modernism which do not lie within "English literary Modernism".  

Even a wide-ranging collection of essays, assembled under the title Modernism, edited and introduced by the literary critics and historians Bradbury and McFarlane, which incorporates numerous articles, is limited by what it excludes. French and German literatures are given wide consideration, while Spanish and Spanish-American literature is hardly mentioned. Such neglect is surprising if one considers the tremendous influence and importance of early Spanish American Modernism (Modernoismo)—which itself had its roots in French symbolism—and the wealth of Modernist talent represented by the 'Generation of 1927' as the twentieth-century Spanish Modernists are known. The latter poetic group included the poets: Salinas, Guillén, Diego, García Lorca, Alberti and Alto-laguirre; all of whom were incidentally taken up and translated by Dai Wangshu.

This failure to extend the discussion of Modernism to its full historical and international perimeters has in part been responsible for the failure to treat fully the genesis and diversity of the
Modernist Movement. Furthermore, those literary theoreticians and historians who would limit their inquiries to literature in the English language face the problem of accommodating the widely held view of Symbolism as the cradle and primary phase of Modernism.

Those who attempt to encompass the whole gambit of literatures with Modernist traditions have not only a greater array of Modernist practitioners available to them for study, but a complex of inter-linguistic factors. It is this latter factor that has discouraged so many otherwise worthy critics from venturing beyond known boundaries.

The task of a full appraisal of Modernism, well beyond the remit of this present work, is therefore still outstanding. It awaits a full and extensive survey which will include a consideration of all appropriate literatures; a treatment long since lavished on modern art which lacks the barriers of language. How complete would a study of Modernism in art be without account being taken of the art of Spain and Mexico, for instance?

Nevertheless, for all the apparent lacunae, there are helpful insights to be gained from the available literature on Modernism and it will be fruitful to compare ideas about Modernism in Western literatures with the attitudes and milieu of would-be Chinese Modernists of the 1920s and 1930s.
Breaking with the Past

One of the features of Modernism most often noted is a rupture with past tradition. The artistic need for such a break with the past has been much discussed by literary and cultural historians. Herbert Read has put it most succinctly. Read perceives two courses of action for the artist when faced with a suffocating and moribund environment:

The alternative suggestions are: (1) the artist retraces the historical development of his art and resumes contact with the authentic tradition [which in the case of Chinese poetry would have meant a return to Tang dynasty shi or lyrical poetry and Song dynasty ci or songs: forms singularly inappropriate for the markedly distinct nature of the modern Chinese vernacular language. Moreover, attempts to recover the Golden Age tradition had already been made in the Ming ('qianhou qizi') and in the Qing ('tongchengpai') without resulting in any remarkable rejuvenation or revitalization. However, tradition is not only invested in form, and it has been argued that traces of the poetic emotions of Golden Age poetry are to be found in some of the poetry of Dai Wangshu, as will be seen in the next chapter.] or (2) the artist resolves the crisis by a leap forward into a new and original state of sensibility—he revolts against the existing conventions in order to create a new convention more in accordance with a contemporary consciousness. We may admit that in so doing he merely recovers ...the basic quality of his art—aesthetic sensibility in all its purity and vitality. But the context is new, and it is a synthesis of an untramelled sensibility and a new set of social conditions which constitutes, in the evolution of art, an act of originality.

In China at the turn of the century the case
for a break with past tradition was crushing and the artistic environment was far more over-powering and constricting than of any other contemporaneous culture suffering a low ebb in originality.

Bradbury and McFarlane also note the tendency of Modernism to be associated with a break in tradition:

... like Romanticism, [Modernism] is a revolutionary movement, capitalizing on a vast intellectual readjustment and radical dissatisfaction with the artistic past...

The young Dai Wangshu started his poetic career during China’s "vast intellectual readjustment" — the era of the May Fourth Movement. The "radical dissatisfaction with the artistic past" was widespread in early twentieth-century China and attempts in the field of literature to dissociate Chinese intellectual activity from the thousands of years of accumulated tradition were fervent after the May Fourth Incident of 1919 which led to the Movement itself; the seeds of a literary revolution had been germinating for some time and the May Fourth Movement merely channelled dissatisfaction and aspiration. Following the decline of Empire and the disappointing beginnings of the new Republic there was intellectual unrest in a new "context" and a "new set of social conditions" were evolving with the rise of urban classes and in particular the young urban intellectuals requiring a new means of artistic expression.
Attempts to make complete breaks with the past were not always successful. All the writers born in the first two decades of the century were to some extent educated in the traditional system and soaked in the literary heritage of China. Moreover, far from all who wished to break with the past turned out to be Modernists. The young intellectuals were searching for what was 'New', which as Kermode has pointed out, is not necessarily 'Modern'.

Nevertheless, the conditions in which Modernism tends to arise, such as a "radical dissatisfaction" with the artistic past, did exist and many writers opted for the second of Read's "alternative suggestions": having rejected the past tradition, to take a "leap forward". But having rejected a monumental tradition, in which direction were they to 'leap'? Having turned their backs on their own past they looked to the world outside which was 'New' but they did not necessarily or immediately look to what was 'Modern'. Nevertheless intellectuals had chosen the West as their 'new cultural model. It would only be a matter of time before some were attracted to Modernism. Bradbury and McFarlane continue their enumeration of Modernist criteria thus:

[Modernism is] a movement that is international in character and marked by a flow of major ideas, forms, and values that spread from country to country...

There was indeed a "flow of major ideas, forms
and values" from the West into China, but not all
perforce Modernist. The schools of Realism, Romantic-
ism and later Symbolism all made their mark. To a
large extent the language and literature a young writer
chose, or happened, to study was a significant factor
in the determination of which school he would eventual-
ly be attracted to; bearing in mind that very little
Western literature had been translated into Chinese.

The earliest influences were those of Russian
and German literatures, often via Japanese translations,
and English, mainly Victorian social realism and Eng-
lish Romanticism.

In poetry the most outstanding poets influen-
ced by English Romanticism were Xu Zhimo 徐志摩 and
Wen Yiduo 閔一多. Neither poet was content with the
inspiration provided by the values and poetic emotions
of Chinese poetry and both attempted to employ English
poetic forms; even attempting to initiate an anglicized
metric pattern. Such a form was of course impractic-
able for a tonal language such as Chinese, and the
short-comings of classical Chinese form as a vehicle
for the modern language were mirrored in the use of
foreign forms. It was as if having escaped one set
of indigenous rules they felt a need for a substitute.

 Nevertheless, form was an obvious concern and
those who turned to the French tradition—receiving an
education in one of the several establishments of
higher education using French as the medium of in-

struction, such as Aurore University—were perhaps better served in this regard. Such aspiring writers were open to different literary influences—both in form and ideas—to French Romanticism, which differed not only in form but in content from Anglo-Saxon and German Romanticism, and to nascent Modernism in the shape of the Symbolists.

It could be argued that Modernist literary influences were available to those educated in the English literary tradition also. But Anglo-American Modernism was later in developing and more difficult to assimilate readily; Symbolism, proto-Modernism, was already a widespread literary movement.

Furthermore if we take, for example, Pound and T.S. Eliot as the Modernist masters in the English language, we may detect in their work a fundamental difference compared to non-English Modernism. Although there was certainly an interchange of influences among Romance languages and again between English and German, and to a lesser extent between the two linguistic groups, there were fundamental divisions at an early stage in what has come to be known as Modernism; most notably, divisions between "symbolism (tending to the transcendental) and imagism (to concrete particulars)." 15

The fact that many young poets were inspired by French literature was decisive for the future of modern Chinese poetry, for it led to a freedom in
form, through the adoption and adaptation of vers libre or free verse, and furthermore gave access to Modernist developments, in particular those of the neo-Symbolists and either directly or via translation into French, to Spanish and Italian trends in Modernism.

Such as Wen Yiduo, Xu Zhimo and Feng Zhi —influenced greatly by German literature and in particular by Rilke—certainly achieved "a new and original state of sensibility"—as Read puts it—and opened up the minds of the poetry reading public, but it was the French school that would stimulate the further growth of modern Chinese poetry. 16

It has been suggested, as will be seen in the next chapter, that Dai Wangshu was first influenced not by French Symbolism but by its predecessor Romanticism. This might at first seem an odd diversion on the road to Modernism, if the latter is viewed as a reaction against Romanticism. However, apart from the fact that Romanticism did not constitute an 'immediate past'—against which a reaction was necessary in order to start afresh—for Dai Wangshu and other writers, there is a body of opinion that considers Romanticism to have more points of contact with Modernism than hitherto believed.

The apparently antagonistic relationship between Romanticism and Modernism has recently been questioned, in the light of renewed interest in French
Romanticism. Critics have discovered in the "tur­
bulence of Romanticism [that which] prepares and an­
nounces Modernism." Indeed, some of the later
Romanticists,

... played out and lived out Romanticism
to the hilt, whether in their concept
of the artist as being apart and in
conflict with bourgeois society, or toy­
ing with the intolerable, the need to
subvert the relation between art and
reality, or the tendency to push''
literary expression to its limits. Above
all they seemed to subscribe to Nerval's
statement: "Le rêve est une seconde vie." [Dream is a second life.]

Thus, there was much in late Romanticism of a
sufficiently revolutionary nature to initially attract
Chinese poets reacting against their own literary past
and as illustrated in the passage just quoted, much
of the fervour and many of the ideas of Modernism are
to be seen first in work of the later Romanticists.
In particular, 'dream' is of great significance in
Modernist poetry and nowhere more so than in the poems
of Dai Wangshu.

Dai Wangshu and the
Modernist-Symbolist Tradition

Let us first turn to the question of form.
Shi Zhecun, fellow-writer and friend of Dai Wangshu,
believes that free verse or vers libre was fundamental
to the creation of Chinese Modernist verse. While
himself finding it difficult to define Modernism in
general, he considers that Modernist poetry was de­
pendent on a mood, a style, but that the liberating
factor, enabling the creation of Chinese Modernist verse, was the form. In that sense, Shi believes, all Chinese poets employing free verse were Modernists; free verse being such a free and modern form.

Perhaps Shi—as a Chinese writer sensing the significance of the Chinese poet being liberated from the burdens of traditional poetic forms—is over emphasizing the power and role of free verse and is confusing the freedom conferred by a new form, its modernity, with Modernism itself. The majority of modern Chinese poets were profiting from the greater freedom of *vers libre* in its Chinese manifestation but not all of these poets could be considered Modernist in any conventional critical sense.

If the external form employed by poets was similar, then what distinguishes the Modernist must be found in thought and content. Many modern Chinese poets, for example, took on board social and political themes, but Dai wangshu, on the other hand, concerned himself very little with such subjects in his verse. It may be remembered that Kermode states "politics has no essential part in Modernism," and despite Shi Zhecun's broad categorization, it will be evident that not so much the absence of politics in Dai's work but the intrusion of it into the work of so many other Chinese poets is what distinguishes Dai as a Modernist and others as non-Modernist or even anti-Modernist.

Furthermore, much of Dai's poetry not only
shuns politics and social concerns but excludes the outside world altogether in favour of the inner world of dreams and the imagination, concentrating on the self and individual rather than societal perceptions.

Bradbury and McFarlane have apprehended a definite trend in this vein, a line of thinking indicative of the Modernist poetic spirit:

The movement towards sophistication and mannerism, towards introversion, technical display, internal self-scepticism, has often been taken as a common base for a definition of Modernism. (Italics mine)

This "movement" is evident in the work of the early Symbolists and thence in mainstream Symbolism, neo-Symbolism and generally as a feature of all that is now included within the term Modernism.

It is the Symbolist and, in particular, the neo-Symbolist trend within Modernism to which Dai owes most however. This is especially noticeable in the latter part of the poet's volume 'My_Memory' and his second collection 'Rough Drafts of Wangshu', in which, as will be illustrated in the chapters dealing with those works, Dai is in particular indebted to the neo-Symbolist Francis Jammes.

Dai's debt to Symbolism is most clearly revealed in the realm of theme and mood, such as the melancholy brooding and pervasive nostalgia of much of Jammes' work; traits having their antecedents in the work of earlier poets such as Verlaine. Often the moods employed by Dai were accompanied by the impress
of Symbolist language and metaphor.

In Dai's earlier work there is a tendency to introduce rather too many symbolist devices, but throughout there is a poetic growth which tends to synthesize the influences of French Symbolism with his own poetic inclinations. The result is more than a Chinese Symbolism, for the poet has tried to expand the possibilities of the imaginative freedom offered by Symbolist innovations to fashion something new and finally independent, further along the road of the Modernist-Symbolist tradition.

Symbolism, nevertheless was Dai's conduit to Modernism and much of his early poetry bears a distinctive symbolist impression; witness Dai's most celebrated poem 'Rainy alley', an early poem which led justifiably to his reputation as a Chinese symbolist. Such a description of the poet is however not borne out by his later poetic growth for as the poet relies less on symbolist devices he moves into a poetic realm which can only be encompassed by the term Modernism, a term the critics have found so useful in describing what is beyond Symbolism yet is rooted in Symbolism. It is at this point that the difficulty of definition becomes acute and recourse can only be made to generalizations about the nature of Modernist poets who share as many differences as points of similarity.

Thus, critics and literary theoreticians have found it more fruitful to compare Modernism with those
movements which are apparently 'anti-Modernist'.

Critics in China have, over the decades since the 1930s, taken differing attitudes towards the merits of Modernism but throughout the common feature of their criticism has been the notion that Modernism is opposed and contradictory to Realism.

Such theories, while not carrying the same kind of political judgment, have often been popular with Western critics. Recently, in the wake of the popularity of Structuralism, the notion has even been given a more detailed and textual approach which while still leaving the nature and bounds of Modernism open to question, at least, attempts more precise definitions.

The leading British exponent of this approach is David Lodge. Employing the theory of 'foregrounding'—developed by the Russian Formalists and Czech Structuralists—and the metaphor-metonymy distinction of Jakobson's, Lodge attempts to "study the differences between modernist and other types of literature in the modern period." 21

Here again, the author confines himself to a narrow field of English literature, but notwithstanding his work throws up some interesting insights, several of which indicate a greater perception of the nature of Modernism than has been displayed by others.

Taking up the theme, already mentioned, of reaction against the past and a perceived necessity
for renewal, Lodge formulates it thus, in relation to English poetry:

The modernists found the modes of late Victorian and Edwardian poetry...in-authentic in clinging to the myth of a universe that was intelligible and expressible within the conventions of a smooth homogeneous lyrical idiom.22

This could almost be a description of the view of Dai Wangshu.23 Other Chinese poets, while having no argument about the unsuitability of the old "lyrical idiom", did believe that the universe could be rendered scientifically intelligible in verse; or at least went along with the notion encompassed in the literary doctrines which advocated Realism.

Lodge quotes Virginia Woolf, poignantly perceiving the predicament of the writer hamstrung by the tenets of realism:

The writer seems constrained, not by his own free will, but by a powerful and unscrupulous tyrant who has him in thrall, to provide a plot...and an air of probability embalming the whole. ....Is life like this?24

No more did Dai Wangshu consider life to be "like this", nor did he see life as being any more intelligible for being perceived through Realist eyes. His own poetic thoughts, to which we shall shortly come, seem to be more in accord with those expounded by Mallarmé, when he writes of the Symbolist poetic in terms of evocation and suggestion:

It is not description which can unveil the efficacy and beauty of monuments, seas or the human face in all their maturity and native state, but rather
evocation, allusion, suggestion... out of a number of words, poetry fashion a single new word which is total in itself and foreign to the language—a kind of incantation.

Several of Dai's ideas on poetry seem to echo these sentiments of Mallarmé's:

Poetry should avoid the exquisite detail of painting.

A mere composition of beautiful words is not the distinctive mark of poetry.

What is most important to New Poetry is the nuance of poetic emotions, not the nuance of words.

Poetry is not the pleasure of any particular sense, it belongs to all the senses or rather transcends the senses.

These notes were scribbled down in 1932 but further comments made in the mid-1940s reveal no real change in Dai's poetic values.

Dai made these comments more than half-way through his career, having already come under the influence of neo-Symbolism, as is evidenced by a close reading of his first two volumes of poetry.

Not only were such ideas novel in China, but elsewhere also; Symbolism, as such, it should be remembered, had a history of barely four decades when Dai started his own poetic career: "Symbolic poetry: the word Mallarmé had been seeking so long had suddenly appeared fortuitously in the writing of an admirer."
The admirer was the young editor of the magazine, *Les Tâches d'Encre*, who wrote of Mallarmé:

...he suppresses transitions; and most often he proceeds, not from idea to idea but from emotion to emotion... Proudly conceived lines sown here and there acquire a superb brilliance from the very obscurity of their foundation. This symbolic poetry is a stimulant which does not quench...

Poetry is trying to communicate almost in spite of language, it seems. Dai's ideas, so similar to Mallarmé's, amount to an attempt to create a new way of transcending the rules of language and moreover indicates one of, as Lodge has it, the "basic ambitions of the modernists: to translate raw experience into immortal form by renewing the means of expression." 29

"Renewing the means of expression" is redolent of Read's notion necessitating the pursuit of one of his two alternative suggestions, the former of which is the idea of a search for renewal reaching back into previous periods of literature in the tradition. Lodge's renewing -the-means-of-expression line would not appear to contradict such a course and indeed provides a theoretical basis for the idea of the search for renewal reaching back to previous periods of literature in the tradition:

...the metaphor/metonymy distinction explains why at the deepest level there is a cyclical rhythm to literary history, for there is nowhere else for discourse to go except between these two poles. 30

In China during the 1930s the two opposites,
Modernism and Realism, for a time vied with each for supremacy, until the latter had won. Of course, in China's case the literary and political bases of the schools were largely imported as was the literary heritage in which renewal was sought.

Ironically, Modernists are often most easily identified and isolated by the attitudes of their contemporary detractors. What Lodge has to say about literary shifts in 1930s Britain almost word for word mirrors the literary arguments of 1930s China; where similar political and intellectual ideas—albeit more dogmatically—were expressed:

...the shift in literary taste and literary aims that characterized the new writers of the 1930s: their attacks on obscurity, allusiveness and elitism of the modernist-symbolist tradition, and their call for a more politically aware and openly communicative approach to the practice of writing [meant that] realism came back into favour. 31

In China there were added emphases and party political backing to the attacks on Modernism, the elitism and obscurity of which was attacked in the 'Third Kind of Man' debate, but by and large the "literary aims", or justifications, were very much similar.

Realism in China, as elsewhere, necessitated a tendency towards the metonymic mode of discourse—with difficulty in the case of poetry which is essentially metaphoric, at least that is lyrical poetry—but what resulted was not a faithful mimetic reflection
of reality—not in any case easy to obtain within, as
remarked by Virginia Woolf, the confines of reality—
but the reflection of a fantasy. What emerged in
orthodox left-wing literature in the late 1930s and
1940s both in prose and poetry was a kind of myth,
written in the metonymic mode.

Against this background the work of Dai Wang­
shu, distinctive and Modernist, stands out. The very
direction of most of his contemporaries' work 'fore­
grounded' his poetry as much as anything Dai himself
achieved towards the furtherance of his modernist art
and its assumptions.

As for the representation of reality in his
poetry, Dai did not attempt to interpret or describe
society, but rather addressed himself to the poetic
expression of existence and human emotion. He saw it
thus:

Poetry is reality which has passed through
the imagination. It is neither mere reality
nor mere imagination.

The latter being a typically Modernist sentiment. As
for 'detail', the "staple device of realism", Dai,
as we have seen, eschewed it.33

A certain confusion has often arisen because
of the association of the magazine Xiangdai "现代"
[Modern] with Modernism itself. Many writers who were
not Modernists and later became self-confessed anti­
Modernists contributed to this magazine and have thus
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**Fig. 18. Xiandai Cover Illustration**
been erroneously associated with Xiandaipai 现代派, the Modernist School or Movement. The only justification for any connection being made between Modernism and the magazine is that its founders, Shi Zhecun and Dai, were Modernists themselves, but since, as explained earlier, many writers contributed because at the time the magazine was one of the few forums available to them, they can hardly be labelled Modernist on that basis alone.

Moreover the French sub-title, Les Contemporains, would indicate that the editors' idea of the magazine was that of a forum for those who were modernist in the broadest sense, in the sense Kermode described as the "cult of things as they now are." 34

Whatever the method or approach employed in the attempt to define Modernism, most critics have agreed on the seminal place of Symbolism within the tradition; indeed Symbolism is now considered as merely a School within the Modernist Movement, the literary trends succeeding Romanticism now collectively being referred to as Modernism. 35

Professor Kermode, it was earlier noted, scorns narrow definitions, and yet is not able himself to formulate an all-embracing definition. In particular, he finds little merit in the definition of Modernism as "the movement in Hispanic letters which began in
the 1880s in Spanish America, blending Spanish, French and other foreign influences..."36 However, he does agree that Modernism encompasses "our fallen father Baudelaire and his accursed sons the Symbolists."37

While the definition of Modernism as no more than the Hispanic modernismo is patently inadequate, there is no denying the existence of Spanish American Modernism and its roots in French Symbolism. Moreover, Latin American Modernism was in turn an influence on Spanish and French Modernists.

The later, or mature Modernism, of France, Spain, Latin America and indeed China, grew out of a the early Modernism of the Symbolists, arriving at a synthesis of French Symbolism and native aspirations and literary traditions.

As far as Hispanic Modernism is concerned, the definition, considered, rightly, by Kermode to be useless as a universal description, is no doubt adequate. And while narrow, something akin to: "the movement in Chinese letters which began in 1920s China, blending French and other foreign influences", would be a simplistic but acceptable definition of Chinese Modernism as far as poetry is concerned.

Although Dai's more mature verse arrives at a more personal synthesis, the inspiration derived from French Romanticism, Symbolism and neo-Symbolism as shown in much of his work, would justify the suggestion of the definition offered above.
Notwithstanding, no one definition can encapsulate the variety and range of Dai's verse. There is within his work, progression and growth. At first, Dai passes through a period of apprenticeship, a period of experimentation receptive to Romanticist influences and marked by intrusions of the classical tradition. This leads to a phase in which the influence of neo-Symbolism is dominant, but also in which his own poetic imagination and predilections come increasingly into play and his poetry veers towards Surrealism. Finally, there is a batch of poems written in a simple vein, further towards the metonymic pole on the 'metonymy/metaphor axis', but still tinged with the Symbolist mystique.

The main features of his central poems which clearly emerge owe much to Symbolist poetic thinking: the melancholy, the loneliness, the introspection, the use of dream and the subconscious.

That there is much in Dai's poetry to satisfy many of the various Modernist criteria mentioned in this chapter will become apparent as his poems are investigated more closely. While working through the poetry, reference will be made to several of the definitions and approaches discussed above and to the precise influences and sources of inspiration providing Dai with a Modernist mentality. But while noting Dai's indebtedness to Symbolism and even occasionally to Surrealism, and while attempting to determine and
define the essence of Dai Wangshu's Modernism, let us not forget the witty yet meaningful message contained in Paul Valery's remark that one cannot get drunk on the bottle's label.
CHAPTER V

THE EARLIEST MEMORIES

The approach taken in this, and subsequent, chapters, is to analyse and elucidate the poet's growth with a view to identifying influences, where they can be proven to exist, and further to trace the development of the thematic preoccupations of the poet.

As the poet's work progresses into something more of a synthesis and Dai sheds the need for the poetic inspiration of other poets, the search for influences becomes less valid and less fruitful. But this approach is rewarding as far as the majority of Dai's fecund period is concerned. In Dai's later poetry the poetic thought moves away from original or inherited exploration of emotions towards a greater concern for the poet's own experience of those emotions.

The first dozen or so poems are experimental—in that the poet is crudely synthesizing Western and Chinese forms and poetic ideas—, thus they are dealt with in a more technical fashion, which is unnecessary in the consideration of Dai's later poems in which Dai has settled the question of form and idiom.

No attempt is made to cover all of Dai Wangshu's poetic corpus, rather those poems which best
show how the poet's work grows thematically and stylistically are chosen.

No approach uniformly applied will be completely successful; as the character of the poet and his poetry evolves so must the manner in which it is considered change.

Juvenilia

Exactly when Dai started to write poetry is unclear. According to his friend, the critic, Du Heng (who often used the pseudonym Su Wen), the poet destroyed much of his early verse. Facts about the dates of composition of these prentice poems are scarce and indeed the only more or less contemporary account of the poet's early work is to be found in Du Heng's Preface to Wangshu cao [Rough drafts of Wangshu] according to which Du Heng undertook the preparation, and publication of the volume at the request of the poet on his departure for France.

According to this account, Dai started to write poetry sometime between 1922 and 1924. He surmises that only a few of these early poems survived to be included in the first section of Wo de jiyi [My memory]: "Jiu jinnang" 舊錦囊: which poems, or how many, Du Heng does not venture to say.

As far as dating the poems in the first section is concerned, of the twelve poems included we can
establish that three—'Ning le chu men' (Tears gathering in my eyes I leave home); 'Liulangren de ye ge' (The wanderer's night song); 'Kezhi'—all appearing for the first time in the magazine Yingluo [Jade necklace], nos. 1 (17 March 1926), 2 (27 March 1926) and 3 (7 April 1926), respectively—were published in, and therefore written before, the spring of 1926.

'Shisi hang' (Sonnet) was first published in 1927, in the magazine Mang -yuan [Wild plain]. In 1928, five poems were published in Xiaoshuo yuebao [小説月報]; they were: 'Can hua de lei' (Tears of fading blossoms); 'Jing ye' (Quiet night); 'Zijia shanggan' (Lament to myself); 'Xiyang xia' (Under the setting sun) and 'Fragments' [original title].

Unfortunately the dates of publication in periodicals of these poems do no not greatly assist in establishing the dates on which the poems were composed, nor is their order of publication necessarily chronological; 'Huile xinr ba' (Change your mind) was published along with 'Shisi hang' in Mangyuan and yet was subsequently included, not in the first, but the second section of Wo de jiyi: "Yu xiang" (Rainy alley). Consequently, without the existence of any external evidence, both the validity of describing "Jiu jinnang" as the section including all of Dai's early verse and also the legitimacy of using periodic al publication dates as a guide to establishing the
chronological order of the poems, are called into question. All that can be confidently stated is that those poems published in literary magazines were written at the latest by the publication date of the particular issue of the magazine in which the poem appears.

As for the remaining three of the twelve poems comprising the first section—'Han feng zhong wen que sheng' (In the cold wind I hear the sparrow's song); 'Shengya' (Life) and 'Shan xing' (Mountain walk)—, they were not published in any periodical and thus no date before 1929—when they appeared in book form—can accurately be arrived at.

Nevertheless, Du Heng is of the opinion that all twelve poems belong to Dai's early experimental period, placing them all before 1926.\(^5\)

Que Guoqiu, a Chinese student of literature has suggested that the twelve poems, which he takes to be definitely earlier than subsequent poems in Wo de jiyi, show the influence of French Romanticism; in particular, he sees traces of Chateaubriand and Lamartine.\(^6\)

Unfortunately the only corroborative evidence he provides to show the influence of the latter is taken, unhappily without acknowledgment, from Dai Wangshu's own comments on his borrowings from Lamartine which are to be found in Xin wenyi.\(^7\) Moreover, this textual evidence, cited by Que, is not to be found in any of the twelve poems, but in the later
the influence of Lamartine on which will be dealt with when considering the poem in the appropriate section.

As for textual influences stemming from the work of Chateaubriand, these are hard to judge. Dai's translations of *Atala* and *Rene* appeared in 1928, but these are prose works and thus the search for textual borrowings is unrewarding. Also it might seem strange that Dai Wangshu should be influenced by a writer whose works he did not apparently translate until 1928—two years after he supposedly wrote the twelve poems of this section. Indeed, before the publication of his translations of Chateaubriand's work Dai had first published his translations of Paul Fort's poetry—a much more tangible and definite influence.

Mr. Que does not pursue this anomaly and is correct, it would appear, in not doing so, for there is evidence to show that Dai may have started his translation of Chateaubriand in the same year he took up the study of French, 1925. Thus, Dai's early acquaintance with French Romanticism in general seems to be beyond reasonable doubt.

Nevertheless, the influence of Romanticism on Dai Wangshu seems to have been in the realm of emotion and mood rather than in any technical or textually derivative sense. For instance, the young hero, common to both *Atala* and *Rene*, is overtaken by melancholy and sadness. Disillusioned with the world he surrend-
ers to self-pity, dreaming of love while never having experienced it. These are themes which occur regularly in Dai's poetry and it would seem that Mr. Que is justified in drawing our attention to these similarities in mood.

Dai's attraction to the Romantic Movement within French literature is revealing. Apart from the poet's personal emotional leanings which may have drawn him to Lamartine, Chateaubriand and others, there are similarities between the environment in which Dai was learning his craft and that of Chateaubriand; in other terms a similarity in cultural and social moods.

Both the French Revolution of 1789—when Chateaubriand was twenty years of age—and the Chinese Revolution and the establishment of a fragile republic in 1911 led to disappointment and dissatisfaction. The pessimism which resulted from the failure of these revolutions to fulfil youthful aspirations revealed itself in literature.

Romanticism is a rebellious kind of literary movement and the beginning of the nineteenth-century saw Romanticism embrace those literary tendencies opposed to the Classicism of earlier generations. This opposition expressed itself as a contempt for rules and the popularity of the cult of the imagination and sentiments. This was the literary rebellion in France and it is apparent that Dai Wangshu would
have felt some empathy with it. The full expression of sufferings, anxieties and extasies embraced by French Romantic poetry is likewise mirrored by Dai's endeavour to give vent to the full exploration of the state of the soul in his early poems.

As was noted in the previous chapter, there appears to be no overwhelming contradiction between Romanticism and Modernism, in that they share several characteristics, most notably the use of the imagination and the importance of dreams and visions.

Although Dai soon transferred his preferences to neo-Symbolist poetry, the influences of the Romanticist mood may be glimpsed throughout his work.

As for other possible foreign influences, Dai came under the influence of Symbolism at an early stage. The route via which he became acquainted with Symbolism was somewhat circuitous. Shi Zhecun and Bian Zhilin have both pointed to the influence of Ernest Dowson—the English Symbolist who was a great admirer and imitator of Verlaine—whom Dai translated together with Du Heng.11

There is again a similarity in mood. Dowson's main thematic preoccupation and inspiration: unrequited love coupled with a general despair are also reminiscent of Dai's early and, indeed, his later work. As an enthusiastic aficionado of Verlaine, Dowson claimed to emulate "verses in the manner of the French 'symbolists': verse making for mere sound, and music, with
just a suggestion of sense or hardly that...".\textsuperscript{12} The desire to achieve a felicity of diction and purity and fluency of music would later be echoed in Dai's own poetry.

It has often been assumed that Dai's Symbolist inspiration must have stemmed from a reading of the great Symbolist masters, Baudelaire in particular. There seems to be no evidence, however, for such an assumption, logical and obvious though it may seem.

Although Dai did turn to reading and translating the early generation of Symbolists in later years—when in fact he had almost given up writing poetry—, his early literary activities did not include advocacy or translation of the father of Symbolism, Baudelaire. When Dai did discover the enchantment of Baudelaire's verse he devoted himself, as we have seen, to a faithful translation of his poetry. Had Dai read Baudelaire earlier, he would certainly have translated his poetry, and Dai's friends been aware of the fact.

Thus it appears that but for a brief flirtation with Dowson and Verlaine, Dai shifted his attention from the Romanticists to the, nowadays, relatively neglected neo-Symbolists Fort and Jammes. At the time such poets were, even in the West, extremely popular; their demise is a comparatively recent, and perhaps temporary, phenomenon, a consequence of the vagaries of literary taste.

Finally, a major influence during Dai's early
phase, was that of classical Chinese poetry and in particular that of the late Tang.

These are the possible influences defined generally. In order to obtain a clearer picture of the growth of Dai's early work and the relative impact of these various influences upon it, a detailed consideration of the poems themselves is called for.

A close examination of two poems drawn from the first section *Wo de jiyi*, of which they are representative, will serve both to illuminate how Dai tackled the problem of creating a poetic idiom and also will provide a context in which to judge the extent and nature of his subsequent poetic growth under different influences.

The first of the two poems discussed critically below, is 'Ning lei chu men' 凝泪出门 (Stopping the tears I leave home), typical of the mood of dejection and unrequited or disappointed love which pervades "Jiu jinnang" and which becomes a thematic trend throughout Dai's work. The second poem, 'Liu-langren de yege' 漂流人的夜歌 (The wanderer's night song), is superficially interesting for its apparent symmetry of form. Dai, experimenting with form in his early work, seems to have imposed an order which on closer examination is almost purely visual. First, let us turn to 'Ning lei chu men':
The dim lamplight,
The haze of the rain,
The gloom before the dawn:
Feelings of desolation
Fill my sorrowful breast.

In the intensely bleak calm,
You sleep long and deep:
I loiter helplessly, aimlessly,
Alone with tears gathering in my eyes
I leave home:
I am already so despondent!

The stark street lamps,
Shining on the moving car:
in my heart,
I have lost my joy,
Sorrow has already arrived.

A series of short descriptive phrases sets
the physical scene and at the same time prepares the
reader for the mood of melancholy and mystery which
follows in this damp early morning.
The second stanza elaborates the mood. The sadness is all-pervading in the early morning and the reason for such sadness becomes slowly apparent. The loved one's indifference towards, or unawareness of, the 'I' of the poem, as she sleeps soundly, is contrasted with the anxious behaviour of the 'I' in the subsequent line. He alone is sad; she no longer caring for him, perhaps, or he not choosing to wake her. Who has decided to end the liaison is left unclear, the reasons for its end deliberately left unstated, and the poet, in Symbolist fashion, wants merely to peddle a mood, a framework for sentiments "with just a suggestion of sense...". There is a separation, there is a sense of inevitability and there is sadness. The reader is left to imagine the rest and invited merely to sympathize with the emotions expressed.

Technically the poem is neat and concise. The terseness of the first line is repeated in the first line of the third stanza which returns to the physical setting which has moved outside the 'home'. The lamp of the first line is now the lonely street light shining on passing cars. The repetition of 'lamp', and its concomitant rhyme, successfully juxtaposes the first and second stanzas: the first anticipating the departure of the man, the third relating his feelings after the separation; the street outside contrasting and highlighting the inner feelings of loss and sorrow.
Although the nature of the characters is left vague, the 'I' of the poem is prominent. He appears explicitly throughout the poem, reminding the reader how personal are the emotions expressed, how inextricably they are part of the voice of the poem: "my sorrowful breast" (line 5); "I loiter helplessly, aimlessly" (line 8); "I am already so despondent" (line 10); "In my heart/I have lost my joy." (lines 13-14).

This introspection, the dominance of the 'I', so indicative of the Modernist-Symbolist tradition is to be found throughout Dai's work. The 'I' coupled with a display of personal emotions.

In this poem, sorrow and desolation, indeed a range of negative emotions, dominate throughout. Desolation or sadness is in his heart (line 4) and sensed in the calm of the morning (line 6); the more sad because it is undisturbed by the sleeping lover.

The tightness of the poem, the neat expression of nebulous emotions, owe much to the clipped nature of classical usage. For instance, the reduplicated adjectives appearing at the beginning of the first line of each stanza economically reflect and predict the mood: dimness, haze, gloom. Literary particles are employed throughout the poem: 'wei' 未 (lines 3 and 7) and 'yi' 已 (lines 10 and 15).

Is this retention of classical linguistic elements intentional or subconscious? Is the poet not confident or experienced enough to let go of the
hamstrings of classical literary language and introduce a more vernacular or colloquial flavour into his poetry? It is, of course, largely a matter of convenience and comprehensibility; the poem in question aims to build an atmosphere and is thus heavily reliant on descriptive words and therefore the poet would be hard pressed to avoid 'classical' vocabulary without inventing new words. Nevertheless to escape the hint of classical bondage the poet would have to resort to circumlocutions eventually. The poet was of course freer to do this once he had abandoned his preference for short, more or less regular line length; using lines of less than a dozen syllables the poet would find it difficult to avoid the convenience and immediacy of classicisms.

The success of 'Ning lei chu men' lies elsewhere, in the clever linkage of the three stanzas; the first introducing the reader to the poet's emotional stance, the second elaborating, providing a little more 'sense', the third focusing on the intensification of the emotions, once the act of separation is complete.

Within each stanza, the first two or three lines describe the physical surroundings with imagery that also serves to suggest the poet's mood. The haze and gloom of the first stanza reflect the vague melancholy the poet intends. The sad calm of the second stanza contrasts the indifference of the 'you', the
partner, with the poet's 'I', delaying his inevitable exit. The friendless nature of the street lamp shining on the traffic outside emphasizes the loneliness and desolation within the poet's mind.

A certain unity is revealed in the way the poet has used the contrast between physical setting and inner feelings within the stanza; a unity further reinforced by the rhyme repeated in the first three lines: '-ng'.

Rhyme, which is used sparingly, is effective in pulling the poem together. For example, 'the haze of the rain' (line 2) reflects more strongly the emotions expressed in line four because of the use of rhyme. Similarly the juxtaposition of the image of moving traffic (line 12) is enhanced by the use of rhyme.

The form and content of the poem, thus, interweave well, but perhaps give the impression of being wrought too nicely.

To what extent is the poem modern? The feelings and mood seem to resemble those of Chinese ċi poetry while the modernity is supplied by the focus on the 'I' and the estranging coldness of urban existence. In doing this the poet is successful and yet the imagery and vocabulary do not strike the reader as fresh, the emotions, universal and timeless, are not invigorated by the expression given to them. The poet is successful in creating a mood, and handling the form
and technical aspects competently. In short, the poem is an interesting insight into the way the poet is battling with form and content, old and new and Western and Chinese.

From the point of view of form, 'Liulangren de yege' is an interesting poem and the subsequent revisions show that—while the poet was happy with the mood the poem conveys—its form and imagery caused him some disquiet:

THE WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG

The waning moon is a beautiful woman already dead,
Crying and sobbing on the mountain top,
Crying over her frail soul.

A strange owl in the seclusion sadly hoots,
Hungry wolves howl in ridicule,
In the overgrown graveyard with its tumbledown tombstones.
This is a territory occupied by darkness.
Terror rules over everyone,
The long night is boundless in its gloom.

Coming to this place my eyes are full of tears,
I am a drifting and battered lone soul,
I want to sink together with the waning moon.

The outer visual form of this poem is unusual in that it bears a superficial resemblance to a classical seven syllable poem, qiyun 七言. Lines 1 and 7, however, are of eight syllables in length and lines 6 and 11 of nine, but not in the later Wangshu shi gao 周舒詩稿 version; where these lines were trimmed to seven syllables, giving the poem a uniformity of line length and enhancing the resemblance to classical lishi 什録 forms:

威月是已死異人，
在山頭哭泣嘆嘆，
異地失敗的魂靈。

怪鬼在森林驚嚇，
鬼魂在嘲笑聲聲，
在那荒葬的荒坟。

此地黑暗的領地，
恐怖在統治人群，
黑夜茫茫地不明。

來到此地泪盈盈，
我是飢餓的孤魂，
我要與残月同沉。

In the first version, however, even taking
into account the fact that the character de的 was not counted when reckoning up the syllabic count, the line length is not uniform.

As for putative rhythm, pīngzé 平仄, it does not accord with any regular classical scheme. As for the rhyming scheme, taking the classical rhyme values of the last character in each line would produce a more regular and harmonious set of rhymes and yet the occurrence of the several rhymes — according to classical poetic rules: shényun 真韵, wényun 文韵, gèngyun 变韵, qínyun 卷韵, qǐngyun 蜷韵 and gèngyun 梗韵 — in one poem is out of the question vis-à-vis the single-rhyme qīyán 单韵 form.

The rhyme scheme therefore does not appear to work in accordance with classical Chinese poetics nor in modern standard Chinese. The rhymes seem, in fact, to represent sounds as pronounced in Jiangsu dialect; Dai was born in Hangzhou, so while not speaking a Wu dialect, he spoke the local Hangzhou dialect of Mandarin which is heavily influenced by Jiangsu dialect and accent. Thus interpreted, the rhyme would be more or less uniform throughout the poem. This is born out by contemporaries of Dai and by readings of the poem in Dai's native dialect. 17

The basic seven syllable line would therefore seem to indicate a residual classical form without an adherence to the rules of classical poetry. Moreover the division of the poem into tercets is a break with
classical visual form which seems to suggest that the poet was indeed experimenting with formal possibilities.

A pattern would seem therefore to emerge in these early poems which may be described as an attempt to achieve a strict outer form—rhyme and regular line length—without a regard for inner form or metric values. The effect therefore is more visual than aural.

The content of the poem is also indicative of the poet's growth. The wanderer's impressions of the night start and finish with the image of the 'waning moon', likened in the first line to a beautiful woman.

The first stanza indicates the empathy of the wanderer with the moon, a woman wailing on the mountain top bewailing her weakness and impotence. The second stanza expands the nocturnal vision with beasts traditionally associated with the night and the intimidating nature of the graveyard with associations which serve to present an anxious, haunting mood. The third stanza elaborates the element of fear arising out of darkness. This 'territory' (line 7) could well be the territory of the Romanticist imagination, conjured up for its effect or perhaps it represents the disordered and desperate China of the 1920s which led so many young intellectuals to despondency. Whether individual or societal gloom is in question, the satanic darkness, in which the personification of terror
is strikingly modern, leads us back to sentiments directly expressed by the wanderer. Saddened, self-pitying, pessimistic and lost, he has no other desire than to escape, to shrink away from the terror, to 'sink' together with the moon, the sad and beautiful dead woman, whose beauty has failed to illuminate this desperate "overgrown graveyard" — the physical and political reality of China perhaps — and the wanderer is left with nothing but aimless regret.

The main features of this romantic pessimism do reflect the mood of the French Romanticists, as mentioned above. It was expressed in their case as disillusionment with life in general, failure in love, and the perversity of fate in its treatment of the protagonist-poet.

As noted earlier, this apparent similarity in mood gives a certain credence to the suggestion of a direct influence on Dai Wangshu's first dozen poems of French Romanticists.

The evidence of Dai having read such writers' work is sufficient to justify a formal connection, but the lack of concrete evidence of textual borrowings undermines — in the light of textual evidence that can be produced to prove subsequent literary influences — the case for a particular influence. Nevertheless the fact remains that the superficial evidence tends to support the theory of Romanticist influence.

Returning to 'Liulangren de yege', the poem
succeeds in constructing an atmosphere of mystery akin to that found in some of Lamartine's poetry, but there is the added element of fear.

Technically, the poem holds together due to the repetition of certain key words: *canyue* 银月 (lines 1 and 12); *you* 佑 (lines 4 and 9); *ku* 哭 (lines 2 and 3) which contrasts with the laughter of line 5, *chaoxiao* 嘲笑.

However, assuming that the poet intended to compose a thoroughly modern poem, the vocabulary fails once again to convey a new poetic spirit. For example, the re-duplicated adjectives *yingying* 婉婉 (line 2), *shengsheng* 声声 (line 5) and *yingying* 婉婉 (line 10) are inappropriate literary expressions which offer no new emphasis or meaning to the Chinese reader, long accustomed to such phraseology. Expressions such as *meiren* 美人 (line 1) and *yougu* 幽谷 (line 4) are archaic—if adding to the mystique of the atmosphere — *yougu* being found as far back as the *Shijing* 史经. Indeed the whole tone of the language used in the poem is reminiscent of a poem in classical Chinese. In defence of such usage it might be said that the new context in which these classicisms are found reinvigorates their meaning and also that they make the transition to modern vernacular poetry easier both for poet and reader. Nevertheless, the poetic intention might have been more effectively achieved had its linguistic expression been more original.
That the poet has failed to expunge so many inherited stock poetic phrases from his vocabulary may be attributable to his preoccupation with form; the classical phrases lending an easily absorbed, condensed set of linguistic units which fit into the short lines employed.

In this first section Bái betrays an attachment to form and experiments with form: Western stanzaic patterns and regular line lengths reminiscent of classical Chinese verse. That Bái was later dissatisfied with his achievements in this area is demonstrated by his re-working and revision of 'Liulangren de yege'—many years later—when visual symmetry was attained. By that time Bái had already found a much more fluent form in a genuine free verse and his revision of the poem may be regarded as a retrospective attempt to tidy up the form he was earlier trying to achieve.

But in these early poems Bái was evidently experimenting with various forms, for there is no great consistency. He shows a preference for the quatrain; six of the twelve poems consist of four-line stanzas, but other common Western patterns are to be found: three, five and six line stanzas and one sonnet.

But it is line length that really limits the poetic possibilities. The short lines employed in the early poems leave little scope for the use of colloquial or familiar language.
In the third section of Wo de jiyi, itself entitled "Wo de jiyi" (My memory), we see the reflection of Dai's poetic manifesto in which the poet confirms his abandonment of form. But even in the second section, "Yu xiang" (Rainy alley), there is evidence that the poet, more mature and confident, has retreated, although not completely, from the constricting nature of such early forms. It is to the second, "Rainy alley", section that we now turn our attention.

Rainy Alley

It is this section of Dai's first collection which borrows its title from Dai Wangshu's most universally famous poem; a poem which established him within the literary world and without, among the general reading public.

It was also 'Rainy alley', with its mellifluous qualities and imagery of fading colours, which understandably led to Dai's being labelled a Symbolist poet. And indeed not just this one poem but the whole section presents the most positive proof of Dai's enchantment with French Symbolism; not merely the technique but also the imagery and vocabulary Dai borrows. Moreover the French language itself seems to have captivated the young poet; words and even whole lines of French are scattered throughout the half-dozen poems included in this pivotal intermezzo of the collection. By the time of writing 'Yu xiang' Dai had had the
opportunity and time to gain a greater proficiency in the French language and attain a closer acquaintance with recent French poetry.

As for the qualities and techniques displayed throughout the "Yu xiang" section, it is rather ironical, in the light of the acclaim achieved by 'Yu xiang', that Dai should have rejected reliance on such musical and formal patterns in his poetic manifesto several years later. However much the poet may have denounced this early trend in his work, it provided several poems for which he is particularly admired and indeed 'Rainy alley' together with the other poems in this section constitute an important stage in the poet's growth. Although many of the trappings of Symbolism were later shed, strands of its influence would linger on.

The title poem of the section "Yu xiang" was, according to Du Hong, written in the summer of 1927 while Dai was in hiding during Chiang Kai-Shek's anti-Communist purge. It was first published, along with five poems from the preceding "Jiu jinnang" section, in the pages of Xiaoshuo yuebao. None of the other poems in "Yu xiang" appear to have been published before inclusion in Wo de jiyi and so it is unclear whether the poem 'Yu xiang' precedes or post-dates them; within the sequence of the volume they all precede 'Yu xiang'. However, let us turn to it first:
彷徨在悠長，悠長，彷徨
色紙在這寂寥的雨巷，
像夢中飄過
彷徨在悠長，悠長，彷徨
色紙在這寂寥的雨巷，
像夢中飄過
彷徨在悠長，悠長，彷徨
色紙在這寂寥的雨巷，
像夢中飄過
彷徨在悠長，悠長，彷徨
色紙在這寂寥的雨巷，
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RAINY ALLEY

Holding up an oil-paper umbrella,
I loiter aimlessly in the long, long 
and lonely rainy alley,
I hope to encounter 
a lilac-like girl 
nursing her resentment.

A lilac-like colour she has 
a lilac-like fragrance, 
a lilac-like sadness, 
melancholy in the rain, 
sorrowful and uncertain;

She loiters aimlessly in this lonely rainy alley, 
holding up an oil-paper umbrella 
just like me, 
and just like me 
winds silently, 
apathetic, sad and disconsolate.

Silently she moves closer, 
moves closer and casts 
a sigh-like glance, 
she glides by 
like a dream 
hazy and confused like a dream.

As in a dream she glides past 
like a lilac spray, 
This girl glides past beside me; 
She silently moves away, moves away, 
up to the broken-down bamboo fence, 
to the end of the rainy alley.

In the rain's sad song, 
her colour vanishes, 
her fragrance diffuses, 
even her 
sigh-like glance, 
lilac-like discontent 
vanish.

Holding up an oil-paper umbrella, alone 
aimlessly walking in the long, long 
and lonely rainy alley, 
I wish for 
a lilac like girl 
nursing her resentment to glide by.
The poem 'Rainy alley' is a favourite of the anthologists and literary historians. It is often quoted as a proof of Dai's Symbolist style. But unfortunately the clear Symbolist associations have given rise to unwarranted and unsubstantiated generalizations as to which French Symbolists in particular had influenced Dai's poetry.

Julia Lin, in her *Modern Chinese Poetry: An Introduction*, writes of Paul Verlaine as Dai's "poetic guide" and of lines that "recall Baudelaire"; although we are not told which lines they might be. Michelle Loi, in her *Poètes chinois d'écoles françaises*, also spots similarities with Baudelaire. Madame Loi also cites Nerval and Francis Carco with the intention of indicating an influence. And yet, neither author describes any direct influences nor produces any convincing textual or other corroborative evidence with which to justify such affirmations.

Inconceivable as it may seem to the modern reader and however the poem may "recall Baudelaire", there is, as stated previously, no evidence to suggest that Dai had ever read or been influenced by Baudelaire at the time of writing 'Rainy alley', and nothing in the poem in question would seem to indicate otherwise.

Dai, it is true, translated a short story by Carco in 1934, but none of his poetry. As for Verlaine, although similarities between some of Dai's
other poems and those of Verlaine may be detected, there is little in 'Rainy alley' to indicate Verlaine's influence; except perhaps the possibility of an allusion to one of Verlaine's central images, the 'unknown woman', but this was a common image in the French Symbolist tradition. The Chinese critic Que Guoqiu, while not noting the latter possible source of influence, does perceive "Verlaine's colour" in the assonance and the consequent musical qualities to be found in 'Yu xiang' but there is nothing in his assertion to demonstrate why these nebulous traits need have come from Verlaine rather than another French Symbolist. That there are Symbolist influences in this poem is without doubt, but that they derive from Verlaine cannot be proven, especially, as will be demonstrated, when there are stronger contenders, both French and Chinese, for the role of "poetic guide", in this instance.

What reliable evidence there is, such as that to be found in Du Heng's 'Preface' and the statements of his contemporaries, would point us to the poet Francis Jammes, less well known than Verlaine and Baudelaire, but a great source of inspiration to Dai. To be fair, Madame Loi mentions Jammes but only, and inexplicably, to dismiss the possibility of his having influenced Dai.

The evidence suggests that Jammes' poetry is a strong influence on Dai's verse from this second
section of Wo de jiyi onwards; not only in similarity of moods, technique or subject matter, which may have been subconsciously acquired by Dai, but also imagery, vocabulary and even form.

In several later poems the evidence of Dai's indebtedness to Jammes becomes even more strikingly obvious, but that Jammes influenced Dai as early as 'Yu xiang' can hardly be doubted.

What evidence is there, then, to substantiate such a strong suggestion? If we first examine the central image of the lilac in 'Rainy alley' we discover some revealing lines in two of Jammes's collections—from both of which Dai selected and translated poems—: De l'Angelus de l'aube à l'Angelus du soir and Clairières dans le Ciel.31

For Jammes, lilac possesses attributes of sadness and melancholy: "Les lilas qui avaient fleuri l'année dernière / vont fleurir de nouveau dans les tristes parterres." [The lilac which blossomed last year/will blossom again in the sad flower-beds.]32 In fact, the association dominates the section "Tristesses" in Clairières dans le Ciel.33 More significantly, all the references to lilac occur in poems to do with imaginary or evasive female characters, as in 'Rainy alley'. There is too an aura of gloom surrounding the flower: "ces lilas qui me tuent dans les tristes parterres" [these lilacs which kill me in the sad flower-beds] where later in the same poem "je cherche
In vain I look for your appearance]. 34 In yet another poem the poet awaits an imaginary "beauté sans nom", redolent of Verlaine, in a room where the lilac blossoms are "sombres comme la nuit" [ gloomy as the night], where, of course, sombre has the further sense of melancholy as well as darkness. 35

Although the lilac remains as a reminder of the vision, the imagined presence, the girl invariably does not:

Elle avait emporté des brassées de lilas
Les lilas qu'elle avait, elle les posa là
Elle a tendu la main et m'a dit au revoir 36

[She had brought armfuls of lilac
The lilac she had, she put there
She held out her hand and said goodbye]

It seems therefore highly probable that the association of lilac with sadness and the idea of the vision of an unattainable woman in 'Rainy alley' are the result of Dai's having read and been influenced by the poetry of Jammes. More than the mood and central images, there are other devices and ideas which may have been borrowed from Jammes.

The Symbolist correspondance that we see in Dai's "A lilac-like colour,/ She has a lilac-like fragrance" is seen quite clearly in Jammes' "la couleur d'un parfum qui n'aura pas de nom." 37 Dai, of course, gives his parfum both a colour and a name.
Other snatches of lines from Jammes, are strikingly reminiscent of lines in 'Rainy alley'. The first line of 'Rainy alley', for instance resembles the first line of another of Jammes' poem with once again the presence of an imaginary girl: "Avec ton parapluie bleu ..." [With your blue umbrella...].

But above all it is the nebulous quality of the desired woman whom Jammes devotes himself to "chercher dans la douceur du vent et de la pluie" [looking for in the softness (/mildness) of the wind and rain] which is imprinted on Dai's poem. For Jammes, the woman he yearns for must be unattainable because of the degree of purity and perfection he demands:

Je ne désire point ces ardeurs qui passionnent.  
Non: elle me sera douce comme l'Automne.  
Telle est sa pureté...

[I want none of these exciting fervours.  
No: she will be gentle to me like autumn.  
Such is her purity...]

This desire for perfection is bound up with a nostalgia for this désir perdu, a nostalgia which nevertheless is very much immediate:

C'est à un présent, non à un imparfait, à une immédiate évidence et, là encore, à un contact, vierge, opaque, irrécusable, qu'accède ... cette nostalgie.

[It is a present, not an imperfect, an immediate, and furthermore, a virgin, opaque and unimpeachable contact that this nostalgia ... attains.]

Virgin, opaque, unimpeachable are qualities that may also be ascribed to Dai's lilac-coloured girl. The
degree to which Dai relied on Jammes in composing 'Rainy alley' is open to question, as is whether the influence was totally conscious, but that Dai is indebted to Jammes, and more so than to any other French poet in the Symbolist tradition, is indisputable.

We come then to an examination of possible classical Chinese literary allusions. Bian Zhilin in his Preface to Dai Wangshu shiji states that in reading the poem he sees in it a modern day expansion or treatment of the famous line from classical Chinese poetry: "丁香空结雨中愁" [In vain the lilac blossoms knot my sorrow in the rain].

In a conversation with Bian, he mistakenly attributed this line to Li Shangyin. This error is, perhaps, understandable, as the sentimental nature of both poets often leads Chinese readers to see a link between the two. But to Li Shangyin we shall return. As for the line quoted by Bian Zhilin, it is, in fact, to be found in the Nan Tang er zhu ci [Lyric Poems of the Two Lords of Southern Tang].

Most of the work is penned by Li Yu (937-78) the third and final emperor of the Southern Tang, but several poems, including the one cited by Bian, were written by Li Yu's father, Li Jing.

The volume in which the line is found has long been popular with Chinese readers and Dai is certain to have read it or at least been familiar with some of its more famous lines. The association of lilac
with rain and melancholy would certainly make these lines a possible source of influence for 'Rainy alley'.

As for Li Shangyin, we find the lines:

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本是丁香树。
春條結緋生。
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Here apart from the lilac tree and its blossom there is little to tie Li Shangyin's poem to the sentiments of 'Rainy alley' but in Li Shangyin's 'Dai zeng' we see again the association of lilac and melancholy:

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The banana-tree does not unfurl, the lilac is not in bloom, Together in the spring wind each is melancholy.
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If a Chinese source must be sought, it surely lies in one or all of these lines.

But whichever Chinese poet influenced Dai's composition of 'Rainy alley', its great attraction and popularity are based on its assimilation of certain Western techniques. Within a strong form (its fixed word structure, repetition of words, sounds and lines) the poet creates an impressionistic and abstract vision whose words and musicality approach an ideal synthesis of a Symbolist poem. The theme of sadness and ultimate solitude is of course well suited to a Symbolist treatment as is the intangibility of the
heroine and her Symbolist correspondances; as Kubin has remarked: "She is so abstract that the lilac becomes her medium." The Symbolist mood is also evoked by the very choice of words: 'dream', 'lilac', 'girl' and, as Cherkassky has noted, the "lyrical hero of the poem himself" with his umbrella held aloft.

Cherkassky goes on to point out that, the 'girl', loving and loved, is the heroine of several of Dai's poems, but as we have seen in Jammes' verse, she is never fully possessed.

The success of the poem lies, perhaps, in its perfection as a Chinese Symbolist poem—drawing its essential inspiration, it is suggested, from the poet's acquaintance with the work of Francis Jammes—which while 'Western' in form and character, provides in its imagery, sentiment and subtlety, poetic undertones at once understandable and sympathetic to Chinese poetic sensibilities.

The remaining poems in the "Yu xiang" section are not perhaps so readily understandable to the Chinese reader. The main reason for this is doubtless the remarkable number of intrusions into the text of words and phrases in the French language. A sign perhaps of the poet still trying to find his way, of influences and exuberance only half-absorbed. Therefore, before moving on to a consideration of the remaining poems of "Rainy alley", let us first consider the 'foreignisms' in Wo de jiyi.
The habit and attraction of sprinkling foreign words and phrases throughout a poem was prevalent among poets during the early years of Chinese New Poetry. Such a device gave a certain cachet to the work and advertised the poet’s espousal of modernity which was perforce foreign. But it also had the undesirable result of reducing the number of people who could readily understand New Poetry even further. In cognizance of this fact, and no doubt realizing its redundancy, Dai abandoned the practice after the publication of his first volume. Moreover, he made sure that in later editions of these early poems, all foreign words were replaced with Chinese equivalents.

However in the volume under discussion, Dai had even employed a Latin couplet as an epigraph; not an unusual practice in the West, but rarer in China. The couplet is:

Te spectem mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficientem manu.  

[Let my eyes see you when my last hour approaches,
Let me hold you with my weakening arms as I die.]

In fact this is a quotation from Tibullus and surprisingly encapsulates the tone of much of the volume, especially the central section of "Rainy alley", as the preceding and subsequent couplets show:

But the chains of a beautiful girl hold me fettered;
In fact I sit as a porter at her stubborn door.
You'll weep as I'm laid on the litter
that's soon to be kindled,
And cover me with kisses mixed with
mourning tears.\textsuperscript{57}

There is unfortunately no evidence that Dai
had read Tibullus in its entirety but if he did so he
no doubt would have read it in the French, as he had
done for his translation of Ovid's Amores.

Is the epigraph directed at the mysterious and
unattainable girl of 'Rainy alley' or at his fiancée
to whom the volume is dedicated? Even the dedication,
however, is not immediately obvious; it reads: A Jeanne.
Jeanne was in fact not an imaginary French heroine but
the name Dai had given to his fiancée, Shi Jiangnian;
sister of his friend and colleague, Shi Zhecun.\textsuperscript{58}

Frequent mention is made of the young woman in the
poet's diary of his voyage to France [see appendix I
and accompanying illustration]. Shi is convinced that
while Dai's poetry, at this time, is not a record of
the couple's relationship, notwithstanding, Dai had
her in mind as the 'heroine' of many of the Wo de jiyi poems.\textsuperscript{59}

There are a few instances of the use of French
words in the third section of Wo de jiyi, but most
fall in the second section to which we now turn.

The section as a whole shows the poet in tran-
sition, it constitutes a melting pot in which the poet
is experimenting with various ingredients and results
in a more mature synthesis of influences in the third
section in which his allusions become more subtle and
even subliminal. Achieving that synthesis is the title poem of the second section, 'Rainy alley' — certainly the most mature and far removed from the poem the worst afflicted by Dai's fad for the use of French: 'Huile xinr ba' (Change you mind!). The latter is one of the few poems never subsequently re-published in any of Dai's anthologies until the posthumously published collected poems appeared in 1981. Its over employment of French is immediately apparent:

Change your mind, *ma chère ennemie,*
From now on I shall not come and worry you without reason, 
Look at me, look at my broken heart,
My wretched pale face, my eyes red with tears!

Come back, come and caress my scars 
With a full smile or a gentle kiss.

*Aime un peu! I deliver my lost soul to you:
This is my highest desire and greatest hope.*
184

Change your mind, I implore you,
Un peu d'amour, pour moi, c'est déjà trop.$

* My dear enemy
◊ Love [me] a little
◊ A little love, for me, is more than enough.

It is not surprising that Dai did not see fit to publish this poem again. The use of French is overdone and without this artifice, an already weak poem becomes yet weaker. Some of the Chinese grammar is also defective, for instance in line 7, the ba 拿 ought to be followed by a verb and complement, to read perhaps:...fu gei ni 付给你. This error lends weight to the notion that the poem may have been originally written in French and subsequently turned into Chinese; the poet choosing to leave certain phrases in the original. Apart from "chère ennemie"—borrowed from Ronsard—the other phrases in French would seem to be the poet's own; certainly "Aime un peu" (line 7) is not very good French.62

The remaining poems of this section are for the most part reminiscent of the title poem 'Rainy alley'. They deal with unrequited love and disappointment in love.

'Mandolin', as Zhu Xiang 朱湘 has written, has obvious Symbolist qualities: suggestiveness and correspondances.63 The emotions in this instance are transported or given life by the vehicle of the mandolin:
The sound of a Mandolin on a spring night
floats up from the water's surface,
You dead soul, lonely and sentimental,
breathing resentment,
Are you crying for bygone emotions?

Nevertheless the earlier stanzas of the poem are tinged with classical stock poetic phraseology such as, 'pai hui'徘徊 in line 4: 你徘徊到我的窗边 (You wander up to my window) and 'yiyidi'依依地 in line 10: 你依依地又来到我耳边低泣 (Clingingly you come once again to sob beside my ears).

'Spleen' is another poem which declares itself Symbolist in its very title. In fact, the debt to the Symbolist heritage may be greater than a mere borrowed title. Cherkassky has noted that, the first couplet of Dai's 'Spleen' bears a certain resemblance to Verlaine's first line in his poem of the same title, but Cherkassky seems to have based his observation more on spirit of the title than on the lines themselves.65

Dai's lines are:
Now I've come to hate the sight of
the rose,
Let its beautiful red cover the whole branch if it will.

And those of Verlaine:

Les roses étaient toutes rouges,
Et les lierres étaient tous noirs.

[The roses were wholly red,
And the ivy wholly black.]

However, Cherkassky has failed to point out that Dai's inspiration for the title may equally have come from Dowson's version of the same poem. Dowson reproduced 'Spleen' ("After Paul Verlaine") in what amounts to a paraphrase translation:

Around were all the roses red,
The ivy all around was black.

Dai, as has been noted, was interested in, and translated, both poets during the same period of time. There is, therefore, no way of knowing whence came the inspiration for the title. But, whichever poet provided this inspiration, apart from the general mood of melancholy and lassitude of Dai's 'Spleen' there seems to be little taken from the Verlaine/Dowson 'Spleen' and the two lines in question probably owe more to Francis Jammes. This seems to be another example of the assumption that Dai's Symbolist influence must derive from early Symbolists such as Verlaine; an assumption seldom proved by textual evidence.

Textual evidence of the inspiration Dai derived from Francis Jammes is, however, more prolific; to
find such evidence, we must turn to an examination of the third section of 《Wo de jiyi》.

Clay Pipes and Memories

The reason why Wangshu himself did not like 'Rainy alley' is quite simple, it is just that when he wrote 'Rainy alley' he was already starting to bravely rebel against the so-called "musical elements" of poetry............

.............................

...one day [in the summer of 1927] he suddenly and excitedly thrust a page of manuscript into my hands, saying,"Take a look at my masterpiece." I read the poem straightaway and found it to be quite novel; in it, the rhythm of words and phrases had been replaced by the rhythm of the emotions, it left me a little incredulous that it had been written by the same poet who had not long before written 'Rainy alley', Wangshu. Just a few months previously he had been patching together end-rhymes of the 'panghuang', 'chouchang', 'mimang' kind, now he had bravely penned this "Ta de baifang shi mei you yidingde" (Its visits are unannounced) kind of free verse line.

The title of the poem he had shown me was 'My memory'.

Thus Du Heng describes the change he perceived to have come about with the composition of 'My memory' and the other poems contained in the third and final section, which takes its title, as does the entire volume from the poem in question.

The style and form of the poem is not only a new departure for Dai but also it provides evidence, as do many other of the poems in the section, of the major influence on the poet's work at the time: Francis Jammes. Let us now turn to the "masterpiece":


我底記憶

我底記憶是忠實於我的，
忠實得甚於我最好的友人。

她存在在億萬的煙捲上，
她在在觸著無數的飛雪上，
她存在在破損的書冊上，
她存在在頹垣的木欄上，
她存在在種著百合花的筆端上。

但是她底話是長長的，
雖然有時她是短促的，
但是她底話是從底的底話，
她底話是甚麼樣的，老是唱著同樣的曲子，
有時她是模仿著愛護的少女底聲音。

她底聲音是沒有氣力的，
而且還夾著眼淚，夾著息息。

她在一切有靈魂沒有靈魂的東西上，
在詩的詩上，在平靜的水上，
在熱的燈上，在痛苦的苦痛上，
在製作的製作上。

我在處處尋着，像我在這世界一樣。

在任何時間、在任何地點，
人們會說我已上床，緊緊的想睡，
但是我們是老朋友。

她在處處尋着，像我在這世界一樣。

而在寂靜時，她便對我來作密切的拜訪。

她底拜訪是没有一定的，
她在任何時間，任何地方，
她在熟悉地底話。

我底記憶是忠實於我的，
忠實得甚於我最好的友人。
My memory

My memory is faithful to me,
More faithful than my best friend.

It exists in a lighted cigarette,
It exists in my pen decorated with a lily,
It exists in a battered old powder compact,
It exists in the lichen on the crumbling wall,
It exists in a half-finished bottle of wine,
In torn-up drafts of poems of days gone by,in pressed flowers,
In the sad dimness of the lamp,in still waters,
In all things with or without a soul,
It exists everywhere,like me on this earth.

It is timid, it fears the clamour of other people,
But in times of loneliness, it comes to pay me intimate visits,
Its voice is faint,
But its talk goes on and on,
And on, so trivial, and never willing to stop:
Its talk is old, always telling the same story,
Its tone is harmonious, always singing the same song,
At times imitating the voice of a pampered young woman,
Its voice has no strength,
And bears tears and sighs.

Its visits are unannounced,
At whatever time, in whatever place,
Often when I've just got into bed, drowsy and about to fall asleep,
Or it picks the early morning,
Some will say it has no manners,
But we are old friends.

Being garrulous, it is always unwilling to stop,
Except when in sadness I cry,
Or am deep in sleep,
But I never get annoyed with it,
Because it is faithful to me.

The key to the form of this free verse poem, the rhetorical centrepiece, is obviously the repetition, in lines 3-7 of the phrase: 'It exists in... shang' (It exists in...), which tells us how and why the poet's memory is prompted. The rest of the poem goes on to describe the 'character' of the memory and
the nature of its relationship with the poet.

The idea of the poem bears a superficial resemblance to one of Baudelaire's 'Spleen' poem (number LXXVI of Les Fleurs du Mal) which has the lines:

J'ai plus de souvenirs que si j'avais mille ans.
Un gros meuble à tiroirs ...
.................................
Cache moins de secrets que mon triste cerveau.
[I have more memories than if I were a thousand years old.
A large chest of drawers...
Has fewer secrets than my sad brain.]

And yet the form and subject matter remind us foremost of the poem 'La salle à manger' by Francis Jammes, which may of course have been inspired by the poems of Baudelaire's quoted above.

Notice, in Jammes' poem, not only the device of repetition of key phrases but also the 'soul' with which the poet has endowed an inanimate object, to which the poet talks, and note also the "faithfulness" to "these memories":

Il y a une armoire à peine luisante
qui a entendu les voix des mes grand'tantes,
qui a entendu la voix de mon grand-père,
qui a entendu la voix de mon père.
A ces souvenirs l'armoire est fidèle.
On a tort de croire qu'elle ne sait que se taire,
car je cause avec elle.

[There is a cupboard, barely shiny,
which has heard the voices of my great-aunts,
which has heard the voice of my grand-father,
which has heard the voice of my father.
The cupboard is faithful to these memories.
It is wrong to think she only knows how to be silent,
because I chat with her.]

The parallels with the first two stanzas
of 'My memory' are remarkable. Dai, in fact, translated this, and other, poems by Jammes for publication in Xin wenyi. It is beyond doubt therefore that Dai was not only acquainted with the poem but borrowed from it liberally.

This helped Dai to achieve a new style. For instance, the diction is of an entirely different order, as Du Heng had pointed out. Gone are the old poetic phrases and in come the everyday words: the "cigarette" (1.3); the "powder compact" (1.5); the "bottle of wine" (1.7). The language is plainer and more colloquial in general, although one or two more literary phrases still creep in, here and there: "qi-qidi" 第二, , , (second line, last stanza). All in all, there is a much greater simplicity than in his earlier work. And the poem is composed in truly free verse; the structure of the poem relying on the device of repetition and the unitary subject of the 'memory'.

But such simplicity has not been brought about at the price of poetic expression, for simplicity can be deceptive. "There is artifice in all poetry and a poet is not necessarily more sincere when he is using simpler language. In fact, simplicity is often the fruit of intense cultivation." And in Dai's case, it is doubtless also the "fruit" of cross-cultivation with the poetry of Jammes.

It is curious, however, that Dai should have picked on this animistic streak in Jammes' poetry.
For instance, the image of the wind singing or whistling is common enough but in 'Qiutian' 秋天 (Autumn) an even more striking anthropomorphic element is seen and the tone of familiarity is also unusual:

秋天

林間的鐵片聲是好聽的，
在死葉上的漫步也是樂事，
但是，獨身漢的心境我是很清楚的，
今天，我是沒有開雅的興致。

我是微笑着，安坐在窗前，
當浮雲帶着恐嚇的口氣來說：秋天要來了。 賀師先生！
In a few days Autumn will have arrived,
Quietly sitting, smoking a clay pipe
I already have faintly heard its tune blowing
From the sails on the river.

It is playing its strings and woodwinds:
Which makes me think of good dreams I have had,
When I thought it was a good friend I was mistaken,
Because it brought me trouble.

The sound of the hunting horn in the forest is pleasant,
Wandering over dead leaves is a pleasant thing too,
But, as to what is in a single man's mind I am very clear,
To-day, I am not in a highflown mood.

I have no love for, nor fear of it,
I know the weight of the things it brings,
I am smiling, peacefully sitting in front of my window,
When the wind comes and says in its menacing tone:
Autumn's come, Mr. Wangshu!

There are several Jammesian images and linguistic devices to be discovered in the poem. The most obvious is the image of the 'pipe' which Dai found too attractive to resist. Dai's second line is redolent of the first line of one of Jammes' many poems containing the image: "J'ai fumé ma pipe en terre et j'ai vu les bœufs," (I smoked my clay pipe and saw the oxen).77 'L'eau coule' has the line: "Mais à présent, je souris en fumant ma pipe" (But for now, I smile, smoking my pipe), which is similar also to line 15 in 'Quiutian': "I am smiling, peacefully sitting in front of my window."78

The image of the fallen or dead leaf is, as Cherkassky has noted, regularly employed by Jammes, as for instance in 'Une feuille morte tombe...' and may have been borrowed by Dai.79 But perhaps more
striking is the resemblance between the last lines of
'Salle à manger' (already referred to above), a clearly animistic poem:

Et je souris que l'on me pense seul vivant
quand un visiteur me dit en entrant:
— comment allez-vous, monsieur Jammes? 80

[And I smile when people think I alone am living
when a visitor says on coming in:
How are you, monsieur Jammes?]

and the last few
lines of 'Autumn':

I am smiling, peacefully sitting in front of my window,
when the wind comes and says in its menacing tone:
Autumn's come, Mr. Wangshu!

But even linguistic turns of phrase are reused. Note, for instance, that in Dai's translation of 'Salle à manger', he connects the last two lines of the first stanza thus: ...是错了吗? (mistaken/Because...) and in 'Qiutian' he borrows this formula for his own poem, in lines 3 and 4 of the second stanza:
...确认是好友是错了/因为 ... 81

It would be easy to accuse Dai of plagiarism, but Dai was doing just what generations of Chinese poets before had done: using phrases and images of another's work as a starting point, as an allusion, or quite simply because the poem providing the inspiration was appealing. Dai, of course, made no secret of his admiration for Jammes, translating and publishing the very poems from which, as we have seen, he borrowed.

Although Dai had broken the habit of relying on traditional Chinese poetic devices, and rid his
poetry of French linguistic intrusions, it does seem that Jammes had become his new prop in his attempt to attain poetic autonomy. For this reason, it cannot be said that Dai had reached full maturity with the latter section of Wo de jiyi, although he had made a significant advance in his poetic growth.

How then had Dai achieved something "quite novel", as Du Heng described it? The new simplicity achieved with 'Wo de jiyi' and subsequent poems has already been remarked upon and recalling the notion formulated by Russian Formalists and Czech Structuralists, the simplicity itself could be said to be 'foregrounding' Dai's new style, not only against the background of the "poetic diction of the received poetic tradition" but also against the background of other attempts at Chinese New Poetry and more significantly against Dai's own previous poetic efforts, such as 'Rainy alley'.

Is this then the beginning of Dai's transformation into a Chinese exponent of Modernism? Certainly, the Modernistic qualities of the metaphor of the 'memory' in 'Wo de jiyi' are evident and, as Cherkassky has noted, the 'memory' is not new to Chinese literature but Dai has treated it in a wholly new fashion. As already noted, one of the tenets of Modernism, indeed, a "basic ambition of the modernists [is] to translate raw experience into immortal form by renewing the means of expression."
Dai was to put it more straightforwardly himself in his own poetic theory a few years later:

The Symbolists have said: Nature is a harlot who has been debauched a thousand times. But who can tell if the new harlot has not been debauched ten thousand times.

The number of times does not matter in the least, but we need a new instrument and a new method of debauchery.

The reference to Symbolism is significant, as is Dai's own Symbolist apprenticeship, since it was, as we have seen, the "symbolist tradition which directly or indirectly nourished" most early Modernist writers.

Jammes—who was a great debaucher of Nature—was not, after all, a Symbolist per se, although he was part of the Modernist-Symbolist tradition, and is better described as a 'neo-' or 'post-Symbolist'. It was at a similar point that Dai had now seemingly arrived.

Let us turn to other poems of the third section of Wo de jiyi and attempt to discern further modernistic traits.

In this third section, while we are able to find proof of Dai's modernistic tendencies, reading through the section from the title poem to the ultimate 'Duan zhi' (Severed finger), the early signs of such tendencies re-surface but rarely and are sometimes submerged altogether. We expect Modernist poetry to shock the poetic sensibilities, to disorient the reader in order to make its impact. And yet we
find the poem 'Ye shi' (Night is) which, with its Romantic imagery and allusions, is seemingly out of place. The poem may, of course, pre-date 'Wo de jiyi' but nevertheless the poet has chosen to place it in this third, generally more mature, section and however disconcerting it may appear, in the search for traces of Dai's nascent Modernism, it cannot be overlooked:

夜是

黑夜且寒冷

我的頭是靠在你裸露的膝上。

你想笑，而我卻哭了。

我把我們底青春帶去。

我們只是彼年時消逝

我等著那吹去的風

不要讓古老的

和理性的夢醒了。

縱然你有柔情，我有眼淚

旋可曾把我們底愛情帶去。
The night is clear and warm,
The wind blowing past carries the youthful
spring and scent of love:
My head rests on your naked knees,
You feel like smiling but I feel more like sobbing.

Tender would it be to hang myself in the
strands of your hair,
It is so long, so fine, so fragrant,
But I fear that the wind blowing past
will carry away our youth.

We are just pitiful sinking épaves $§
caught up in the waves of the sea of ages
Don't talk of ancient romance and ideal
dream-worlds,
Even if you have your tenderness, I have
my tears. ...

I am afraid: that the wind blowing past
has carried off our youth together with the
youth of others;
My love, get up and have a look,
It could have carried off our love.

§ épaves, wrecks

It has already been mentioned that the influence of French Romanticism is discernible in some of Dai's poems. With 'Ye shi', we have textual proof of that influence. Dai himself has furnished the reader with the source of the allusion 'nian hai' 年海 (sea of ages)(line 9, original; line 10 translation). 88 It is taken from Lamartine's 'Le Lac'. 89 The original phrase, "l'océan des âges", is contained within a poem dealing with the passage of time, from which Dai obviously drew his inspiration. The first stanza reads:

Ainsi, toujours poussés vers des nouveaux rivages,
Dans la nuit éternelle emportés sans retour,
Ne pourrons-nous jamais sur l'océan des âges
Jeter l'ancre un seul jour? 90

[So, always pushed towards new shores,
Carried forever into the eternal night,
Shall we never be able to cast anchor in the sea of ages for a single day?

And compare Dai's imagery: "piaoguo de feng" (The wind blowing past) (lines 2 & 7); "...ai de xiang-wei" (scent of love) (line 2), and the image of the two lovers, with the last stanza of 'Le Lac':

Que le vent qui gémit, le roseau qui soupire,
Que les parfums légers de ton air embaumé,
...........................
Tout dise: "Ils ont aimé!"
[May the murmuring wind, the sighing reed,
May the light perfumes of your scented air,
...........................
All say: "They loved!"]

The mood is similar to many of Dai's poems dealing with love and lovers; even when the love of a woman is assured, the poet doubts it and its loss is feared. In this instance the enemy is the "wind of time". Dai seems to have been attracted by the passage of time which probably accounts for his admiration of the tales and essays of the Spaniard, Azorin, whose main thematic preoccupation was with time.  

Most of the remaining poems in this section are in a neo-Symbolist, Jammesian, mould and do not greatly advance Dai's poetic growth.

The sad dream-world of Jammes is reflected in both 'Duzi de shihou' (When alone) and 'Duiyu tian de huaixiangbing' (Homesickness for the sky). The solitary melancholy figure sitting alone in his room, reflectively smoking is how Jammes
portrays himself in several of his poems and it is just such a figure that Dai describes in the first stanzas of each of the two afore-cited poems:

The room had been full with resounding laughter,
Just like a garden which has been full of roses,
A man is smoking in the midst of dust filled dreams,
Contemplating music that has withered away.

Homesickness, homesickness,
This is perhaps the life
Of all who
Have a slightly melancholy face,
A sad heart,
Are always silent,
And smoke a pipe.

Compare with these lines from Jammes' 'L'eau coule':

[But for now, I smile while smoking my pipe. The dreams I've had were like magpies swishing past. I've pondered. I've read novels]

The poem 'Lu shang de xiao yu' (A little chat on the road) throws up the possibility of yet another neo-Symbolist influence:

Give me, lass, that tiny blue flower you wear in your hair. It makes me think of your tenderness.

While bearing a certain resemblance to Jammes' conversation piece, 'Je pense à vous', the poem shows traces of a different influence. In fact the evidence suggests that Dai found inspiration for the imagery and theme in a poem by Paul Fort—whom Du Heng suspects influenced Dai's poetry—which Dai had translated and published, first in Wugui liache (in 1928) and again, with revisions, in Xin wenyi (in 1930). Fort was a prominent vers-libriste and his association with
the theatre may have influenced him to adopt a spoken-word style in his poetry, as seen in the poem 'J'ai des p'tites fleurs bleues'—translated by Dai—from the monumental *Ballades françaises et chroniques de France* (1897-1937) in which free-verse becomes rhythmical prose.

Certain phrases of 'J'ai des p'tites fleurs bleues' in particular seem to have attracted Dai's attention and the phrases, as translated by Dai, are deployed in 'Lu shang de xiao yu'. Compare the latter with Fort's poem:

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J'ai des p'tites fleurs bleues, j'aides p'tites fleurs bleues plus claires que tes yeux:— Donne! 
— Elle sont à moi, elles ne'sont à personne. Tout en haut du mont, ma mie, tout en haut du mont. (Italics mine).
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[I've got some little blue flowers, I've got some little blue flowers brighter than your eyes.— Give them to me! — They're mine, they're nobody's. Right at the top of the mountain, darling, right at the top of the mountain.]

In addition to the phrases borrowed by Dai, note also the conversational style common to both poems. If this was an imitation of Fort's style then Dai was not to employ it often and, indeed, there is little further evidence of Fort's influence on Dai's poetry; unless it is to be sought in Dai's emphatic abandonment of regular rhyme and rhythm.

It is with Dai's last poem in *Wo de jiyi* that we may pick up further clues of Dai's Modernist inclinations.

Coming after the poems just discussed, and
even when compared with the title poem of the collection, 'Duan zhi' (Severed finger) is nothing if not astonishing.

'Duan zhi', while retaining the mood of sadness and gloom of most of the rest of the volume, is nevertheless unique in its style and content. It provides ample opportunity to discuss the emergent Modernism of Dai's poetry:

在一口老舊的，滿積著灰塵的書庫中，
我保存着一個話本瓶中的斷指；
他含愁地向我訴說一個使他悲哀的回憶。

——約我保存這可笑又可憐的戀愛的紀念吧，愛你。
　　他的话是舒緩的，切切的，像一個嘆息，
而他的一眼中似乎是含著淚水，雖然微笑是在嘴上。

在零落的生涯中，總是只能增加我的不幸的了。
　　他常常撫著我的，而且是很分明的，
他曾被親下來的，從我一個已經結婚的朋友的手上。

斷
指
In an old bookcase covered in the dust of years, I keep a severed finger steeped in a bottle of alcohol. Whenever in boredom I go and browse through old books, it sorrowfully arouses a saddening memory in me.

This is the finger of an already sacrificed friend of mine, it is wretchedly white, emaciated, just like my friend; often entangling me, and very clear.

Is the scene when he handed the finger over to me:
"Keep this memento of risible and pitiful love, for me,
In this wreck of a life, it can only increase my
unhappiness."
His speech was leisurely and considered, like a sigh,
and although there was a smile on his face, his eyes
seemed to hold back tears.
And as for his "risible and pitiful love" I just don't know,
All I know is that he was arrested in a worker's house,
Afterwards, I suppose, he was tortured, afterwards was
in a miserable gaol,
Afterwards was sentenced to death, the death sentence
that hangs over all of us.
As for his "risible and pitiful love" I just don't know,
He never spoke to me about it, even when he was drunk.
But I think it must be a sad tale, he concealed it,
Just like the severed finger he wants it to be forgotten.
This severed finger is still stained with traces of
printing ink,
It is crimson, an adorable splendid crimson,
so bright on this severed finger,
Just like his look, so disapproving of others' faint-heartedness, in my heart.§.
This severed finger often brings me slight yet sticky
sadness,
But it is this that makes it such a very useful
treasure,
Whenever I am gloomy because of some insignificant
thing,
I can say: "Right, let's take out the glass bottle."
§ 'My' should read 'our' according to the original
text, but this was altered in subsequent editions
to 'wo'/ 'my'; here it is probably a printing error.
At first sight this exceptional poem would
seem to be far more down-to-earth than much of Dai's
poetry thus far explored. If we accept that Modernist
writing tends towards the Symbolist, 'writerly' and
metaphoric and that realism tends towards, naturally,
realism, 'the readerly' and the metonymic, where is
this poem to be placed?
Let us examine the first stanza. The language
is realistic enough, there is apparently no use of
metaphor or simile but it does however strike the reader because of the second line. Although the presence of the "severed finger" is explained later in the poem, it is introduced abruptly; we do not expect to find a line like "finger steeped in a bottle of alcohol" (line 2) after a line such as "an old bookcase covered with the dust of years" (line 1).

Because the line is odd and unexpected, it is even more disconcerting than the image of a "severed finger" would normally be. But what we cannot apparently say is that the line is unauthenticated by context.

In the lines of T.S. Eliot's 'Prufrock': "Let us go then, you and I./ When the evening is spread out against the sky,/ Like a patient etherized upon a table ", it is definitely the case that the line is "not authenticated by context"—there are no further references to medicine in the text—and there is thus a "violation of context". 102

There is in 'Severed finger' an undoubted break in context in the first stanza but the poet later narrates how the finger came into his possession and is thus partly authenticated by context, but only to a certain degree: we know how the finger came into the narrator's possession but not why or how it came to be severed.

Despite the apparent realism of the fourth stanza with its "worker's house" and the arrest, tort-
ure and probable death of the "sacrificed friend", the reader is as ignorant of detail and background as the 'I' of the poem claims to be.

The poet hints at what his friend might have been, why he was thus afflicted. Perhaps he has been crossed in love, but then why should he lose his finger? Was it severed in a fit of Van Goghian pique? The finger is stained with printer's ink, are we to assume then that the friend is a political activist—for which activity he has been arrested? But the finger is described as a souvenir of "risible and pitiful love": does that imply that the revolution is the love? If this were so there would be a paradox in the owner of the finger wishing to forget the symbolism of the finger while the poet treasures its memory. In any case the friend is apparently arrested some time after the finger has been "handed over" and thus presumably was still engaged in his activities.

This confusion is deliberate, we are supposed to be left with this mood of mystery and incongruity. But the mood seems to be more disorienting for the reader than the poet's previously created neo-Symbolist moods, although he still relies on the "sadness" (line 21) and "gloom" (line 23) of his established poetic emotions, which are in this instance supplied by the poet's "memory" (line 4) of the occasion when his friend handed over this 'token' to him; he reacts, in turn, to the emotions of the friend within this
scene. His reaction is, however, quite odd.

The poem is not revealed to be written in a metonymic mode, hardly 'readerly' and not realistic. In the explanation of circumstances surrounding the "severed finger", far from providing a lucid context, the poet attempts to mystify further. He does not know about the "risible and pitiful love", he only knows that he was arrested (line 14); constituting another break in context, as we are thrown from a discussion of the friend's seeming unhappiness in love, to his arrest.

And what is the reader intended to understand from "...the death sentence that hangs over all of us" - "us", the revolutionaries or "us", humanity?

This is not a poem written in a realistic mode, in any accepted sense. It is not a poem in the Realist vein, when compared with other modern Chinese Realist poetry. It does not discuss realistically the life of real people. It owes little to Realism and its air of mystery and opaque inconclusive suggestiveness are similar to the proto-Modernism of Maeterlinck. Moreover, in departing from the poetic norm in what is acceptable as content, it goes further. Poetic decorum is violated in the slightly macabre and unconventional response to the 'severed finger': "such a very useful treasure."

Moreover, and outside of the ken of the reader, the poem is unrealistic in that it is not based on
There was no friend, there was no finger. Doubtless Dai knew of people who had been arrested and imprisoned, but the rest is pure invention. The poet is not attempting to interpret any real events but is undertaking an exercise in breaking poetic conventions. The 'severed finger', which in the poem evokes perhaps the memory of someone who died in a revolutionary cause, who perhaps was crossed in love, but which in any case is shrouded in nebulous significance for the narrator, emerges as a possible metaphor for the "death sentence that hangs over all of us".

The poem, for all its initial apparent realism, attempts to evoke, suggest and finally to create an aura of mystery rather than describe and explain. Such Symbolist qualities, together with the 'violations' of poetic norms, would tend to declare the poem as Modernist.

* 

By the age of twenty-four Dai Wangshu had achieved a bright reputation as a modern Chinese poet; a poet who for many had made the vernacular language sing poetically for the first time. More objectively, it can be said in retrospect that between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-four — when the poet's verses were first collected—Dai had cultivated an idiom suitable for the furtherance of his poetic career.

The idiom was no longer rooted in the poetic
sentiments, nor trapped in the linguistic web, of classical Chinese poetry, but while attaining originality as far as the Chinese reader was concerned, neither was this new idiom entirely of the poet's own creation. He was indebted to the mood of French Romanticism and latterly to the Modernist-Symbolist tradition. Only when nearing the end of this three year period, spanned by Wo de jì yì, did Dai seem to be nurturing a more adventurous synthesis of expression drawing to a great extent on the language, rhythm and poetic spirit of the neo-Symbolist poet, Jammes.

Perhaps it is the free verse style, capable of holding all manner of poetic intentions, which emerges as the greatest accomplishment. After Dai's early preoccupations with form, as seen in the poems of "Jiu jinnang", his verse assumed a free and versatile style, simple and unhampered, for the most part, by obsolete poetic devices and forms whether Chinese or Western.

Although a certain movement towards the Modernist extreme within the Modernist-Symbolist tradition may be discerned in several of his later poems, there is at this stage in Dai's growth no definite pattern, except, of course, for the pervading sentiment of melancholy and a growing emphasis on the Jammesian mode of expression which but occasionally verges on the purely Modernist.

Even when later in his career the poet showed
clear signs of his Modernist bias, he remained famous for the kind of Chinese Symbolism brought to perfection in 'Rainy alley'; ironically, as we have seen, a poem the poet would rather have disowned, for he saw himself as going further than pure Symbolism.

Even so, the most significant factor of this early period of growth was without doubt the poet's exploration of nineteenth and twentieth-century French poets and his emulation of their craft. In later phases of his career the poet's infatuation with foreign literature would continue while confidence in his own inventive expression would slowly increase.
CHAPTER VI

LOVES LOST, VISIONS GAINED:
THE POEMS OF WANG SHUCAO

Est-ce que tu te figures que c'est amusant
d'être poète à vingt-huit ans?
F. Jammes, 'Ecoute, dans le jardin...'

The volume *Wangshu cao* [Rough drafts of Wangshu] was published, after the poet's departure for France, in 1933; although it had been completed late in 1932.²

Of the forty-one poems, seven had been published in *Wo de jiyi*.³ All but three of the remaining thirty-four had been previously published in literary magazines; a fact which is of great assistance in the dating of the poems. It would seem that none of the poems were written specifically with a planned volume in mind, rather they were collected and published in more or less the chronological order in which they first appeared in periodicals.

There seems to be no tightly unifying scheme or style to the work; although most of the first dozen new poems are tinged with the melancholy, amorous disappointment and loneliness of *Wo de jiyi*. However, the 'second half' of the volume—roughly from 'Cun gu' 村姑 (country girl), 'Er yue' 二月 (February) and 'Xiao
bing'小病 (Slight illness) onwards—is of a different order, there is an expansion of ideas and expression.

And yet, although new ideas and inspiration are drawn into the poet's poetic vocabulary, Dai never abandons the themes of nostalgia and loneliness; the fundamental isolation of the individual. But should it be surprising that Dai's second book of verse—and even as we shall see, his later books—retains similar, albeit modified, sentiments? The poet reflects his own life and his reactions to life in his contemporary situation; in this case the maelstrom of Republican China. His poetic personality being already formed, there was little of an extraneous nature to cause those traits to be extinguished.

This concept could not be better expressed than in the words of Nadezhda Mandelstam:

As they follow one another, books of verse reflect the consecutive ideas in a poet's life and thought, displaying the structure that underlies them; in some poets the inner dynamic thus revealed is supplied by the external events of their biographies, but in others...by their spiritual growth alone. Some themes may be present throughout the poet's life, but they will assume different aspects at different stages or in different books. (My italics).

Turning to the question of style, much of the volume is written in a Modernistic neo-Symbolist vein but there are definite excursions into a more distinctly Modernist style. As the volume progresses the poetry becomes less derivative while incorporating Sym-
bolist devices more coherently.

In a neo-Symbolist vein and indicating a less 'readerly' approach, is the first new poem of *Wangshu cao*, 'Yinxiang' (Impressions):

It is the faint chiming of bells
Wafting down into the deep valley,
It is the tiny fishing boat
Sailing into misty waters,
If it is a black pearl,
It has already fallen into the gloomy waters of the old well.

In the tree tops there are flashes of the dejected sun,
Softly it shrinks away,
Following the vague smile on a face.

Risen from a lonely place,
Distant, solitary sobbing,
Then slowly returns to the lonely place alone.

Although found at the beginning of Dai's second volume of verse, the poem was in fact the last poem of all the new poems in *Wangshu cao* to be published in a literary magazine. It appeared in *Xiandai* in May 1932; almost two years after most of the poems in the first half of the volume had first been published in periodicals. Perhaps—and this is possible—
Dai had written it as early as 1929 and held it back from publication or perhaps having composed the poem in 1932 Dai nevertheless preferred to present it as the first new poem in the volume without regard for chronological order, because of its novel style.⁶

There is, however, one clue to its possible date of composition. In 1929, Dai read and translated poems from Maurice Maeterlinck's *Serrès chaudes.*⁷ There seems to be a remarkable similarity in style between Maeterlinck's "beautiful nonsense" and Dai's 'Impressions'.⁸ Maeterlinck was concerned with examining the "undefinable force underlying all existence", to which end he employed the language of Modernism.⁹

The total exploitation of the metaphoric mode, which surpasses the *correspondances* of the early Symbolists, with its enumeration of metaphors, as in 'Impressions', can be seen in Maeterlinck's 'Regards':

O ces regards pauvres et las!
..............................
Il y en a comme des malades sans maison,
Il y en a comme des agneaux dans une prairie
couverte de linges.
[Oh these poor and weary glances!
..............................
There are those like homeless invalids
There are those like lambs in a meadow
covered in linen.]

And the title poem from Maeterlinck's volume, 'Serre chaude' shows even more clearly the dependance on juxtaposition:

O serre chaude au milieu des forêts!
Et vos portes à jamais closes!
..............................
Examinez au clair de lune!

Un navire de guerre à pleines voiles
sur un canal,
Des oiseaux de nuit sur des lys,
Un glas vers midi,
(Là-bas sous ces cloches!)
Une étape de malades dans la prairie,
Une odeur d'éther un jour de soleil.

[Oh hot-house in the middle of forests,
And your doors never shut!

Explore in the moonlight!

A man-of-war, all sails set on a canal,
Night-birds on lilies,
A passing-bell around noon,
(There under those bells!)
A stage of sick people in the meadow,
A smell of ether on a sunny day.]

Maeterlinck’s *Serres Chaudes* contains some of the first free verse poems to be published in France and many of his devices were to prove fashionable with other writers. It is in the sphere of devices that Dai Wangshu may have taken a lead from the Belgian poet. Enumeration and the juxtaposition of apparently unrelated images were used by Maeterlinck to evoke the incongruity of a world which renders the individual helpless; some of these devices are used in 'Impressions' to evoke just such a helplessness. In Dai's poem it is the sun which carries the sense of isolation and loneliness: "distant, solitary sobbing" (line 11). The imagery in Dai's poem is different but the similarity is there all the same.

The extensive use of metaphor, the dislocations of context, this jumbling of images, all used to evoke a mood, suffice to mark the poem as Modernist.
In some ways Maeterlinck may be considered a father of Modernism; although still employing the trappings of Symbolism, there is a modern tone evoked in the atmosphere he creates.  

We find this tone reflected in several of Dai's new poems: the jumbling of imagery, outside objects and events turned inwards to portray a state of mind. After all, Modernist writing "is concerned with consciousness, and also with the subconscious and unconscious workings of the human mind. Hence the structure of external 'objective' events...is diminished in scope or scale...in order to make room for introspection, analysis, reflection and reverie". Although Dai hereafter refrained from following Maeterlinck down the road to the absurd, many other aspects of Modernist writing may be found in Dai's work. Perhaps 'reverie' is the 'keynote' in many of his poems. 

In another poem we see the anniversary of the death of a friend as the starting point for thought and dreams. But in 'Jiri' (Day for Sacrifice), while there may be echoes of influences, there emerges a style which is distinctly that of Dai Wangshu:
今天是亡魂的祭日。
我想起了我的死去了六年的友人，
他一定在想，過去我們在過去的生活中，
他哭著的女兒，他哭著的女兒，
他老是向我們訴說着他並不常在我夢里。
因為他遠來找我每月一次，在我夢里，
他带着憂鬱的微笑的長談使我悲傷。
不該他們不會過着幸福的生涯的。
像我們大家一樣，
我已不知道他們的妻和女兒到那去了，
我也不敢想起他們，我甚至不敢問他在夢里。
他老是向我們訴說，
他己經光臨過各種各樣的境遇。
你可以找到我關裏的點滴，
而我將和你談着幽冥中的快樂和悲哀。
我們的友誼是永遠地柔和的，
和你所寫的永久的陳廷士詩酒。
To-day is the day for sacrifice to souls of the dead,
I think of my friend who died six years ago.
Perhaps he's aged a little, upset about the wife he
doted on,
His weeping daughter, his own best years cut short.

He must certainly be thinner, living a wandering
existence in the nether world,
But the vision of his honest heart goes on forever,
And I can still hear his strong and familiar voice
of years gone by,
"Happy, Old Dai?" (Happy, huh, not any more.)

He cannot have forgotten me: of that I am sure,
Because he still comes to look for me once or twice
a month in my dreams,
He is always chatty, although he has gone to the
eternal stillness,
And his long conversation which bears a troubled
smile makes me sad.

I don't know where his wife and daughter went,
I daren't think about them, I daren't even ask him
in dreams,
Of course they can't have been able to lead a happy
life,
Just like me, just like all of us.

Cheer up a bit, because to-day is the day for sacrifice
to souls of the dead.
I have prepared for you what for me rates as a splendid
dinner,
You will find fresh fruit from my garden,
And that mellow whisky you are so fond of.

Our friendship will always be harmonious,
And I shall chat to you about the joys and sorrows of
the nether world.

Gone now are Maeterlinckian devices, all that
is similar between them now are the allusions to the
misfortunes of life. The poem is 'readerly' and yet
is on a plane of mystery rather than reality. Gone
are the metaphors, all that jolts the reader is the
apparent communication with the dead, but since this
was a common Chinese belief and the poet is describing
a Chinese custom there is nothing very startling in
this.

What is of interest in this poem is the poet's
return to familiar themes and ideas. There are no
details of this friend nor his death and as in 'Severed finger' many questions are left unanswered. And as in 'Severed finger' there is that unexplained allusion to the universality of fate: "Of course, they can't have been able to lead a happy life, / just like me, just like all of us." (lines 7-8) which is reminiscent of "Afterwards was sentenced to death, the death sentence that hangs over all of us." ('Severed finger', line 16). Is the unhappiness, the 'death sentence', common to humanity, the poet's own circle or to all those who were living through those traumatic years of China's history?

There is that Jammesian simplicity of language again which reminds us once more of 'Severed finger'. And once more, the poet is attempting to create a mood within the reader, to force him to question and imagine, to associate with the sentiments expressed in the poem.

The poem like so many others, and in this respect too it brings Jammes to mind, relies on memories, dreams, the intangible which give rise to nostalgia; a nostalgia which is sometimes for the real past but more often for sentiments and images of people and things which have never existed. When Dai builds up a sensation of nostalgia or even when he mentions it by name it is not necessarily a nostalgia for the real world.
In 'Dao wo zheli lai' (Come here to me) the woman who is the object of affection "no longer exists" if she ever did. She is a memory, a chimera momentarily brought to life for the reader, though barely described.

Come here to me, if you still exist,
Naked, letting your hair hang loose:
I shall say some things which only we two can understand,

I shall tell you why the rose has golden petals,
Why you have tender and sweet smelling dreams,
Why the dahlias are able to peep in through the window.
All the things that others do not know we understand to the full,
Except for the trembling of my hand and the thumping of your heart,
Do not fear the strange brilliance of my eyes
Come closer: in my arms you will find a comfortable couch.

But, oh, you no longer exist,
Yet your memory still makes me gently tremble,
And I wait for you in vain every night,
Under the Bodhi tree, thoughtfully smoking.

The mood is distinctly Jammesian, again the 'smoking' posture (last line) and the opaque and ephemeral woman. But it is not only the mood which echoes Jammes; the unnamed but distinctly borrowed heroine is none other than the Frenchman's Clara d'Elébeuse:

Viens, viens, ma chère Clara d'Elébeuse:
Aimons-nous encore si tu existes.
Le vieux jardin a de vieilles tulipes.
Viens toute nue, ô Clara d'Elébeuse.

(J'aime dans le temps...) 16

Come, come, my dear Clara d'Elébeuse
Let us love again if you exist.
The old garden has old tulips,
Come naked, oh Clara d'Elébeuse.]

The debt to Jammes is evident. But as for the rest of the imagery perhaps it has some basis in Dai's own experience.

Obviously Dai was still very attached to Jammesian themes and in particular his ephemeral heroines.

Soon after writing this poem Dai published several poems with this nostalgie as the leitmotif, in which Dai is perhaps less derivative; the heroines while still reminding us of those of Jammes appear
to be Japanese and the imagery is consequently of a different ilk.

First of these poems is 'Baihezi' 百合子 (Yuriko) which when first published was entitled simply: 'Shao nü' 女 (Young woman):

Yuriko is a pitiful victim of homesickness,  
Because her home lies amidst the brilliant blossoms of the cherry trees,  
Although we have a hundred foot high building and an enchanting, fragrant night,  
Warm sunbeams and plain wooden houses are always in her mind.  
She passes her long days in loneliness,
Her brimming eyes stare blankly into the distance;
People who say she is cold are wrong,
Because her thoughtful eyes are full of fire.

Will she make me thin and pale over her?
Maybe, who can tell?
Sometimes she smiles at me,
Her melancholy smile makes me too sink into homesickness.

Is she cold? No,
Because our eyes secretly talk together;
And she as though drunk closes her eyes,
If I softly kiss her blossom-like lips.

Again we see the established themes emerge:
nostalgia, for home, Japan—the land of the cherry blossom—and perhaps for someone unmentioned; the loneliness of the individual; melancholy.

She is also the typical opaque, mysterious and almost untouchable girl we have come to know in Dai's poetry. Again there is much of which the reader is left in ignorance, left to imagine. The reader is, as in 'Dao wo zheli lai' (到哪里来), informed of the exclusiveness of the relationship, of the secrecy between the hero and heroine: "I shall say some things which only we two can understand" ('Dao wo zheli lai', line 3); "Because our eyes secretly talk together" ('Yuriko', line 13) which in the first version continued: 人们所不懂的話語 (Talk which others do not understand). 18

But the poem reveals not only the nostalgia of the heroine but of the hero and of the poet. It is for the poet nostalgia not for a distant home, nor for the past but paradoxically for the present, an imagined present, for the emotions and personalities
of the scene here depicted. It is a desire not for something lost but for something imagined which is evoked as if the girl here described existed only in relation to the poet, a private possession cherished in secret and conjured up in reverie. And what the poet creates is once more an atmosphere woven of emotions.

A fine example of this Symbolist evocation of emotions with but a few brush-strokes is the poem 'Fanyou' (Troubled). In a few short lines, with a few images redolent of the typical imagery of Symbolism, the poet sketches for the reader a complete picture of a melancholic depressed state of mind just enough detail for us to imagine the whys and wherefores:

Say it is the slight depression of a lonely Autumn,
Say it is the memory of a distant sea.
If people ask me the cause of my anxiety,
I dare not speak your name,
I dare not speak your name,
If people ask me the cause of my anxiety,
Say it is the memory of a distant sea,
Say it is the depression of a lonely Autumn.

Here again the enigmatic aura, the loneliness,
and apparent melancholy, together with the clever but simple device of the inverted repetition of the first stanza, makes for a typical Modernist-Symbolist poem. As I have remarked Dai is at his best when writing in simpler style, rather than when writing in a more elaborate yet derivative vein. This is demonstrated by the poem 'Wo de sumiao' 我的素描 (A simple sketch of myself) which while retaining the poet's common themes is distinguished by its simplicity of structure and straightforward approach:

我的素描

在爱情上我是一个低能儿，

我有黄昏的眼睛，

我怕看落日的血。

我用黄昏的眼睛意乱情迷，

害怕初春寂寞的朝霞。

但我有高有大的，

我是沈默的，

我有光罕的眼睛，

我怕看落日的血。

我有黄昏的眼睛意乱情迷，

害怕初春寂寞的朝霞。
Always wistful for my distant country,
I am a lonely being.

If I were to sketch myself then,
It would be as a simple still life.

I am green youth and feeble age in one,
I have a healthy body and a sick heart.

Among my friends I have a reputation for being straightforward,
In love I am an idiot.

Because whenever a girl starts to love me,
I, at once, become tremulously frightened.

I fear those kind attentive eyes;
As I fear the morning sun in the blue sky of early Spring.

I am tall, I have radiant eyes;
In a crisp voice I talk and laugh in a carefree fashion.

But when depressed, I am silent.
Depressed from the bottom of my twenty four year old heart.

Here for once Dai is not overtly creating a Symbolist fiction. He is drawing an autobiographical picture which while being both apparently authentic and frank nevertheless invites sympathy.

A description of his physique, his social behaviour but most importantly of his emotions and moods, there is no mention here of intimate and secret communion with the fantasy heroine of earlier poems but rather a confession of his shyness and apprehensiveness in the face of women.

For all its verisimilitude it could not be classified as a Realist poem. It concentrates on the individual, it is introspective, it deals with inner emotions. The poem contrasts the superficial, man's exterior, with the subjective interior. It is the last stanza which provides the key: he is "depressed" and
"silent" and it is this mood of unexplained sorrow which is the high point of the poem.

Although apparently realistic and autobiographical the poet has engineered the gradual construction of the emotional effect he wants. And the standard themes are hinted at in his 'lonely' thinking about 'the distant country' — of his imagination?

A 'Simple Sketch' appears after all to be not so simple and not fundamentally out of character, and as if to underline this, the poem which follows in *Wangshu cao*, 'Dan lianzhe' (Unrequited lover) hardly constitutes a change of mood:
I fear I am a victim of unrequited love,
But I don’t know whom I love:
Is it some land amidst hazy misty waters,
Is it a withered flower in the silence,
Is it some beauty I met by chance and can’t recall?
I don’t know.
What I know is that my chest is inflated,
And my heart is throbbing, as with one’s first love.

When feeling disturbed,
I often loiter on gloomy street corners
I do the rounds of the rowdy wine stalls,
I don’t want to go back, it’s as if I’m looking
for something.
A pair of enticing eyes float by, or an ear-full
of inciting words,
That kind of thing happens often.
But I will say in a low voice:
"It’s not you!” then unsteadily move off somewhere
else.

People call me the "Night Walker’;
I don’t mind, it’s all the same to me;
True, I am a lonely night walker,
And a pitiful unrequited lover too.

As in the last poem the poet talks of his
'guotu’, his country or land of the imagination.
And the ‘unknown’ woman is the subject explored.

The scenario too is of a Baudelarian nature:
the night, the wine stalls, the fruitless search for
something unknown midst the importuning women of the
night evoke the spirit of ennui.

But the desire for this thing or person un-
known is surely drawn from the similar infatuations of
Verlaine and Jammes. For instance, in 'Yuriko' and
'Unrequited lover’ we hear resonances of Verlaine’s
'Mon rêve familier’.

In ‘Lao zhi jiang zhi’ (Old age will
soon arrive) the pessimism and melancholy turn
typically into regret for a past not yet traversed;
another clarification of what nostalgia means in the
poet's emotional vocabulary. And again the images of 'memory' and the distinctive significance of Dai's floral images resurface:

I am frightened that I shall slowly, slowly get old,
In step with slow and quiet time,
And each moment of that slow and quiet time
Will bring burdens of immeasurable regret.

And in my cold and hard armchair, at dusk,
I shall see before my dim eyes,
Those hazy, faint shadows floating by:
Sweet smiles, delicate hands,
Pairs of blazing eyes,
Or tears of gleaming pearls.

Yes, I shall be unable to quite recall:
Soft and tender words in my ear—
"Put your lips where they fit best,"
Was it Cherry, that cherry blossom-like girl?
Was it Ru Lidan casting that languid glance,
Staring at satin slippers just cast off,
These things I shan't remember,
Because I'll be old.

I mean I am fretful and fearful of getting old,
Frightful that these memories will wither away,
Petal by petal, like a flower,
Leaving only drooping wizened branches.

Memory is as we have seen a 'faithful friend'
to the poet. Now the poet realizes that it is but an
inadequate weapon in fighting the onslaught of time.

And yet the poem provides a vehicle for this
'Symbolist' woman; the hazy, faint disconnected images
of the ideal creature have merely been projected into
an imagined future. Moreover, the theme of nostalgia
is once again exploited but in a new guise: the app­
rehension of the deprivations of old age; it is a pre­
diction of nostalgia yet to come.

The emotions the reader has come to expect are
all evoked or alluded to within this poem: melancholy
as regret for the past and the sadness of a solitude
in which the poet is abandoned even by his memories.

All this is reminiscent of Jammes' visions of
a sad and lonely existence interrupted only by flights
of the imagination. The element of time is also ex­
ploited and indeed, Time —closely associated with
memory— constitutes one of the great themes of poetry,
and in particular, of Modernist poetry:

\[
\text{Time present and time past}
\text{Are both perhaps present in time future,}
\text{And time future contained in time past.}^{24}
\]

Dai has perhaps glimpsed this conundrum and
thus extends his vision of nostalgia beyond its trad-
Less brooding, but still shrouding a veil of mystery over its female subject is 'Wo de lianren' (My lover). As if written to contrast with the 'auto-biographical' 'Wo de sumiao' (A Simple sketch of myself) which was composed in such a self-deprecatory manner, the hero of 'My lover' praises the virtues of the heroine. Is she Shi Jiangnian, the poet's fiancée or is she yet another invention? The answer is of little consequence as the poet treats her in such an idealistic manner: a self-effacing, affectionate beauty so reminiscent of his heroine of earlier poems:
I'll tell you about my lover,
My lover is a shy person,
She is shy, with a peach-coloured face
Peach-coloured lips and a sky-blue heart

She has large dark eyes,
Large dark eyes which do not stare at me—
It is not that she does not dare, it is
because she is shy;
And when I lean against her breast,
You can see her eyes change colour,
Sky blue, the colour of her heart.

She has delicate hands,
They can soothe me in times of trouble,
She has a clear and charming voice,
To speak affectionately just to me,
With words so affectionate they melt
my heart.

She is a poised young lady,
She knows how to love a man who loves
her,
But I shall never be able to tell you
her name,
Because she is a shy lover.

That the poet is intent on presenting an image
of perfection is further proven by his suppression of
a middle stanza which appeared in this poem when first
published. A stanza which, if retained, would have
blemished the picture of an almost divine creature and
would also have provided a touch of realism, suggest­
ing more strongly that the poem deals with a real wom­
an and not a fictitious ideal partner:

She loves me, but never says so,
She is silently, even painfully loving,
Yes, I know well:
Because when I smile at a young woman,
She will secretly go and weep.
Why did Dai delete this stanza? Was it to better achieve the effect he was striving for or did the deletion take place for more personal reasons?

In any case, it is without doubt that the vision of this opaque, shy and caring ('She has delicate hands, They can soothe me...', lines 12 & 13) and devoted ('speak affectionately just to me', line 15) girl would have been marred by this demonstration of sensitivity on the part of the heroine and by the intrusion of extraneous considerations into the idyllic relationship.

Also revised, perhaps because it detracted from the heroine's qualities by mirroring her main attribute in the narrator, is the last line (line 20), 'Because she is a shy lover') which had read: 'Because I, like her, am shy.'.

Far from the autobiographical connotations of 'My lover' is one of the poems of *Wangshu cao* which has caused most discussion: 'Cun gu' (Country girl), which recently led to a heated debate among Chinese literary critics as to its interpretation and significance.
村姑的姑娘静静地走着，
提着她的铁石青色的水桶；
那在一所破旧的冬青树下的茅屋，
而她的心是在屋边的柳树下。
她将走到那古旧的水井边，
将静静的走到厨房里，
将将挤的挤到了一旁在饭食的面前，
又将将挤的挤到了台的面前。
在暮色中吃晚饭的时候，
她的父亲会谈到今年的收割，
他或许会说到她的女儿的婚嫁；
而她便将羞怯地低下头去。
她会微笑着捉起了她的嘴唇。
COUNTRY GIRL

The girl in the country is quietly walking,
Carrying her moss-eaten water pail,
Cold water splashes out onto her bare feet,
And her heart is under the willow by the spring.

This girl will walk quietly to her old house.
That old house in the shade of the hundred year old
holm-oak,
And when she thinks about the youth who kissed her
beside the spring,
She will press her lips together in a smile.

She will walk around the ancient wooden house.
She will scare away a flock of pecking sparrows
She will quietly walk into the kitchen,
And quietly put down the water pail beside the hay.

She will help her mother cook the meal,
While her father back from the fields sits smoking
on the threshold,
She will feed the pigs in the pigsty,
She will chase the lovable chickens into their
coop.

At dusk, during dinner,
Her father will talk of this year's harvest,
Or he may talk of his daughter's marrying,
While she hangs her head in shyness.

Her mother perhaps will reprove her for her laziness,
(Her coming back late with the water was a good
example),
But she won't take in this chatter,
Because she'll be thinking about that slightly rash
young man.

Madame Loi has noted that this poem is ac-
claimed by Chinese critics as a "return to Realism".  
She is presumably referring to Ai Qing's appraisal of
the poem. But when the preceding and following poems
are considered, it is difficult to see how this poem,
of itself, can be interpreted as a return to Realism.
Nevertheless, Ai Qing believes that the poet is search-
ing for new subjects outside of his own, presumably
unrealistic, emotional life:
...in 'Country girl', [the poet] paints a moving genre picture, he very ingeniously portrays a country girl's love. If we are not too over-critical, we recognize that the poet is searching for some new subject-matter—subject-matter outside of his own emotional life.31

More recently, however, Chinese critics have disagreed strongly with the opinion of this elder statesman of Chinese poetry; for instance:

This poem most emphatically does not show that the poet "very ingeniously portrays a country girl's love", but rather a gilded and leisurely, tranquil and colourful country scene. The "country girl" so ingeniously portrayed, does not at all resemble life in a society where oppression and exploitation exist....And of particular importance, where, in 1930s China, was there a stretch of countryside like this, full of pastoral sentiments? Therefore, we consider, the poem 'Country girl' not to be a realistic song of the black reality of the time.32

Does this poem intend to be a "song of the black reality of the time", and surely even "where oppression and exploitation exist", country girls fall in love? Moreover, there is nothing in the poem untrue to millions of peasant households in the 1930s or even to-day. That the poet has not chosen to describe another part of current reality, does not of itself invalidate the realism of the scene he describes here. But, in any case, the critic in question has missed the point; possibly misled by Ai Qing's desire to show the 'saving graces' of a poem by this non-realist poet.

Whether or not the poem represents life as it was, in the Chinese countryside, it is intended to be
a love story, a credible and authentic story of the
love of a peasant girl. Other Chinese critics seem to have grasped as much:

...are you not saying that literature must only reflect the nature of the class struggle, must only be a tool of the class struggle and only thus will it be realistic, and that by describing other facets...has no true credibility? If your viewpoint is like this, then it is very much mistaken................

This poem ['Country girl'] also has its authenticity...because the life of society has many facets. 33

This last statement is quite true, but it also reflects the fact that the whole debate revolves around the need for verisimilitude and realism. In such terms is the worth of Dai Wangshu's poetry often discussed by contemporary Chinese critics, and its defenders perforce must defend it in the same terms as in the above mentioned refutation, where the critic justifies Dai's poem by expanding the limits of realism.

A contemporary of Dai, fellow-poet, Bian Zhi-lin, also refuses to acknowledge the poem's verisimilitude when he says of 'Country girl':

...it is one of Dai's best poems of his mature period, though, it is an idealized (and Westernized?) pastoral, out of tune with the reality of modern Chinese country life before Liberation (except in some far flung corner of minority areas). 34

Here again the concern is whether the poem conforms with reality and it must be said that the reasoning here is flimsy and totally lacking in credibility. Evidently it is thought that the poem really ought to
reflect the contemporary Chinese critics' ideal of Chinese village life in the 1930s, and if it does not then the poem is deemed to have failed.

Even if Bian is correct in identifying a possible Western influence—and Dai may have been inspired by his extensive reading of Jammes' poetry, much of which has a pastoral setting—there are no grounds for doubting that Chinese peasant girls had their rustic suitors, like their Western counterparts.35

The poem is, of course ingeniously constructed. The form, depending on repetition, reflecting the succession of tasks the girl has to undertake after she walks away from her amourous encounter. The further away from the moment of love the more we learn about the way it has affected her. But this is all conjecture, as the poet makes clear. She is spied carrying her bucket and the poet imagines the girl enraptured by her secret which raises her spirit above the daily round of chores. This presumably is what those critics who discern a lack of realism are concerned about; the girl's feelings and the rest of the day's events are imagined, but none the less possible for that, and the girl's home and her parent's attitude are typical and not idealized.

What is noteworthy is that, unlike many of Dai's love poems, the narrator is not involved as hero. Its subject-matter is different, as Ai Qing has noted, but as for its marking a new Realist phase,
there is no doubt that it does not. For if the poet writes, in later poems, of reality and truth, it is a truth stemming from his internal world and the external world as seen through his eyes.

This is so even when the vocabulary and usage would seem to indicate a more 'readerly', metonymic mode, but, indeed, most of the later poems in the volume tend towards a more Surrealistic, metaphorical mode of expression pertaining to Modernism.

The subsequent poems, firmly cemented in the Modernist-Symbolist tradition, display not a search for new subject-matter, but rather new, more mature and wordly-wise, treatments of familiar subjects. For instance, 'Xiao bing' (Slight illness) once again explores the theme of nostalgia; on this occasion, the homesickness of a man on his sick-bed. The thoughts that we follow are neatly paralleled by their structure, indeed the thoughts leading one to another provide the thread of the structure, as they "fly off" to the luscious garden which is so inviting to the sick man:

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from the garden, the sweet smell of 
small flowers. 

little illnesses, 

and in the sweet smell of the garden, 

the sick man feels at home. 

The sweet smell of the garden makes him feel at home.
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From behind the bamboo screen the smell of soil seeps in,
It almost solidifies on the early spring wind,
the sick man's lips sense the crisp tenderness of the lettuce,
Then thoughts fly off to the small garden back home.

Does the sunlight in the small garden shine on rape flowers often,
The breeze often blow on the wings of the slender waisted bee,
perhaps the leaves of the radish the sick man eats have been nibbled by insects,
and perhaps after the rain the chives have already sprouted tender shoots.

Now I fear that gluttony will make my hair fall out,
I must even desist from eating those creamy tasty delicacies like conger pike,
Because the sick body in the early spring wind is weak,
Besides I am engrossed in thinking about the lettuce under the sun in the garden back home.

The Modernist-Symbolist use of correspondances—the Proustian connexions of the senses—have their source in the smell of the earth (line 1), so strong and thick that the sick man can almost feel it (line 2).
The breeze laden with the smell of the earth 'back
home' stimulates the man's taste-buds and generates
the memory of the crispness and tenderness of lettuce,
and of a particular lettuce in his "small garden back
home" (line 4).

The illness is a device, the sick-bed a convenient setting for random thought.

The last stanza, which cleverly returns the reader to the first, shows that even the deprivations of illness are insignificant when compared with the sights and tastes evoked by the memories of his "garden back home" — a vision which has its germ in the chance smell of "soil seep[ing] in" (line 1).

Despite the poem's lack of simile and the poet's use of everyday images, the Symbolist sense is conveyed; conveyed by a string of images linked by the device of correspondances. The result is a vivid depiction of a mood of deep nostalgia.

And yet the nostalgia is more fundamental, more common to his readers and therefore the poem is more readily understandable than earlier poems dealing with the sensation; there is still a certain magic, but no mystery.

Perhaps when Ai Qing hints at a greater sense of realism in the poems of this period, he is mistaking for realism, Dai's employment of images and sensations more readily available to, and identifiable with, the common man.

Poems written six months or so later seem once
more to refute any suggestion of a greater sense of realism. Developing the theme of nostalgia in less banal imagery than 'Slight illness', is the poem 'Youzi yao' (Ballad of a traveller) in which there is no hint of realism. For while once again nostalgia revolves around the 'garden back home', the comparison in simile and metaphor to the wonders of the Sea, raises the tone above the possibilities of everyday images.

In this poem the traveller's attachment to his home is questioned. Nostalgia for what is left behind is seemingly overcome by the beauty and attraction of present surroundings.

That the poet thought highly of this poem is proven by the fact that he offered it for publication in French literary magazines. That French literary editors thought highly of the poem is shown by its acceptance:
When the sea breeze gets up,
Blue roses blossom all around on the dark water,
   — And what of the traveller's garden at home?

The bamboo gate is the home of the spider,
The earthen wall is the home of the fig branch,
The copious branches and thick foliage of the
   fruit tree the home of the birds.

The traveller does not even feel nostalgic,
He bobs about among whales and sea-serpents:
Let the garden's lonely flowers blossom and fall
   untended.

Because on the sea with its blue roses,
Should the traveller worry about his neglected
garden?
There is an even more beautiful travelling
   companion than the rose.

The beautiful travelling companion is an even
   sweeter garden,
The traveller's nostalgia hovers and lingers there.
Oh, to bob forever among whales and sea-serpents.

"Nostalgia hovers and lingers there"— are we
then to understand a transfer of affection from the
   traveller's garden at home to the "even sweeter garden"
of line 13? Does it represent a betrayal of the nost-
   algia the narrator ought to feel for the "spider" and
   "birds" of the second stanza.

The traveller might wish to "bob among the" more
   fascinating "whales and sea-serpents" forever, thus to
be free of nostalgia, but he cannot and his homesickness will inevitably return.

What is important is that the poet is questioning his feelings of nostalgia, if he could be rid of it he would, and for a brief while he has escaped the longing for another place, another time. For he has escaped into a substitute, albeit transient, fantasy world. For the moment, he is toying with the theme of nostalgia, a development most important for the poet. Important to the poet, but not so, to the French editor who accepted this poem for publication while suggesting the deletion of the last stanza which casts into doubt the narrator's attachment to nostalgia.39

What may also be gleaned from this poem is the poet's unerring devotion to his, by now, habitual themes, for rather than abandoning his neo-Symbolist moods, he explores their possibilities.

Whatever seeds of Realism may have been, rightly or wrongly, discerned in 'Country girl', they do not bear fruit in these subsequent poems. On the other hand Dai's own notion of poetry being the product of reality which has passed through the imaginative process begins to figure more clearly.

In other poems, written at about this time, Dai shows an enthusiasm for the use of correspondances and other techniques of the Symbolist tradition, but his more confident and comprehensive use of them results in a more distinctly Modernist style emerging.
'Qiu ying' 秋 (Autumn fly) is an appropriate example of this tendency. Starting with 'Xiao bing' the poet had attached a greater significance to small things and creatures, employing them to view the world from a different aspect, just as here reality is seen through the eyes of a dying fly:
AUTUMN FLY

The red of the leaves,
The yellow of the leaves,
The ochre of the leaves:
Afternoon beyond the window.

With a pair of innumerable eyes,
The weakened fly is dizzy with staring.
These stifling afternoons!
Forlornly it scratches its head, scratches its belly.

Leaves, leaves, leaves.
The leaves of uncountable trees whispering downwards.

The window pane is a cold sheet of ice,
The sun has but a hazy lustre.
Walk around a bit!
It feels its legs softening.

Red, yellow, ochre,
Dizzy, kaleidoscopic design!

Faraway sounds, ancient,
The tolling of the temple bell? A wind from the horizon?
The fly is a little numbed.
Such heavy wings!

Leaves whirling around, floating down to the ground
and up into the air,
A spinning wheel of mixed up reds, yellows and ochres.

Innumerable eyes more and more foggy, hazy,
What has weighed down the silky light wings,
Will this body as light as a tree leaf,
Be carried off on the wings of a huge bird?

The poet here transfers his own vision of life,
as autumn approaches, onto the fly. He is able to see
the world through "innumerable eyes", eyes whose fading vision pictures life increasingly as a maelstrom
of colours, sounds and thoughts. The poem stands as
a metaphor for life in all its confusion.

The poem has been succinctly analysed by a
young Chinese critic in the following terms:

The author's observation of the autumn fly makes him forget his own existence
and he transfers the disconsolateness of his own mind onto the fly itself, the activity of the fly's mind becomes the poet's own, he is then a weak and listless, dying autumn fly. At the very beginning, in the "afternoon beyond the window", the autumn fly can still analyse the appearance of the "leaves", "red, yellow, ochre"—this mass of variegated colour can still be found in the form of the leaves. But following the autumn fly's "weakness" and "dizziness", the form of the leaves slowly disappears, in the "innumerable eyes" of the autumn fly, there are only the colours of the leaves abstracted into a "dizzy, kaleidoscopic design"; later even weaker, it wonders what these colours might be, in its subjective perception, there is only a "confused spinning wheel" ceaselessly turning, fluctuating and gradually becoming blurred and dim.41

The blurred, dizzy images, the use of colours in this way, the metamorphosis of images are all standard Symbolist-Modernist technique: a patchwork of correspondances moulded in a novel fashion. But does it merely represent the poet's confused state of mind or is it a statement about human existence in general? The Chinese critic feels it necessary, perhaps feels obliged, to extend its meaning even further:

This is certainly a broken, sinking soul, the anguished scream of society facing a superficial flourishing yet in reality approaching death.42

For whatever reason, it would seem that the poet's intention here has been misinterpreted. For although Dai often leaves open the possibility of a universal interpretation of his intention, such an explicit application to "society" (and one senses "society" means for the critic: Chinese society before
'Liberation') surely goes too far.

That the poet is not merely representing a view of his own life through the eyes of a fly may be true. That he has presented a metaphor that may be true for others or may be applied beyond individual experience may also have been part of his purpose since "poets make verbal artefacts out of subjective experience." However, the last stanza of the poem which poses the question "What has weighed down the silky light wings,/ Will this body.../ Be carried off on the wings of a huge bird", while perhaps representing the narrator's wish for liberation, does not seem to symbolize the "anguished scream of society".

The use of the image of the death-throes of a fly in this poem is typical of the second half of this volume and is similar in intention to other devices such as the quasi-delirium induced by illness, half-sleep and dreams in poems such as: 'Bu mei' 不寐 (Sleeplessness) and 'Xun mengzhe' 寻梦者 (Dream seeker).

These are indications that the poet is trying to go beyond the impressions and moods created by themes such as nostalgia and loneliness, however well developed and exploited, to the greater possibilities offered by wandering imaginings of the mind in a subconscious or semi-conscious state. This is a truly Modernist mode of expression; not quite Surrealist expression because the poet still makes use of the cloak of dream or illness as a vehicle, still needs a
starting point for the imagination, as we have seen in 'Autumn fly'.

Let us then turn to 'Bu mei' (Sleeplessness) in which the world inside and outside of the mind blend together for an instant before the poet switches suddenly to a more physical appraisal of his insomnia:

In the midst of the sound waves of silence,
Every lovely imagining
Takes a moment's walk,
In the spinning head;

Only a brief moment,
After which they line up in peach coloured ranks,
Fade and merge, silhouettes of flowers dancing in
the moonlight:
A march-past watched from an aeroplane.

The palm of a hand resting on a burning forehead,
On the wrist short warm breaths:
is it the awakening from the night before?
This warm breathing which penetrates the skin.
Let the highest sound waves of silence
Come and vibrate the fragile ear-drums
until they burst.
The suffocating mosquito net, the wall...
Where to turn for a breath of air?

On one level this poem attempts to describe
the activity of dancing images of a mind swamped by
feverish insomnia and the concomitant discomfort. And
yet were it not for the last two stanzas the poem
could be seen as belonging to the Surrealist extreme
of Modernism. The metaphoric mode permits fanciful
excursions impossible in a metonymic mode. Images are
set free to take a "moment's walk", "fade and merge"
and become the dancing "silhouettes of flowers" and
then are seen ranged as if they were an army viewed
from an aircraft. But then the whole string of Modern­
istic correspondances which show the internal state of
the poet are abandoned for a consideration of the ex­
ternal. The two halves of the poem are then only con­
nected by the "sound waves of silence". And those
same sound waves against which the "lovely images"
play are invoked by the narrator to free him from his
dilemma, which is more an anguished state of ennui
than mere physical discomfort.

The internal and external aspects are repre­
sented by the first two and last two stanzas respect­
ively. The modes of expression are likewise justa­
posed: the first two stanzas being in a metaphoric
mode and the last two much nearer to the metonymic.

The freedom of the subconscious is paralleled
by the restriction of the conscious which in frustration desires only release. This is the other, less apparent, but more significant level on which the poem operates.

The poet has tackled his theme and the structure of the poem in a very mature fashion and the poem indicates the attainment of an original and non-derivative style. It is a style which is Modernistic, a style which has grown out of the tradition and techniques of Symbolism, a style which lends to each poem something which is at once enigmatic and revelatory. It is also a style which, for the most part, cannot be accused of 'obscurantism'—justifiably levelled at other disciples and emulators of Symbolism such as Li Jinfa. 45

The touch of mystery, the result of the poet's allowing his imagination to dominate, is illustrated subtly in a short and simple poem—which seems to conform to the poetic norms to a greater extent than 'Bu mei'—'Shen bi de yuanzi' (Secluded garden):

五月的園子

小徑已鋪滿苔蘚，
濃蔭裏卻寂靜無生。

主人卻在遙遠的太陽下，
安詳地尋覓著天外的主人。

在遙遠的太陽下，
也有人在遙遠探首，
陌生人已在遙遠探首，
而隱門的鎖也鎖了。
The garden in May,  
Flowers already in bloom and the leaves fully grown,  
In the luxuriant foliage all is quiet without even the song of a bird.  

The path is already covered in moss,  
And the lock on the bamboo gate is rusty ——  
The owner is away under a distant sun.  

Under that distant sun,  
Are there glorious gardens too?  

The stranger stretches his neck over the fence,  
Vainly wondering about the owner under a foreign sky.  

This poem has been acclaimed by critics both Western and Chinese, published in a French version and praised by the poet Bian Zhilin who sees in it something of the lucidity and suggestiveness of Azor-  

The poem's theme is yet again a facet of the theme of nostalgia. As noted earlier, the poet's conception of nostalgia embraces more than a mere longing for home or the past. Dai's understanding of the term seems almost certainly to stem from the French idea of nostalgie and indeed Dai himself uses the French word when writing of his feelings during his voyage to France, shortly after this poem was composed. In the French, the word expresses the mood of melancholy and regret for something lost or for something or someone one has not known. Saint-Exupéry put it thus: "La nostalgie c'est le désir d'on ne sait quoi," (Nostalgia is the wish for one knows not what ).  

In this poem, the poet is inspired by the sight of this secluded garden, pondering upon its un-
known owner, wondering if such delightful gardens exist "under that foreign sun".

The poem is simply written and yet with such straightforward lines as "The lock on the bamboo gate is rusty" (line 5) the poet creates a sense of wonder, and instils a mood in the reader which has him too "wondering about the owner under a foreign sky" (line 10). The essence of the poem lies in sense of the enigmatic brought about by the poet's own kind of nostalgic dreaming.

The enigmatic is also the artefact employed in 'Xun mengzhe' (The dream seeker). It is a clever poem, its mystery deriving from the extensive use of bizarre metaphors and its use of Symbolist correspondences which run through the poem from first to last lines. But it is also a poem which more than any other of the poet's repertoire lays the poet open to the charge of obscurantism, for the very imagery which creates the atmosphere of mystery and even mysticism renders the poem obscure, 'writerly' rather than 'readerly' and thereby, Modernist:
Dreams will blossom into flowers
Dreams will blossom into delicate flowers: Go and look for priceless treasure.

In the blue ocean,
In the depths of the blue ocean, Is a well-hidden golden sea-shell.

You go and climb an iceberg for nine years, You go and sail a dry sea for nine years! Then you will find that golden sea-shell.

It carries the sound of cloud and rain in the sky, It carries the sound of wind and waves on the sea, It will make your heart truly intoxicated.

Keep it in sea water for nine years, Keep it in water from the heavens for nine years, Then one dark night it will split open.

When your hair turns grey, When your eyes become hazy, The golden shell will spit out a peach-coloured pearl.
Put the peach-coloured pearl next to your breast,
Put the peach-coloured pearl under your pillow,
Then a dream will quietly creep up.

Your dream will have blossomed into flowers,
Your dream will have blossomed into delicate flowers,
When you are old.

The obscurity of this poem is intentional. The poem is a metaphor symbolizing the poet's vision of life. As Zuo Yan has indicated, it illustrates another facet of the poet's use of correspondances. Life is a "difficult, unfathomable course", shells can produce pearls "only after having traversed long years and months", and "life's ideals certainly cannot be realized in a day" and thus there exist "natural" correspondances.

At the same time, the glowing beauty of "peach-coloured pearls" symbolizes the ideals of the poet, the dream which blossoms, the culmination of his search for truth.

Difficulties encountered in life are represented by nature and the elements, as in "go and climb an iceberg for nine years,/ ... go and sail a dry sea for nine years" (lines 7-8). Only when such unreal tasks have been accomplished will the "golden sea-shell" be found which in turn will bear the pearl which will cause the blossoming dream to "creep up".

Apart from being a metaphor for life, the poem underlines the poet's view of life as a mystery, an
enigma in which childhood myths, like the sound of the waves and the wind in sea-shells, offer more clues to life's path than interpretation of reality can. The poem stands as a philosophy of—as well as a metaphor for—life.

*

Before concluding this chapter, it is worth noting that Dai wrote several other poems which were published in periodicals but not included in 王舒草; indeed not included in any collection during the poet's lifetime. The three poems are: 'Zuo wan' (Yesterday evening); 'Women de xiao muqin' (Our little mother) and 'Liushui' (Flowing water).51

All three poems are dominated by a certain animistic streak which was perhaps borrowed from Jamm-es who as we have seen was inclined to endow inanimate objects with a soul of their own.

The most interesting hypothesis about the composition of the latter two of the poems mentioned is that the poet had, as mentioned earlier, a desire to write more politically appropriate poetry.52 Since Dai was flirting with the League of left Wing Writers at the time of writing 'Our little mother' and 'Flowing water'—the poems were published in March 1930—such an interpretation is a possibility. The fact that
Dai chose not to include the poems in his anthology, which was put together in late 1932, after Dai had become disenchanted with the League of Left Wing Writers and its literary doctrines, might lend credence to this theory, or perhaps Dai's decision not to publish them was merely a sign of distaste for their style.

Let us consider one of them, 'Liu shui' (Flowing water):

流 水

在寂静的黄昏里，
我听见流水低微的言语：
“穿过暗黑的，暗黑的林，
流到那边去！
到那赤色的太阳的海去！

“你，被践踏的草和被采的花，
一同去，跟着我们的流一同去。

“横过横在路途的顽强的石，
激起来，溅起浪花来，
从她上面横过去！

“渡过草地，渡过绿色的草地，
没有踏践或是休憩，——
把她留在你的意志中。

“我们是水流的集体：
从山间，从村村，
从城市的溪流......
我们是力的力。

“决了堤防，破了闸
阻挡我们吗?
你将看见你的毁灭......”

在寂静的黄昏里，
我看见一切的流离
在同一条方向奔流，
奔流到太阳的家乡去。
FLOWING WATER

In the lonely dusk,
I hear the clear language of flowing water.

"Let's go through the dark, dark forest
and flow over there!
To the sea where the red sun rises!

"You trampled grass and abandoned flowers,
Let's go together, follow our flow and come with us,

"Smashing across the stubborn stones of the road,
Splashing, splashing up spray,
Smashing over the top!

"Gushing through the grassland, gushing through the
green grassland,
Without hesitation or pause,
Hold onto your resolve.

"We are the flowing waters converging from everywhere,
From the mountains, from the countryside,
From the gutters of the city....... 
We are the power of powers.

Breaching dykes, breaching the sluice gates!
Dare you stop us?
You will see your destruction....... 

In a tranquil dusk,
I see all the waters,
All flowing in one direction,
Rushing towards the home of the sun.

Even a cursory glance at the poet's interpretation of the "language of flowing water" provides evidence for he who seeks to find a revolutionary moral in this poem. The "red sun", the exhortation to would-be followers, the powerful, irresistible force of the waters "smashing" "stubborn" opponents, holding on to "resolve", coming from the countryside and the "gutters of the city" would all justify analogy with the forces of revolution.

Is the poet innocently describing the force of one of nature's elements, is he describing the rising
revolutionary tide within society and if so is he approving of this "power of powers"?

Leaving aside the contemporary Chinese situation and Dai's position within it, the poem would still have an emblematic significance. The river as an emblem of change is a connotation familiar to readers of Western poetry, in which it often represents the concrete flow of life. The river has a seaward or even deathward flow which cannot be arrested or controlled.

These associations may be present in Dai's poem. The uncontrollable force is certainly vividly portrayed in the language of the waters; represented visually by the use of quotation marks.

Whether the imagery points to the irresistible power of water or to a symbolic revolutionary power, the position of the poet remains that of by-stander, of listener. And whether he agrees with what the waters say or not, the poem is a warning.

If the sea is interpreted in the traditional Western fashion then it represents death. Whether it is the death from which rises the red sun of socialism is a matter for debate. Perhaps Dai could only treat political subjects in such ambiguous terms. Marxist critics will interpret it as they will; perhaps that was the poet's intention. But his own verdict on the poem is surely best indicated by its deletion from his poetic repertoire.
Wangshu cao is perhaps the most varied and instructive of Dai Wangshu's volumes of verse. Instructive because it reveals how Dai's poetic ideal matured from the kind of poetry which depended heavily for its expression, theme and even imagery and vocabulary, on the poet's acquaintance with French poetry—most notably that of Francis Jammes—into a style of poetry which while drawing heavily on Symbolist technique is increasingly coloured by the poet's own imagination and creative spirit.

Poems such as 'Dao wo zheli lai' amply show the lingering influence of Francis Jammes, while poems such as 'Bu mei' and 'Xiao bing' illustrate a more subtle and less derivative exploitation of Symbolist devices to achieve a clearly individual style within the tradition of Modernism.

The volume also reveals that Dai was still in an experimental mood, searching out new themes and subject-matter. Poems such as 'Cungu' indicate that he was still receptive to themes and treatments outside his usual poetic perimeters (as the poems written during the same period but not included in this volume, such as 'Liu shui', also illustrate). However, the fact that Dai chose not to pursue these alternative avenues and opted instead for a continuing exploration of introspective themes is a pointer to the continuity and resilience of his thematic inclinations and his creative persona.
Wangshu cao represents the middle period of Dai Wangshu's work and in many ways marks the end of his poetic adventurism. Personal and societal tragedies were to force the poet into a more serious contemplation of life. Dai's experiences in Europe doubtless had an effect on his poetic outlook and the war period pushed the poet further in the direction of melancholy musing.

Of his later poetry, much would be written in a more down-to-earth vein and the poet's tribulations were to produce more sincerely and personally felt poetic expression of the emotions. In such a light, much of the poetry could be said to be more 'realistic' than the poetry of Wangshu cao, but the Modernist spirit which had grown out of a wide-ranging apprenticeship, was not to desert him.

Wangshu cao represents the last concentrated period of Dai's creativity. Later his poems became more occasional, as he devoted more time to writing articles and translating the work of others. Dai's later poetry certainly revealed more about the man within the poet, but Wangshu cao illustrates more clearly than his other volumes the course and nature of the poet's growth.
CHAPTER VII

FALLEN IDOLS:

ZAINAN DE SUIYUE, AND OTHER POEMS

After Dai's departure for France and the subsequent publication of Wangshu cao the poet's output decreased to a trickle.

What was the cause of this reticence to create poetry? Dai's many translations of foreign poets, short story writers, and others, during the thirties and forties undoubtedly indicate an ever-increasing interest in literature.

Could it have been that Dai was overwhelmed by the quality and nature of the more recent poetry he found in Europe?

On his return from Europe he certainly threw himself into the task of translation and literary editing as never before but surely the cause of this diminished output of original poetry was not a lack of time.

The reason remains a mystery. The subsequent domestic and political troubles which dogged him for the rest of his life, not to mention his ailing health, provide more obvious reasons for poetic silence, but ironically they were also the inspiration for the few poems he did compose.
Dai's next volume of verse was *Wangshu Shigao* [Wangshu's poetry manuscripts], published in 1937.

There are only four new poems in this anthology, which is in the main a retrospective, chronological selection of Dai's work.

One of the poems had in fact appeared along with three poems subsequently published in *Zainan de suiyue*, in *Xiandai shifang*, a poetry magazine edited by Dai and published by Shi Zhecun. The first and apparently only issue appeared in October 1935. The poem concerned was 'Shuang hua' (Frosty flower), entitled in the magazine version: 'Jiu yue de shuang hua' (September frosty flower).

If, as seems likely, this poem was written during the period 1934-1935 it seems strange that it should have been included, while others written in the same period appeared in *Zainan de suiyue* many years later. Why was it, and the other original poems in the volume, not held back?

'Shuang hua' and two of the other remaining original poems ('Weixiao' 微笑 (Smile) and 'Jian wuwangwohua' 见毋忘我花 (Seeing the forget-me-not)) will be considered in more detail later.

The most puzzling of the four poems is 'Gu shenshi qian' (In front of the ancient temple). *Wangshu shigao* is, as stated above, a chron-
ologically presented volume, and the other three 'new' poems appear as one might expect at the very end of the volume, and after the final poem of *Wangshu cao*: 'Leyuan niao' (Bird of Paradise). 'Gu shensi qian', however occurs in the first third of the volume, along with the selection from *Wode jiyi* and before the selection from *Wangshu cao*.3

It is reasonable to assume therefore that the poem was indeed written during that period, and it accords with the quasi-mysterious, Western inspired neo-Symbolist style in which Dai was experimenting at the time. (Perhaps it was left out of his first volume because it owed more to the literary heritage than to the Western inspired Modernistic style the poet was aiming for towards the end of that volume).

The poem relies heavily on the imagery of the Daoist mystical classic, the *Zhuangzi*, imagery that any twentieth-century Modernist would feel at home with:
On the dark waters
Which flow in front of the temple,
Are printed the light footprints
Of how many of my thoughts,
Footprints even lighter and faster than
Those of the long-legged water spider.

From the leaves of the dark green locust tree,
It leaps lightly down onto
Waters full of the ancient gloomy toll of bells,
It skims over ripples, steps over water weeds,
Striding along with tiny, tiny nimble steps.
Afterwards, dithering a while,
It sprouts wings..........

It flies upwards,
The tiny mayfly,
No, it's a butterfly, it dances and flutters,
Among the reeds, over the red smartweed blossom;
High above it rises,
Turning into a skylark,
Scattering its shrill notes to the earth......
Now it is a roc.
Among the floating white clouds,
In the boundless blue sky,
It slowly spreads its wings,
Gliding thousands of leagues high in the sky,
A free and easy journey of a previous existence and the life to come.

Alone it circles around,
Over distant cloudy mountains,
At the borders of the world of man,
On and on, stubborn to the point of pity.

Finally in desperation,
It flies swiftly back to my heart,
To gloomily hibernate.

The poem bears a strong resemblance to the poem 'Autumn fly' in Wangshu cao, discussed in the previous chapter, in which the poet's thoughts are transferred onto the external vehicle of a dying fly used to interpret the world outside. Compared to this poem, the imagery and setting of Autumn fly are more pedestrian, and yet the intention is similar.

Unfortunately the allusions to the Zhuangzi are perhaps too obvious. The poem nevertheless illustrates the Modernist's desire to escape from reality and is redolent of the 'Bateau ivre' strain of Symbolism.

The temptation to call on classical Chinese allusions was strongly resisted by Dai, as by many other poets of the 'New Poetry' movement, such was their determination to escape the trap into which classical Chinese poetry had fallen (especially its reliance on over-worked allusions) during its decline.

However, this poem does in fact highlight the fact that some of the tendencies and techniques regarded as indicative of Modernism by Western literary
theorists, already existed in the Chinese literary heritage; not just the introspection to be found in the work of many Chinese poets through the ages, but the element of mystery and fantasy, as seen in the philosophical-religious Zhuangzi which early became a literary classic.

The other three original poems in Wangshu shigao, written presumably while the poet was in France, or shortly after his return, do not show any great development in the poet's style.

'Seeing the forget-me-not', judging from its content, seems almost definitely to have been written in France. It is a simple if clever poem:
For you it has blossomed,
For you the forget-me-not has blossomed,
For me to remember,
For you to remember,
Under a foreign sun,
In foreign forests,
It modestly, broodingly blossoms.

In a tranquil corner,
It speaks to me for you,
It speaks to you for me;
It recapitulates the words spoken by us
In silence,
With moist eyes staring into the distance.
And its language is also
As silent as our eyes.

Blossom, forever blossom,
Tiny blue flower: thinking of us.

It would seem that this is more than an ode to a flower. It may owe something to the romantic boy-girl dialogues of Paul Fort, but then this poem is in a more melancholy vein than the vivacious verses of Fort.\footnote{8}

It probably represents the poet's thoughts of his fiancée Jiangnian, whose jilting of Dai was not, at the time revealed to him by her brother Shi Zhecun. It may, of course, represent nothing of the sort and have been written without reference to anyone in particular, but it seems unlikely.\footnote{9}

Here again the flower is associated with sadness, as Cherkassky has remarked.\footnote{10}

In the other poems under consideration flowers have this melancholy connotation too. 'Frosty flower' for instance while not concerning a real flower nevertheless has doleful undertones:
September's frosty flower,
October's frosty flower,
Beautiful woman of the mists,
Flowers over my temples.

Dressing up autumn leaves,
You are dressing up monotonous death,
Beautiful woman of the mists,
Come and place your white resplendent flower
in my hair.

Do you still have pearly tears?
The sun cannot again rekindle the dead ashes.
I calmly observe the bareness of my temples,
Whereupon I greet you dressed-up autumn.

Depicting autumn frost as a beautiful woman
disguising the slow death of leaves and such like
reveals the poem to be about ageing; for instance,
'frosted temples' is a traditional metaphor for greying
hair in Chinese.

There may, in addition, be a hint of something
more than the superficial significance of the poem in
the last stanza, in particular the second line: 'The
sun cannot again rekindle the dead ashes.' If we recall
that this poem first appeared after Dai's return from
France, the poem might be interpreted as a reaction to the knowledge of Jiangnian's betrayal—the full explanation for Jiangnian's silence while he was abroad.

Of course, any such interpretation can only be speculative. The poem might just as well be a further manifestation of the poet's universal theme of 'nostalgia'.

This could well be the case, for in Dai's later poems he shows little reticence in revealing quite clearly the source of his anxieties. Anxieties deriving not from an ephemeral and universal 'nostalgia' but from a very real sense of loss.

_Year of Disaster_

> We look before and after;  
> We pine for what is not;  
> ............................  
> Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Shelley, 'To a Skylark'

Dai's next volume _Zainan de sui yue_ [Years of disaster] was not to appear until 1948. Some of the reasons for such a gap—eleven years from the publication of _Wangshu shigao_ and fifteen from the publication of _Wangshu cao_—are apparent: the long years of war, and exile for many writers, did not facilitate the publication of books.  

Apart from such logistical reasons there seem to have been more personal ones. Dai's marriage to Mu Shiying's sister gave him the happiness and
stability he was looking for and the need to express cerebral fancies of loneliness and 'nostalgia' seems to have vanished, albeit only temporarily. His wife eventually abandoned him and left him with the experience of real loneliness and a longing for his own real past.

When the political and other disasters which affected China and himself personally, are added to his domestic troubles the aptness of the title becomes evident. Had the historical circumstances and his domestic life been different, the poet may have produced very different poems in his middle years. Perhaps, for us, this is fortunate because the poet seems to have been tempted to put his poetic emotions on paper only because of his misfortune:

The poemless blank page
The happy years:
Because my bitter verse
Just registers the milestone of disaster.

Not just the 'milestones of disaster' but almost so, and so it must have appeared to the poet in 1944 when this poem 'For my wife' was written.

Dai, judging from the accounts of his acquaintances, was not unhappy throughout the eleven years which separate his third volume from his last. Indeed the poems he did write in painful retrospect, indicate how in the years of marriage in Shanghai and Hong Kong he was happy, before the separation from his wife.
In his work he was active too: translating, editing and publishing. So it will not do to equate the whole of the latter part of his life with the impression given by this volume; and even within it we occasionally see an optimistic side of Dai. In general, in fact, this last volume of Dai's work gives us a far greater knowledge of the real man behind the poetic façade.

Technically and artistically the style changes. Dai's language for instance tends to become more clipped without reverting to classicisms. And while there are frequent flashes of the Modernist in the work, the heavy reliance on overtly Symbolist techniques in the main has disappeared.

The poetry of Zainan de suiyue more closely parallels the events and misfortunes of the poet's private and public life than any of his previous collections had done. The main aim of the remainder of this chapter, therefore, is to examine the relationship of the man's life to his poems and to what extent this link influenced the Modernism of his poetry.

The Evidence

While Dai's poems become scarce in this later period of his life, our facility to place them accurately, and to judge the relationship between the poetry and the poet's life, increases.

The first reason for this is the fact that Dai, conveniently, started to date his poems (for
some reason unknown he did this in French, perhaps a continuance of a practice started in France). The second reason, is that through a piece of extreme good fortune we have the original manuscript notebook containing the poems of Zaïnan de suiyue—and more besides—at our disposal. And thirdly, Dai's circle of acquaintances had naturally increased and so the number of accounts of his later life are consequently greater.

Thus not only do we know how many poems Dai wrote in this period but when exactly he wrote them: two poems in 1934 (apart from the poems included in Wangshu shigao, which may conceivably, at least, date from any time up to January 1937, when the volume was published); one in 1935; four in 1936; two in 1937; none in 1938; one in 1939; one in 1940; one in 1941; two in 1942; two in 1943; seven in 1944; and two in 1945.

It is clear then that Dai's poems were truly occasional in both the senses in which the word may be used. For instance, the one poem written in 1939, was composed on New Year's Day: 'New Year's Greeting' and of the poems written in 1944, one was composed on the occasion of a 'pilgrimage' to the grave of the authoress Xiao Hong, and one on the occasion of the start of the Allied bombing of Japanese-occupied Hong Kong. This volume also brings us the first patriotic, if not political, poems that Dai wrote; one of the two being, perhaps, the best of the genre in modern
Chinese. But the best of the volume, and perhaps the best of Dai's whole opus, are those that deal with his own very personal tragedies.

The poems are presented in strictly chronological order and it is useful in this instance to follow that order, since the poems log not only the poet's life but his poetic growth.

The first poem, 'Guyi da ke wen', is dated 1934 and two matters of interest arise from the two manuscript versions of this poem.

One version, in Chinese, does not differ greatly from the printed version, but the second version is in French and has both date and place of composition: "Lyon, le 5 déc: 1934." 16

The first point is that it provides firm evidence of Dai's whereabouts and firmly banishes any doubts there may have been on this matter. The second and more important point is the suggestion, which was broached earlier, that Dai first wrote his poems in French and then translated them into Chinese. 17

Is this perhaps why Dai assigns a date in French to all the poems in his notebook? Of course it is equally possible that Dai translated the poem into French so that his French acquaintances could read and comment on it. Another poem in French in the manuscript is the Chinese version of 'Xiao qu', (A little tune). The poem is dedicated to Dai's friend Abbé Duperray.

A third poem in French is 'Qiu ye si' 秋夜思.
(Autumn night thoughts); unfortunately, this poem has no date or place of composition appended.

Here is the French version of 'Guyi da ke wen' (Classic answers to a host) followed by the Chinese version and English translation of it:

Réponses à un hôte
Mon cœur solitaire suit les nuages dans leur fuite lumineuse
Habitués à l'azur, mes yeux se plaisent aux herbes folles de mon seuil.
Vous me demandez quels sont mes plaisirs?
Ma lune à la fenêtre et mes livres à mon chevet.

Contempler le matin la brume errant sur les montagnes
Ecouter la nuit le vent murmurer dans les feuilles;
Vous me demandez où mon âme se repose?
Regardez la fumée, qui, lentement, s'élève.

La rosée à ma soif et les fleurs à ma faim,
Le cerf veille mes songes et l'oiseau fête mon réveil.
Vous me demandez si m'importe le monde?
Ecoutez les pas de l'éternel Passant décroître, décroître...

Lyon; le 5 déc. 1934.
The lonely heart follows the radiant mutations of the floating clouds.

Eyes used to watching the blue sky are pleased by the green grass invading the threshold.

You ask me where I find my happiness?
In the bright moon at the window and the books beside my pillow.

At early dawn watching the mist lingering on the mountain tops,
At dusk listening to the wind haveriing among the flowers.

You ask me where my soul takes its rest?
Look at the smoke curling upwards from the chimney.

Drinking dew when thirsty, eating petals when hungry,
The deer guards my dreams, the bird greets my waking,
You ask me whether I have worldly worries?
Listen to the fading footsteps of the traveller of a hundred generations.

5 December 1934.

This poem is a remarkably care-free and philosophically resigned start to the volume. Though the French seems very skilful, the Chinese most probably came first because of the ready made phrases

(line 9) and (line 9); also the Chinese is rhymed...
and the French not.

There is a possibility—the date and place of composition would seem to suggest this—that Dai wrote this poem with Abbé Duperray, an admirer of classical Chinese poetry, in mind. 20

The second poem is more in the mould of the later poems of Wangshu cao, the 'lamp' of the title is an anchor for the Modernist reverie conjured up by the poet's vigorous imagery:
The lamp protects me diligently,  
Stare into the pupils of my eyes,  
There are happy children  
Dressed in ancient, festive costumes,  
Sorrowful infants  
Like a merry-go-round,  
Turning, turning without end...  

And the sound of tiny explosions  
Like trees under the flaming spring sun,  
Shaking me, shaking me,  
Softly.  

Beautiful festive days fade,  
The merry-go-round is still turning,  
turning...  
The lamp in vain cherishes the mother's  
hard work.  
The colours of the children's silk  
clothes have faded.  

It's over!  
Gather a large dark-eyed stare  
And go and weave the most elegant web  
of dreams!  
The places touched by fingers:  
Fire freezes into flames of ice,  
Flowers turn into withered branches.  
The lamp protects me, let it protect me!  

The dawn sun shines everywhere, the lizard  
does not bathe again in its rays,  
The emperor sleeps long, the fish candle  
burns eternally high,  
In its dark resting place.
Here, drop by drop,
Silently falling, falling, falling.

21st December 1934.

At first sight the technique and style of the poem are similar to those used in 'Autumn fly', but whereas the 'fly' was very much the vehicle through whose eyes the poet saw a different picture of the world, here the 'lamp' supplies the light which reflects the images in the poet's eyes.\footnote{22}

But even this role is not clear. What is clear is that the eyes are those of the poet and that whereas the 'lamp' may be an anchor for the poet's thoughts in the first three stanzas, its significance evolves in the last three to that of protector.

In fact, the greatest similarity to 'Autumn fly' is the use of images to construct an almost Surrealist effect of gyration and dizziness; in 'Autumn fly' it is supplied by the swirling leaves of various colours giving rise to a kaleidoscopic impression, here it is the "merry-go-round,/ turning, turning..." (lines 6 and 7).\footnote{23}

Moreover, the colours, while not named are implied by the "festive costumes" (line 4) and remembered sounds are even evoked with the "tiny explosions" (line 8), possibly of buds on the trees bursting into life or perhaps the sound of festive fire-crackers?

But these happy memories fade and the only refuge from the perversity of reality—captured in the fourth stanza—is an "elegant web of dreams". The
"lamp protects" the poet, allows him to revel in the comparative comfort of his reverie. The fifth stanza takes the reader further into that reverie.

The poem also represents the poet's only known foray into calligrammatic presentation, for when it first appeared in *Xiandai shifeng*, of which magazine Dai was the Editor-in-Chief, the last enigmatic stanza appeared thus:

Here, drop by drop,
Silently falling,
  falling,
    falling.

This was yet another Modernist device which Dai experimented with and then abandoned. Dai evidently saw no regular place for the use of calligrammes in his poetry, which is not surprising when one recalls Dai's disavowal of form at the expense of content. Nevertheless, the possibilities for exploitation of calligrammes in Chinese poetry, facilitated by the nature of the Chinese script, were clearly tempting for a while.  

Calligrammes aside, this poem must stand—
we consider Modernist poetry as embracing everything from early Symbolism to Surrealism—as the most extreme achievement in the spectrum of Modernism. There are hints of it in some of the later poems of the volume, as there were in earlier volumes, but never again does Dai attempt to express the working of the conscious and subconscious in such a Surrealistic, and difficult, style.

We enter now what may be termed Dai Wangshu's fallow period. Of the four poems Dai wrote in 1936 two seem to have been inspired by the ideas of his friends and indeed represent the poet's reaction to those ideas.

The first, 'Xiao qu' (A little tune) was mentioned above as possibly having been originally composed in French. It is dedicated to the priest Abbé Duperray, who befriended Dai in Lyons. Both the French and the Chinese versions are rhymed (the Chinese, aaba and the French aabb) thus, offering little assistance in discerning the original. Unfortunately the French version is undated, the Chinese version gives the date of composition as the 14th May 1936, which may be the date of the French draft or may just be the date on which the Chinese version was made.

There are certain differences between the two texts and the French text without doubt sheds light on the poetic intention of the Chinese. First the Chinese text followed by the English and then the French:
The bird weary with twittering hides its beak amidst colourful feathers, Where has the tiny soul of its voice fluttered to? The ageing flower petal by petal withers into the ground, Where is the tiny soul of its fragrance lingering?

They cannot be in Hell, no, Souls so good as these! So are they in Heaven, in Paradise? Shaking his head, even St. Peter disagrees.

No one knows where, no one, The poet smiling remains thrice silent, There is something harmonizing spreading like mist, In the eternal universe of his heart.

Although the text of the French version, which
follows, does not differ greatly, it does help
to clarify the meaning of the Chinese, in particular
the last stanza in which the French is more precise.

à l'Abbé Duperray

Vers où s'envolent les petites âmes-sons
Lorsque, las de chanter les oiseaux s'en
iront.
Vers où s'acheminent les âmes-parfums si
menues
Quand au déclin du printemps les fleurs
s'inclinent?

Pas dans l'enfer, non!
Ce sont des êtres si bons.
Est-ce alors, au paradis?
Hochant la tête, Saint pierre le nie.

Où sont-elles...nul ne le sait.
Mais le poète sourit et se tait:
Quelque chose dans l'univers de son coeur
S'exhale et s'apaise en chœur.

Spirituality of itself is not a trait of
Dai's poetry, but the mysterious nature of the world,
the hint at something about life which is ineffable,
the subtle and evanescent, beyond reality and knowledge
is a recurrent Modernist aspect to his work.28

In the simple, although not altogether simplis-

tic, 'A little tune' Dai suggests once again that
life is not simply what realists or even men of
religion would have us to believe. There is something
more and that something can be caught by the poet who
has an inkling of what that something more is.

The poem indeed encapsulates Dai's idea of the
rôl e of the poet and the following poem in Zàinàn dè
suiyue is written in a similar vein, in defence of the
ineffable.
'Zeng Kemu' (For Kemu) was written after a conversation with a fellow poet, later turned Indologist, Jin Kemu, in 1936. Jin was interested in astronomy at the time and Dai's poem mocks the idea of reducing Nature to the stature of nothing more than a subject for analytical study and induces us to be grateful to Nature for the simple joys she offers.

Dai's attitude is typical of a Symbolist or Modernist poet, for the poetry of Modernism depends on the magical and enigmatic in life and Nature and seeks to defend the irrational and unscientific: Modernism is after all partly a reaction against the scientific and industrial age.

In 'Zeng Kemu' Dai seeks not only to defend Nature against attempts at demystification but also defends his own personality against scrutiny and reason:
I do not know why people give the stars names they do not need; They wander freely in outer space, no worries no cares, Not understanding nor seeking fame.

Remembering Sirius, Neptune, The Great Bear... so, so many, And their parts, their positions, You wrack your brains, stuff your head to bursting, Even if you work at it for a lifetime, it will still be an unknown universe.

Stars come, stars go, the Universe moves on, Seasons change, people die, people are born, The Sun is measureless, outer space is infinitely large, We are just momentary, minute summer insects and frogs in wells.

If you're not daft or deaf, don't be a parent,
The best way for a man is to remain unenlightened,
Better not probe too deep, just stare ahead,
Look at the sky, look at the stars, look at the moon, look at the sun.

And look at the mountains, look at the water, look at the clouds, look at the wind,
Look at the differences between spring, summer, autumn and winter,
And look at the stupidity in the world, look at the inanity in it:
Look at it silently, joy is within it.

Joy is within it, joy is outside of time and space,
I and happiness have surpassed all dimensions
Become a universe by myself with its sun, moon and stars,
Come and scrutinize it, pursue your study until your hair turns white.

Or I might turn into a strange comet,
Stopping and starting as I please in outer space,
Not letting people calculate my trajectory, nor glimpse any reason,
And then smash the sun into bits of fire and pummel the earth into mud.

18th May 1936.

More than a rebuttal of a friend's attitude to the stars, this poem seems to be a statement of Dai's personal philosophy. As if to affirm such a theory the poem was in fact twice published before inclusion in Zainan de suiyue; first in 1936 and again in 1945 when it was entitled simply 'Zeng you' (To a friend). Dai's sentiments, on this topic, would therefore appear to have been deeply felt and long-lasting.

Apart from giving us this insight into the poet's inner world, his reassertion of the unique,
unscientific and unfathomable nature of the human mind, the poem also firmly reminds us of the early influences on his poetry.

Despite the fact that Dai had spent several years in France and had become acquainted with the work of many writers, new to him, this poem written in 1936 is indebted to a poem by Francis Jammes, and moreover to a poem—'Il va neiger'—which had already provided inspiration for earlier poems both in its imagery and its sentiment.  

It is the fifth stanza of 'Il va neiger' which seems, in this instance, to have provided the germ, and apart from the similarity in imagery and vocabulary the idea appears to be based in a like notion that although man may study the universe he cannot control it.

The first two lines of Jammes' stanza bear such a strong resemblance to the first two lines of Dai's poem that the similarity cannot be dismissed as coincidence:

On a baptisé les étoiles sans penser
qu'elles n'avaient pas besoin de nom, et
les nombres
qui prouvent que les belles comètes dans
l'ombre
passeront, ne les forceront pas à passer.

[We baptised the stars without thinking
that they had no need of a name, and the numbers
which prove that the beautiful comets will
pass in the dark, will not compel them to pass.]

This residual influence of the French poet occurs again later in the Zainan de suiyue. perhaps
not just because his imagery made a strong early
impression on Dai but because of the emotions expressed
in those images, emotions which were to be more imme-
diate and relevant to Dai than they had been when merely
providing themes for his early poems.

But in 1936 Dai continued to be taken up with
Nature and the Universe with an almost pantheistic
enthusiasm. As if to underline his idea of the magical
properties of the Universe and the existence of a uni-
verse 'outside of time and space' he employs the
imagery of the stars and the elements to express the
extent of his feelings for the woman he loves.
Moreover with a typical Modernist technique, similar
to that used in 'Gu shenshi qian' among others, he
takes on the mantle of, indeed is transfigured into,
those stars and elements:
Under the glimmer of your eyes,
Distant morning and evening tides swell
Jade pearl shells,
Bronze seaweed...
The fins of millions of flying fish,
The stubborn, deep water
Cut and sliced but then rejoined.

Water without cliffs and islands,
Water dark and blue!
At what degree of longitude and latitude
of the ocean
Did I throw myself in and wallow
Amidst all the suns irradiated with the
spirit of the Sun
Amidst all the moons reflecting the
spirit of the Moon,
Amidst all the stars flickering with
the soul of the stars?

Then I am a comet,
With my hands,
With my eyes,
And particularly my heart.

I bask in your eyes
Misty, hazy glimmer,
And above you,
In the mirror of your outer space,
Is reflected my own
Transpired and timid
Fiery image,
Dead or frozen fiery image.

I stretch out, I turn,
I turn perpetually,
Around your perpetual circumference
And in your centre...

I am the river which had flowed from
sky to the sea
From the sea I have flowed to the sky,
I am the blood in your every artery,
Every vein,
Every tiny blood vessel,
I am your eyelashes
(Just as they are reflected in the mirror
of your eyes),
Yes, your eyelashes, your eyelashes,

And I am you,
So I am me.

19th Oct. 1936.

The theme of the poem is familiar enough:
the spiritual and physical union of lovers, but beyond
this familiar theme the poem reveals itself as typic­
ally Modernist in dealing with reflected or refracted
images, not well defined or solid objects directly
perceived.

Consciously or not the poet vindicates the
thought expressed in 'Zeng Kemu'. But there are also
echoes of earlier poems in which Dai reveals the enchantment that the ocean and water in general hold for him, as in 'Mandoline' and 'Youzi yao' (Ballad of a traveller). The bizarreness of the imagery, as in 'Yin xiang' (Impressions), is by now typical of Dai's poetry and however incongruous the imagery in this extremely metaphorical poem, it cannot be said to be difficult. It may even be called explicit, for however personal the experience, the emotions here expressed in such an original fashion are universal.

But it is the continuing and increasing emphasis the poet places on the sense of identification with Nature which is the most interesting element here. Explanations for this could be found in the realm of twentieth-century critical schools of thought, but could equally be found in the themes of transmogrification in ancient Daoist literature.

The height of this introspective, meditative phase is reached with the condensed poetic thought of the exceptionally short, one stanza 'Wo sixiang' (I think):
I think therefore I am a butterfly...
The soft call of a flower ten thousand years later,
Has passed through the dreamless, unwaking mist,
To make my multi-coloured wings vibrate.

14th March, 1937.

Many an ingenious interpretation could be made of this poem. The first line is perhaps a parody of Descartes' 'Je pense, donc je suis'. But the important point to note is Dai's insistence on a spirit, a poetic spirit perhaps, existing 'outside of time and space', or at least running through time and space. It is not an Existentialist or even a Daoist philosophy that is being alluded to for Dai has no doubt about his own existence but he does see a surreal, or 'irreal' extra facet to life outside of everyday reality. The other dimension seems to be expressed in these poems as a feeling of at-one-ness with Nature, its sights and sounds and creatures, its spirit which transcends time and to which the poet is sensitive; as sensitive as the highly receptive butterfly. This is an extension of the Symbolist idea seen in 'Autumn fly' in which there is a transference of thought and experience.

It is doubtful whether there is anything intrinsically mystical in this, nothing at any rate approaching anything formally religious. The flies, moths, butterflies and glow-worms of Dai's poems are still little more than vehicles for the poet's thoughts providing an extra or outside point of reference. That mystery and the potential magic of the world is part
of Dai's Modernist apparel is, however, unquestionable.

Although there were to be one or two further poems involving the little creatures of Nature, there were to be no more ponderings of this sort. The personal and national tragedies of the remainder of the thirties and the forties made what little poetry Dai wrote much more immediate and relevant to his own often painful existence.

The poems of subsequent years may be seen as falling into two categories: public and private. The former displaying a common-place simplicity hitherto unseen in Dai's poetry, and the latter heart-felt and realistic emotions, the emotions of a father and a husband. In both there is a tendency to plain language used to express poetry born of experience rather than of the imagination, in literary terms one could say there is a shift towards the metonymic pole, but this is not total.

The first example of Dai's public or political poetry is Yuanri zhufu (New Year's blessing):
The New Year brings us hope.
Blessings! From our earth,
Blood-stained earth, scorched cracked earth,
An even stronger life will grow.

The New Year brings new strength,
Blessings! Our people,
Staunch people, brave people,
Tribulation will bring freedom and liberation.

New Year's Day 1939.

At this time, of course, Dai was concentrating on propaganda work among writers and artists in an attempt to reinforce anti-Japanese resistance in the intellectual sphere. He may have been expected to produce something to help the war-effort. Nevertheless, and although this poem is far from his usual work in both style and content, it is a reasonable piece compared with the efforts of other patriotic poets.

However, for the most part Dai concentrated his literary and political efforts elsewhere and but rarely composed a poem; perhaps too busy or more likely preferring not to write than to write what made him feel uncomfortable.

His next attempt at a poem did not come for almost a year and a half.

What prompted the poem was the desertion of his wife who had gone back to Shanghai with their daughter. The poem shows a total abandonment of the rich metaphorical imagery of the thirties, the thought is clever but simple, as is the language: plain and straightforward. It is however a very effective poem.
in conveying the overwhelming sense of solitude felt by the poet:

What wisdom do you provide me with,
Little white butterfly,
Flipping open blank pages,
Shutting blank pages?

The open pages:
Loneliness;
The closed pages:
Loneliness.

3rd May 1940.

For all its simplicity, perhaps because of it, the idea of loneliness as presented in this short poem is much more convincing than many of his previous poems dealing with the theme. It is nevertheless the same theme and the terseness with which it is expressed reflects the intensity of the emotion.

Another year was to pass before the extent of the poet's personal sorrow would force him to write again. But 'Zhi yinghuo' (To the glow-worm), recaptures some of Dai's previous style. But now 'memory' is no longer a comfort, a 'faithful' friend but a sorrowful 'burden':
Glow-worm, glow-worm,  
Come and shine on me.
Shine on me, shine on this dew-wet grass,  
Shine on this muddy earth, shine until you are old.
As I lie here, let a shoot  
Bore through my body, my heart,  
Grow into a tree and blossom;
Let a patch of green moss,  
So light, so light,  
Cover my whole body,  
Just as a pair of small slender hands  
While I dozed in bygone days,  
Lightly spread a thin quilt  
Over my body.
As I lie here,
Chewing on the fragrance of the sun;
In what other world,
Does the sky-lark fly high in the blue sky.

Glow-worm, glow-worm,
Just give me a fine beam of light—
Enough to bear the burden of my memory,
Enough to swallow up the grief.

26th June, 1941.

This is a genuinely sad poem. The poet is
desperate for refuge; an escape which is not forthcoming
so that he is thrown back on Nature. He muses on
letting Nature make use of his body, of personal
extinction perhaps death. Then his thoughts turn in
the fifth stanza to his wife’s affection.

Michelle Loi sees the sixth stanza as an allus­
ion to Du Fu in which "la joie des oiseaux et la conti­
nuité du renouveau fait ressortir la douleur de la
patrie vaincue et occupée." [The joy of the birds
and the continuity of spring bring out the sorrow
of the conquered and occupied motherland.]
But in
the context of this poem such an interpretation is
unlikely and the stanza more probably is a continuation
of the poet’s allusion to his estranged wife.

But pathetically the poet craves only the
very faint light of the ‘glow-worm’. The poet seems
to have a need to seek light from some external source;
to shut out unpleasant and dark memories perhaps?

The technique here is very similar to 'Deng'
（Lamp）in which the lamp is the device used to
start and complete the poet’s train of thought. In
that poem the poet pleads: "The lamp protects me,
let it protect me!" and here the poet similarly asks the glow-worm to give him just a "Fine beam of light".

Almost a year later in 1942 his grief for his wife was eclipsed by the threat of death in a Japanese prison:

WRITTEN ON A PRISON WALL
If I die here,
Friends, do not be sad,
I shall always exist
In your hearts.

One of you died,
In a cell in Japanese occupied territory,
He harboured deep hatred,
You should always remember.

When you come back, from the mud
Dig up his mutilated body,
Hoist his soul up high,
With your victory cheers.
And then place his bones on a mountain peak,
To bask in the sun, and bathe in the wind,
In that dark damp dirt cell,
This was his sole beautiful dream.

Imprisoned for his part in running an anti-Japanese newspaper there is little doubt that Dai assumed he would die in gaol. The "one of you who died" refers of course to Dai himself; this is made even clearer in the manuscript of the poem where "wo" is substituted for "ta". 42

Dai did of course survive but his health was certainly so seriously impaired that this period of incarceration may be seen as one of the main factors leading to his premature death.

Most of Dai's poetry would henceforth be tinged with patriotic sentiment, but none more effectively and artistically successfully as 'With my injured hand'. The poem poignantly illustrates the poet's style in his later period. The coming together of memory and imagination in the expression of the physical beauty of China is accomplished with virtuoso technique.

This is no explicit propaganda poem but a personal statement far more effective than any straightforward anti-Japanese propaganda literature written in the realist style favoured by most progressive writers at the time could ever be:
With my injured hand
I grope around on this expansive earth:
This corner has already turned to ashes,
This corner is only blood and mud:
This stretch of water must be my old home,
(In the springtime, the dyke-top flourishes
like a tapestry,
The young willow branches broken in two
emit a rare fragrance.)
I touch the coolness of the reeds and water;
The snowy peaks of Long White Mountain chill
the bones,
The water in the Yellow River carries the sand
and mud which slip through the fingers;
Paddy fields south of the Yangtze, in those
days your shoots
Were so fine, so tender... now there are only fleabane and wormwood;
The lizhi blossoms 'South of the Peaks' look lonely and weary,
And right over there, I dip my hand into the bitter water of a South China Sea without fishing boats...
My formless hand flits over limitless rivers and mountains,
My fingers are stained with blood and ashes, my palm with gloom,
There is just that distant corner which is still whole,
Warm, bright, strong and growing spring.
Over there I touch lightly with my injured hand, like a lover's soft hair, like a breast in a baby's hands.
Putting all my strength into my hand, I hold it firm, I place love and all my hope there,
Because only there, is there sun, is there spring To expel darkness, and bring rebirth,
Because only there will we have a life different to animals,
A death different to that of ants...Only there, in everlasting China!

3rd July, 1942.

The poem seems at first glance to be an emotive patriotic piece and nothing more; it is regarded as such by contemporary Chinese critics—both mainland and Taiwanese. But although this poem deals with a concrete situation, a geographical entity and the scars of war, 'realism' and 'representationalism' turn almost immediately, through a novel use of down-to-earth imagery, into a surrealistic yet perceptive portrayal.

The standard interpretation of this poem is simply of a hand poring over a map. Dominic Cheung has expressed it thus: "In the beginning, it is a realistic hand, groping on a piece of map...In reality, the poet is being trampled by heart-breaking
sorrows and frustrations. Subsequently, the symbol of the hand attained a transcendant metaphysical existence. The release of imagination is the initial force for a tragic catharsis..." In other words the map is a trigger for surrealist expression. The hand stretching out achieves a metaphysical nature as its touch, like the touch of a blind man, whose eyes are in his finger-tips, passes over each piece of scenery. This independent eye is like the lens of a camera zooming in and out as it moves over the surface and then cutting to the next scene.

Lodge has noted "film was a major source of inspiration for many of the 1930s writers." But the techniques of documentary film were seen as an inspiration by those writers seeking a new Realism and indeed Jakobson sees film as a metonymic mode in his scheme. Montage, too, is seen as metonymic, "not metaphorical for the various items in it belong to the same general context..." The example cited by Lodge would seem to support the theory that film had an influence on writers of the 1930s, for writing of Orwell's cinematic technique, Lodge comments that "George Bowling's [the protagonist in Coming up for Air] prophecy of totalitarian terror engulfing England: ... is like a newsreel, cutting from one representative scene or close-up to another." But surely Dai Wangshu is exploiting the
imagination, once again employing the devices of dream and memory to achieve his desired end. Otherwise the feelings expressed are more 'real' than usual with Dai because there is nothing interposed between the heart (here the feeling hand) and the object. But the conception of the crippled hand superimposes a Surrealist aspect on this groping of a map as if the hand were a kind of 'roving eye' as suggested. And does not this device of the hand to introduce this dream-like sequence break the general context of a description of a war-torn existence? It is hardly metonymic when the hand is portrayed as a vehicle through which "love and hope" are almost mystically conveyed.

The poem is not necessarily metonymic and yet it does use literary devices similar to those of the cinema, to cut "from one representative scene or close up to another," as Lodge puts it.

Perhaps comparing Dai's technique in this poem to cinematic tricks is inappropriate, but the poem inspires a vigorous interpretation of the action of the hand—which with its swift but jerky motion builds up a progressive and continuous motion—than that of a mere day-dream resulting from touching a map.

Perhaps a Surrealist picture, classified as metaphoric by Jakobson, would be a more accurate description of the visual images conjured up by a reading of this poem, than a documentary film, but the Surrealist picture would, after all, have to be a
motion picture!

The poem is certainly one of Dai's most daring poetic conceptions outside his more favoured introspective themes. Unfortunately the poet was not to pursue its possibilities.

His next poem 'Xin yuan' / 心願 (Desire), written over six months later is not such a tour de force. It matches everyday language with a desire for the return of simple everyday pleasure and is somewhat lacking in subtlety:

When shall I be able to have a good laugh,
Eat a hearty meal,
Take a walk in the woods,
And then return to have an untroubled nap?
Only when the enemy has been smashed.

When shall I be able to see my friends again,
Wander in the hills, enjoy the water and
have a good chat,
Have a cup of coffee, smoke a cigarette,
Recite some poetry and sit around half the
day?
Only when the enemy is in its coffin.

When will the whole family be able to get
together,
Pat the wife, embrace the children,
Cook a good meal, see a film,
Come back to sit around the stove chatting and
laughing until the early hours?
Only when the enemy has been killed off.

Only if we rise up and strike the enemy,
Freedom and happiness will then come,
If not, all this is a day dream
And has no prospect of realisation.

28th January 1943.

While it is interesting to note that the poet's
hopes were not that different from the man-in-the-
street, the poems lacks the poetic inspiration usually
found in the poet's work. Its writing was doubtless
an act of political courage for had the poem found its
way into 'enemy', that is Japanese, hands the poet
would certainly have paid dearly for it.

Artistically it is nevertheless disappointing.
And at the end of 1943 the poet started a series of
poems, which while still having the public disaster of
war and occupation hovering in the background, depend,
sadly, on the poet's own inclement history.

Unfortunately for the poet, fortunately for
the reader, the desperation and loneliness of Dai's
life provide the poet with the inspiration to write
some intensely moving and emotionally sensitive poems. The introspection is reminiscent of Dai's pre-War poetry with the significant difference that the nostalgia, loneliness and melancholy are all rooted in the poet's deeply-felt experience, and the memories real.

It is as if the poet has lived out the abstractly felt emotions. Gone is the elaborate if clever use of metaphor, replaced by the plain language of real experience. The first of these poems is 'Deng dai' 等待 (Waiting):

I have waited two years,
You are still so far away!
I have waited two years,
My eyes are already weary with looking!
You said you'd be back in six months,
But I've waited two years,
I am already defeated,
Who knows how many more days I'll manage
to live,

I am on guard for your footsteps,
In familiar poverty and death,
When you come back bringing good fortune,
You will see my eyes opened wide in the earth.

31st December, 1943.

Dai is here bewailing his wife's desertion.

Self-pity or justified indignation at his wife's lack
of concern? Dai must have certainly realised by now
that his wife would never return and his circumstances
(imprisonment, ill-health, and poverty) made his resent-
ment more pronounced. The poet seems convinced of his
impending death, or perhaps this is but a threat.

He takes up the theme in a poem entitled
'Dengdai (er)' 等待 (二) (Waiting (2)) where he fills
in the background with details of his prison exper-
ences.

Metonymy and metaphor balance here to great
effect: emotions expressed in gloomy but original
imagery and prison suffering coldly and realistically
detailed. Given the following poems, it may be seen
as a chastisement for his wife, as if to instil sent-
iments of guilt, as if the facts and feelings
would force her to return:
你們走了，留下我在這裡等，
看血污的礦石上掛街套鬼影，
勇敢的胸廓迎着利刃；
而在兩者間，頑長的歲月在那裏堆，
結伴而回，好像難兄難弟。

你在這裡等，你們在這裡等，
叫我在這裡等，我們在這裡等。

月頭壓在尖銳上，嶙峋壓在腳踝上，
從口鼻一齊喝水，然後幹渴成肚子，

你們的心，我永遠不屈服。

一九四四年一月十八日
You went, leaving me here to wait,
To see ghostly shadows hovering over
the blood smeared flagstones,
Hungry eyes stare at the iron railing,
Brave chests greet the white blade:
Humiliation clings to every pure heart,
Where sadness and anger burn fiercely.

You have left me here forgotten, to see
The extremities of humiliation, the
boundaries of anguish,
To be a witness, to be your ears, your
eyes,
Especially to be your heart, to suffer
hardship and trial,
Like a big clump of earth with horse shoes
tramping over it,
Like a drop of your blood, left behind you.

A tearless, wordless waiting:
Life and death so closely pressed together,
And between the two, long years have forced
their way in,
Walking together, like brothers in adversity.

The burial ground is only two steps away,
I know
Calmly occupying six feet of yellow soil,
covered by six feet of green grass,
But in here there is no great difference,
In this gloomy damp, suffocatingly narrow
cage:
A nest for lice, a bucket for slops,
While athlete's foot spreads up to your belly,
A judo dummy, a target for sword practice,
Snorting up water through the mouth and nose at the same
time, pumped out with feet treading on your belly,
Kneeling on nails, bricks under your ankles forcing up
your legs lower and lower,
Listening to the whip dance on your skin and bones,
suspended from a rafter doing the aeroplane...

How many people have not come back from this,
The living still patiently wait.

Let me wait here,
Patiently wait for your return:

As your eyes and ears I have lived,
As your heart, I shall never surrender.

18th January 1944.

A frightening scenario indeed. If Dai suffered
such tortures or merely had to watch others suffer,
it is no wonder he was so bitter. In particular, "doing the aeroplane" was an extremely painful method of torture: the victim being suspended from the ceiling with his hands tied behind his back.

Throughout the poem runs the theme of the poet suffering on behalf of those for whom he waits: those because the "you" of both these poems is a plural "you" (Nimen ( roberts) ), that his wife is intended is almost certain, and the other person intended by "you" was most probably his daughter.

The latter two poems and the subsequent three based on idealized memories of the poet's much missed family, were all written after Dai's marriage with his second wife, Yang Lizhen. 54

It would seem somewhat incongruous that this sequence of poems and the memories that inspired them were triggered by the poet's remarriage but it would appear to be the case. If, however, we look closely at the facts and dates involved, the scenario becomes a little clearer. Dai married Yang Lizhen on the 9th May 1943, his second daughter (his first child by Lizhen) was born on the 24th September 1943: less than four and a half months later. Evidently the marriage was a hasty one and there was a definite degree of necessity involved.

The fact that Dai may have been forced to remarry is perhaps a significant factor leading to the writing of these poems. That his previous wife had
left Dai for good is almost certain, but his remarriage signifies the impossibility of their reunion. His first wife thus became a classic subject for the nostalgia and memory which fed so much of Dai's poetic inventiveness.

There is perhaps too an element of guilt in the two 'Waiting' poems as Dai blames others for the dilemma he is in. Had Mu Lijuan returned with their daughter he might not have found himself in such circumstances, but he himself has sealed his fate. The two poems may be an expression of the bitterness caused by that fate.

The subsequent poems show Dai, during the first year or so of his new marriage, recalling the joys of his former marriage and the sorrow of his current situation, as in 'Guo jiuju (chugao)' (Passing by the old house (first draft)):
A quiet closed window keeping in dust-laden happiness,  
Lonely warmth full of distant smoke ——  
A stranger's voice or an unfrozen call?...  
The passer-by brushing aside the tears, back in bygone days for an instant.

2nd March, 1944.

The nostalgia now is for a real past, even if the memory and imagination conspire to idealize it.

As with 'Dengdai' the poet goes on to expand the theme in a second poem, in which the happy memories are supplanted by a bitter grief that feels almost a physical burden:

过 旧 居

这样迢迢的岁月，
这样温暖的寂静，
这片午夜的香味，
对我是多么熟悉。

现在……可不是我回家午餐？……
桌上一定摆上了盘和碗，
亲手调的酱，亲手煮的饭，
想起了就会端详。

这条我曾经走了多少回！
多少回？……过去都压缩成一堆，
叫人不能分辨，日子是那么相夹，
同样幸福的日子，这些孪生姊妹！

我没有忘记，这是家，
妻如玉，女儿如花，
清晨的呼唤和灯下的闲话，
想一想，会叫人发傻，

我可糊涂啦，是不是今天
出门时我忘记说“再见”？
还是这事情发生在许多年前，
其中间隔着许多变迁？

单听他们亲昵地叫，
就叫人整天地骄傲，
出门时挺起胸，伸直腰，
工作时也抬头仰脸。

可是这扇门，这扇窗，
那里却这样静，没有声响，
没有可爱的影子，娇小的叫唤，
只是寂寞，寂寞，伴着日光。
PASSING BY THE OLD HOUSE

This kind of leisurely moving shadow,
This kind of warm stillness,
The fragrance of this plume of midday smoke
Is so familiar to me.

This verandah, this window,
From behind which happiness peeps out,
And there are some bookshelves, two beds,
A vase of flowers...this is already Paradise.

I have not forgotten...this is home,
A wife like jade, a daughter like a flower,
The early morning exchanges an idle chat under
the lamplight.
To think of it makes me light-headed.

Just to hear their intimate greeting,
Is enough to make me proud all day long,
Going out of the door with my chest stuck out,
head held high,
And even when at work lifting my head to smile.

Now...is that me going home for lunch?...
The table will certainly be laid,
Broth made with her own hands, food cooked with
her own hands,
Just thinking about it makes my mouth water.
How many times have I walked down this road!
How many times?...the past is all compressed together,
It cannot be separated, the days are so similar.
All the same sort of happy days, like so many twin sisters.

How stupid I am, to-day as I went out of the door,
Didn't I forget to say 'Good-bye'?
Or was it years ago that it happened,
With many changes in between?

But this dew covered terrace, this window,
Now so quiet, there isn't a sound,
No adorable shadows, no dainty shouts,
Just loneliness, loneliness, together with the sunlight.

And why are my footsteps heavy like this?
Is it the years of tribulation pressing down on my back,
Pressing grief, seeping into my bones,
Making my eyes hazy, my heart lose its radiance?

Why are tearful feelings so fresh?
It seems the wound has not healed, the bitter taste is on my tongue,
Have I deceived myself thinking up these thoughts on the way home,
Or have they really been days and months of disaster in between?

I do not understand, could it be that nothing has moved on,
But it's me who's been having a day dream,
And everything is there, in its original state:
Laughter and joy not frozen, happiness not turned into dust?

Or maybe those actual years, decades,
Have gone a little too quickly, overtaking the present,
So when I turn, they will hurriedly come back,
To accompany me for a few steps, giving me fleeting happiness.

------------------------------------------------------------------------

Someone has opened the window,
Someone has opened the door,
Is going on to the terrace —
A stranger.
Life, life, slow never-ending bitter road!
Biting back the tears, listening to one's heavy footsteps:
What obstructs my dreaming is not only the ocean
and the sky, the clouds and the trees,
The nameless passing traveller lingered for a
fleeting moment in bygone days.

10th March 1944.

In addition to the straightforward narrative
of this poem, the content reveals something more,
memory and nostalgia which have so often provided the
poet with refuge and comfort serve now only to deepen
his lonely plight.

Memory and the idealized visions projected
through nostalgia now only lead to despair: "Life,
life, slow never-ending bitter road!"

The poem may be seen as the most significant
of the volume, and as representing most completely
the sentiment of its title, as the poet remembers the
halcyon days spent with his first wife and daughter in
their home, 'Woodbrook Villa', on Pokfulam Road, and
muses that life since has brought him but "years of
tribulation", "days and months of disaster".58

The notion that this lost and idealized dom-
estic bliss constituted the happiest period of the
poet's life is borne out by the subsequent poems
written in 1944 which dwell on his former home and
family. The idyll is drawn in detail in the poem
'Shi zhangnü 乐长女 (For my eldest daughter):
示长女

记得那些幸福的日子！
女儿，记住你幼小的心灵；
你童年点缀着海鸥的彩翼，
贝壳的珠色，潮汐的清音，
山岚的翠翠，繁花的绣棚，
和爱你的父母的温存。

我们曾有一个安乐的家，
环绕着淙淙的泉水声，
冬天曝着太阳，夏天笼着清荫，
白天有朋友，晚间有恬静，
岁月在窗外流，不觉打揽
屋里终年长驻的欢欣，
如果有人窥见我们在灯下谈笑，
就会觉得单为了这也值得过一生。

我们曾有一个临海的园子，
它给我们滋养的番茄和金梦，
你爸爸读倦了书去垦地，
你妈妈在太阳里缝纫，
你呢，你在草地上追彩蝶，
然后在温柔的怀里寻温柔的梦境。

人人说我们最快活，
也许因为我们生活过得蜜，
也许因为你妈妈温柔又美丽，
也许因为你爸爸诗句最清新。

可是，女儿，这幸福是短暂的，
一霎时都被烟锁埋藏；
你记得我们的小面临大海，
从此对着那迢迢的天涯，
松树下常常徘徊到深夜。

那些绚烂的日子，象彩蝶，
现在叫你摸索追寻，
我仿佛看见你从这间房
到那间，用小手摺起阴影，
然后，编想着天外的父亲，
把摇睡的头搁在小小的绣枕。

可是，记得那些幸福的日子，
女儿，记住你幼小的心灵；
你爸爸仍旧会来，来往日，
守护你的梦，守护你的醒。

一九四四年六月二十七日

Remember those happy days!
Daughter, in your little heart:
Your young years were embellished by
sea birds coloured wings,
The pearl colour of the sea shell, clear
sound of the tides,
Kingfisher blue of the mountain mists, a
    tapestry of flowers,
And the loving kindness of your parents.

We had a happy home,
Surrounded by the sound of the purling spring,
In winter warmed up by the sun, in summer
    protected by cool shade,
In the daytime having friends around, in the
    evening tranquility,
Outside, the years and months flowed by,
    not disturbing
The year round happiness inside,
If people could have glimpsed our laughing and
    chatting under the lamp,
They would have thought that just for this,
    living was worthwhile.

We had a garden by the sea,
It gave us tomatoes and golden bamboo shoots
    to eat,
Your father weary with reading would go and till
    the soil,
Your mother would sit and sew in the shade,
And you, you would chase the colourful butterflies
    on the grass,
And then in tender arms seek tender dreams.

People said we had the happiest of lives,
Perhaps because our life was dull,
Perhaps because your mother was tender and
    beautiful,
Perhaps because your father's verses were so novel.

But daughter, this happiness was short lived,
In an instant enveloped by cloud and mist;
You remember our little garden by the sea,
From there you went away together and never came back,
From then on I faced that distant horizon,
Often lingering under the pine trees until hazy dusk.

Those brilliant days were like a colourful
    butterfly,
It is vain for you to seek and pursue them,
I seem to see you coming from that room
To this, swishing away a shadow with a tiny hand,
And then, thinking about your absent father,
Lay your tired head on a tiny embroidered pillow.

But remember those happy days,
Daughter, remember in your young heart:
Your father will yet come, just as before,
To guard over your dreams, to guard over your waking hours.

27th June 1944.

This sentiment, that the best of life is behind him, is brought to its climax in the poet's 'Zeng nei' (For my wife). The dedication almost certainly refers to Dai's first wife.

The poemless blank page,
The happy years,
Because my bitter verse
Just registers the milestones of disaster.

Even if my phrases are well-turned
Their brilliance will be extinguished,
Just like the sorry-looking flower in your hair
Lit up by your brilliant rosy face.

It is better to go through life nameless,
Immersed in your brilliance,
One day when discussed by descendants,
Let them say that a certain fellow in days gone by was very happy.

9th June 1944

Poetry has become little more than the medium in which he records the misfortune of his life. There is nothing strictly unpoetic in this practice and indeed some of the resulting poems such as 'Passing
by the old house' and 'Waiting (2)' are remarkable, but the nature of Dai's poetry is now a far cry from his earlier work, not the extension of Modernist poetry that might have been expected judging from his earlier work which cleared the way for such possibilities. His poetry now deals not with the Modernistic interpretations of reality afforded by dream and imagination, but rather a sad reflection of the poet's existence in which memory and dream are but painful reminders of a past as the poet remembers it or would like to have it remembered.

* 

The poems of the 1940s may best be seen as the efforts of an unhappy man in unhappy circumstances. His last few poems in particular are not characteristic, the pioneering Modernism dissolves. Perhaps the ravages of war and personal misfortune took their toll, but what is obvious is that the sadness and despair of the 1940s poems comes from a real loss of pleasure and happiness. The quality of the poet's 'nostalgia' is more painful than that which was used as a poetic device throughout the 1930s.

This tendency to describe the reality of his past happiness, albeit idealized, constitutes a partial retreat from Modernism and goes against the grain, for as Lodge has pointed out in his study of Modernism,
there is a "tendency [on the part of Modernist writers] to develop from a metonymic (realistic) to a metaphor-
ic (symbolist or mythopoeic) representation of experi-
ence." Perhaps, one of the reasons for this, is a shift from that Modernist criterion of introspection to a more outward looking perspective, but even these poems indicate the inner suffering of the poet.

The thematic trends of Dai's poetry were, on the other hand, of a kind, his pre-war poetry exploit-
ing a cultivated nostalgia and his 1940s verses lament-
ing the loss of his first wife and his subsequent lone-
liness, now exacerbated by a nostalgia for reality.

Nadezdha Mandelstam has written of a poet's thematic fidelity in terms of the "integrated person-
ality" thus:

"Although we all go through the same stages as we move from childhood to old age, each one of us nevertheless experiences them in his own way. It is a kind of victory over death to preserve the unity of one's person-
ality from beginning to end..."

She continues her explanation of the poet's character:

...each individual poem reveals a new aspect or marks a new element in the poet's growth, growth is an organic thing and cannot be ordered at will.

There is indeed a certain element of general truth in this last statement. No one definition is broad enough to explain or categorize the course of any one poet's growth or explain its erratic nature.
We can describe Dai Wangshu as a Modernist, as a representative of Chinese Modernism, but we cannot find in each and every of his poems written over a period of twenty years, an example of that Modernism; but each adds to the composite picture of the poet.

Now that a revaluation of the poet's work has been tentatively embarked upon in his native land, the poet's legacy is coming to be acknowledged: that he opened up Chinese poetry to the Modernist poetic and that his worth lies in his achievements as an innovator. Dai discovered and translated the best of Western Modernism—both French and Spanish—and attempted to introduce the spirit of its potential into his own poetry. Towards the end of his life he was overtaken by events and the nascent Chinese Modernism he evolved, had to await disciples in a later generation.

Nevertheless his place in modern Chinese poetry as the father of the Chinese Modernist tradition is assured. As F.R. Leavis has remarked:

...the less important poets bear to tradition an illustrative relation, and the more important bear to it the more interesting kinds of relation: they represent significant development. One deals with the individual poet in terms of representative pieces of his work; one deals with tradition in terms of representative poets.
NOTES TO CHAPTER ONE


2 Shi Zhecun in correspondence.


4 Shi Zhecun in correspondence. According to Shi, Dai did not start writing poetry until 1923.

5 Hong sazhi «红杂志» 1, 6 (1922).

6 Ibid., 1, 8 (1922).

7 Banyue «半月» 2, 7 (1922).


9 Ding Wang丁望, Zhongguo sanshi niandai zuojia pinglun «中国三十年代作家评论», (Hong Kong, 1978) gives the date as 1922, contradicting Shi Zhecun's assertion that Dai graduated from high school in 1923.

10 Du Heng杜衡, Preface to Wangshu cao «望舒草>>, by Dai Wangshu 戴望舒 (Shanghai: Xiandai shuju 现代书局, 1933, according to whom very few poems from this period survived.

11 Xiao Yingshen, "Shiren Dai Wangshu", p. 99; also mentioned in Interview with Luo Dagang 罗大冈, Peking, 6 July 1981: see appendix 5.

12 Xiao Yingshen, "Shiren Dai Wangshu", p. 99; also mentioned in Interview with Shi Zhecun, Shanghai, 16 October 1982: see appendix 5.

13 Yingluo xunkan «璎珞旬刊» [Jade necklace tri-monthly], appeared during March and April 1926 and
ceased publication after only four issues.


15 Ibid., Zau also mentions the difficulties encountered by poets with established reputations in the 1930s:

"Chu Wei-chi (朱维基) produced an expensive edition of his verse and thereafter promptly declared himself bankrupt; while Chen Meng-chia (陈梦家) could only afford to print his long poem, Old Days, in parts."

16 Xueheng 《雪衡》, no. 47 (1926).

17 Yingluo xunkan, no. 2, (1926), pp. 13-14:

"查尔委里南 Charles d'Orléans 的诗 Le Printemps

原文 Le temps a laisse son manteau
De vent, de foildure et de pluie,
Et s'est vtu de broderie
De soleil raiant, clair et bea.

意译 'The weather has abandoned its cloak of wind, cold and rain/ And has dressed in embroidery,/ Of shining sun, bright and beautiful.' 'Temps' is mistranslated.

Charles d'Orléans (1394-1465), father of Louis XII, was a patron of Villon with whom he ranks as one of the outstanding poets of his century.

18 Ibid.

19 Shi Zhecun in correspondence.


21 Interview with Shi Zhecun, Shanghai, 16 October 1982, in which Shi states that the management of this and other ventures was invariably shared no matter who was nominally in charge.

22 Xiao Yingshen, "Shiren Dai Wangshu", p. 99, according to whom Feng Xuefeng 冯雪峰 also joined the editorial team. Sima Changfeng 司马长风, Xin wenxue shi­hua 新文学史话, (Hong Kong, Nanshan shuwu 南山书屋, 1980), p. 43, also mentions Yao Pengzi 姚蓬子 and Xu Xiacun 徐霞村 as having worked with the publishing concern; Sima's book, however, is unreliable, containing many errors of fact.
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23 Weiming “未名”, nos. 2, 4 and 5 (1928) respectively.

24 Xiaoshuo yuebao “小説月報” 19,8 (1928), 979-982. Since the magazine Wugui lieche “無軌列車” was not launched until September 1928, Dai had to look elsewhere to publish his poetry and translations. In July his translation of a poem by the Swiss poet Juste Alivier also appeared in Xiaoshuo yuebao (19,7 (1928), 886).

25 Dai Wangshu 資生頤, Wo de jiyi “我底記憶” (Shanghai: Donghua shuju 東華書局, April 1929).

26 'Fragments' was re-titled 'Duanzhang’ 斷章, when included in the volume Wangshu shigao “望舒詩稿” (Shanghai, 1937).

27 Zhu Xiang 朱湘, "Tongxin”通信, Xin’wanyi “新文艺” 1,3 (1929) was especially excited by Wo de jiyi and in particular by 'Rainy alley', calling it "a Prelude of China’s New Poetry”/" 我国新詩的一个 Prelude".

28 Altogether eight issues were published, the date of publication being tenth and twenty-fifth of each month. The first issue appeared on 10 September 1928 and the last on 25 December 1928.

29 Wugui lieche “無軌列車”, no. 22 (1928). 'Yeshi' was retitled simply 'Ye’夜 when included in Wangshu cao.

30 Wugui lieche, no. 4 (1928). Dai was enamoured of European short stories and novellas and translated not only French and Spanish stories, but even those written by relatively unknown European authors in minor languages. Oddly enough, Dai never attempted to write short stories himself; both Luo Dagang and Shi Zhecun were certain of this.

31 'Duzi de shihou': Weiming “未名” 1,8 (1928), 268-269; 'Duan zhi': Wugui lieche, no. 7 (1928); 'Dui-yu tian de huaixiangbing': Wugui lieche, no. 8 (1928); 'Wo de jiyi': Weiming 2,1 (1929), 19-21; 'Qiutian': Weiming 2,2 (1929), 49.

32 Dai Wangshu, Wo de jiyi was published in April 1929.

33 Second and third impressions appeared in November 1929 and April 1931; each had a print-run of one thousand copies.
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34 Ai jing 《急絃》，trans. Dai Wangshu (Shanghai: Shuimo shudian 現代書局, April 1929 and Xiandai shuju 現代書局, September 1932). The full range of human experience as regards love, romantic and erotic, is to be found in Ovid's Amores, including the treachery and infidelity which occurs between men and women. If Dai took the lessons of Amores to heart it is difficult to find much trace of it either in his own relationships with women or in his poetry.

35 Wuka Shan he Nigelaites, 《屋卡珊和尼葛莱特》，trans. Dai Wangshu with an Introduction by Shi Zhecun (Shanghai: Guanghua shuju 光華書局, August 1929). Au cassin et Nicolette is a romance in the form of chante fable, written in the dialect of Picardy around 1200. The alternation of verse and prose forms suggests that it was intended for recitation by two jongleurs.

36 Xin wenyi 《新文艺》. First issue: 15 September 1929; last issue: 15 April 1930.

37 Xin wenyi 1,1 (1929), 67-75.

38 Ibid., pp. 151-170. Continued in the subsequent three issues.

39 Ibid., 1,2 (October 1929), 285-286.

40 Ibid., pp. 279-283, using the pseudonym Jiang Si 江思. At this stage Dai was undoubtedly translating via the French.

41 Azorin, letter to Dai Wangshu, 17 May 1934, see appendix 2 for copy of letter and translation. Dai translated Azorin's stories into the late 1940s.

42 Zhu Xiang, "Tongxin".

43 Ibid.

44 Yikeweizhi [Ickowicz] 伊科維支, "Xiaoshuo yu weiwu shigu an " 小說與唯物史觀, trans. Dai Wangshu, Xiaoshuo yuebao Xiao shuo 20 (1929), 1878 and Dai later translated another article by Ickowicz: "Wenyi chuangzuo de ji gou", Xiandai xiaoshuo 《現代小說》3,4 (1930). Both articles were taken from La littérature à la lumière du matérialisme historique which Dai translated and published in its entirety in August 1930 as Weiwu shigu an de wenyue lun «唯物史觀的文學論» (Shanghai: Shuimo shudian, 1930). It seems to have been the content rather than the fame of the author that attracted Dai, for as he makes clear in his
Afterword — Weiwu shiguan, pp. 331-333 — Dai knew little about the book's author:

"Apart from knowing that he [Marc Ickowicz] is a writer for Monde ... the translator [Dai] does not know the first thing about him."

Monde (not Le Monde of course) was a socialist journal belonging to Barbusse which thrived in the late 1920s and early 1930s. Few Communists wrote for it, except those in secure positions such as Ehrenburg and Vaillant-Couturier, until after the United Front pact in 1934.

45 Xin wenyi 1,4 (1929), 604-605 and 1,5 (1930), 841-845.

46 Ibid., 2,1 (1930), 93-96.

47 Xiaoshuo yuebao 21 (1930), 955.


49 Interview with Shi Zhecun, 16 October 1982.

50 For the relationship between political conviction and its manifestation in the work of an artist, the most apt appraisal the author has found is in Herbert Read, The Philosophy of Modern Art London: Faber and Faber, 1964), p. 20:

"The artist's awareness of these [economic, political and social] conditions rarely assumes a politically conscious form, and certainly there is no correlation to be made between such consciousness in the artist and his degree of originality. Courbet, Pisarro, William Morris—these are the politically conscious artists and they have an important place in the history of modern art. But a more important place is taken by artists like Cézanne, Gauguin and Matisse, whose awareness of the social context of their work was never expressed in a political formula ... The social context is the totality of our way of life, and its impact on the artist may be through a philosophy or a science, or even through a pair of old boots (Van Gogh) or a heap of rubbish (Schwitters)."

This is in accord with what Shi Zhecun has said about judging a man's politics from his writing, or rather determining his reaction to the 'social cont-
It is interesting to note that Shi Zhecun is a long standing admirer of Herbert Read and in the 1930s translated Read's Art Now as Jinri zhi yishu 《今日之艺术》 (Shanghai: Shangwu 商务, 1935).

51 "Wentan xiaoxi" 文坛消息, Xin wenyi 2,1 (1930), 215-220.

52 Interview with Shi Zhecun, 16 October 1982.

53 'Bachongzi'八重子 and 'Wo de sumiao'我的素描, Xiaoshuo yuebao 21 (1930), 955.

54 Asuolin 阿索林 Xiwantisi de weihunqi 《西方提斯的未婚妻》 [Azorin, Cervantes' fiancée'], trans. Xu Xiaocun 許季村 and Dai Wangshu (Shanghai, Shenzhou guoguan she 《神州国光社》, 1930; reprint ed., Fujian: Renmin chubanshe 《人民出版社》, 1982 with Foreword by Xu Xiaocun and re-titled: Xibanxiaojing 《西班牙小景》. Azorin’s original work, a collection of prose and short stories, is entitled simply España [Spain]; Dai and Xu took the title Xiwantisi de weihunqi from one of the short stories contained in the collection, fearing that publishers might not accept Xibanxiaojing, as it could have been mistaken for a geography treatise if the original title had been maintained! The book was translated from French. See reprint edition, pp.1-4.

55 Yikeweizhi, Weiwushiguan de wenzuelun, trans. Dai Wangshu. This translation appeared as the second in an eight volume series: 'Makesizhuyi de wenyi luncong' 马克思主义的文艺论丛. Lu Xun and Feng Xuefeng were the general editors of the series. Apart from translated works by Feng Xuefeng and Du Heng, Lu Xun himself contributed three volumes: Yishulun 《艺术论》, Wenyi zhengce 《文艺政策》, and Wenyi yu piping 《文艺与批评》. The series was also known as 'Kexue de yishu luncong' 科学的文艺论丛.

56 Xiaoshuo yuebao 21 (1930), 1741-46. Victor Serge, Mémoires d’un révolutionnaire (Paris: Editions du Seuil, 1951)— the more widely available Victor Serge, Memoirs of a Revolutionary, trans. Peter Sedgwick (London: Writers and Readers, 1984) is used throughout the present work—is a valuable commentator on Soviet, French and Spanish political and literary
affairs. Born in Russia, brought up in Belgium, a political activist in France, Spain and Russia he became an unorthodox socialist in the Orwellian mould and is most famous for his political novels. He offers many insights into the literary figures whom Dai mentions in his essays and knew while in France.

Of Mayakovsky's life and death he has written:

"I know he had spent the previous night drinking... On 14 April 1930, Vladimir Mayakovsky fired a bullet into his heart. I wrote of this (in Paris, anonymously): 'He was a wonderful "fellow-traveller"; he wasted his best talents in a weary quest for God knows what ideological line, demande of him by petty pedants who made a living out of it.... Mayakovsky had just joined Leopold Averbach's Association of Proletarian Authors. In his last poem, 'At the Top of my Voice!' he wrote of 'the petrified crap of the present...'." (ibid., p. 267).

Esenin (or Yesenin) was a colourful, romantic figure who seems to have interested Dai a great deal. Married for a time to Isadora Duncan, he travelled widely in Europe and in 1924 to Persia. By now a hopeless alcoholic, he remarried. In late 1925, he hanged himself after writing a farewell poem in his blood:

"Sergei Yesenin, our matchless poet, has committed suicide. The telephone rings:' Come quickly, Yesenin has killed himself.' ...I enter his room in the Hotel International, and I hardly recognize him... The night before he had been drinking, of course, ...

In the morning he awoke depressed, and felt the urge to write something. No pencil... was at hand: only a razor blade, with which he slashed his wrist. And so, with a rusty pen dipped in his own blood, Yesenin wrote:

Au revoir, friend, au revoir....

...There is nothing new about dying in this life
But there is surely nothing new about living either.

They found him hanging with a suitcase-strap around his neck....Thirty years old,.... he was our greatest lyrical poet..." (Serge, Memoirs, p. 195).

Yesenin's poetry belongs to that of the Imaginist School. Imaginism, borrowing its name from the English 'imagists', was launched in 1919 and petered out in 1927. Believing in the supremacy of images in poetry, their major theme was the doom of the lonely
individual in a modern city. It was probably this theme which attracted Dai Wangshu's attention. There is an article by Dai on Yesenin in Xiandai (1934), 411-421, adapted and translated from an article by Benjamin Goriely, and a selection of Yesenin's poems translated and introduced in Xinshi (1937), 59-65.

58. Wenyi yuekan 2, 11 & 12 (1931), a translation of an Italian short story by Matilde Serao (1856-1927), Italian journalist and novelist who also produced numerous short stories such as the one translated here by Dai, probably from a French version: 'Lao chun na' 老处女, the original of which has proven difficult to locate.

59. Interview with Luo Dagang, in which Luo also says that Shi Zhecun accompanied Dai. Shi, however (Interview with Shi Zhecun, 16 October 1982), cannot recall the trip.

60. Xiaoshuo yuexiao 22,(1930), 59; 295; 1279-81.

61. Beidou (北斗) 1,3 (1931), 60-61. This magazine was established as an organ of the League of Left Wing Writers with Ding Ling 丁玲 as editor:

"In the second half of 1931, an open monthly Beidou was established under the leadership of the League...In April 1932 it was closed down.] (Zhongguo shehuike xueyuan wenxue yanjiu suo 中國社會科學院文學研究所, eds., Zuolian huiyilu 左聯回憶錄 (n.p., Zhongguo shehuike xueyuan chubanshe, 1982), p. 152).


63. Ibid.

64. Ibid. and Interview with Shi Zhecun, 16 October 1982, in which Shi makes some incisive comments on the Left establishments's stance on realism and its idealistic nature:

"What they wrote was political realism, what we wrote was social realism. A lot of writers felt like us but didn't dare to say so. We said so. Revolutions don't always succeed, people get fed up, disillusioned. Stories don't always end optimistically--life isn't like that. They wanted everything to end with an optimistic revolutionary twist. We knew
that wasn't realism."

65 Sima Changfeng, *Xinwenxue shihua*, p. 43.


NOTES TO CHAPTER TWO

1 Shi Zhecun, "Xiadai zaiyi", p. 213. The proprietors of the publishing company were Hong Xuefeng and Zhang Jinglu.

2 "Xiadai "现代" 1 (1932), 81-86. "Guoshi" 过时 (Out of date) was one of six poems subsequently published in French by the literary magazine *Les Cahiers du Sud*; see appendices 2 and 4.

3 "Xiadai 1 (1932), 401-408. 'Youzi yao' 游子谣 (Ballad of a traveller) was accepted for publication by *Les Cahiers du Sud* with the proviso that the last three lines be deleted; see appendices 2 and 4.

4 Etiemble, letter to the author, 17 June 1983: "...Vaillant-Couturier étant le représentant du P.C. aux Amis du peuple chinois." Vaillant-Couturier was an important figure in the intellectual life of the Left in France during the 1920s, '30s and '40s. Although Vaillant-Couturier seems to have been helpful to Dai others were conscious of his strict party discipline and ruthlessness. Victor Serge draws a useful picture of him; writing of his presence at the Comintern Congress in Moscow in the Summer of 1921:

"Paul Vaillant-Couturier, a tank officer during the war, a poet, popular orator and ex-servicemen's leader, was a tall, chubby young man of extraordinary talents, but fated to become a great disappointment to me. He understood everything that was going on; but in the future was to acquiesce in his own corruption, to become increasingly entangled with all the villainies of Bolshevism's degeneration, and to die in working-class Paris, enviably popular" (Serge, *Memoirs*, p. 143).

5 According to Shi Zhecun (Interview 16 October
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1982), this 'interview' was in fact a translation from a newspaper, probably French. For some time, before establishing the exact date of Dai's departure for France, this constituted a red herring in the author's research, as it seemed that Dai had been in Italy, and therefore France, since the Spring of 1932. Dai in fact did not visit Italy and did not, of course, arrive in France until November 1932.

6 Xiandai 1 (1932), 740-741.
7 Ibid., 2 (1932), 121-127.
8 Xiandai shifang 《現代時風》, no. 1 (October 1935).

9 Yifannuofu 伊凡諾夫, Tiejiache 《鐵甲車》 [Ivanov, 'Armoured train'], trans. Dai Wangshu(Shanghai: Xiandai shuju 現代書局, 1932): evidently translated from a French version. Ivanov was a member of the Serapion Brothers, the group of individualists including Zoschenko and Fedin. His novel, brought out in 1922, was a great success based as it was on a real incident in the Soviet Far East where a group of Red guerrillas had seized a train loaded with armaments. Its transformation into a play (1927) was urged by Stanislavsky; it still runs in Soviet playhouses to this day. Ivanov born in 1895, died of natural causes in 1963.

10 Interview with Shi Zhecun, 19 October 1982.
11 Interview with Luo Dagang.
12 Interview with Shi Zhecun, 19 October 1982.
13 Interview with Luo Dagang, see appendix 6.

14 Ouyang xuebao 《歐陽學報》: Journal of the Association of Chinese Scholars in Europe, no. 1 (May 1983), p. 136. This journal contains a roll of all Chinese students to have attended the Institut franco-chinois from 1921 to 1946. There is also a short history of the institution: "Lieng zhongfa daxue" 里昂中法大學, Ye Guorong 叶國榮, pp. 119-123.

15 Interview with Luo Dagang.


17 Shi Zhecun in correspondence. Dai writes in a 'Ganbu dengji biao' 領導登記表 (Cadre's registration form) that he studied at the Sorbonne from 1930 to
1932 which is clearly impossible since he did not leave China until the end of 1932. He also states that he studies at the University of Lyons from 1932-1934 which is only partly true; he was there from the end of 1933 until the beginning of 1935. Dai further maintains that he studied in Madrid in 1935 which is also unlikely unless it was just for a month or so. Either Dai was attempting to make his academic record seem more regular than it was, or he was deliberately trying to cover his tracks. However, numerous people must have known he was in Shanghai in 1930-32. See appendix 4.

18 Shi Zhecun in correspondence; interview with Supervielle, see Xinshì 1.1 (1936), pp. 112-123. Dai may also have visited Francis Jammes, see appendix 3.

19 Dai Wangshu, "Faguo tongxin" 留法通信, Xian- dai 3 (1933), 205-208.

20 Ibid., p. 305.

21 Ibid.

22 Dai Wangshu, "Yi dian yijian".


24 Ibid., p. 297.


26 Ibid., pp. 1116-1117.

27 Interview with Shi Zhecun, 16 October 1982.

28 Etiemble, letter, 17 June 1983: "Il ne me parlait jamais de sa vie privée mais de la politique, oui, beaucoup. Il me semblait un dur, très orthodoxe..." (He never spoke to me about his personal life, but of politics a lot. I thought him unyielding very orthodox.

29 Ibid.

30 Michelle Loi, Poètes chinois d'écoles françaises (Paris: Librairie d'Amérique et d'Orient, 1980), p. 56; Madame Loi claims to have a letter from Luo Dagang to Abbé Duperray which states: "Il était, à la veille
de sa mort, sur le point d'adhérer au Parti." (On the eve of his death he was on the point of joining the Party.) Why Dai's old friend the Catholic priest should be interested to hear this is a mystery, but Luo Dagang (Interview with Luo Dagang, 1981) firmly denies having written such a thing or having told Mme. Loi such a thing when she visited him. Shi Zhecun (Interview, 16 October 1982) says that not once did Dai ever express a wish to join the Communist Party. What, then, of the letter to Duperray? It is possible that Luo has forgotten having written this sentence and that this was a standard formula for communications about 'democratic persons' who had returned to the mainland. Perhaps if Dai wanted to retain his job in a state organization he would eventually have had to express a desire to join the Party, but one can only speculate.

31 Gide, Journal, p. 1132. Victor Serge, who was in prison and latterly in internal exile during the early thirties remembers Gide for all his wavering and flirtation with the Communist Party and Russians as being a very brave man:

"...I had addressed an open letter to Gide. In it I said:

'We are building a common front against Fascism. How can we block its path, with so many concentration-camps behind us?...' [few at that time, outside the USSR, knew of or rather chose to believe, the stories of the Russian 'Thermidor'.]

We met several times in Brussels and Paris. Though well past sixty, [in 1936] he was still surprisingly young in manner and mind. His hairless face, with its tall, bare spread of brow, was austere.... The immediate impression he gave was of extreme timidity which was, however, mastered by a scrupulous moral courage....He was full of hesitations, but...his spirit knew no hesitation, but pronounced sentence, not without hope even then." (Serge, Memoirs, p. 334).

32 Dai Wangshu, "Faguo tongxin", p. 308.

33 Su Wen, "Guanyu 'wenxin' yu Hu Qiuyuan de wenxu fenzi" 关于「文新」与胡秋园的文艺论辩, Xiandai, 1 (1933), 378-385.

34 Hu Qiuyuan, "Qian Xingcun lilun zhi qingsuan yu minzu wenxue lilunzhi piping" 钱杏邨理論之清算與民族文学理論之批評, Dushu zazhi 2, (1932), 1-46. Hu attacks Qian's literary appraisals and considers him a right-leaning Marxist. Hu, himself, believes that
literature should be judged on its realistic depiction of life not on dogma.

35 Su Wen, "Guanyu 'wenxin' yu Hu Qiuyuan de wenyi lumbian", p. 384. Du Heng also sees Hu's problem as the same as any armchair Marxist trying to talk to men of action. He also notes Hu's unquestioning acceptance of the Russian, Plekhanov.

36 Y Jia [Qu Qiubai], "Wenyi ziyou he wenxuejia de bu ziyou" 文艺自由和文学家的不自由, Xiandai 1 (1932), 780-792.

37 Ibid., p. 791.

38 Lu Xun 儒宝, "You lun di san zhong ren" 又论第三种人, Wenxue 《文学》 1 (1933), 29-31.

39 Ibid., "Lun di san zhong ren" 论第三种人, Xiandai 1 (1932), 163-165.

40 Interview with Luo Dagang: having exhausted his funds Dai was obliged to move to Lyons and devoted himself to translating in order to make some money.

41 Ibid.

42 Dongfang sashi 《东方杂记》, 30, no. 10 (16 May 1933), pp. 1-6. A story by Antonio Fogazzaro (1842-1911).

43 Xiandai 3, 1-3, 6, 4, 2-4, 4 (1933, 1944). Raymond Radiguet (1903-1923) wrote only two novels before his premature death: Le Diable au corps [Devil in the flesh] (1923) and Le Bal du comte d'Orgel [Count d'Orgel] (1924), translated by Dai. Le Bal is a psycho-analytical novel written in a pure and classical style despite Radiguet's closeness to Parisian Cubist literary circles.

44 Dongfang sashi, 30, no. 18 (16 October 1933), pp. 1-7.

45 Shi Zhecun, "Xiandai zayi", p. 213.

46 Etiemble, Letter to Dai, no. 1. See appendix 3.


48 [... given the responsibility of preparing, with Dai Wangshu, a special issue of Commune... devoted to revolutionary China ] (Etiemble, Quarante ans de mon maoisme (Paris: Gallimard, 1976), p. 17). Of course, Etiemble was not a Maoist for forty years and
'Forty years of my maoism' deals with the author's early experiences and changing attitudes towards China.


50 Etiemble, letter to the author and see Letter no. 3, appendix 2.

51 Etiemble, Letter no. 5, appendix 2.

52 Letter from Europe, 20 August 1934. See appendix 2.

53 The text of 'Haine' is available in Etiemble, *Quarante ans*, pp. 44-64.

54 Ibid., pp. 38-43.

55 Interview with Luo Dagang; Dai Wangshu, trans., *Falanxi xiandai duopian xiao shuo* (Shanghai: Tianma shudian 天马书友, May 1934): two of these stories had already been published in magazines, one by Julien Green in *Xiandai* 1,5 (1932) and the other by Giono in *Dongfang zashi*, 30, 18 (1932).

56 Gaolieli 高列里 [Goriely], "Yesaining yu Eguo yixiangshi pai" 叶塞宁与俄国意象诗派, trans. Dai Wangshu, *Xiandai* 5 (1934), 411-421. Goriely was a Russian émigré poet living in France. This article is taken from his *Les poètes dans la révolution russe*, translated in part as *Sulian shitan yihua* [苏联诗坛逸话]. [Anecdotes about the world of Soviet poetry] (Shanghai: Zazhi gongsi 嘉诺公司, 1936) and unabridged as *Sulian wenzue shihua* [苏联文学史话] [A history of Soviet literature] (Hong Kong: Linquanju 林泉居, 1941). Dai Wangshu also published several other selections from this book in various magazines.

Yesenin: see Chapter I, note 57 above.

57 Lee Hagen [Leslie Huickowitz] seems to have known Dai in France. A friend of Constance Garnett. The author of the present work has found no other reference to him or her. See appendix 2.

58 Wu Xiaoling Chronology: a list of dates and facts about Dai's life that Professor Wu has tried to accumulate over the years. Some entries are more accurate than others where the information is second or third hand. It is quite possible that Dai visited Valladolid. Dai's presence in Madrid was confirmed by Shi Zhecun in correspondence with the author; see
Notes to Pages 59-62

figure 12. In Dai's 'Cadre registration form' (see appendix 4 and note 17 above) he states that he studied at Madrid University in 1935, this seems improbable.

59 Etiemble, letter to the author, 17 June 1983. Dai was, of course, in Paris in December and January 1935 see appendix 2, Duperray and Etiemble.

60 Dai Wangshu, "Ji Madeli de shushi'记马德里
13 面' [Remembering Madrid's book market], Huaqiao ribao <<华侨日报>> Wenyi zhouchan <文艺副刊> (H.K.), no. 58, 11 March 1945, p. 2.; a reprint of which is to be found in Xianggang wenxue <<香港文学>>, no. 2 (1985), pp. 32-33.

61 "Xibanya aisigaoliyaer jingyuan suocang Zhongguo xiaoshuo, xiqu"西班牙爱西盖里亚尔寺院藏
[Chinese novels and operas collected in the monastery of the Escorial, Spain] in Dai Wangshu, Xiao shuo xiqu lunji <<小说戏曲论集>>, ed. Wu Xiaoling, (Peking: Zuojia chubanshe 作家出版社, 1958), pp. 67-68. After describing his discovery Dai wonders, in this article, if the ravages of the Civil War in Spain had caused the books to be destroyed; battles were fought close to the Palace, or Monastery, of the Escorial. The collection is in fact intact though neglected.

62 Dai Wangshu, "Ji Madeli de shushi."

63 Interview with Luo Dagang.

64 Loi, Poètes chinois, p. 56.

65 Letters from Europe, Noir et Blanc, and Cahiers du Sud, see appendices 2 & 4.

66 Etiemble, Letters to Dai, nos. 15,17 and 18; Duperray, Letters to Dai, nos. 2,3 and 4, see appendix 2.

67 Interview with Luo Dagang; Dai Wangshu, "Bali de shutan"巴黎的书摊, Yushoufeng <<宇宙风>>, no. 45 (16 July, 1937), pp.435-438, describes Dai's adventures rumaging through the numerous bookstalls of Paris. Dai has two favourite pastimes in Paris:"先是看画, 二是搜书 [First, looking at paintings, secondly searching for books]" (ibid., p.435). Dai also mentions a plan to write about the art galleries, but this seems not to have materialized; see appendix 4, p. 550.

68 Duperray, Letter to Dai, no. 4 (see appendix 2).
Notes to Pages 63-76

69 Xinshi <<新詩>> 1, (1936), 118.


71 Interview with Luo Dagang.

72 Dai Wangshu, trans., "Luoerjia shichao" 洛爾加詩抄 [A selection of Lorca's verse], Wenfan xiaopin 文凡小品, no. 1 (February 1935), pp. 83-89. The selection is accompanied by one and a half pages of notes.

73 For Chinese and French versions of these poems see appendix 3.

NOTES TO CHAPTER THREE

1 According to Wu Xiaoling's Chronology, Dai taught at Guanghua University 光華大學, Shanghai, in 1937.

2 Interview with Shi Zhecun, Shanghai, October 1982.

3 Xu Chi 徐白, "Xiao zhuan" 小傳, Zhongguo xian-dai zuojia zhuanlue 《中國現代作家傳略》 (Chongqing: Renmin chubanshe 人民出版社, 1981), pp. 613-614: "那时我是一个现代派,从美学原则上来说,受有欧美 现代派的影响" (At that time I was a Modernist as far as my writing style was concerned, I had been influenced by European and American Modernists).


5 Ibid., p. 18.

6 Shi Zhecun in correspondence.

7 The China Foundation for the Promotion of Education and Culture, 11th Report, (Peking, 1936). It is improbable that Dai was supported by both the U.S. committee and its U.K. counterpart.

8 Wu Xiaoling has made an extensive search for the missing manuscript of Dai's partial translation.
Notes to Pages 76-77

without success.

9 Wu Xiaoling's Chronology.

10 Mu Shiying (1912-1939) had a long association with Dai and Shi Zhecun. His first story was published in *Xin wenyi* and he later assisted in the editing of *Xiandai*. He worked as editor of a pro-Japanese, peace movement (collaborationist) newspaper *Guomin xinwen* in 1939, and as a result he was shot dead on 29 June 1939, while riding in a rickshaw. The execution was carried out by Shanghai 'underground' workers who took him for a traitor. But, as Edward Gunn has recounted in his book *Unwelcome Muse: Chinese Literature in Shanghai and Peking, 1837-1945* (New York: Columbia U.P., 1980), "Mu Shiying's reputation has since been cleared in an article that reveals he joined the peace movement for a Nationalist agent in Hong Kong" (p. 277), referring to an article by Kang Yi in *Zhanggu* (H.K.) no. 14 (October 1972), pp. 48-50.

Tang Tao (Interview with Tang Tao, Peking, 11 April 1983) also affirms his belief in the innocence of Mu Shiying.

11 Dai Wangshu, trans. and comp., *Xibanya duan pian xiaoshuo* (Shanghai: Shangwu, 1936). Alas (1852-1901) and Alarcón (1833-1891) were great novelists in the nineteenth-century tradition; Alas has been compared to Dickens. Ayala and Azorín were both celebrated Spanish fiction writers while Unamuno is perhaps better known for his poetry; all three were ambassadors of the Spanish Republican Government to: the United Kingdom, Argentina and Portugal respectively.

Paul Charles Joseph Bourget (1852-1935), French literary critic and novelist, his most famous novel is *Le disciple* [The disciple], concerned with erotic psychology, translated by Dai Wangshu as *Dizi* (Shanghai: Zhonghua shuju, 1936). In 1901 he became a Catholic and increasingly conservative in outlook, sympathizing with the extreme right-wing "Action française".

12 Bian Zhilin (Interview with Bian Zhilin, Peking, 26 March 1983) claims that his position as co-editor was "only nominal" and seemed anxious to emphasize the point.

13 'Zeng Kemu' (For Kemu), 'Yan' (Eyes), and 'Ye e' (Moth) appeared in *Xinshi* 1 (1936-37), 46-48; 192-195 and 423 respectively. 'Jimo' (Solitude) and 'Wo sixiang' (I think) appeared in *Wenxue zazhi* 1, 1 (May 1937) and 'Xiao qu'
Notes to Pages 78-81

(A little tune) in Dagongbao «大公报», 26 June 1937.

14 *Xinshi* 1, 1 (October 1936) contains a considerable amount of material on Supervielle: a write-up of Dai Wangshu's interview with him, pp. 112-123; a translated article dealing with Supervielle with a number of poems included, pp. 102-111; and Supervielle's own selection of poetry translated by Dai, pp. 91-101.

Supervielle (1884, Montevideo-1960, Paris), a French poet unlike other modern French poets, his influences come almost exclusively from Spanish America where he spent much of his life. His poetry is marked by bizarre metaphors and a powerful simplicity of language. His most famous collections are *Le forçat innocent* (1930), *Gravitations* (1925) and *Les amis inconnus* (1934). Although there are hints of Surrealism in his poetry, the poet himself always denied them. It is possible that Dai Wangshu was influenced in his later verse by this trace of Surrealism in Supervielle, but there are few other points of similarity between the two, moreover although Supervielle deals with the 'mysterious' in his poems, his poetry is clear and intelligible and he lacks the pessimism to be found in other French poets and in Dai Wangshu's work.


16 Dai Wangshu, trans., "Shali'nasi shichao" [A selection of Salinas' poems], *Xinshi* 1 (1936), 212-217.

Pedro Salinas (1891-1951), like Dai Wangshu, a great exploiter of the theme of love, his poetry nevertheless broke new ground in saying so much with so little: no rhyme, no allusions, irregular metre, scarce metaphor and simple phrases. His is the poetry of wholesome, uncomplicated love. After the Civil War he lived in exile in the U.S.A. where nostalgia and ill-health brought a tone of pessimism and disillusionment to his later poetry.

17 Shi Zhecun in correspondence.

18 *Xinshi* 1 (1937), 574-579.


20 Dai Wangshu, trans., "Aertuolalilei shichao" [A selection of Altolaguirre's poetry], *Xinshi* 1 (1937), 685-89. Born in 1905, Altolaguirre...
Notes to pages 81-84

Guirre was a neo-Gongorist. [Gongora was a master of the elaborate metaphor which he used to great effect in his sixteenth and seventeenth-century verse which was a reaction against Renaissance poetry. Neglected in the nineteenth-century, he had a great influence on Lorca, Altolaguirre and others, who found an inspiration for their reaction in his work, in the twentieth-century.] Like Salinas, Altolaguirre's principal theme was love. A Republican supporter, after the war he was killed in a car accident on his first post-war visit to Spain in 1959.


23 Wu Xiaoling's Chronology.

24 Ibid.

25 For the period 1939-1941, and especially with regard to Dai's Resistance activities within Hong Kong literary organizations, I have relied on three main sources: 1) Lu Weiluan, "Xianggang wenxue jinian Lu Xun de huodong" (1936-1941), Dousou, no. 46 (September 1981), pp. 38-45. Miss Lu, lecturer in Chinese at the Chinese University of Hong Kong is engaged in researching and preparing a chronology of the activities of all major writers engaged in resistance in Hong Kong from 1938 to 1941, this she does by working through Hong Kong's newspaper archives; 2) An unpublished skeleton chronology of Dai's activities while in Hong Kong during this period, written up by Miss Lu for Shi Zhecun who passed it on to me,(for convenience I have referred to this document as Shi/Lu; 3) the author's own research in the newspaper archives of Hong Kong City Library and Hong Kong University Library in 1982.

All the facts found in Hong Kong newspapers by Miss Lu which I checked were accurate. She has subsequently published "Dai Wangshu zai Xianggang", Xianggang wenxue (Hong Kong), no. 2 (1985), pp. 11-17, a short article, which contains most of the information from the above mentioned chronology.

26 Dousou, no. 46, p. 41, note 25.

27 The newspaper is kept on microfilm at the City Hall Library, Hong Kong.
Notes to Pages 85-90

28 Zainan de suiyue, p. 38.

29 Xingdao ribao «星島日報», 1 January 1939, p. 8. See also appendix 3 for revision.

30 "Si les questions sociales occupent aujourd'hui ma pensée, c'est aussi que le démon créateur s'en retire. Ces questions n'occupent la place que l'autre ne l'aït déjà cédée (If social questions occupy my thought today, this is partly because the creative demon is withdrawing from it. Such questions do not take over the field until the other has already surrendered it) (Gide, Journal, p. 1139). Thus Gide in July 1932, in December he wrote:

"Que l'art et la littérature n'aient que faire des questions sociales, et ne puissent, s'ils s'y aventurent, que se fourvoyer, j'en demeure à peu près convaincu. Et c'est bien aussi pourquoi je me tais depuis que ces questions ont pris le pas dans mon esprit" (That art and literature have nothing to do with social questions and can only, if they venture into them, go astray, I remain almost convinced. And this is partly why I have been silent since such questions have become uppermost in my mind) (ibid., p. 1149).

The situation of the two writers is not strictly analogous as Dai was no longer involved in a battle with the Communist literary hierarchy as he had been in the early 1930s. He was now engaged in propaganda work against a foreign invader, not a social system. And yet it is more than likely that Dai found it difficult to 'bend' his art to 'utilitarian' ends, and like Gide, while willing to lend his name to the 'cause'—in this instance the anti-Japanese Resistance—could not at the same time write creatively.

31 Interview with Shi Zhecun, 18 October 1982.

32 Dai Wangshu, "Shi nian qian de Xingdao he Xingzuo" 十年前的《星島》和《星座》, Xingdao, Xingzuo, 1 January, 1948.

33 Ibid.

34 Ibid.


36 Shi Zhecun, "Xin wenxue yu jiu xingshi" 新文学与旧形式, Xingdao ribao, 9 August 1938; idem, "Zaitan xin wenxue yu jiu xingshi" 詩關於新文學與舊形式, Xingdao ribao, 18 August 1938.
Notes to Pages 91-93

Ibid., 12 August 1938; Mu Shiying, "Xue de yinian" ibid., 13 August 1938.

Dai Wangshu, "Shi nian qian de Xingdao he Xingzuo".

Ibid.

"The Hong Kong Branch of the All China Literary and Artistic Circles' Association" was established in March. The term "association" has a connotation of association for advancement but since most of the titles of these organizations are cumbersome enough anyway, 'association' has been used throughout.

According to Shi/Lu, Dai was made responsible for the propaganda section in March 1939 and for 'research' and foreign literature sections in May 1939.

According to a conversation with Miss Lu in Hong Kong, October 1982.

The Chinese Periodicals Section of Hong Kong University has this magazine catalogued, but unfortunately the volume is 'missing'.

The two literary-artistic bodies representing the two big battalions of left and right: the 'All China Literary and Artistic Circles' Association' and the 'Chinese Cultural Association' were established in March and September respectively

"Starting in the middle of March the Guomin ribao [Nationalist daily]... continuously pointed the finger at Xingdao ribao... the slanging match between the two papers continued for several months" in 1941 and 1942.

Shi/Lu, which records that Dai participated in a joint committee, of the two organizations.

Zhongguo wenxuejia cidian, Xiandai, part 2
Notes to Pages 94-98

Feng Yidai, "Dai Wangshu zai Xianggang", Xin wenxue shiliao, no. 4 (1980), p. 166, states that all this took place in the summer of 1940 when two issues were published. See also Feng Yidai in appendix 5.

See Feng Yidai in appendix 5.

Shi/Lu. Dai gave the second lecture in a series of evening classes, run by the 'Wenyi xiehui' (文艺协会).


May be found in Hong Kong University Library, Chinese Periodicals Section.

Feng Yidai, "Dai Wangshu zai Xianggang", p. 166. Feng says he worked on the preparations the previous year, but his name does not appear in the list of society members which, according to data in the magazine itself, was responsible for its publication. The editor is given as Yu Feng; Dai's name appears last on the list: Ding Zong, Xu Chi, Huang Miaozi, Zhang Zhengyu, Ye Qianyu, Yu Feng, Xia Yan, Zhang Guangyu, Ye Ling, Feng, Dai Wangshu.

Shi/Lu.


Shi/Lu.

Ibid.

See note 43 above.

Interview with Jin Kem, Peking, 6 April 1983.

Dai Wangshu, Zainan de suiyue, pp. 42-45.

Dai Wangshu, "Shi nian qian de Xingdiao he Xingsuo".
Notes to Pages 98-103

63 Ibid.
64 Ibid.
65 Shi Zhecun in correspondence.
68 “About 1500 a year die of it here [in England]” (ibid.).
69 Wu Xiaoling’s Chronology.
70 Dai Wangshu, Zainan de suiyue, pp. 53-55.
71 According to Dai Wangshu, Poèmes, p. 143, he married Yang Lizhen, also known as Yang Jing, whom Dai addressed as Liping, on 9 February. However, according to Wu Xiaoling (Wu Xiaoling’s Chronology), this is incorrect. Wu maintains that he married Yang Lizhen on 9 May and that Dai Yongxu was born on 24 September of the same year. The author raised this point with Miss Dai (Interview, Peking, 18 April 1983) who verified the dates.
72 Dai Wangshu, Zainan de suiyue, pp. 63, 64-71.
73 Interview with Feng Yidai, Peking, 18 April 1983. See appendix 5.

74 Huaqiao ribao < 华侨时报 > Wenyi shoukan < 文艺副刊 > was consulted in Hong Kong University Library; unfortunately issues of the newspaper containing Wenyi shoukan, nos. 6, 7, 30 and 35 are 'missing'.

75 Between February 1944 and May 1945 Dai translated the following authors in Wenyi shoukan [the number of translations is given after each author’s name]: Azorin, 6 (nos. 18, 21, 44, 46, 49, 62); Baudelaire, 3 (nos. 18, 55, 66); Gide, 2 (nos. 3 and 31); Jammes, 2 (nos 8 and 13); Verhaeren, 2 (nos. 10 and 53); Apollinaire, 2 (52 and 68); Lorca, 1 (no. 56); Baroja, 1 (no. 27); Rimbaud 1 (no. 25).


77 Huaqiao ribao, Wenyi shoukan, no. 14, 30
April 1944. This was later included in Dai Wangshu, Xiaoshuo xiqu lunji, pp. 7-26. The article "Du Li Wa zhuan", is a valuable piece of scholarly research to this day; it was cited recently in Glen Dudbridge, The Tale of Li Wa (London: Ithaca Press, 1983).

78 Huaqiao ribao, Wenyi zhoukan, no. 19, 4 June 1944; Dai Wangshu, Zainan de suiyue, pp. 72-80.

79 Ibid., no. 33, 10 September 1944; ibid., pp. 81-82.

80 As the poem first appeared in the newspaper Huaqiao ribao on 10 September 1944, the date given in Zainan de suiyue, p. 83 and in Dai's Notebook (see appendix 3), 20 November 1944, is evidently the date of revision.

81 Dai Wangshu, Zainan de suiyue, pp. 84-86.

82 Ibid., pp. 87-88.

83 Huaqiao ribao, Wenyi zhoukan, no. 72, 17 June 1945, was the last issue edited by Dai and Ye. The following issue, no. 73, 20 June 1945, carries a notice of a change of editorship; the new editor was Chen Junbao 陈晋葆.

The two almost immediately produced Riyao wen­yi 《日耀文艺》, a literary supplement, for Xiangdao ribao 《香岛日报》. The one page newspaper devoted twenty-five per cent of its space to the literary supplement every Sunday. Unfortunately Hong Kong University's collection of this newspaper runs only to 30 August 1945; no. 8, 19 August 1945, is also 'missing'.

84 Dai Wangshu, "Bali de shutan" 巴黎的抒挽, Xiangdao ribao. Riyao Wenyi, nos. 4 and 5, 22 and 29 July 1945. The article has been reprinted in Xianggang wenxue, no. 2 (1985), pp. 37-39.

85 Dai Wangshu, "Shan ju zazhui" 山居杂缀, Xiangdao ribao, Riyao Wenyi, no. 2, 8 July 1945. The piece has been reprinted in Xianggang wenxue, no. 2 (1985), p. 36.

86 Ibid.

87 Wu Xiaoling's Chronology.

88 Xiao Yingshen, "Shiren Dai Wangshu", p. 100; Wu Xiaoling's Chronology.
Notes to Pages 111-116

89 Feng Yidai, "Dai Wangshu zai Xianggang", p. 167 and interview with Feng Yidai.

90 Interview with Feng Yidai.


Dai's translation of Les Fleurs du Mal was published in 1947, see note 93 below.


According to Wu Xiaoling's Chronology, Dai also translated Sartre's Le mur.


95 Dai Wangshu, Zainan de suiyue "灾难的岁月" (Shanghai: Xingqun chubanshe, February 1948).

96 Gu Zuhong, letter, (1980); Wu Xiaoling's Chronology, according to which a warrant was issued for Dai's arrest.

97 Interview with Shi Zhecun, 16 October 1982.

98 Shen Songquan, "Dai Wangshu dao Jing nianyue" Dushu, no. 3 (1983), p. 133: "我在天津下车, 望舒和她的女儿则直去北京."

99 Bian Zhilin, "Dao Wangshu" Renmin ribao "人民日报", 5 March 1950, p. 5. Further information about this voyage and arrival in Peking is given in Dai Wangshu's letter to his wife (1), see appendix 2.

100 Interviews with Luo Dagang and Feng Yidai.

101 Letters to wife, see appendix 2.

102 Conversation with Liu Zunqi, now editor-in-chief of the English language Peking China Daily, whom the author met by chance at a reception given for Mrs. Thatcher at the British Embassy, Peking,
September 1982.
See also: Interview with Feng Yidai and Dai Yongxu, Peking, 18 April 1983. Dai's daughter remembers the day, she was playing outside when her grand-mother called her in to the house. Feng Yidai received a telephone call and rushed round to Dai's house, but found him to be already dead.
Further, see letter from Dai's mother to her daughter (appendix 2), in which details of the poet's death and funeral arrangements are given.

103 Interview with Jin Kem, Peking, 6 April 1983, who says that Dai injected ephedrine rather than take it orally as is usually the case.
Bian Zhilin, "Dao Wangshu".

104 Interview with Feng Yidai.

NOTES TO CHAPTER IV


2 Ibid., p. 39.

3 Ibid., p. 40.

4 Interview with Shi Zhecun, Shanghai, 19 October 1982.


8 For a comprehensive introduction to these poets and their work see: Vicente Gaos, ed., Antología del grupo poético de 1927 (Madrid: Cátedra, 1981).


10 Ibid., pp. 19-20.
350

Notes to Pages 128-137

11 Bradbury and McFarlane, p. 28.

12 Kermode, p. 65.

13 Read, p. 20.

14 Bradbury and McFarlane, p. 28.


But although there are differences between Imagism and Symbolism, perhaps the greatest English Modernist poet, T.S. Eliot drew to a large extent on the French Symbolist heritage:

I have advertised my source I think; it's Arthur Symon's book on French poetry...
I liked his quotations and I went to a foreign bookshop somewhere in Boston...
which specialized in French and German and other foreign books and found Laforgue,

Jules Laforgue was, of course, heavily influenced by Baudelaire.

16 Read, p. 19.


18 Ibid., p. 16.

19 Interview with Shi Zhecun, 19 October 1982.


Lodge is a novelist and critic who has attempted to apply the concepts and methods of formalist structuralism and in particular of Jakobson. Lodge is not interested by the ideological criticism of Foucault, Lacan and Derrida, which he terms post-structuralist.

His main critical tool has been borrowed from Jakobson; that is, the metonymy-metaphor distinction. He explains it thus:
"Selection involves the perception of similarity and it implies the possibility of substitution. It is therefore the process by which metaphor is generated, for metaphor is substitution based on a certain kind of similarity. If I change the sentence, 'Ships crossed the sea' to 'Ships ploughed the sea', I have substituted ploughed for crossed, having perceived a similarity between the movement of a plough through the earth and a ship through the sea. Note, however, that the awareness of difference is not suppressed: it is indeed essential to the metaphor.

...............................

Metonymy is a much less familiar term than metaphor, at least in Anglo-American criticism....Metonymy is closely associated with synecdoche....The hackneyed lines, 'The hand that rocks the cradle/ Is the hand that rules the world' include both tropes—the synecdoche 'hand' meaning 'person' (by inference, 'mother') and the metonymy 'cradle' meaning 'child'. In Jakobson's scheme, metonymy includes synecdoche.... Metonymy and synecdoche seem to involve, like metaphor, the substitution of one term for another....Jakobson, however argues that metaphor and metonymy are opposed, because they are generated according to opposite principles...[resting] on the basic opposition of selection and combination.

[Lodge summarizes Jakobson's pairings of opposites as follows:]

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>METAPHOR</th>
<th>METONYMY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Paradigm</td>
<td>Syntagm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Similarity</td>
<td>Contiguity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Selection</td>
<td>Combination</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Substitution</td>
<td>[Deletion] Contexture</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contiguity Disorder</td>
<td>Similarity Disorder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contexture Deficiency</td>
<td>Selection Deficiency</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drama</td>
<td>Film</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montage</td>
<td>Close-up</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dream symbolism</td>
<td>Dream</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Surrealism</td>
<td>Cubism</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imitative Magic</td>
<td>Contagious Magic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poetry</td>
<td>Prose</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lyric</td>
<td>Epic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Romanticism &amp; Symbolism</td>
<td>Realism</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Ibid., pp.75-77, 81).</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

...
Notes to Pages 138-144

In Lodge's hands Jakobson's theory is used to investigate modern literature. To this end he concentrates on the metaphor-metonymy distinction of Symbolism and Realism. As Lodge develops his thesis metonymy becomes increasingly synonymous with Realism and anti-Modernism and metaphor with non-realistic modes of expression or irrealism, Modernism and Symbolism and what Lodge terms the Modernist-symbolist tradition. It is in this latter narrower sense that the author of the present work has employed these terms.

22 Lodge, p. 138.

23 For instance see Dai's poem 'Zeng Kemu' in Zainan de suiyue, pp. 22-25.


27 Dai Wangshu, "Shilun lingzha" 詩論零札, Huai-qiao ribao, Wenyi shoukan, no. 2, 6 February 1944. [A new article although having same title as that noted above, note 26]


29 Lodge, p. 157.

30 Ibid., p. 220.

31 Ibid., p. 190.


33 Ibid., p. 92, point 2; Lodge, p. 194.

34 Kermode, p. 65.

35 Brombert, p. 16.
Notes to Pages 145-152


37 Kermode, p. 45.

NOTES TO CHAPTER V

[Wo de jiyi: hereafter cited as WDJY.]

1 Du Heng, Preface to *Wangshucao*, pp. 1-10, where Du Heng relates that Dai Wangshu asked him to write the preface and prepare the volume for publication.

2 *Yingluo xunkan*, see Chapter II, page 17 and note 13.


4 *Xiaoshuo yuebao* 19 (1928), pp. 979-982.

5 Du Heng, Preface, pp. 8-10.


7 Ibid., p. 32 and *Xin wenyi* 1 (1929), p. 592.

8 *Shaduoboyiang* [F.R. de Chateaubriand], *Shaonü shi shi* « 少女之詩 », trans. Dai Wangshu (Shanghai: Kaiming shudian 东方书店), September, 1928.

Dai's translation is of two stories by Chateaubriand (1768-1848): *Atala* (1801) and *René* (1802), published together in 1805. René appears in both episodes, as a melancholy youth who has fled Europe for Louisiana in 1725, and to whom an Indian sage tells the sad tale of his love for Atala. Living among the Indians he is obliged to take a wife but prefers solitude, and his melancholy nature constantly draws him away into the woods. A young aristocrat, he is marked by sadness and dedicated to a life of melancholy.

A work which Chateaubriand had written, according to its preface, in order to denounce the moral malaise of the times—attributed to the influence of Rousseau—it condemns pessimism and solitude as un-Christian. Ironically, with the fall of the Empire, René became the model of a great number of the younger
Notes to Pages 152-170

generation. He remains a symbol of the condition of the Romantic soul.


10 Wu Xiaoling’s Chronology.

11 Interview with Shi Zhecun, Shanghai, 18 October, 1982 and Shi Zhecun, Preface to Dai Wangshu yishi (Changsha: Renmin chubanshe 人民出版社, 1983), pp. 1-3.

Ernest Dowson (1867-1900), English Symbolist, imitator of Verlaine, friend of Oscar Wilde, nowadays neglected.


Varr. Yingluo. 1: 我胸怀里。 4: 妹妹走。 11: 是颤。

16 Wangshu shigao and Dai Wangshu shiji, pp. 10-11.

17 Interview with Bian Zhilin, Peking, 26 March 1983. According to Bian Dai did not count de as a syllable for the purposes of line length. Bian also states that Dai’s early rhymes were in his native dialect; see also appendix 5 for rhymes in dialect.


19 See, for instance, ‘Huile xinr ba’ (Change your mind): line 1: ma chère ennemie; line 7: Aime un peu!; line 10: Un peu d’amour, pour moi, c’est déjà trop! (WDJY, pp. 36-37).

20 Du Heng, Preface, p. 9: “一九二七年夏末...那时华一般，雨天盛炎热久(The Summer of 1927...probably not long after ‘Rainy alley’ had been written...).”

21 Xiaoshuo yuebao 19 (1928), pp. 979-982.
Notes to Pages 171-174


24 Loi, Poètes chinois, p. 85.


"Je fais souvent ce rêve étrange et pénétrant
D'une femme inconnue...
[I often have this strange impressive dream
About an unknown woman...]
(Mon rêve familier (1866)).

28 Que Guoqiu, pp. 33-34. Que's argument in this instance is unconvincing. It is based on the assumption that the auditory effects of the repetition of the sound 'ou' in the word tournez (in Verlaine's 'Tournez, tournez bons chevaux de bois') is reflected in the repeated use of the sound '-ang' in 'Rainy alley'. But this kind of repetition is unusual in Verlaine's poetry while Dai had frequently used the '-ang' rhyme in previous poems. If there is a case for Verlaine's influence in 'Rainy alley', it is doubtful whether Que's evidence is sufficient or appropriate. Moreover, there is no reason to assume, as does Que (p. 34), that Dai's acquaintance with Jammes and Fort post-dates the composition of 'Rainy alley'; Du Heng, Preface, p. 6, states otherwise.

29 Du Heng, Preface; Shi Zhecun, Preface to Dai Wangshu yishi ji, pp. 3-4. Shi believes there to be a strong correlation between Dai's translation work and his own creative literary output in each phase of his life (望舒译诗的过程正是他创作诗的过程...). Shi further asserts that the period during which he wrote 'Rainy alley' was also the period in which he was interested in reading and translating Verlaine and Dowson; in the collection prefaced by Shi, there are three poems by Ernest Dowson. Dai had collaborated with Du Heng in the translation of Dowson's poems and Shi is consequently only able to attribute three to Dai with any certainty. There are however several other poems by Dowson translated by Dai ( "Daosheng
shichao [A selection of Dowson's poems], trans. Dai Wangshu, Xin wényì 1 (1929), pp. 439-441) but the date of translation of these poems, and of the poems presented in Shi's collection, is unknown.

The fact that Du Heng co-translated Dowson, would seem to put him in a better position from which to assess when and if Dai was under Dowson's influence, and yet in his Preface, written fifty years before Shi Zhecun's, he lays no stress on Dai's acquaintance with Dowson's poetry as a factor in Dai's creativity during the 'Rainy alley' period; Verlaine, Jammes and Fort however are mentioned for the period 1925-1926.

Michelle Loi, while recognizing that 'lilac' is not necessarily symptomatic of melancholy in traditional Chinese literature, maintains that 'Rainy alley' owes more to classical Chinese tales (not to poetry for which there is a case) than to any Western influence. In particular, and not altogether understandably, she dismisses the possibility of the influence of Francis Jammes:

Donc; si les lilas des anciens poètes chinois sont des fleurs des moins mélancoliques...Dai Wangshu pourrait être considéré comme l'auteur d'un véritable occidentalisme avec cette Allée sous la pluie....Il est vrai qu'il y a à cela quelque raison, mais je pense...à ce que fut mon premier sentiment...Je n'ai pas pensé à Jammes ni à ses lilas....La jeune fille évanescente...ressembloit, beaucoup, "sous son parapluie de papier huilé" à quelqu'une de ces immortelles des contes chinois....Je n'ai pas vraiment changé d'avis" (So then, if the lilac is one of the least melancholic flowers for the ancient Chinese poets...Dai Wangshu could be considered, with his 'Rainy alley', as the creator of an authentic Western style....It is true that there are some grounds for that, but I come back to my initial feeling.... I didn't think of Jammes nor of his lilacs....the evanescent girl "under her oil-paper umbrella" was very reminiscent of one of those immortals out of a Chinese tale....I have not really changed my mind)

However Dr. Loi prefers to see the heroine of 'Rainy alley', the fact remains that a close reading of Jammes' poetry furnishes firm evidence that Dai drew on the French poet as a source of inspiration. He may have been thinking of women immortals from ancient Chinese tales but there is no documentary or textual
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evidence to support such a contention.

31 A selection of Jammes poetry translated by Dai as *Yemai shichao* appeared in *Xin wenyi* 1 (1929), 67-75.

Jammes is today seen a neo-Symbolist poet inspired by Christianity, but in fact the majority of his poetry predates his conversion (1906) to Catholicism. His poetry is marked, like that of his predecessors, by 'inwardness' but has a more peaceful quality and is often refreshing in its simplicity. This is not to say that the devices and moods of the Symbolists are not present in his work, however. Shunning the literary circles of Paris he took pleasure in a quiet village life and there is in his work a certain pantheistic romanticism.

His major works are: *De l'Angelus de l'aube à l'Angelus du soir* 1888-1897 (1897); *Clairières dans le Ciel* 1902-1906 (1906). The following editions have been consulted: Francis-Jammes, *De l'Angelus de l'aube à l'Angelus du soir*; préface de Jacques Borel (Paris: Gallimard, 1971); *Clairières dans le Ciel*, préface de Michel Décaudin (Paris: Gallimard, 1980); *Choix de poésies* (Paris: Librairie Larousse, 1970).

32 Jammes, *Clairières*, p. 50.

33 Ibid., pp. 31-56.

34 Ibid., p. 55.

35 Ibid., p. 57.

36 Ibid., p. 39.

37 Ibid., p. 36.

38 Jammes, *De l'Angelus*, p. 34.

39 Ibid., *Clairières*, p. 40.

40 Ibid., p. 41.


42 Bian Zhilin, Preface to *Dai Wangshu shiji*, p. 5.

43 Interview with Bian Zhilin.

44 The line is to be found as the third poem in *Er shu ci* [Lyrics of the two lords], *Su-xiangshi congshu*, *Mingjia ciji*. 

*Ev zhu ei* [Lyrics of the two lords], *Su-
(n.p.), p. 1. The poem is entitled 'Huan xi sha' 恍斜.

In Bian Zhilin's Preface to Dai Wangshu shiji, the line was misquoted as:...丁香能.... This was pointed out in conversation with the author.

Daniel Bryant, *Lyric Poets of the Southern T'ang* (Vancouver: University of British Columbia Press, 1982), p. 63, translates the line thus: "Wisteria blossoms knot my sorrow in the rain to no avail." The translation of 'ding xiang' 丁香 as 'wisteria' is puzzling; the colours of wisteria and lilac are, of course, similar.

45 Bryant, p. xv: "Most of the thirty odd poems in it [Lyric poems of the two lords of Southern Tang] are the work of Li Yü (937-78; r. 961-75) ... but the first four are by his father Li Ching (916; r. 943-61)."

46 Ibid.


49 Ibid., 卷上, p. 77.


52 Ibid., pp. 331-332.

53 For instance, Guo Moruo 郭沫若 in his early verse, made extensive use of foreign words and allusions. In the long poem 'Chen an'晨安', Guo makes numerous references to foreign artists, place names and common words and phrases several of which appear in the foreign language: Bengal, Pantheon, Mésamé. In his descriptive poem of the early morning in Shanghai: 'Shanghai de qingchen' 上海的清晨, he uses the word 'gasoline'. Many of the foreign words and phrases
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employed by Dai have a similar purpose: to give the effect of modernity and to indicate a total break with past tradition. Of course, the effect was often achieved at the expense of intelligibility.

54 After the publication of WDJY Dai was obliged to respond to a reader's letter to the literary magazine Xin wenyi (1 November 1929), pp. 597-598. While praising the collection of poetry, the reader was anxious to know the meaning of the foreign intrusions. Dai dutifully replied, but it was probably a salutary lesson in the incomprehensibility of French to the vast majority of the Chinese reading public; which was in any case not large.

55 Compare WDJY with the volume consisting mainly of previously published poems: Wangshu shigao, in which all words in French have been deleted in favour of Chinese. For example, 'Fragments' and 'Mandoline' become 'Duanzhang' and 'Wen mantuoling' respectively.

56 Tibullus I, i. 59-60. The quotation which occurs on page 4 of WDJY is probably best known to the Western reader as the words spoken by Dr. Johnson on his death-bed to Mr. Langton. See: R.W. Chapman, ed., Selections from Boswell's Life of Samuel Johnson (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1923), p. 192.


58 Interview with Shi Zhecun, 18 October 1982.

59 Ibid.

60 In Dai Wangshu shiji (Chengdu, 1981) this poem has been incorrectly assigned to the first section ("Jiu jinnang") of WDJY. There are quite a number of errors of this sort, some but not all of which were corrected in the third impression of the book.

61 WDJY, pp. 36-37.

62 Dai Wangshu in Xin wenyi 1 (1929), p. 598, gives the source for Ma chère ennemie as Ronsard, the sixteenth-century French poet.

63 Zhu Xiang, "Tongxin", Xin wenyi 1, 3 (1929), pp. 551.

64 WDJY, p. 43.
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Cherkassky, p. 339. To suspect an allusion is justifiable, but Cherkassky seems to have overstated the case in saying that Dai has "conserved [the line] almost unchanged". Nor is Dai's 'Spleen' "a pure and simple imitation". Nor is Dai's 'Spleen' "a pure and simple imitation". Nor is Dai's 'Spleen' "a pure and simple imitation". Nor is Dai's 'Spleen' "a pure and simple imitation". Nor is Dai's 'Spleen' "a pure and simple imitation". Nor is Dai's 'Spleen' "a pure and simple imitation"

Despite the apparent similarity to Verlaine's poem, Dai's line "Now I've come to hate the sight of the rose" bears just as much resemblance, if not more, to a line of Jammes' in the poem 'Les roses du jardin sont sages!':

C'est pourquoi je contemple avec l'amertume
les doux petits rosiers...

(Clairières, p. 134).

Jammes' lines perhaps more accurately reflect the spirit of Dai's 'Spleen': an atmosphere of sadness emanates from both poems and as Cherkassky has noted there is an association of sadness in Dai's flower imagery:

"В стихах Дай Ван-шу цветы редко
благоухают и редко радуют взор"
(In the poetry of Dai Wangshu
flowers are rarely fragrant and rarely pleasing to the eye)(Cherkassky, p. 333).

The poem was first published as number 2 in the sequence of poems entitled "Aquarelles" (Watercolours) in Romances sans paroles (1874). The poem in its entirety is as follows:

Les roses étaient toutes rouges,
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.

Chère, pour peu que tu bouges,
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.

Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux:

Je crains toujours,—ce qu'est d'attendre!
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.

Du houx à la feuille vernie,
Et du luisant buis je suis las,

Et de la campagne infinie
Et de tout hors de vous, hélas!
Dowson's poem is entitled 'After Paul Verlaine III, Spleen', first presented as number 10 in Dowson's Decorations and is to be found in Longaker, ed., The Poems of Ernest Dowson (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1962), p. 115:

Around were all the roses red,
The ivy all around was black.

Dear, so thou only move thine head,  
Shall all mine old despairs awake!

Too blue, too tender was the sky,  
The air too soft, too green the sea.

Always I fear, I know not why,  
Some lamentable flight from thee.

I am so tired of holly-sprays  
And weary of the bright box-tree.

Of all the endless country ways;  
Of everything alas! Save thee.

See note 65 above.

Du Heng, Preface to Wangshu cao, pp. 8-10:

See note 65 above.

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73 Jammes, De l'Angelus, p. 62.

74 Xin wenyi 1 (September 1929), p. 71; the translation appeared after the publication of 'Wo de jiyi' in Weiming 2 (January 1929).


76 WDJY, pp. 67-68.

77 Jammes, De l'Angelus, p. 67.

78 Ibid., p. 130.

79 Ibid., p. 236. Cherkassy, p. 236, has noted that the 'dead leaf' is one of Jammes' favoured images.

80 Jammes, De l'Angelus, p. 68.


82 See Chapter 4, note 21 and Lodge, pp. 119-120, for a more detailed discussion of the terms used in this paragraph.

83 While not noting the importance of 'memories' in Jammes' poetic scheme, Cherkassy has however remarked upon the "power of memories over man" in Dai's poetry, commenting that 'Wo de jiyi': "дополняющие к характеристике китайских символистов новые и важные черты" (brings new and important traits to the characteristics of Chinese Symbolism) (Cherkassy, p. 334).

The importance of the power of memory to Modernist arts seems to be well established. Luis Bunuel (a Spanish film-maker whose work is far removed from the usual classification, according to Jakobson's scheme, of film as metonymic), has written in his Memoirs, that "...memory is what makes our lives. Life without memory is no life at all.... Our memory is our coherence, our feeling, even our action. Without it we are nothing...."

84 Lodge, p. 157.


86 Lodge, p. 157.

87 WDJY, pp. 63-64.
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88 'nian hai'...出法国十九世纪大诗人拉玛丁(Lamartine),是l'océan des âges的直译,见其名诗《Le Lac》[The two words 'nian hai'...come from the great French nineteenth-century poet Lamartine, they are a literal translation of l'océan des âges, see his famous poem Le Lac] (Dai Wangshu, Xin wenyi 1 (1929), p. 598).


90 Ibid., p. 64.

91 Ibid.

Note also that in the Wangshu cao (pp.11-13) version of 'Ye shi' (entitled simply 'Ye'), the last three lines differ as follows:

The last stanza would then translate:

"I fear the wind blowing past,
That wind that has carried away
the youth and love of others,
It could carry off ours too,
And then blow it in shreds through the
the withered rose bushes.

Note once more the association of floral imagery with gloom and despair.

92 See appendix 2, Letter from Azorin, note.

93 WDJY, pp. 65-66.

94 Ibid., pp. 69-71.

95 Jammes, De l'Angelus, p. 130.

96 WDJY, pp. 57-59.

97 Jammes, Claiirières, pp. 113-114:

—— Mon amie,mon amie,écoutez les cerises chanter sur la pelouse chaude...

—— Non pas.Ce sont les reines-claude.

—— Mais non.C'est votre chaste robe sur le versant de la forêt où vous avez herborisé.
Notes to Pages 201-208

[— Darling, darling, listen to the cherries singing on the warm lawn...
— Not at all. It's the greengages.
— But no. It's your chaste dress on the verge of the forest where you picked flowers to press.]

98 Du Heng, Preface to Wangshu cao, p. 6. Wugui lieche, no. 5 (1928), p. 285 and Xin wenyi 1 (1930), p. 842. The translations differ slightly. The first lines of each are respectively:

我有小小的小花，我有你的眼睛
更灿烂的小小的小花。— 结花吧!(Wugui lieche)

我有几朵小香花，我有几朵比你的眼睛
更灿烂的小香花。— 结花吧！(Xin wenyi)

The second translation is much closer to the original (see text, page 202), because of the more colloquial rendering. 'Lu shang de xiao yu', also, owes more to the second version:

— 结花吧，姑娘，那朵...
小小的着色的小花，...

99 See note 98 above.

100 Paul Fort, Ballades Françaises, Vol 1: La ronde autour du monde, p. 25.

Paul Fort (1872-1960), a prominent 'vers-libriste', which practitioners are often regarded as the central core of the Symbolist movement. Apart from his mammoth work Les Ballades Françaises (1897-1937), his chief merit lies in his rejection of traditional forms and the development of free verse to the point where it became rhythmical prose.

The new prosody attracted a large number of poets, less prominent than Fort; for instance, Rémy de Gourmont (1858-1915) whom (according to Du Heng, Preface to Wangshu cao, p. 6) Dai had read during 1925-26. Apart from, perhaps, influencing Dai's progress in form (for which Dai could have been equally indebted to Fort or James), Gourmont seems to have had no discernible effect on Dai's poetry.

101 WDJY, pp. 72-74.

102 Lodge, pp. 116-117.

103 Maeterlinck holds an important position in the Modernist-Symbolist tradition. He is discussed in the next chapter.
NOTES TO CHAPTER VI

[Wangshu cao: hereafter cited as WSC.]

1 Jammes, De l'Angelus, p. 228.

2 WSC was published in August 1933, ten months after Dai had left Shanghai for France, by the Xiandai shuju.

3 The seven poems selected from WDJY were: 'Wo de jiyi' 我的回忆; 'Lu shang de xiao yu' 楼上的小语; 'Lin xia de xiao yu' 林下的小语; 'Ye' 夜; 'Duzi de shi-hou' 独自的时候; 'Qiu' 秋; 'Duiyu tian de huaixiang-bing' 对于天的怀乡病.


5 WSC, pp. 23-24.

6 Xiandai shuju (1932), p. 81.

7 Wenxue shoubao 文学周报 (1929) p. 386, (Meitelinke 梅特林克 [Maeterlinck], 'Qi'an de shijian' 起初的时间[Heures termes]); p. 573 ('Dongri de xi-wang' 冬日的希望[Désirs d’hiver]; both poems may be found in Maurice Maeterlinck, Serres chaudes, Quinze Chansons, La Princesse Maleine (Paris: Gallimard, 1983).

Maeterlinck (1862-1949) was a Belgian poet and a leading figure in the French Symbolist movement. He was a successful dramatist, in which capacity he attempted to transfer the mysticism of Symbolism onto the stage with misty and etiolated settings. His most famous poetic work is Serres chaudes (1889).

He was a great influence on Supervielle who took from him his juxtapositioning of bizarre and disparate images, while maintaining an intelligibility lacking in Maeterlinck.

Some of his characteristics which may have influenced Dai are his characters who are no more than symbolic figments (similar to the evanescent women of Jammes and Verlaine), his somnambulists in strange lands, and his enigmatic fantasies.

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10 Maeterlinck, Serres chaudes, p. 64-65.

11 Ibid., pp. 31-32.

12 "Maeterlinck...exerted an influence — especially [on] Chekov, Strinberg and Yeats— wholly disproportionate to his own modest posthumous reputation."

13 Lodge, p. 45.

14 WSC, pp. 27-29; Xin wenyi 1 (1929), p. 286.


16 Jammes, De l'Angelus, pp. 42-43.

17 WSC, pp. 32-34; Xin wenyi 1 (1929), p. 605: with title 'Shao nu'


22 The resonances are transformed into firm textual evidence when the 'Dan lianzhe' variants are revealed. Recalling Verlaine's 'Mon rêve familier' and its 'femme inconnue' are both Dai's and Jammes' heroines. To Verlaine she appears in a dream, but to Dai and Jammes she is usually an almost tangible yet still opaque woman. The 'unknown' beautiful woman is common to many French poets: Baudelaire, Carco, and above all Nerval who bequeathed so much to the Symbolists. The debt is made evident in the Xiaoshuo yuebao version, where line 5 reads:

"是 一个我记不起的 belle inconnue 吗?"


25 WSC, pp. 53-55.
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27. Ibid.

28. See notes 32 and 33 below.


34. In notes on the author's translation of the poem, Peking, 26 March 1983.

35. Michelle Loi, in this poem at least, sees the possibility of Jammes having influenced Dai Wangshu:

"La scène est chinoise, mais l'idee première est sans doute de F. Jammes "
(The scene is Chinese, but the initial idea doubtless comes from Jammes) (M. Loi, *Poètes chinois*, p. 103, note 1).

But other than a resemblance to Jammes poems describing village life, this is probably one of Dai's poems least influenced by French verse.


37. See appendices 2 (letter from Cahiers du Sud) and 4 (text).


40. *WSC*, pp. 81-84; *Xiandai* 1 (1932), p. 403-05.

41. Zuo Yan, "Dai Wangshu shi de xiangzheng zhuyi shoufa" 《戴望舒诗的象征主义手法》, "Symbolist technique in Dai Wangshu's poetry", *Baihuazhou* 《百花洲》, no. 4 (1981), 168-169. Miss Zuo Yan is one of China's
younger generation of literary critics. Her article is one of the few recent articles on Dai Wangshu's poetry that approaches a measure of mature objectivity. It was written under the supervision of Professor Shi Zhecun whose student she was. Shi Zhecun has also given advice to other students attempting to write about Dai Wangshu and Modernism in China, for instance to Mr. Que Guoqiu, who while accepting Shi's factual statements, apparently ignored his opinions.

42 Ibid., p. 168.


44 WSC, pp. 96-98

45 Li Jinfa, often referred to as China's first Symbolist poet. He started writing poetry in the early 1920s. Introduced Symbolist techniques into his poetry and created quite a stir among China's new poets who had up until then been influenced mainly by English and Germanic poetry. Li Jinfa's literary creativity spanned but four or five years between 1925 and 1928. Much influenced by Verlaine and Baudelaire his poetry was seen by many as incomprehensible, as if he were translating the paraphernalia of the early Symbolists rather than the spirit.

Dai Wangshu seems to have escaped much of the kind of criticism levelled at Li Jinfa. Neither Dai nor his friends seem to have been influenced by nor taken any interest in Li Jinfa.

The major difference between the two poets rests perhaps in their apprenticeships. Li was directly inspired by the great masters of French Symbolism and tried to emulate them by throwing a plethora of disconnected images at the reader. Dai came to use Symbolist techniques and images at a more gradual pace and took as his models the less effervescent French poets.

Li Jinfa's poetry was just too symbolistic for the poetry readers of the 1920s to understand.


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48 See appendix 1, pp. 385, 401.

49 WSC, pp. 104-107; Xiandai 2 (1932), 123-124.

50 Zuo Yan, "Dai Wangshu shi de xiangzheng zhu-yi shoufa", p. 167.

51 Zuo wan', Beidou 1,3 (1931), pp. 60-61 and Dai Wangshu shiji, pp. 155-6 (redolent of the animistic poetry of Jammes); 'Women de xiao muqin' and 'Liu shui', Xinwenyi 2 (1930), 93-95, 96-97 and Dai Wangshu shiji, 153-4, 151-2 respectively.

52 For a discussion of the background to these poems see Chapter 1, pp. 26-28 above.

53 Xin wenyi 2 (1930), pp. 96-97.

Notes to Chapter VII

[Wangshu shigao and Zainan de suiyue hereafter cited as WSSG and ZND sy.]

1 Published by the Zashti gongsi 译读公司, Shanghai, January 1937.


3 WSSG, pp. 45-48.

4 Ibid.

5 The 'roc', an ancient Chinese mythical bird, mentioned in the Zhuangzi ; the sentiment of lines 8, 12 and 13 bears a resemblance to a passage in the classic which deals with the transmogrification of animals and fish into birds.

6 See pp. 246-247 above.

7 WSSG, pp. 141-142.

8 See pp. 201-202 above.

9 See p. 42 above and appendix 1.
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10 See Chapter V, note 65.

11 WSSG, pp. 145-146.

12 ZNDSY was published in February 1948 by the Xingqun chubanshe, Shanghai.

13 ZNDSY, p. 81.

14 See appendix 3, for the poems in manuscript.

15 'Yuanri zhufu', ZNDSY, pp. 38-39; 'Xiao Hong mupan kouzhan', ZNDSY, p. 83.

16 See appendix 3, p. 539.

17 Interview with Luo Dagang, who thought it quite probable that Dai wrote at least some of his poems in French and then 'translated' them into Chinese; Luo Dagang had apparently followed this practice himself.

18 See appendix 3, p. 539.

19 ZNDSY, p. 12.

20 Interview with Luo Dagang. Duperray often would come and discuss classical Chinese poetry with Dai and Luo in their room at the Institut franco-chinois.

21 ZNDSY, pp. 13-16.

22 See pp. 247-248 above.

23 Ibid.

24 Xiandai shifeng, no. 1 (October 1935), p. 17.

25 Apollinaire was, of course, the most famous exponent of calligramatic representation, but in Latin American Modernist poetry there has also been an intense interest. Influenced by Chinese poetry and Japanese haiku were the Mexican José Juan Tablada and Vicente Huidobro, friend of Pierre Reverdy. Octavio Paz, the celebrated Mexican poet and exponent of 'concrete' poetry has noted the possibilities of calligramatic effects in Chinese and of Western experiments, has said: 'In Western poetry the interplay is basically between sound and sense. There is, however, a tradition of visual poetry beginning in Greece and continuing to Mallarmé and Apollinaire. In Latin America, Huidobro antic-
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26 ZNDSY, pp. 20-21.

27 See appendix 2, p. 541.

28 This is so until his last poems which deal with experiences that will not evaporate, not intimations but overwhelming feelings.

29 ZNDSY, pp. 22-25.

30 Line 13: a traditional saying; a parent has to turn a blind eye to some of the things his children get up to.

31 *Xinshi* 1 (1936), pp. 46-48; *Xiangdao ribao, Riyao wenyi*, no. 1, 1 July 1945.


33 Ibid., 191.


35 ZNDSY, p. 37.

36 ZNDSY, p. 38.

37 See p. 96 above.

38 ZNDSY, pp. 40-41.

39 ZNDSY, pp. 42-45.

40 Loi, *Poètes chinois*, p. 123. Mme. Loi is referring to 'Chun wang' 超望, written by Du Fu in 757 when the capital Chang'an was occupied by General An Lushan's Tartar troops. It is true that both poems were written while China was under enemy occupation, but there the similarity stops. The connection of Dai's poem with Du Fu's is, thus, highly tenuous.

41 ZNDSY, pp. 46-48.

42 See appendix 3.

43 ZNDSY, pp. 49-52.
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46 Lodge, p. 193.

47 Ibid., p. 191.

48 Ibid.

49 In the 1930s and 1940s in Latin America, there was great interest in the possibilities of a new art-form: aeropictura, practiced and given a theoretical base by the Mexican artist Atl. It was to be applied in both poetry and paintings and drew on scenes and landscapes as seen from an aeroplane.

It is highly unlikely that Dai had heard of aeropictura, but the poem under discussion and also the line in 'Bu mei' (Sleeplessness) (see p. 250 above), "a march-past watched from an aeroplane", would suggest that Dai had glimpsed the potential of such a perspective.

50 Certainly, the films of the poet and director Jean Cocteau are metaphoric. One of his most famous films, a poetic fantasy, Le sang d'un poète [The blood of a poet] (1932), has as its metaphorical centre-piece the wound in the hand of a poet, the wound out of which the poetry speaks. Thus, the medium of film can be used metaphorically and to great effect, even if the majority tend towards the metonymic.

51 ZNDSY, pp. 53-55.

52 ZNDSY, pp. 56-57.


54 See page 101 above.

55 Wu Xiaoling's Chronology.

56 ZNDSY, p. 63.

57 ZNDSY, pp. 64-71.

58 Shi Zhecun supplies the location of Dai's house in an addendum to a manuscript entitled 'Linquan ju riji' (Linquan ju riji, (林泉居日記) in which Dai
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further describes his life at home in Woodbrook Villa, styled 蘇屋 by Dai himself. The fragment is published in Xianggang wenxue. no. 2 (1985), pp. 5-7.

59 ZNDSY, pp. 72-77. The house described is once again Woodbrook Villa. Dai was, of course, later reunited with his eldest daughter, whom he took with him to Peking in 1949.

60 ZNDSY, pp. 81-82.

61 Lodge, p. 177.

62 Mandelstam, p. 439.

63 Ibid.

APPENDIX I

A FRAGMENT OF
DAI WANGSHU'S DIARY

The following pages are all that remain of a diary Dai Wangshu started to keep in October 1932. They deal exclusively with his voyage to France at the end of that year and span just over a month of the poet's life.

Although much of the diary is of the 'two eggs for breakfast' ilk, it nevertheless affords certain insights into Dai Wangshu's personal relations, his interests, personality and social behaviour. The diary will also be of interest to students of modern Chinese history in that it records a voyage similar to that undertaken by many hundreds of Chinese students going to study abroad during the 1920s and 1930s.

The fragment was kindly lent to me by Professor Wu Xiaoling, a renowned scholar and writer, who himself is deeply concerned with furthering the study of Dai Wangshu.

Together with the poet's manuscript notebook, it is one of the few extant, as yet unpublished, documents penned by the poet.
NOTE: The facsimile of this diary here presented was made from an already deteriorating original in Peking. The copy was made on inferior equipment which unfortunately was all that was available. Legibility is therefore of uneven quality. The author has judged it to be more valuable to present this copy of the original rather than a transcript. Where the text is difficult to read, notes have been appended at the foot of the page. [For an annotated translation see pp. 389-405.]
Fig. 19. Dai Wangshu and Shi Jiangnian: "We asked Wang to take some photographs of us on board ship."
Fig. 20. Farewell to Dai Wangshu
今天天很冷。早晨上田就撑着被子坐到窗前。我很想去扶他，但他似乎不太愿意。我便在屋子里来回走，想看看有什么能让他高兴的。他终是半眯着走来的。

他走到了我跟前，我便接过了他手中的被子。他便坐在了我的身边。

我们一起坐在窗前，看着窗外的景色。这是一个寒冷的早晨，我看着他，他看着我。

他终于开口说话了，他说：

“我今天早上起来的时候，感觉自己好冷。就穿上了被子，但还是感觉好冷。我就想起了你，想起了我们的过去。我好想你。”

我微笑着，点了点头。他继续说：

“你总是会让我感到温暖。我希望我们能一直这样。”

我轻轻地抚摸着他的手，告诉他：“我会的。我一直都在这里，等着你。”

他笑了笑，然后说：“我想我们能一直这样。我一直都很幸福。”

我点了点头，然后说：“我也是。我一直都在这里，等待着你。”

我们就这样，一直坐到了天亮。
1932.10.10

先生与甲校上星期天,春人,和司等人晚饭。因为今天阳光好,所以大家决定去
镜湖边散步,然后在那边吃晚饭。

1932.10.10

吃过晚饭,在公园散步。然后,我们到
镜湖边散步,然后在那边吃晚饭。
广东少爷今天姓郑，他今日来找了我好几次，要我陪着他去超英的家里。
他更希望大家笑得开心，所以我找了个机会提议来个小小的恶作剧。他笑了，对我眨眨眼。我点了点头，心里暗自决定今晚一定要让他笑个够。

10:15

他坐得很随意，与我保持着一种轻松而亲密的距离。我们开始聊起那些曾经一起度过的日子，那些欢笑的日子。

「你想知道什么呢？」他突然问我。

「我想知道你对未来有什么计划？」

「我还没有想清楚呢。你知道，生活总是充满了未知。」

「那你觉得我会怎样？」

「你当然会很好。」「妈妈，你今天看起来特别漂亮。」「你也是，宝贝。」

我们在一个温暖而舒适的环境中，享受着彼此的陪伴。这不仅仅是一个普通的夜晚，更是一个充满温情的时刻。
小史的名著是：Alice T. Hu, Jeanne Sung, 还是张。尽管如此，还是...

10.15

...同意去见他。首先到Chez上，然后是巴黎。他在法国
了，但他仍不常，可是在问，等了他，柜了一片吃面，肉和饭。他的
朋友都在，他的朋友十分高兴，他走，不错洋，不比外人，他得回来。在外
时，再去他们一同去到Chez上。见到Monte, 走得很快。Chez是日常
的餐厅，他们立即发现了一回（接），到一条街的高楼的四周，他走，
喝到酒风，遇着面，见到他在Chez上了一次，他们似乎有把握，到
人家的会友，一起去吃饭，就吃完。第二天后，也要，决定要
西有大雾，又下雪，要摇晃。第一次吃坏十碗。

10.16.

一直知道吃午饭的时候，午餐后，开始走要出，而他。
拖鞋在楼下上岸，唱着歌，回来即睡。然后要三场暴口时期。

10.17.

本来计划上三场暴口时期，一直到三场暴口时期为止，问
他的。但是去景，就去打，果去如景，去打，而三场暴口时期。问
他的，大家走，去景，而三场暴口时期，走得走，看后，
下面去见，再去走，走的走，而三场暴口时期。

10.18(1.1)...如同聊天一样出去...
(1.2)...他他们不走，使一人在楼上...一瓶啤酒，我回家。

10.19(1.2)...抹好老公，甲...续年轮
(1.3)...我Sunkist...
### 10/18

今天去码头搭船，四点半左右算是在码头，不过到了四十二分就到
到上山去，第一次办电报。吃过晚饭后方去（电报电话），回来
电报电话又等到电报满，

明天是班到新加坡吃饭，晚上待客，后天电报，抽空到新加坡。

### 10/19

上午十二时赶到新加坡，新加坡的码头太小，

大家都挤在一起，结果把船错乘了下去，本来打算入水中去坐气，

结果我们三个人挤在一起，也挤上来了，结果又回去。上岸后落得个

热病（热病），我和林二人乘船去等，乘船上去气了一气，然后又到

港上，又花了一天回新加坡，觉得新加坡在二次上头拿不

东西，又花了一天回新加坡，觉得新加坡在二次上头拿不

东西，

#### 10.20

### 10.19

下午四点八分抵新加坡（Singapore）上岸，同其它没入等一千。
事情发生在大街上。还记得，他心中暗想，我在这里等你，等待时机成熟，然后……

10.21

睡了一觉醒，起床吃了早餐。

10.22

家里的事情交待好，整天都在外。

10.23

nostalgia, nostalgia!

10.24

上午十一点左右，下午放中段，到了我们这里，餐馆都开门了，吃得香。家里的事情交待了一点，继续工作。睡得很香，因为明天一早就到科伦坡了。

10.25

吃过早餐，就去了科伦坡的酒店。 tweak...愚公移山，我（地

转车换乘，然后登船）驶出港口。因为我们是先到旅行社的，

然后去公司取（不到），所以现在就到上周的起床时间。
10.26—30

三天以来没有什么可记的，度数日子的嗤之以鼻。现在停在床上束手无策，生也无所事事，仿佛躺在生的何十一信。但上信信中一信言之
论什么话都不见，话里话外有数言不符和信有信或疑的博员教授改
正加指示。

10.31

昨夜凤先生未家，吃鱼先生小分心。
下午四时到公司宴会，席间得刘老师等与我同。
晚饭后，与方老师到天堂酒楼先吃饭，然后来我这里。

11时在刘老师处，一同有介绍。
1932.12.1

在十一月的最后一天，我依往常一样，去了滨大寺。带着少许的希望，我穿过了小路，来到了寺庙。

寺庙的钟声悠扬，整个世界仿佛静止了一般。我坐在一旁，听着钟声，思绪万千。

忽然，我看到了一个身穿和服的老人，他静静地坐在那里，似乎在思考什么。我看着他，心中生出一丝敬意。

老人抬头看了我一眼，然后微微一笑，仿佛是在回应我内心的疑惑。

“天气很冷，”老人说，“但也正是如此，我们才能更好地感受到冬天的美丽。”

我点了点头，心中涌起一股暖流。是啊，冬天虽然寒冷，但也有它独特的美丽。

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1932.12.3

在这一天，我遇到了一个让我印象深刻的人。他是一个卖报的老人，每天早上，他都会准时出现在寺庙门口。

他穿着一件旧式的长袍，脸上有深深的皱纹，但眼睛里却闪烁着智慧的光芒。我被他的精神所打动，决定买了一份报纸。

“您这里的报纸真不错，”我对他说道，“我每天都来这里买。”

老人笑了笑，然后递给我一份报纸。他没有说话，但我可以从他的眼神中感受到他对这份工作的热爱。

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1932.12.5

那天晚上，我和朋友一起去了一家酒吧。酒吧里人声鼎沸，充满了欢笑声。我们点了一份日本料理，品尝着美味的食物。

“这里的寿司真好吃，”朋友说，“下次我们要再来一次。”

我点了点头，心中充满了期待。这里的一切都那么美好，我愿意在这里停留，享受这份宁静和美好。
11.6
上午九点已经起床，到Punahou散步，九点零九分到教室，
上完一节，九时十分到教室，上完二节，九时二十分到教室，上完三节，
九时四十分到教室，上完四节，九时五十分到教室，上交作业。

11.7
上午九点到教室，写完作业，九点二十分到Punahou散步。

11.8
下午三点半到教室，写完作业，三点半到Punahou散步。

11.9
下午四点到教室，写完作业，四点到Punahou散步。

11.10
下午五点到教室，写完作业，五点到Punahou散步。

11.11
下午六点到教室，写完作业，六点到Punahou散步。

11.12
下午七点到教室，写完作业，七点到Punahou散步。

11.13
下午八点到教室，写完作业，八点到Punahou散步。

11.14
下午九点到教室，写完作业，九点到Punahou散步。

11.15
下午十点到教室，写完作业，十点到Punahou散步。
Journal sentimental

Excuse-moi, je l'ai lu, (je le trouve dans la table commune. grand hasard!) Et je l'intitule ainsi, tu serais content. ¹

8th October 1932

To-day I'm finally going. Woke up at six o'clock this morning. Jiangnian was very sad. ² There was really so much we wanted to say to each other that in the end apart from consoling one another we said nothing at all. I honestly felt like crying.

From Zhenhua to the pier. Uncle Shi, [Shi] Zhecun, Du Heng, [Mu] Shiyiing, [Hu] Qiuyuan and his wife, [Liu] Na'ou, Wang, little sister Ying, Huang and Jiangnian came to see me off. ³ Father and Ying didn't come on board. We asked Wang to take some

¹ The comments written at the top right-hand corner of the page were added later by a person unknown. Judging by the style, the writer is not French and was probably a fellow-student in Lyons.

² Jiangnian (found: Shi Zhecun's sister to whom Dai was engaged to be married. While Dai was in France she eloped with a refrigerator salesman. Shi, worried about the impact of such news, kept Dai in ignorance.

³ Uncle Shi: Shi Zhecun's father; Shi Zhecun Du Heng, Liu Na'ou were all childhood friends and later colleagues of the poet; Mu Shiyiing, a controversial literary figure of the 1930s and '40s whose sister Dai later married. Hu Qiuyuan was involved in the 'Third Kind of Man' debate, together with Du Heng.
photographs of us on board ship. [See photograph of Dai and Jiangnian, p. 377.]

The most intolerable moment was just before the ship was about to depart. Jiangnian was weeping. I threw a note over the side, saying: Jiang, don’t cry. But the note was swept into the river by the wind. Jiangnian chased after it but couldn’t catch it. When I saw her running like that I could hardly hold back the tears. The ship started up. I returned to the cabin. When the ship had weighed anchor and moved off, I ran back up on deck again to see if I could make out where the people who had come to see me off were, and catching a glimpse of Jiangnian, I stayed there right up until I could no longer make out her white handkerchief and then I went back to the cabin.

The cabin number is 327, there are three people in it, all students. Zhou Huan - Nanjing University; Zhao Peilin - Sino-French University [Peking]; Diao Shiheng - Yanjing University Research Institute [in Peking].

The food is awful, but there is wine and there is enough to eat, but that’s the best you can say about it.

After dinner I put on the neck-chain Jiangnian had given to me. It’s a sort of physical proof of my desire: always loving her, always imagining her.

Lying down in the cabin, alone and extremely
lonely. Previously, I'd been thinking of going to France for three or four years. Yesterday, in reply to Jiangnian, I'd said two years at most. Now, I really regret this hasty folly of going to France altogether. Why? Leaving loved ones so far away. If I could I really would go back. To be always by the side of loved ones, mother and father, and good friends: isn't a man who lives a life like that the happiest man in the world?

Slept before having a snack, the last few days have been really tiring.

To-day something really infuriating happened, I was swindled out of a hundred francs by a quayside rogue.

9th October 1932

In the morning, on deck taking the sun, looking at the sea, chatting with other passengers. Among the Chinese passengers there isn't one who knows French. In the afternoon I translated a bit of Ayala., went up on deck again, when I felt lonely. During the evening, a businessman He Huaxiu from the neighbouring cabin brought Port Wine for us to drink.

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Ayala: Spanish novelist and short story writer. In a collection of Spanish short stories translated by Dai, Xibanya duanpian xiaoshuo (1936), there appears a short story of Ayala's. Evidently, Dai had already commenced his study of Spanish which he later continued in Paris.
Chatted with the others in my cabin until finally going to bed after ten.

10th October 1932

A monotonous existence as usual. Translated a bit of Ayala. In the afternoon, wrote letters to Jiangnian, the family, [Shi] Zhecun and my sister Ying because tomorrow we get to Hong Kong.

Evening, went to bed very late, because I wanted to see Hong Kong-by-night, but only saw the sea around Hong Kong.

11th October 1932

The ship arrived in Hong Kong at about six in the morning, docking at the Kowloon pier opposite Hong Kong [Island]. Saw Hong Kong for the first time. The houses are all built on the hill-side. In the morning mist as I was looking up at them in the distance, it was as if it were a magician's fortress. 5 Eleven of us went ashore and got on the ferry for Hong Kong. Posted the letters written yesterday, then went in rickshaws to the Xianshi Company. Went in to the Xianshi Company for a while, didn't buy anything at all, came back with Lin and Zhou. Lunch had already been served on board ship, and as argument was useless, Lin, Zhou and I filled ourselves up drinking wine and eating biscuits. After eating we went down onto the pier and went for a walk by Kowloon railway station. Bumped into Mr. Zhuo who is going to Lyons,

5 Several years later Dai would himself have a house in the midst of this 'magician's fortress'. 
showed him aboard, then asked him to buy a camp-bed for me. Afterwards, went on board and up onto the deck and then just sat in the cabin.

The ship left at six in the evening, a lot of people got on board. There is a very charming Cantonese girl, she's going to Saigon. She says she's spent four years in Shanghai, she knows a few words of French, she also said she was alone in her cabin. (Her cabin is just next door to ours). I think she looks a bit shady, probably if she's not a prostitute, she's a dancing girl.

After the ship sailed there was a storm, my cabin-mate Zhao Peilin vomited, but managed to contain himself long enough to dash outside. Had a wash and went and sat on deck. Sat there right up until ten o'clock, before going to bed.

12th October 1932

In the afternoon, the cantonnaise came to the cabin to have a chat. She wanted to send a telegram, I converted the message from characters to telegraphic code numbers for her. She went off to send it, but the place she wanted to send it to in Vietnam did not have a telegraph station, so she came back downstairs. She asked me if I would see her onto the bus in Saigon and I consented. Her surname is Chen and her first name Ruolan. When I saw her in the cabin she was wearing a pyjama suit, around her neck she was wearing
a necklace of white gold, really cute. Around four o'clock she went to number 25 in second class.

All evening, the cantonnaise created a sensation in the third class cabins. A young Cantonese fellow came to see me and asked me whether or not she was my sister. Louis Rolle then asked me if I had decided whether or not she was a prostitute and if two dollars a time would be enough; a young fellow from Annam came to tell me that he had often seen her in Hong Kong's dancing and singing clubs, probably she is not a serious person and she has not got a passport. Fellow Chinese passengers often joke with me as if I'd already had relations with her. It's really absurd!

Before going to bed, went up on deck for a walk, ran into that French officer who is in the cabin opposite. He kept a French prostitute from Shanghai to Hong Kong. The prostitute got off in Hong Kong. Apparently his sexual desire was uncontainable, he asked me if there was any way to coucher avec the ambassador's daughters. I told him that it was impossible, even for money, but he said that on peut trouver le moyen tout de même. The girls don't have men accompanying them on the journey, I think it's really dangerous. I wonder whether the three girls will be taken in?

Still haven't finished translating Ayala because the dining room is stuffy and warm, one simply cannot sit there.
13th October 1932

The young Cantonese chap to-day called Deng [sic], came to see me to-day numerous times, asking me to go with him to see Chen Ruolan. Probably he saw that his own credit was not good, and so asked me to go along as a cover. I went with him twice. It turns out that the cantonaise has a husband. I think she is probably a kept mistress. She's on her way to Tiya. Tiya is called Cholon in French, that's why yesterday we didn't succeed in sending the telegram. That young Cantonese chap is very enthusiastic, later he's going to see her off.

14th October 1932

Got up and wrote to Jiangnian, Zhecun and the family. Afternoon, arrived Saigon. Fellow passengers pooled their money and asked me to act as organiser of the entertainment. Disembarked after passport inspection, went for a walk to the jardin botannique, had a look around, took the bus back to the ship, really exhausted. After tea, went with some of the other passengers to the marché to have some fun, completely uninteresting. On the way back bumped into the young Cantonese fellow. He told me his mailing address and I arranged to meet him there at six o'clock. His

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6 The influx of Chinese immigrants into South-East Asia increased dramatically during the first half of the twentieth-century, submerging the former Chinese colonists. Cholon, founded by refugees from the Manchu invasion, thus, became an entirely Chinese town.
mailing address is Photo Ideal, 74 Boulevard Bonnard.

After dinner went by bus to meet him. Together with Nhu, the owner of Photo Ideal, we went out for the evening. They hadn't yet eaten, so we first went to a restaurant. After eating Deng went into his hotel for a while, meanwhile Nhu and I waited for him outside in the street. Nhu told me that Deng's father has got a bit of money, so Deng can just play about and doesn't have any proper occupation, they got to know one another in Paris and just became friends. After Deng came out we decided to go dancing, but because it was too early we went first to sit for a while in a coffee shop. After ten o'clock set out with them to find dancing partners, because Saigon doesn't have dance hostesses. We went to an Annamese household by car. There were only three girls in the house, apparently the men were all out on business. The interiors of Annamese houses are quite peculiar, those we've been to have been a little Europeanized. After having waited for the three Annamese girls to make themselves up, we all went to the Dancing Majestic. It's Saigon's best ballroom. You need a ticket to get in. The music was very good, there were singers and dancers who performed. I thought it wasn't bad. But I was very tired and danced very little. At two o'clock we started back. They wanted me to go back with them to the home of the three girls. I didn't go. /[Page 5] The three Annamese girls were
called Alice Thiu, Jeanne Duong, Le Hong. Alice was the best dancer.

15th October

After getting up, went out with some of the other passengers, having decided to go to Cholon. I went first to change some money, on the way I got lost and I couldn't find the others, and so wandered up the road alone. Posted some letters, had a bottle of beer and came back to the boat. They were all on board ship. Their drivers had started getting quarrelsome, they couldn't communicate, they didn't know the way, so they had no alternative but to come back. After lunch, set off with them once again for Cholon. First went to the marché, then caught a trolley-bus. There are a lot of Cantonese living in Cholon; after we had wandered around a while we went to a restaurant called the Ancient Lake Pavillion, where we drank tea, listened to music and had a snack. After returning to Saigon, called in at Photo Ideal to say good-bye and thank Deng for yesterday evening. Went to the marché, to buy a white sun-hat, suddenly it started pouring with rain, waited until it had stopped before coming back in a rickshaw.

The weather in Saigon is very hot, and it often rains, it's really awful. Drank coconut milk for the first time.

16th October

I slept until lunch-time. After lunch, walked
up and down the ship and that was all. After dinner I went for a drink with Linhua, then came back and slept. The ship is due to leave at four o’clock tomorrow morning.

17th October

When I got up the ship was already ploughing through the ocean. An inexplicable sadness took hold of me. I really longed for home, longed for Jiangnian! The dried beef I’d brought along had already gone bad, I had to throw it in the sea. Fortunately, I had already consumed the Sunkist Jiangnian had given me, although two of them had already gone bad.

To-day, because of feeling homesick, I didn’t do anything all day long.

This afternoon a storm sprang up, all the others bar me were seasick.

I spent a lot of money in Saigon, I think I really shouldn’t have. From now on I’ll have to be thrifty.

18th October

Afternoon translated a bit of Ayala. At half past four there was a life-boat drill, but it just involved putting on a life-jacket and having one’s name ticked off up on deck. After dinner, I once again longingly thought of Jiangnian, that vision that I’d seen when the ship left, again appeared before my eyes.
Arrive Singapore tomorrow. Finished writing letters to Jiangnian, Zhecun, the family and my little sister Ying.

19th October

Around nine in the morning arrived in Singapore. When the ship berthed, lots of local people punted their small boats up to the ship to beg for money. As we threw the money into the water, they jumped in to get it, not losing a penny. Among them there was an old man who was particularly adroit, on the one hand smoking a cigar while on the other diving into the water. After disembarking, all the Lyons University students went off in rickshaws. Lin and I went to post some letters, went for a walk down the main street, drank two bottles of orange juice, bought a newspaper and came back. I think Singapore is much cleaner than Saigon.

At three in the afternoon we weighed anchor. They say we’ll be in Penang tomorrow.

In Hong Kong there was a big swindle in the exchange rate of American silver dollars, they only fetched two francs each; some places did not want them at all, and yet bank notes fetched upwards of twenty-five francs.

My cabin-mate, Zhao Shiheng, told me that his

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7Note that at this time, Dai had no plans to attend Lyons University, and did not include himself among the group of students bound for the Institut franco-chinois of Lyons University.
class-mate at Yanjing University, Dai Huaiqing, had already translated Shi Zhecun's Kumārajīva into English and had plans to go to England and have it published there.

20th October

The ship arrived in Penang at eight o'clock in the evening. After disembarking, hired a car with the other people in the cabin. First, rode up the main streets, then went to a Chinese temple, on the way we passed tall luxuriant palm trees. The tropical stars shone very bright, the scenery was extremely beautiful, but on arrival at the temple, we found that not only was the temple gate closed but the lights were out too. Having heard the gurgling of a spring and croaking of the frogs, we gave up and came back. Went to the Chun Man Building and let the car go. The Chun Man Building is the Da Shijie of Penang. Bought a ticket and went in. There was local opera, Cantonese opera and Peking opera too. We wandered around and drank some orange lemonade, then we came out after a while, wandered down the street and went to the Xin Gong Shi [New Public Market] (the so-called Da shijie 大世界, a famous entertainment complex in Shanghai.)
New Public Market is no more than a gambling den) and bought some fruit. Walked back to the ship. Everybody had spent seven francs each.

21st October

By the time I got to bed the ship had already cast off. It was about six o'clock in the morning when the ship weighed anchor. Translated a little Ayala, and the rest of the time just sat around and talked.

22nd October

So lonely I could cry. Just spent the whole day in a trance.

23rd October

Nostalgie. Nostalgie!

24th October

Morning, translated a bit of Ayala. Afternoon, there was an announcement, on board, warning of a gale coming. All the port-holes were closed up, it was terrifying. In fact, apart from a bit of a storm, nothing happened. Went to bed very early, because tomorrow we get to Colombo in the early morning.

25th October

By the time breakfast was over, the ship had already sailed into Colombo harbour. Went to pick up my passport and hurriedly finished writing letters to Jiangnian and the family and went ashore. Because the ship was moored in the harbour and had not berthed alongside the quay, and since the shipping company's
boat had already left, I had to pay five francs to take a launch ashore. Once there bumped into some people from the ship and we hired a couple of cars to go around Colombo. Visited lots of places, including a park with an open-air swimming pool, a Buddhist temple (the Buddhist statues in the temple were very well sculpted, unfortunately Europeanized, when we went in we had to take our shoes off), the Zoo, the Museum, but it was all very superficial. After we got back, posted the letters, already too late to eat on board ship, so ate at a dock-side Restaurant. After eating, went for a walk down the road, had a beer by myself. Came back to the ship and rested for a while, then went back on shore for a walk, had a coconut milk alone, strolled around and then went back on board. The ship sailed at nine o'clock.

26th — 30th October

These past five days there has been nothing to record, I've just been whiling away the lonely hours. The Indian Ocean has been very stormy, but at the moment it is completely calm, just like sailing along an inland waterway. Out at sea, apart from the blue and boundless ocean, there has been nothing to see; just occasionally there would be a few flying fish and flying fish-like seagulls circling the ship, but that was all.

31st October

Last night I had a stomach-ache, this morning
I felt better already. After this I'll have to be careful what I eat.

At four o'clock in the afternoon there was a 'horse race' on board, it was just a kind of game.

After dinner looked at the new moon, the stars and silvery sea. Wrote to Jiangnian, Zhe(cun) and home.

Will arrive in Djibouti tomorrow.

Had my hair cut on board.

[Page 9]

1st November 1932

Arrived Djibouti at 11 a.m. The ship was not able to dock. After we'd eaten lunch, we took a small motor launch (two francs each) ashore. From the dock went to the post office, sent my letters, and then strolled along the road. Djibouti was the worst place we've seen just walking along the streets. The weather was hot, the houses look dilapidated, the roads were full of mud, apart from the locals who stuck to us and refused to go away, there was no one about. We went for a walk around the place where the locals lived, but were driven back by the terrible stench. It was really filthy there, people and animals were all in together and the local people just did not care. One of the locals wanted to take us to see black women dancing naked; since it was a long way we came back to the ship.

At four p.m. the ship weighed anchor.

At nine in the evening there was a dance on
board, I was so tired I didn't go.

2nd November

The weather was very hot, didn't feel like doing anything, spent the whole day on deck.

3rd November

In the evening there was a fancy dress ball, I went but found it very boring. I only danced once. Left very early and went to bed.

4th November

In the afternoon there was a gambling game that I went to see, and that was all I did.

5th November

At seven o'clock arrived Suez, the ship did not dock. Practically no one went ashore. Lots of hawkers came to sell local products, and there were some taking photographs. I sold [sic, i.e. bought] a Turkish fez, and put it on / [Page 10] to have my photograph taken.

At about two o'clock the ship set sail for Port Said, the ship progressed slowly through the Suez Canal, on both sides the yellow desert sand stretched as far as the eye could see. The letters I'd written to Jiangnian and the family, I posted on board ship.

6th November

I woke up at about five o'clock this morning, the ship had already arrived at Port Said. I got up at seven o'clock, ate breakfast and caught a small
motor boat ashore (13 francs), because the ship had not docked.

Port Said is a small place, but nevertheless very busy; after we got ashore we strolled up and down the main street and looked around. I think that apart from the fact that pornography is openly sold and that there is such a mixed population, the place has no special character. We walked around for three hours, bought a set of Vu [= picture postcards] in a bookshop and came back. After lunch went up on deck to see the hawkers peddling their wares, bought two packets of Egyptian cigarettes.

The weather suddenly became cooler and everyone changed their clothing.

7th November

To-day there was a bit of a storm. Afternoon, thought about translating Ayala because the first chapter is not yet finished.

Went to bed very early.

8th November [Last entry.]

As usual didn't do a thing all day. After dinner, drafted a telegram to send after arrival in Paris.

*
APPENDIX II

LETTERS

[Page numbers of annotated translations in brackets.]

Etiemble to Dai Wangshu .......... 407-438 [458-475]
Duperray to Dai Wangshu .......... 439-442 [476-478]
Azorin to Dai Wangshu .......... 443 [479]
Europe to Dai Wangshu .......... 444 [480]
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Lee Hagen to Dai Wangshu .......... 447-450
Dai's Mother to Daughter .......... 451 [483-486]
Dai Wangshu to Wife .............. 452-457 [487-493]

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Cher beau monsieur,

Veuillez croire que le contenu de votre lettre a été immédiatement transmis à mon correspondant le plus proche. Ce lui-ci m'a appris qu'il est très intéressé à la Chine et que j'ai pu lui instruire à ce sujet. Il m'a demandé de vous envoyer des textes de son histoire qui pourraient l'intéresser, et c'est ce que je vous envoie aujourd'hui. Vous le trouverez dans le volume que vous avez cité, caractéristique de la littérature chinoise.

Je vous prie de bien vouloir m'excuser de ne pas vous avoir écrit plus tôt.

Cordialement,
Chien I de Meiwa.
mais je n'aurai pas assez de temps, je dois
aller chercher un livre chez J.

Hier donc et dimanche au même

R. Ethemché

Fondation Thiess
5 Round Point Square
Paris 16.
Cher camarade,

Commune pôture en février communique
plus spécialement consacré à la Chine.
Si vous pourrez m'en dire des traditions
de la très assey courte et indécente, elles
seront les siennes aussi.

Salutations fraternelles

[Signature]
Paris le 18/1/74

Cher camarade,

Grand merci de votre conte admirable et bien, je viens de l'avoir lu. Dites que de plus tard et je vous enverrai un bulletin sur que ce texte passera deux à trois au mois de février.

Puis que vous avez besoin de cette première cette petite les moindres questions concernant. Vous reverrez au moins une ou deux fois que je ne vous pas

Je prépare moi même une nouvelle, d'une conte assez court, de Ting Ling. Mais je dois aussi faire un article sur la
graphie chinoise dans ses rapports avec la révolution - et une traduction du château de prison, mises et parvenir les nœuds de poche pour faire un petit tableau du mouvement déterminé d’être la même ou alors le qui s’est tenu à mon travail personnel me change deux coups.

Puis je vous demander de me traduire mot à mot sous vos phrases à toute la langue ce qui n’ai pas le dure de faire et à dire près que tout à coup...
de faîte, et moi je me changerai de la vête en faux, 
Je voudrais traduire la première demi-
page d'un livre que je viens de 
savoir faire, et l'exposer ici.

Il suffit que j'aie un papier
pour le soi néanmoins pour réciter grand service et nous rendre la mémoire de
cette pauvre T'ling Ling.

Si vous m'avez pour vous qui de ce ne vous trouvez
la revoir et je ferai si possible
pour traduire tout moi-même.

Fra le solennel à

[Signature]
Cher camarade,

Excusez-moi de ne vous avoir pas remercié plus tôt. J'ai dû 
rentrer Paris pour aller cher de 
un rêve malade. J'ai bien 
reçu votre envoi, encore une fois,

vous savez, toujours encore le 
français que vous ne le voulez 

La rue neuvième de Commune de 

Avant, parait-il ce premier, celui de 

fevrez va bine être e tende'.

Je vous demanderons et papier 
à votre plaisir.

T'ai demandé à M. de la 

Pouvez-tu faire 

traduction. Pour moi, à la
dеманда ви́дя, трива́ лен ави́.

Я ру́кту, что ви́, не уважа́я

дайте, не бо́йтесь ви́.

Он смо́ркает, не бо́йтесь ви́.

ке́м у ви́, не бо́йтесь ви́.

в тру́бку. Ру́кту, что ви́, не уважа́я

в тру́бку. Ру́кту, что ви́, не уважа́я

в тру́бку. Ру́кту, что ви́, не уважа́я

в тру́бку. Ру́кту, что ви́, не уважа́я

в тру́бку. Ру́кту, что ви́, не уважа́я

в тру́бку. Ру́кту, что ви́, не уважа́я

в тру́бку. Ру́кту, что ви́, не уважа́я

в тру́бку.
Paris 2 mai

Cher camarade,

Tard opportun moi de te dire que malade vais.
Longtemps tu n'as vu des nouvelles.

1° je sais que tu as traduit "La Thaïse" et admis par tout le monde.

2° je te joins envoi un 1° de Commune.

(ala pour que vous puissiez en trêler si tout vous arriver bien.)

Il fallait attendre la publico lui de Commune et l'État produit par la bâtie pour demancer aux revues de payer ou de paier le court. Tu me charge de la publico Revue française et Théâtre de temps en temps etc. etc.

Notes : Écris directement à Jean Euthèbe...
Paris -

... hier, elle curravit, de voir l'église. Elle est bien agréable. De voir une église, c'est toujours un plaisir. Mais voilà aussi, le seul... 

Tais demain de commencer à la... 

... à la dame, elle dit à... 

... de lui faire une lettre à...
et aussi parfait, au point de vue littéraire, que possible. La M.A. s'étant mise au
pape de combat, mais de l'histoire en
(anciennes de l'histoire unique et publique de
temps en temps de ces événements)

Toutefois le sort de nos armes (de l'armée
Lozère) était une douleur pour l'armée
fondamentale pour nos armes, mais au point de

Proposez le changement que vous pensez faire
dans la tradition de la France.

Autre chose, le canal de Paris, qui était
bien le clairon, et qui n'a aucun moyen d'être
donnés au sens pour lui adresser
en un deux ans et qui n'a pu faire la durée (il y a
cent ans) lors qu'il nous est resté en arrêt
que n'a pu faire que nous avons pu le faire.

Eh bien! la finait son

Tu es sur que quelqu’un a été laissé, lui aussi, comme nous sur le banc de mer.

Il y a eu la leçon du secret sur la lettre chinoise "?" Tu as fait au bon et vu de vrai dans la M.C.I. et faînes, c'était possible avec maintenant votre avis.

Tu y a été le mois à Paris.

28 Octobre
Mon cher Dai,

Pareils aux veilleurs des cieux
leur chœurs, en marge, je vous
livre ces yeux de joie, de tristesse,
heraï de cœur pour lui camarade.
Non plus des Communs.

T'aurai eu... bientôt aussi
du dos pour un
légard mon.

Toujours à vous.

[Signature]
Lundi

Mon cher Paul, j'ai besoin de te faire une remarque concernant un petit détail. J'avais prévu d'envoyer le travail à l'état actuel, mais j'ai décidé de le mettre en forme et de le transmettre à l'IPSER. Je pense que cela pourrait être plus efficace. J'espère que tu apprécieras ce changement. Je te tiens informé de la progression de notre travail à Genève. Si tu as d'autres problèmes, n'hésite pas à me le faire savoir.
Il a moment - ne croirait jamais encore
la faiblesse, se résoudrait au courant.

Asseyez-vous Commune ? Je n'ai
jamais eu aucun guerrier, et je devoir en
commencer avec Louis de la Log, le seul professeur de chinois,
où est aux idées profondes et à la (si vous
l'ai au portail des Anges profonds) n'obéiré implicitement. Hier j'ai décidé avec lui
ce sujet au théâtre, quelque chose comme
le conte dans la littérature chinoise moderne.
Louis sera l'idée pour lui, et de
façon, nous travailler au cours sur
la question. - Naturellement, me dis
commas aucun bibliopôle hâle pour nous
payer, il n'est, je me ferait j'ai, pour que
vous être conférent sur ce question.
De vous de demandes si vous connaissiez bien
ou deux ouvrages chinois par les qui ; je
Je voudrais vous faire remarquer que j'ai dit au préalable que je n'avais pas travaillé sur le texte de l'article. Je voudrais vous dire que je ne suis pas allergique à la lecture de votre travail, mais que je préfère me concentrer sur la rédaction de votre article. Je suis heureux de vous proposer mes conseils et commentaires sur la rédaction de votre texte.
difficile. De la patiner demain à
Paulet et à l'oraire pour l'annuaire
pour n'oublier

Patricia.
J'ai lu le T'ai:

J'aurai peur d'avoir la

moitié de l'eau dans

parti de ma tasse. Je pourrai

manger avec + de que je ne recevrai

en tout. Tu peux bien tout le


Pour prendre un aperçu. Au, tous

pour au nom du en en F., toujours

pour l'île de Paul-leu.

Sorcere, Conde.

Chien &

Je suis le plus sourin de mon âge,

Hier.
Paris, Jeudi

Cher Tai,

Excuse-moi d'avoir tant tardé ;
puisqu'on ne m'a pas fait travailler, mais je commence à répondre de la forme. Le bureau (et donc j'en suis dans la même) je pars demain pour l'URSS. Une occasion inespérée me permet un voyage de 35 jours à des conditions exceptionnelles. On le trouvera donc dans l'ouvrage au travail que le 15 à 15 heures.

Mais je reviendrai à Paris, à ce moment, et n'aurai plus d'heures à faire que de travailler. Il est vrai, ça ira donc assez vite. Ton procès vous aura cependant du temps. Paul-Leeu est censé pour une révision des manuscrits mais il est de prime abord encore sur les contes. Il le refait pour l'instant en profiter à mon de et a commencé un peu de manière à Europe.

Puisqu'on a le manuscrit que nous refais Paul-Leeu, il y a un travail que je souhaite...
Je le modifie car la proposition est commune à la revue en même temps que vous l'avez
puis le 1er février. C'est la raison why cette proposition est reprendre en un qui vous favorise avec les formules que vous ouvrez, ce qui mérite de la faire pour me ferait objectivement plus intéressante s'agir esthétique maintenant.

Je suis heureux de voir la direction de la théorie n'interdira pas à l'âme par les œuvres envers le plaisir la convocation de laquelle qui devrait un jour être moins une fermer à l'étude du art plutôt qu'à celle du

Je ne te dis rien.

Toujours que vous écrire votre article sur les arts. Je suis sûr que la revue serait en

pouvoir au plus au point par la force de l'opinion d'un chiffres qui doit être même en

lequel que je puisse faire un point.
Je viens de voir votre vis-à-vis que vous me renvoie.

J'ai bien compris que nous avons le problème de la santé. Pour moi, ce n'est pas, dans le sens bourgeois, de désigner l'idéologie bourgeoisie.

Je vous envoie de la poudre recommandée par le Docteur. Vous pouvez me le certifier.

Enfin, mon cher, je vous prie de vous soumettre aux bons soins de votre fille.

Je mets en avant le but fondamental de l'existence.

Bien cordialement.

Je vous envoie mes meilleurs vœux.

[Signature]
La camarade, Pierre,

à l'instant de la venue de ta mère de Chalon. Comme je vais
par ailleurs, je t'aime beaucoup.

Pour la curieuse et je suis la première.

Quand l'heure est-elle ? L'heure est-elle que l'heure est-elle
et est-on absurde ? ou l'heure est-elle. Mais il est
à dire que nous sommes en l'âge où
lui - nous sommes aussi - lui est,
ici à
convers, et lui de mander avec précision qu'il
nous donnera demain. car, bien que nous
vivent ensemble, il aime la chose et l'aimera.

L'amitié et son fait me font lire.

À plus nous écrire. D'ailleurs, comme
les de poils et jouerons. C'est une
et
Introduction.

Malheureusement je vais me promener
comme si tu m'avais pour encore faire
tel et celui. Vous mes défauts,

T'attends l'âme de ton amie

Je vous,

Faites cordialement et votre

Je te devois et. Où,

Avez-vous eu ? L'âge, pourquoi vous arriveriez ?
FONDATION THIERS
5 Rond-Point Bugeaud
PARIS 16e
TEL. PASSY 63-82

...
cher cher Tan,

Écoute mes amours. Ton chien est malade exténué. Dans le moment je ne peux m'occuper de

l'animal. Il va me prendre un peu pour l'avoir

amené pour la propriété. Mais je m'occupe de

le tuer au point. C'est le fait de ma vie actuelle,

L'année à Songai, je te l'ai dit. Et d'où

monteront. Heureuse que je sois vivant, et c'est par lui qui

contacts avec nous. Songai m'ait cours m'aimait personne

pendant entier que nous étions en Espagne. Il me

dit que nous. Je ne sais pas où il est. Il

tente. Il est de réponses.

Quand on a de eux ? Je suis profondément

au projet de perdre. Et que faire, il doit, censurent et

la future tâche au retour. Elle trouvera que tout

ayant des chances à la m. H. P. En lui en par.

du m. Chap dura mener un véritable en chef. Il

eux est assez enlevé et je pense que c'est le pire

d'hui, où une fraîcheur en hiver, il répondra bien

chaque. Il nous a leRecte sur naa pigre frac. de nos années.
L'Empereur du Japon a bien voulu me prêter les troupes de S.S. le Roi de Siam.

Dans la mesure du possible, il a accepté de lui donner une assistance militaire.

C'est ainsi que l'Empereur du Japon a pu donner son aide aux armées du Siam.

Siam
FONDAITON THIERS
5, Rond-Point Bugeaud
PARIS 16ème
TEL.: PASSY 63-82

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[14]

Cher Pari,

Je vous accueille ici en

1er la revue et du renseignement

que vous recevez. En effet, l'épître de l'archiviste, en un premier temps, a été tenu par les responsables de la fondation Thiers.

La lettre de l'archiviste, en un deuxième temps, a été tenu par les responsables de la fondation Thiers.

Pour le moment, tout est en ordre. Et

pour la suite du mois, c'est à vous.

S'il vous plaît, si vous êtes en mesure de

l'aider, je vous remercie par avance.

Aussi, je vous en prie, si vous estimez

que vous pouvez nous aider, n'hésitez pas à nous

le faire savoir.
et sur l'apide du Khid'a.

FONDATION THIERS

5, Rond-Point Bugeaud
PARIS 16e
Tél. : PASSY 63-82

Kara et un en mon cue
ami qui me sait ici-

ce de lui en au en (et
diar que en). Se e de
ni. Joly

S Frère, je ne saurai lui
ce ne cache pas ta
souhaite. Ecrivez
ici (et yera suivre)

Ecrivez lui, je lui eir à
pour sa sœur de be le

Cécile
Cher Papa,

Je voulais vous dire que je ne serais pas à Paris ce soir pour une réunion, mais je suis venu pour vous manquer. Je serai donc à Paris lundi.

Ecris-moi à la fin du mois de janvier pour me dire si tu as eu des nouvelles de Lucien, et si tu as appris que je suis rentré ici que quelques heures, avec probablement en tête 10 km et 17 km.

Je te laisse aussi dans le frais pour mieux de 31 à Passy. 5e 6e.

Toujours en forme et promis pour toujours encore.

Je t'embrasse beaucoup.

E.
Am cher Pau,

Louis La Big sort a l'Hor de Lundi,
sers 8 heures a son bureau de l'Opéra. A l'Hor de moi (3 heures)
a l'arêt du 3 avr 15, 16 et 17

derrière l'Opéra.

A vous. Bien sympathiquement.

[Signature]
Cher Tai,

Je vous ai demandé Merdi après midi de vous devant le lundi de Luxembourg (pas du mercredi du même jour) sans doute nous nous retrouverons à lundi 9 septembre chez nous à lui et à vous.

Cordialement à vous,

[Signature]
FONDATION THIERS
5, Rond-Point Bugeaud
PARIS 16ème
Tel.: Passy 63-82

Aimé, cher Pari,
Le m. ce Dimanche

Cher Monseigneur Toii

J'ai trouvé le poème de l'oeuvre ven. le 1er jour de la semaine, je ne m'attendais pas à ce que tu ferais avant demain prochain, car je ne pensais pas y venir.

J'ai reçu ta lettre à votre sujet, de la maison d'édition à Chang. Toii. Pourquoi n'as-tu pas joint le ton par une galerie de peinture moderne? Il serait très facile d'avoir un départ des toiles des principaux artistes de notre temps. Le musée moderne de presque à être inauguré uniquement avec des donations. La peinture, comme la littérature, est révolution à une civilisation...

Bien amicalement à vous,

Paul F. Duperray.
25 déc.

Cher mou bien Pâi,

L'advice de Monchamlightly étant un peu fatigue de partie que dans quelque jours - Mon ne descend pas chez Camille Brevet - Demain matin en arriever à Paris je vous enverrai un mot pour vous donner un rendez vous.

Je prie une lettre à lui brosser pour m'lo -

Propriété bien de votre dejoin -

Paris et actuellement le centre artistique du monde -

Mes amitiés à lui, deux -

Rrose T. Dupress

P.S. Je vous de lui de la Revue de Paris (19 sept. 1934) un bon article de Camou sur la litterature espagnol.
PARIS, le 193

Cher Monsieur Taul

Pour vous que nous vous trouvons
demain Vendredi, au Louvre
à 10 h. — à l'entrée de la Salle
Henri II je donne rendez-vous à
M. Monchaux, je vous verrai
ensemble de la peinture et nous
consulter.

Très avec M. L. Biez amicalement

Yv. E. Dupont
Lyon, 27, Rue de Condé

Ce 11 janvier,

Cher M. M. Taïb,

Ce simple mot pour vous aig... -
ment à temps d'interdire l'ap... -

A votre retour, vous parlez de la... -

Breiz à vous amicalement

José F. Dupuy

P. Superville

47 Boulevard Lamarck
ACADEMIA ESPAÑOLA

Madrid 17 de Mayo de 1934.

Sr D. Van-chou Tai.

Mi distinguido señor: Agradezco mucho su amable y cordialísima carta. Con verdadera emoción la he leído y desde luego, agradeciendo profundamente sus palabras, le concedo autorización gratuita para que pueda publicar como le plazca mi libro Una hora de España, que tiene ya traducido.

Admiradores como usted, tan finos y cultos, de la literatura española son muy de agradecer. Me siento conmovido al ver que el idioma y las letras de España son por usted tan apreciadas.

Con toda cordialidad le saluda,

Azorín.
Paris, le 30 août 1924.

Monsieur,

Je vous écris ce soir avant de nous éteindre avec un bonheur inexprimable. Nous ferons de la fonte et du feu pour l'infini ici-bas, pour l'infini des étoiles, pour l'infini des élus. Avec vous reprendre un jour après être venus de loin, de loin dans l'âge, dans l'âge des millénaires. 

[Signature]
Lionsieur,

J'ai lu avec beaucoup d'intérêt les poèmes que vous lui avez soumis et, sur ma proposition, j'ai accepté d'insérer dans les CAHIERS DU SUD les poèmes intitulés :

- "L'AUTOMNE" (si vous acceptez la suppression des trois dernières vers, le poème serait beaucoup mieux sur : "Il est-il une compagnie plus charmante que les roses ?")
- "MAGNOLIA - LE JARDIN CLOS - ELOGE - TROIS IMMORTALITÉS - ROBUSTES"

soit six poèmes qui formeraient un ensemble très harmonieux.

Faites-nous connaître vos intentions, nous tenons en réserve votre manuscrit jusqu'au 1er février.

Croisez, lionceur, à l'assurance de ma parfaite considération.

Jean Ballard
Directeur des CAHIERS DU SUD
Monsieur Tai Tchao-chen,
Institut Franco-chinois
St-Just, Lyon (Rhône).

Monsieur,

Malgré les qualités que présente la traduction du conte de Sze Tche-tauen, intitulé "La lune automnale" que vous avez bien voulu nous proposer pour "Noir et Blanc", nous ne voyons malheureusement pas la possibilité de le retenir, en raison de la grande quantité de contes et nouvelles que nous avons déjà acceptées. Nous sommes donc obligés de vous retourner votre manuscrit sous ce pli.

Avec nos regrets, veuillez trouver ici, Monsieur, l’assurance de nos sentiments distingués.

Le Secrétaire de Rédaction:
My dear Mr. Van Camp

It was nice of you to remember me for the New Year. I wanted to send you one of my cards at Xmas time but knowing that you were leaving I didn't send it. I will send it now with my best wishes.

I enjoy your being in France so long and I hope you are writing a lot.

My sojourn in Constantinople was a delight and a beautiful me indeed. I visited Constance Barnett and she told me that some Chinese scholars sent her a letter of thanks for her translations from
the Russian as it helped them to understand the Russian point of view a lot more.

Tell me have you heard from Kwei, I have not. I hope he is well. So much has happened in China recently. My best wishes to you and I hope you come to America sometime.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

(P.S. Excuse my writing in English but it is much easier for me.)

[Monsieur Tai Tchao-Chen,
Institut Franco-chinois,
St. Just, Lyon.
Postmark: Yonkers, New York. 29 January, 1934.]
Dear Mr. Too Van Sou,

I am very glad to receive your letter. I shall be delighted to make the Ex Libris for you.

At present I am ill with a bad cold, but shall start on one for you as soon as I am better.

It pleases me very much to hear you are going to Spain and enjoying Europe. Artists can always find pleasure in the beauty of new places and the true meaning of that beauty. If the world would only listen to the artists sometimes we could have so much more understanding of the things that matter.
[Mr. Tai Tchao-chen,
Institut Franco-chinois,
St. Just,
Lyon.
Postmark: Grand Central Station, New York. 8 March 1934.]

[Note: It has proven impossible to establish the identity, or sex, of Lee Hagen / Leslie Huckowitz. Evidently, he or she had known Dai in France.]
DAI'S LETTERS TO WIFE

[1]

...
Dear Comrade,

Vaillant-Couturier has informed me of your letter and your article about revolutionary literature, since I am interested in China and I am learning Chinese. He has requested me to put to you the following: next Tuesday, we'll read, if possible, some works by Chinese writers at a meeting. As you are proposing to translate some texts, would you like to send to Vaillant a characteristic text by Ding Ling. (I'm translating "The Prisoner's Song" for this meeting, but don't have enough time before Tuesday to look for anything else.)

So thank you - fraternally yours,

Etiemble
R. Etiemble,
Fondation Thiers,
5 Rond Point Bugeaud,
Paris 16e.

[M. Tai Van Chou
Institut franco-chinois
St. Irenée,
Lyon
Postmark: Paris, 30 November 1933.]

[Note: The translations mentioned in this and subsequent letters may be found in Etiemble's Quarante ans de]
459

mon maîêtre (1934-1974), in which Etiemble comments on his activities at this time.

*

2

14th December

My dear Comrade,

Commune will publish an issue more particularly devoted to China, in February. If you could send me translations of some quite short and interesting texts, they would be welcome.

Fraternal regards,

Etiemble

[M. Tai van chou
Institut franco-chinois
St. Irénée
LYON
Postmark: Paris, 14 December 1933.]

*

3

Paris, 18/1/34

Last minute - the story will get in. [In pencil.]

Dear Comrade,

Thanks a lot for your admirable story, very, very well translated. It is certainly not too late and I am almost ['almost' is crossed through in pencil] certain that the text will get into the February issue. Since you asked me to, I allowed myself to make a few corrections. You'll see, when you read Commune that there aren't many.

I myself was doing a translation of a rather short story by Ding Ling, but I also must write an
article about Chinese characters and their relationship to the revolution [sic], revise my translation of The Prisoner’s Song and go through left-wing magazines to make a chart of the revolutionary literary movement in China, which on top of my own work is a considerable burden.

May I ask you to translate word for word and without bothering to polish the French, all that I do not have the time to complete, that is to say, almost all the story by Ding Ling. The meaning of the dialogue in the colloquial language is quite difficult for me. It will be easier for you, and I’ll turn it into good French. (No need to translate the first half-page except for the exact meaning of which I don’t know and the expression: 四州调.

If I have it by 30 January, that will be soon enough — it would be a great help — and we should like to celebrate the memory of this poor Ding Ling. [Ding Ling had been imprisoned in Nanking, and was for some time assumed dead. She escaped in 1936.]

If you are unable to do it, please send back the magazine straightaway and I’ll do my best to translate the whole thing myself.

Fraternally,

Etiemble

[Monsieur Tai Van-chou
Institut franco-chinois
Lyon
Postmark: Paris, 22 January 1934.]
Dear Comrade,

Please accept my apologies for not thanking you sooner; I had to leave Paris to visit my sick mother. I received your translation; once again, your French is far better than you claim. The January issue of Commune is due out in the next couple of days, therefore the February issue will be delayed!

Tomorrow I'm taking all the copy to the printer's.

I've spoken to V.C [Vaillant-Couturier] about the translation project. As for me, I'd be very happy to work with you. I think V.C. will take care of it, besides I'll remind him about it and probably he will find a publisher — Edition Sociales Internationales for example. [Dai and Etiemble were hoping to publish a collection of Chinese short stories but eventually were unsuccessful in their attempt to find a publisher.]

We'll talk of it again soon. All right also about the A.E.A.R. [Association des Ecrivains et Artistes Révolutionnaires] publications, when I see something interesting, I'll pass it on to you.

Very sincerely and fraternally yours,

Etiemble

[M. Tai Van-chou

Institut franco-chinois

St. Just

LYON

Postmark: Paris, 21 February 1934.]
Dear Comrade,

Please forgive me. I have only just recovered from an illness. That's the reason why I've left you without news for so long.

1) The story, "Hatred" [by Zhang Tianyi], that you translated is admired by everybody.

2) I am sending you an issue of Commune.

3) 2 nos. of l'Étudiant. d'avantgarde
   2 nos. of la Jeune révolution

(This is for you to check that everything gets to you all right.)

We had to wait for the publication of Commune and for the reaction to Hatred, before asking the magazines to take the other stories. I shall approach the Nouvelle Revue Française for which I write bits and pieces occasionally. Write directly to Jean Gué-henno, editor of Europe, 7 Place St. Sulpice in Paris asking him if having read Hatred he would be willing to accept the manuscripts of other stories. (I am not on good terms with him at the moment because of an article about Gide. Don't mention my name.)

These two magazines are the only ones which will pay. Because unfortunately, Commune is too poor.

If you like the corrections I've made to Hatred, I should be very happy to work with you towards the publication of the collection. I am sure that either Editions Sociales Internationales or Denoël et Steele will accept. Vaillant told me so. I shall see him tomorrow and speak to him about it again. Therefore you can start work and as soon as something is ready send me the Chinese text with your literal translation.

With Chinese like Zhang Tianyi, Ding Ling and you, China will be finally loved and understood here.
Thank you, dear comrade, for your letter; I have really enjoyed seeing a Chinese (and you are not the only one - but the only one I know) finally free of the prejudice of the mandarin.

I've asked Aragon for some issues of Commune. He's promised them to me, but the publisher is slow to respond. I'll send them to you as soon as I receive them.

The Nouvelle Revue Française liked the Zhang Tianyi story. The editor told me that if I wanted to show him a story or two he would be willing to read them with a view to publishing them.

Preferably, choose one or two rather short stories (not longer than Hatred) and as perfect, from the literary point of view, as possible. The Nouvelle Revue Française not being an organ of combat, but of dilletantism (broad enough, however, since I publish articles there from time to time).

I await the story by Mao Dun (text and translation). Aragon assured me that Denoël et Steele will certainly accept our anthology and that he will take the responsibility of presenting it, once we have completed two or three stories.

Let me know of the corrections that you find
appropriate in the translation of Hatred.

Something else. A French comrade, who knows Chinese well, and who has no means of livelihood would be happy if you could send him one or two stories he could translate (quite short). We could also arrange, for them to be included, if you agree, in the anthology. This might fetch him a little money and he needs it, like many of us.

Have you read Granet’s on "la Pensee Chinoise"? I wrote a stern review of it in the N.R.F. and I should like to have your opinion, if it were possible.

Very fraternally yours,

Etiemble

[Monsieur Tai Vanchou
Institut franco-chinois
St. Just
Lyon
Postmark: 22 may 1934.]

My Dear Dai,

Paulhan [Essayist and critic, editor of Nouvelle Revue Française from 1925 to 1940, and later a non-communist member of the resistance organization, the Comité National des Ecrivains.] is asking me for some stories to choose from; please, send some of Shi Zhecun's. Thank you for the stories for my comrade. Still no Commune. I'll go and shout at the bug... our friends, one of these days. Sorry.

Yours as ever,

Etiemble
My Dear Dai,

I liked The Vampire [short story by Shi Zhecun] a lot and I shall take it personally to Paulhan tomorrow, together with An evening during the rainy season [also by Shi Zhecun]. (I made a few corrections, as you asked.)

I think The Vampire will please him if not the other. As for Mao Dun's story, I've only just started to have a close look at it. All this time I have been busy writing a long article on Malraux that I wanted to complete before Malraux leaves for the U.S.S.R. Forgive me, then; from the end of the month I shall be able to apply myself seriously to the task, and if you send me some other texts I think we'll have enough stories translated by October to be able to present our work to DenebI or E.S.I. [Editions Sociales Internationales] or NRF [Nouvelle Revue Francaise]. My friend, who is taking an examination in Chinese at the moment, hasn't yet sent me The Patrol. I'll keep you informed.

Have you received Commune? I could only send you two copies, because they only gave me four and I had to give to one to Louis Laloy, the only professor of Chinese open to new ideas and to revolutionary China (another one to the director of the [Institut des] Langues Orientales). Yesterday I decided with him upon the subject of my thesis: something like
"The Short Story in Modern Chinese Literature". Laloy will teach a course on it next year in order to help me with my work. Of course, I know of not one French bibliography which might help me; may I ask you, since you are knowledgeable about this subject, if you know of one or two Chinese books through which I could start my study: either bibliographical or a comprehensive work. I shall, of course, concentrate on revolutionary short story writers: Laloy who is very open-minded and convinced that China only has a future if there is a left-wing revolution, agrees completely. We realized that the study of Mozi with the Parisian sinologists would involve me in erudite complexities. This subject is more lively and closer to my heart. I shall work on it with enthusiasm, glad to be able to acquaint France with the authentic, moving and artistic China of to-day.

Yours very fraternally,

Etiemble

P.s. My friend has translated The Patrol with ease. I shall take it to Paulhan tomorrow and if he accepts it I shall send it to you for revision.

Fraternally.

[Monsieur Tai Vanchou
Institut franco-chinois
St. Just
Lyon
Postmark: 19 June 1934.]
My Dear Dai,

Still suffering, for the moment I cannot complete the stories. I shall write to you at length as soon as I am well again. I am leaving soon and shall give you my address. Still no news about the stories. I'm awaiting a letter from Paulhan.

Yours very cordially,

Etiemble

I shall also talk to you about my thesis. Thank you.

[ Monsieur Tai Van Chou
Institut franco-chinois
St. Just
Lyon
Postmark: 18 July 1934.]

*

Paris. Thursday

My Dear Dai,

Please forgive me for being so late. Until now I haven't been able to work, but now I'm starting to get better. Unfortunately (in a way) I am leaving for the U.S.S.R. tomorrow, an unexpected opportunity allows me a 35 day trip under exceptional conditions. I shall only be able to start working on 15 September. But I shall be staying in Paris at that time, with nothing else to do but work on the Chinese: so it will get done quite quickly. Still no news about the stories. Paulhan wrote rejecting some manuscripts of mine but said nothing about the stories yet. If he rejects them we could offer some of them to Monde [a
journal favourable to, but independent of, the Communist Party, edited by Barbusse] and to *Commune* and you will be able to write to Europe.

Among the manuscripts that Paulhan rejected is my work on Malraux, I shall modify it and offer it to *Commune* after the summer holidays while preparing one for the N.R.F. which I hope will be accepted and will answer somehow the objections you have against Malraux — objections which in the main seem to me objectively justified, if not aesthetically.

Thank you for all the details that you've given me about the putative thesis; I shan't be sure until October since I haven't had the decisive conversation with Laloy which will determine the genre I shall study. I think that in any case my taste will incline me to the study of * rather than * , we'll speak of it again.

I hope that you write your article about Malraux. I am sure that the N.R.F. will be most interested in the opinion of a Chinese. When the new article I'm working on is ready I'll send it to you and you'll be able to see from which angle I consider the problem of Malraux for the N.R.F.. For my part, I am doing my best, in the bourgeois journals, to shatter bourgeois ideology without a frontal attack. Never mind a tactical deviation of Marxism. Lenin always recommended flexibility as long as it is justified by devotion to the cause.

*Please write to me at the Fondation [Thiers in Paris], they will forward, and above all forgive me this delay. I'll throw myself into it in September.*

*Very cordially and fraternally yours,*

Etiemble

[M. Tai Vanchou

Institut franco-chinois

St. Just
Dear Comrade,

I am very worried not to have received any reply. As I have told you before I am leaving for Toulouse on 31 and shall be there until 5 [November]. When are you coming? The annoying thing is that Aragon stayed in Russia; you will not see him but he assured me that we could rely on him. We shall be able to see Louis Laloy, very famous here, and ask him for a preface that he will probably certainly do for us, because although not a revolutionary himself, he loves revolutionary China, admires it, and wishes to see its triumph.

What's more we'll choose the texts for publication definitively, and shall be able to discuss a small introduction together.

Unfortunately I don't have a lot of money at the moment and I haven't been able to have the stories typed out. Do forgive me.

I'm looking forward to hearing when you are coming.

Yours very cordially and fraternally,

R.E.

Have you seen Y.R. Bourgeois whom I told you about.

[Dai Wangshu was in Spain during October 1934, which probably accounts for his delay in replying.]

[Monsieur Tai Van-chou
My Dear Dai,

Here is the translation of The Patrol by my friend. He will probably be in Paris for a few days around the twentieth. I think you'll be able to meet. I'm not sending you the two other stories. There's no need to waste money on postage or bother you. I met in Toulouse an intelligent but poor comrade to whom I could entrust the work when I return to see her: I shall have a bit of money in January; this would be a discreet way to help her. When you come we'll agree on the text that I'll give you.

I'm going to see Laloy on Sunday (I've made an appointment with him). I'll talk to him about the preface.

See you soon then,

Yours cordially,

R.E.
Wednesday evening

My Dear Dai,

Please forgive my silence. I have been ill and in bed again. For the moment I can’t get on with Water [Short story by Ding Ling] because I have to do a large piece of urgent propaganda work. But I am polishing various points of other translations.

I don’t have Bourgeois’s address anymore, where he is now, but it doesn’t matter. He is not the one who is translating with us. Bourgeois wanted to see you urgently while you were in Spain about the Common Front [probably the Spanish Popular Front of Communists and Socialists]. I don’t know where he is. I’ve written. No reply.

When are you coming? I shall tell you about my proposal for a preface and a few ideas concerning the presentation of the volume. We might have a chance with N.R.F. In any case I gave 100 pages of a novel to the editor-in-chief. He is quite happy with it and I think that he’ll take it, so, if he takes one book he’ll take the others. In any case don’t worry about my silence.

Do you know that under the presidency of Malraux, and Vaillant-Couturier, the S.R.I. is organising a Committee of the Friends of China?

Yours very fraternally,

Etiemble

[Monsieur Tai Vanchou
Institut Franco Chinois
St. Just
Lyon
Postmark: Paris, 5 December 1934.]
My Dear Dai,

Received the stories. Here are my replies in brief.

1) Laloy has agreed to do the preface to our collection.

2) Aragon's absence, still in the U.S.S.R., is preventing me from obtaining a publisher (Denoël or E.S.I. or NRF) and consequently, which is quite serious, prevents me from obtaining, an advance for these translations, money which will be less useful when you are in China. If only I could advance you the money myself! But, for the moment at least, it's impossible. And I'm afraid you'll be gone before I have any.

3) Very tired for the last ten days, I can't work anymore; I'm leaving to have a rest for a fortnight on Friday. It is really annoying not to be able to work as one wishes.

4) The Committee of the Friends of China asked me to a meeting on Thursday: I'll tell you what it's about. Malraux told me this morning that in his opinion the character of this organization was a bit too intellectual. All the same it is under the aegis of the Comintern and is going to send a commission of inquiry there in 1935 to examine (and then denounce) the excesses of the Guomindang.

5) I hope you won't have left during my absence and that we'll see each other. Write to me here (they will forward).

Forgive me: I'll write to you.

Yours very fraternally,

Etiemble
My Dear Dai,

I sent you a telegram telling you that I shall be in Paris on 31. Very tired, I'm going away tonight for a week: but I don't want to miss you. So I'll be in Paris on 31. Write to me at the Fondation around 28-29 to tell me your address in Paris and the telephone number. I'll only be here for a few hours, with you, probably from 10 o'clock to 5 o'clock. Please also phone on the morning of 31: Passy 53-82.

I hope to arrive early enough for us to have lunch together.

Yours very fraternally,

Etienne

My Dear Dai,

Louis Laloy will see us on Monday around 3 o'clock at his office near the Opera. Wait for me
(at 3 o'clock) at the numbers 15, 16 and 17 bus stop behind the Opera.

Yours very affectionally,
Etiemble

Monsieur Tai
C/o M. Chen
48 Rue Daguerre
14e

My Dear Dai,

I'll wait for you on Tuesday around 12.30 in front of the Gare du Luxembourg, (near the gardens of the same name). We'll have lunch together and I'll have a few new things to tell you!

Cordially yours,
Etiemble

Monsieur Tai
C/o M. Chen
48 Rue Daguerre
14e

My Dear Dai,

I waited for you until 12.50 at the Gare du Luxembourg.
Luxembourg. Did you receive my letter? Are you ill? Let me know quickly.

Yours,

Etiemble

[Monsieur Tai

c/o M.Chen

48 Rue Daguerre

14eme

Lyons, Sunday

Dear Mr. Dai,

I shall have Cocteau's poems towards the end of the week. Don't expect me at the Foyer because I won't be able to get there before next Monday.

I've been thinking about your plans for a publishing house in Shanghai. Why don't you add a gallery for modern paintings to it. It would be very easy to have in stock paintings by the principal artists of our time. The modern museum in Grenoble has been established purely by donations. Painting, like literature, reveals much about a civilisation....

Yours truly,

Abbé E. Duperray

[Monsieur Tai - Tchao-chen,
Institut franco-chinois
Fort St. Irénée
Lyon
Postmark: Lyon, 19 December 1934.]

[Note: According to Luo Dagang, Duperray was as interested in painting as he was in literature which he discussed at length with both Dai and Luo.]
Dear Mr. Dai,

Abbé Monchanin being very tired won't be leaving for a few days yet. We won't stop at Camille Drevet's. Tomorrow morning on arrival in Paris I shall send you a note arranging to meet you.

Please find enclosed a letter for Mr. Lo [Luo Dagang?] to Mr. Laloy.

Enjoy your trip. Paris is the artistic centre of the world nowadays.

My kind regards to both of you,

Abbé E. Duperray

P.S. I've just been reading in the Revue de paris (19 September 1934) a good article by Cassou on Spanish literature.

[This letter, written probably in Lyons but posted in Paris, is evidently intended for both Luo Dagang and Dai. This is probably the occasion, Luo has referred to, when the two room-mates went to Paris together.]

*  

3  
Café-Bar L'Aurore  
3, Rue La Boëtie  
PARIS 8e  
Thursday  

Dear Mr. Dai,  

Shall we meet tomorrow, Friday, at the Louvre,
at ten o'clock, at the entrance to the Henri II Room. I'll tell Mr. Monchanin. We'll go and see the paintings together and we'll talk.

Bring Mr. Lo.

Yours truly,

Abbé E. Duperray

[Postmark: Paris, 27 December 1934.]

* *

27 Rue de Condé
Lyons

11th January

Dear Mr. Dai,

Just a line for you to get to see Supervielle in time. When you're back we'll talk about the Revue.

Yours truly,

Abbé E. Duperray

J. Supervielle
47 Boulevard Laune

[Postmark: Lyons. No date; probably 11 January 1935.]
LETTER FROM AZORIN

ACADEMIA ESPAÑOLA
(Spanish Academy)

Madrid 17th May 1934

My Dear Sir,

Thank you very much for your most friendly and cordial letter. I was truly moved on reading it, and so, thanking you for what you have said, I agree to offer you the rights, without charge, to enable you to publish as you wish my book Una hora de España (An hour in the life of Spain), which you have already translated.

Admirers of Spanish literature, as refined and cultured as you, are much appreciated. I am heartened to see that the language and literature of Spain are so much appreciated by you.

Yours very cordially,

Azorín

[Mr. Van-chou Tai
fort saint Irenée
Saint Just
LYON
France
Postmark: 17 May 1934.]

[Note: Dai Wangshu had already translated several of Azorín's short stories and continued to do so for many years. Azorín (1894-1967) was a prominent member of the Generation of 1898 along with Baroja and Unamuno. The main characteristic of the Generation was a kind of intellectualized pessimism. Azorín's early preoccupation was with the theme of time, as displayed in Una hora de España (1924) which Dai had already published in Xiandai (1,1 & 2: May & June 1932).]
LETTERS FROM FRENCH PUBLISHERS

1

EUROPE
Les Editions Rieder
7 Place St. Sulpice
PARIS VIE

Sir,

My friends and I have read your poems with great pleasure. Unfortunately we can only devote a small amount of space to poetry, squeezed more and more by the current situation.

With our regrets,

Yours faithfully,

Guehenno

[Monsieur Tai-Van-Chou
Institut franco-chinois
St. Just
Lyon
Postmark: Paris, 20 August 1934.]

[Note: Guehenno, editor of Europe, mentioned by Etiemble in his letter (No. 7) to Dai, advising him to which magazines he should submit translations. The poems here referred to were French versions of Dai’s own poems.]
Sir,

Our committee has read the poems you submitted with great interest and, at my suggestion, has accepted for inclusion in CAHIERS DU SUD, the poems entitled:

- LE VOYAGEUR (if you accept the deletion of the last three lines, the poem seems to end much better on: "N’a-t-il pas une compagne plus charmante que les rosés?"

- NOCTAMBULE - LE JARDIN CLOS - DEMODE - TROIS BENECTIONS - REGRETS

being six poems which would go very well together.

Please inform us of your intentions; we shall keep your manuscript until then.

Yours faithfully,

Jean Ballard,
Editor, Cahiers du Sud

[Note: The six poems mentioned were indeed eventually published in the March 1935 issue of the magazine (see Appendix 4) with the suggested deletions. The poems were also published—in French—as an appendix to the volume Wangshu shigao.]
Sr.,

Despite the quality of the translation of the story by Shi Zhecun, entitled "Autumn moon" that you kindly offered to "Noir et Blanc", we are unfortunately unable to use it, owing to the large number of stories and short stories that we have already accepted. We are therefore obliged to return your manuscript which is enclosed.

With regret,

Yours faithfully,

Editorial Secretary

[Monsieur TAI TCHAO-CHEN,
Insitut Franco-chinois,
St. Just,
LYON
Postmark: Paris, 16 November 1934.]

*
LETTER FROM DAI WANGSHU'S MOTHER

TO DAI LUMEI, HER DAUGHTER

[This letter, penned by Wu Xiaoling on behalf of Dai Wangshu's mother, was written for the benefit of Dai's sister, still living in Jiangsu, and explains the funeral arrangements and his relatives' circumstances. It was preserved by Prof. Wu Xiaoling who gave me access to the original, enabling me to make the copy presented here.]

My dear daughter, Lumei,

I think that you will have received my express letter of 3 March (written for me by Wu Xiaoling) by now. On 4 March we received your letter of 1 March, and know that you are concerned about Wangshu's funeral affairs, although my heart is full of grief, I am receiving much consolation.

As for Da Duoduo and Er Duoduo's [Dai Wangshu's daughters] affairs, their upbringing and everything else, it will all be taken care of by the government, until they can look after themselves; right now they are already children of the State, no one at all can claim them back, so there is no problem. Da Duoduo is now in the sixth year of North China Primary School and lives at the school. Er Duoduo is at nursery school. Since the People's Government is looking after us like this, you need not worry, and can be thankful!

As for my own situation, it is also the government which is supporting me. I want to stay in Peking, to be able to be near to the two children and look after them. However, after Wangshu's funeral affairs are over, I'll go to Shanghai for a few days to sort out his personal effects, and then return to Peking.
When I know for certain when I'm coming, I'll be sure to let you know.

This morning from half past ... [Chinese illegible] to 12 noon, the All China Writers' and Artists' Union and the International News Bureau jointly held a solemn memorial service, officiated over by Minister Shen Yanbing, assisted by Hu Qiaomu and Qiao Guanhua. Those who spoke included Minister Shen, Comrade Hu Qiaomu, Mr. Sun Xiaocun, Professor Luo Changpei, Professor Shen Yuji, Comrade Liu Zunqi. Xu Chi recited Wangshu's poetry. Six or seven hundred friends came, among the famous were: Zheng Zhenduo, Lao She, Ai Qing, Yuan Shoutai, Feng Yidai, Ye Jianyu, Chang Renxia, Ding Ling, Wen Huaxia, Wei Jiangong, Xiao Qian, Huang Wu, Guo Linge, Jin Kemu, Bian Zhilin, Chen Zhanyuan, Feng Zhi, Deng Musan, Zhang Zhenglang, Fu Xihua and many others. Offering their condolences were all organs of government, Guo Moruo, Jin Biwu, Ma Xulun, Lu Dingyi and others. The orchestra was sent by the government. It was very impressive. At one o'clock on the seventh [of March] there will be an official government funeral at Wan'an Cemetery in Peking's Western Hills.* The grave is near that of the martyr Li Dashao! The scenery is beautiful and the surroundings pleasant. After the funeral I'll write to you again to tell you more.

At present I am living in the home of Wangshu's good friend, Mr. Wu Xiaoling. Shortly the government will give me my own place. For the moment you can write to 21, Jiaochang tou tiao, Xuanwumenwai, Peking, c/o Mr. Wu. As for my monthly living expenses, the government gives me 130 pounds of millet (this month it costs 1,590 dollars a pound, which adds up to 206, 700 dollars). You may give me a little pocket money for now if you wish.

Da Duoduo's mother [Dai's first wife, Mu Li-juan] wrote me a letter, and since what she wrote was
very unreasonable, I'm not replying. Da Duoduo does not like writing letters, and doesn't pay much attention, you should write to her and encourage her. Yang Jing [Yang Lizheng, Dai's second wife] has also written to me. § How is your health? I am constantly thinking about you. Now that Wangshu is dead, you are my sole relative, be sure to take good care of yourself, that's the important thing. Please tell my big granddaughter how things are, I won't write separately.

Shen Songquan, manager of the Xinhao Bookshop, is currently in Shanghai, ask [Shi] Zhecun to sort out Wangshu's posthumous manuscripts which are in Shanghai and hand them over to Mr. Shen who'll bring them back to Peking. Here they will edit and publish a collection of his posthumous unpublished manuscripts. Don't forget!! They also want to bring out a commemorative volume, and hope that Zhecun and other friends in Shanghai will write a few articles and send them to Mr. Wu. As for Wangshu's books, please tell Zhecun not to sell them under any circumstances, but await instructions as to what to do with them.

Wishing you well,

Mother

5 March 1950.

[Penned by Wu Xiaoling.]

Notes: * Dai Wangshu was in fact buried on 8 March 1955. His tombstone was inscribed by Mao Dun. Wan'an Cemetery was to a large extent destroyed during the Cultural Revolution; according to a graveyard worker, a troop of Red Guards from Sichuan were largely responsible for the damage and even went so far as to dig up graves. Dai's body was not exhumed but his tombstone was destroyed. Dai Wangshu's grave and stone were restored in 1980, the work being paid for by his daughters.

§ Mu Lijuan, Dai's first wife, was the mother of Dai's eldest daughter: Da Duoduo. Yang Jing, his second wife was the mother of his second and third daughters: Er Duoduo and San Duoduo. Yang Jing was also known as Yang Lizhen
and Liping. Dai's youngest daughter had been left behind in Hong Kong with Yang Jing and later came to Peking with her mother after Dai's death.

Articles and short pieces on classical Chinese literature, most of which had not been published before Dai's death, were later collected and edited by Wu Xiaoling and published in 1958 by the Writers' Publishing House (作家出版社) in Peking as Xiaoshuo xiqu lunji. [The details in this letter and the accompanying notes were verified by Wu Xiaoling and Dai's second daughter, Er Duoduo (Dai Yongxu), when I met them in April 1983.]
DAI'S LETTERS TO SECOND WIFE

The following letters were written by Dai in 1949 to his second wife Yang Lizhen, or Liping, after he had returned to mainland China. The first, was written shortly after he arrived in Peking, the second, in August, just six months before the poet's death.

Parts of both letters are of a rather personal nature and concern Dai's desire for his wife to join him. The author hesitated to include these letters but decided finally that the information contained in the letters about Dai's living conditions and professional activities was too valuable to omit from a work of this kind.

*Liping,

[We] arrived over a month ago now, but still haven't written to you. I suppose you may understand this kind of mood. I've done all I can to tell myself I want to forget you, but how can I forget! Every time I go to some place of amusement, every time some happy thing happens, I think of you, my heart muses: how good it would be if you were there!

Right up until last week, I thought that Duo­duo [Er Duoduo, Dai's second daughter: Dai Yongxu] had for the moment forgotten you; throughout the last month, since boarding the ship until last week, she hadn't mentioned your name, I thought that the novelty and joy had made her forget everything, but last week, when she had a reaction against her inoculation and had a fever, she suddenly shouted out: "Mummy, why don't you want me? What am I doing here?"

This incoherent talk released the feelings she had been bottling up for a month, and my tears brimmed over. Really, why have you abandoned us? How is it that we have come to this?
But I don't want to talk in this sad way, but rather to tell you of the situation since we parted. On that day, the boat didn't weigh anchor until 9 in the evening. After getting on board, my asthma was a lot better. Er Duoduo and I shared a cabin with Bian Zhilin and Mr. Kuang (Da Duoduo [Dai's eldest daughter, by Mu Lijuan] was in the cabin next to ours). The cabins were very comfortable, about the same as first class on an ordinary ship [they were on board a cargo vessel, the Norwegian ship Germa]. We also had the dining-room all to ourselves, and amused ourselves there the whole day long. The food wasn't bad either and there was drink to be had too. On the high seas, except for fog on the first two days, it was calm and clear all the way. Apart from Da Duoduo, there was not one case of seasickness. On the morning of 17 March, the boat arrived at Dagukou, but we didn't disembark that day because the people who'd been detailed to receive us didn't come out in the motor launch until the afternoon of the 18th (our ship was too large to go directly to Tianjin). That evening, we arrived at Tanggu and spent the night in the Customs house hostel, being accorded a grand reception. On the second day, the 19th, the Tanggu Public Security Bureau held a reception for us. After the reception we boarded a train specially arranged for us. At 12 o'clock reached Tianjin, the Municipal Government held another reception for us at the station, rested for an hour, reached Peking at 4 o'clock and came immediately to Cuiming Villa. Cuiming Villa was formerly a guest house for generals, built by the Japanese, after the victory, the K.M.T. took it over and used it for an Officers' Moral Endeavour Association, now it's been taken over by the People's Government as a place to receive democratic personnages. While it is not as big as the Peking Hotel or the Liuguo Hotel, it is more peaceful and quiet, and movement in and out is
less restricted.

I live in 31, which is the best room in the villa. It has a sitting-room, bedroom, bathroom, storeroom, four rooms altogether, small yet exquisite. There is a telephone in the room, which is most convenient. When this was a military zone they say General Ye Jianying stayed in it and after Beiping was liberated, the People's Government Deputy Mayor, Xu Bing, also stayed in it. So I'm living in a room with a history. The bedroom has two sofa-beds, I sleep in one with Er Duoduo; Da Duoduo sleeps in the other by herself. We've lived here for over a month. On the day when we first got here, Er Duoduo was terribly excited, and started chattering like a little sparrow. Really, everything was new for her, I'd never been on a special train in my life, but for her it was her first time on a train at all and it was all perfectly natural for her. The towering Zhengyang Men, the glazed coloured-tiles of the Forbidden City, all this elicited from her a "I've never seen that before" (afterwards she also ate her "I've never eaten before" toffee-apples, roasted haws, sugar-coated cherry apples and little white pears). Our every need is taken care of here, for example, baths, hair-cuts, laundry, medicine. There are three meals a day, for breakfast there is gruel, at lunch the food is extremely good, and at every meal there is fish, meat and sometimes even a whole chicken or duck..., I don't know what it will be like when we leave here?

During this past month or more, almost all we have been doing is having fun, either watching a show or in the park or Forbidden City. The children were with me all the time until 1 April, after which I was able to relax a bit, because on that date they started at Kongde School. Kongde School is a famous primary and secondary school, although it's not what it used to be, it's still not bad. Because I know both
the headmaster and the director, neither of the girls had any difficulty in getting in. Da Duoduo went into the fifth year, Er Duoduo went into the kindergarten. The trouble is that Er Duoduo only goes to school for half the day, in the afternoon I am still taken up with her. Now her Peking dialect is already quite good.

As usual, my health is not terribly good, so my original plan of going to the South-west has had to be shelved and I've decided to stay in Beiping. Perhaps I'll soon have to start the new job I've got recently and shan't be able to enjoy this comfortable and leisurely existence any longer. I hope I'll still be able to look after the children, but we'll have to wait and see. The government's child-care centre is very good, and many of the comrades' children are plump and rosy-cheeked I fear their care is much better than I can manage.

A few days ago I went to the Summer Palace with Er Duoduo and asked a friend to take a photograph which I enclose, Da Duoduo didn't go because she was at school.

I expect that when your reply comes I shan't be here any longer, so you'd better write to the following address: c/o Mr. Wu Xiaoling, 21 Jiaochang tou-tiao, Xuanwumenwai, Beiping.

What are your plans? Going to France, going to Shanghai, or staying in Hong Kong. I, of course, would very much like you to come and see Beiping and bring Eng Duoduo [Dai's third daughter, Dai Yongshu, who had stayed in Hong Kong with her mother] with you. Just now, Beiping is full of hope. In Hong Kong you are just a decoration, here you would become a useful person with a limitless future. If you wish, you can go to Shen Songquan to fix something up or find [Ye] Lingfeng through Xia Yan. I should add straightaway that: this is for you to work out yourself and not
for me.

Is Eng Duo all right? How is your health? Write and tell me all.

Wangshu,
27 April [1949],
by lamplight.

Liping,
I received your letter over two weeks ago, but since I was in the middle of the Literary and Artistic Workers Representative Conference, I didn’t have a moment to spare. While the conference was still in session we moved to Huabei University, I was ill, at first I wanted to put it off. Er Duoduo has urged me to write every day, so I’d better write. First, I’ll tell you about life over the last few months. I left Cuiming Villa Guest House at the beginning of June, originally I was supposed to come to Huabei University, but because Da Duoduo and Er Duoduo hadn’t broken up for the holidays, I lodged temporarily at the old place of the Literary Organs Association at 83 Beidu, not far from the school, for a month until the girls broke up. When the Literary and Artistic Workers Conference started we all moved into the Liugang Hotel at Qianmenwai [where presumably Luo Dagang came to see Dai], until 26 July when we moved to Huabei University. [Dai was to take up a post at the university but as is indicated below he was shortly transferred to a non-academic post.]

Er Duo has already finished kindergarten, her results were very good: Singing: A; Art: A; Stories: A; Handicraft: B; Common knowledge: B; Games: A; Sport: A; Intelligence: A; Physique: A; Moral conduct: A. Da Duoduo is not doing so well, she failed an arith-
metic class and will have to re-sit. Er Duo knows a lot of big friends, like Shu Xiufen, Zhou Xiaoyan etc., even I don't know them all, I also often go to Ma Si- song's place, she [Er Duo] and Ma Sizong's second daughter, Xue Xue, are good friends, she takes Dai Ai-lian for her aunt. She has lots of opportunity for music and dance, but where have I got the time to look after her? Since you wrote and said you were going to bring Eng Duo to Beiping, she has frequently asked me when you are coming, tell me, what am I supposed to say? I think it would be very good if you came here; there are lots of opportunities to work and study, you won't be left aimless. You just have to get hold of the fare for the boat, as soon as you get to Tian- jin there will be someone to meet you. If you can't even find the fare, then let me go and discuss it with Shen Sonquan, and get their cargo vessel to bring you. In the next few days I'm changing jobs and transferring to the International Publicity [or News] Bureau, in future there'll be the possibility of going abroad. As for the children's schooling in the next six months, it will have to wait for a decision until I've moved. As for mother, I've decided to invite her to Beiping, because there's no one in Shanghai to look after her and it's cheaper living here than there.

Er Duo has already grown a lot, last year's summer clothes are already too small for her. Throughout the Literary and Artistic Workers Conference, she went to the theatre every day, for about a month, now she's at Huabei University, every day, apart from practising her characters, she plays with the other children and watches the plays put on by the Huabei students. She constantly thinks about you and Eng Duo, so it would be good if you could come. When you come there are the following things to do that you could choose from: study at Huabei University; join a cultural troupe and participate in music or theatrical act-
Activities, the musicians Jia Liying and Guo Xingli are both members of a cultural troupe, Ma Sizong is too; go into the cinema; there is also lots of work in other organizations and the children shouldn't be left to themselves, you just need some serious work, the future will be limitless. Guangzhou will soon be liberated, Hong Kong's abnormal prosperity will necessarily be curtailed, you should think about your own future. [Dai, like many others both in China and Hong Kong not privy to the plans of the Communist leadership, expected Hong Kong to be re-absorbed into China proper along with rest of Guangdong province. When the Communist forces reached the border with Hong Kong, they, of course, proceeded no further.]

If you decide to come and can find the fare, please send me a telegram (to Dai Wangshu, c/o Shen Baoji, 4 Meicha hutong, Beiping) informing me of date of arrival. In Tianjin find Shen Songquan (25 San-shengli, Machangdao, Tianjin) he will receive you. If you can't get the money together, send a telegram all the same, so that I can arrange with Shen Songquan for you to take their boat. However the latter course would mean bothering others, if you can find the fare yourself it would be best. When the time comes don't inform Ye Lingfeng and the others, it would put them to a lot of trouble.

Autumn is Beiping's finest season, your daughter hopes for you to come day and night. My health is not too bad, but the illness often comes on. I enclose a photograph taken last month.

All the best,

Wangshu,

4 August [1949]

Does A Bao want to come to Beiping? Give my regards.

[Dai's wife came to Peking after his death. Leaving their third child, Eng Duo, Dai Yongshu, in Peking, she soon returned to Hong Kong.]
APPENDIX III

DAI WANGSHU'S NOTEBOOK

The notebook presented here was started by Dai in the mid-1930s, probably when the poet was in France. He used it as a rough book for writing and revising poems, in Chinese (pp. 1-29) and in French (pp. 33-35); for jotting down projected and completed articles and translations (pp. 36-42); and the back of the notebook as an address book. On page 32 is a drawing of Dai by a person unknown and on page 31 of a woman, perhaps his wife.

There are forty-two leaves or pages in all: where Dai has used the back of the page I have suffixed the letter B to the relevant page number.

Apart from the obvious value of having the manuscripts of Dai's poems at our disposal, several of the pages listing articles or translations are useful as evidence of Dai's literary interests and his activities in Europe.

Page 36 contains a list of Spanish works Dai had translated and for the most part published.

Page 38 contains what seems to be a list of planned translations; the items marked with a circle in the left-hand margin were later published.

Page 40B is a list of planned articles about Dai's trip to Spain in late 1934. As we have seen Dai published the article on [Book market] as [Madrid's book market] in Huaqiao ribao, Wenyi zhouchan, no. 58 (see Chapter 2, note 60). The list would also seem to suggest that Dai visited Burgos and confirm that he had been to Valladolid (see Chapter 2, note 58). As for the other articles, they were not
published and perhaps not even written; certainly no manuscripts have come to light.

Even more interesting is page 41. The items marked with a circle in the left-hand margin were written and published. The entry 'Max Jacob' corroborates Shi Zhecun's testament (see Chapter 2, p. 45 and note 17) that Dai has visited Jacob. More surprisingly the entry 'Jammes' would seem to establish that Dai had also visited Francis Jammes while in France; this is mentioned nowhere else, neither by Dai nor his friends.

Page 41B is a list of newspapers in which Dai perhaps planned to publish; he did in fact publish in all of the magazines.

* 

The notebook contains the following poems in manuscript:

'Guyi da ke wen' ................... 1
'Deng' ............................... 2, 2B
'Qiu ye si' [revised draft] ........... 3
'Ye e' .................................. 4
'Qiu ye si' [first draft] ............... 5
'Xiao qu' ............................... 6
'Zeng Kemu' ............................ 7, 7B
'Yan' ................................. 8, 8B, 9
'Jimo' .................................. 10
'Wo sixiang' .......................... 11
'Yuanri zhufu' .......................... 12
'Bai hudie' ............................. 13
'Zhi yinghuo' ........................... 14, 14B
'Wo yong canyuan de shouzhang' ...... 15, 15B
'Yuzhong tibi' .......................... 16
尤意答答问

你问我何为快乐？

— 笑对明月枕边书。

侵晨看岚嶂恒延洪。

你问我重魂安在何方？

— 看那墟墟地缓缓地上升的炊烟。

渴饮清，饥餐英；

你问我可有短暂的留恋？

— 吹那渺似浮云永恒之足迹的漫音。

le 5 decembre 1934
灯笼

灯罩着我，够着地，
凝视我眸子里
有穿在云里的阳光不静的
欢笑无边，
爱与影子，
像木香花似的地
挂着，挂着，永恒地--
而寒的春风下的树枝不般的小小的煤燃声，
挂着风，挂着我，
和地。

美丽的脚印遗憾了，
木香花疯自转着，挂着--
灯挂在挂着母亲的妈妈，
枝上的的绿立已褪了颜色。

乙爱我！

揉揉圆圆的黑眼睛的睫毛。
去吧，看清丽的梦里，
手指所触的地方，
又凝作冰霜，
花儿落枝枝。\n灯下着秋，篱笆守春秋。

曦阳普照，峭壁不改其表，
弱水长流，沟壑永无地底尽。
在他梦中的夜。\n
夜幕，一滴一滴地，
零星点落，凝成，堆叠，零落。\n
1934年12月21日
秋花里

谁家的刀尺，
心也需要秋衣。

叶落人的叹息，
叶落草的呼吸。
风从每一条脉络吹来，
窃听你的秘静之言。

诗人云：心即是禅。  
谁在那门前搬弄是非？
为喜怒的死者之一泪，
有人将他遗忘在枝梢。

每当飘雨一滴一滴
喜欢一次一次的飘落。

而断寒风透了些幽清
潜移接人一往一柱子萃年

*改作

6 Oct 1925
夜蛾

绕着蜡烛的光圈，
夜蛾作可憐的徘徊舞，
这些家畜间的精灵不想到
已死的室，未死好蝶舞。

红玫瑰是山间的微人，
绿油油山，绿油油树
来慰我我的不幸，
我爱绿绿的树枝，遮我憩所遍
我喜绿绿的树枝为我台位。

我却明白她情是自己，
因为她们用绿色的大伙
遮塞我的影子，
让玫瑰幽暗表。

它昨夜为了一条母带
不是梦见你那一天我化成菊花。

tc 26 dec 1936
秋夜思

谁家乌夜飞？
心也寂寂秋衣。

情似競人的蛀我的心，
愁思木兰的暝露。
風從來一條脈脈流泉
曾有心的彷徨之音。

诗人云心有感，
谁听这夜的悲哀和空？
上者将地默在相隔，
为天蔽之重隔，
然而静夜深丝的静，
祇使人一转一转思华年。

26 juin 1935
拟作小曲

啼倦的鹦鹉在彩翎间，
香的小窗外向何处飘零；
老去的花一瓣委零土，
香的小窗外在何处风连？

牠们不知在哪里藏蜜，
这么好，那么好的窗棂！
那是东天堂，东寒楼？
接个落，要彼得可也哀想。

没有人知道在那里，
诗人却微笑而三缄其口。
有什么东西在调和空气，
在他的心的远处的宇宙。

6/14 mai 1936
赠芝术

我不懂别着什么偏那些星夜，
取一些他们不需要的名称；
他们闹在太空里弄气球，
不了解我们也不太闽逢。

记得未现，海王，大然这一大雄，
还有他们好做做和何的方位；
作始了胜计，展破了熊，
弄了一签订，还是个未知名的宇宙。

星未星去，宇宙遍行，
春秋代序，人消人生，
太隐望景数，有星光散，
我们就象愤怒渺小的鸟在哇。

不唱不声，不做阿答的，
为人生作全在燃烧，
最好不求善解，早是生子，
看天，看星，看月，看太阳。
在你的瞳中细数之下，
遥遥的世纪外
玉的神只，
青铜的庄慈——
向上重天的光，
曾碎分而凝合的
顽石的泪层如水。
无洁疑的水，
暗青色的水！
有什么经得住水的海产
我投身从水游至
以太阳之窗映射到青天同，
以月夜之窗映射到明月同，
以星辰之窗映射到明星辰同？
故是我之星星，
我有我的手，
有我的眼，
并尤其有我的心。
我听见你的眼睫毛
落在朦胧的虚云中，
在你上面，
在你的生命中，
难道我自己
透明和零星的
火焰影子，
融在你所注视的火焰影子。
我伸长，我趋着，
我永恒地趋着，
在你的永恒中围着
并在你之中----
我是从天上奔流到海
从海奔跑到天上吻江河，
我是你的一缕云脉，
又一缕静脉，
在每一个血管中的血液，
我是你的睫毛，
（她们也在你的鼻旁，
在眼睛的镜子，银色）
你的睫毛，你的睫毛，
我是你，
因为我就是我。
6/19 de Oct. 1936
寂寞

周中野草渐稀疏，
托根於我昔时的脚印，
给牠披上翠绿衣，
星夜好监控妖魔窟。

日子过去，寂寞永相随，
怎能使触目野草，
我想要替它藏起来，
如此的像我一般。

我想不起到周中去，
寂寞也随我一般高，
我怎生作凤首，恨作雨，
像得无为作荒，如此何。

1857

[10]
我想，我就是这样——
未来数小时的狂呼
用这个普通的愿望
来拯救我的翅膀。

14 Mar 1937
元日祝福

新的一年带来我们新的希望。
祝福！祝福的土地，
温暖的土地，亲爱的土地，
使我们的生命从新开始。

新的一年带来新的希望。
祝福！我们人民，
黎明的人民，英勇的人民，
报告，1月1939年
白蝴蝶

传诗什么智慧给天，
小小的白蝴蝶
翩翩地在口来，
负上了它的小翅。

翻旧的书页；
寂寞；
念上的书页；
寂寞。

3 mai 1940
致挚友

挚友，挚友，
你来照我。

照我，照透你窗的草，
照到四土，照到你老。

我躺在这裏，握一颗草，
穿过我的躯作，我的心，
长成树，開花；

握一片青色的翠花，
那么经，那么经，
把我全身遮盖，

你一双小手藏了，
专往我血里映，
把一件薄被，
在我身上轻拨。
我躺在这里，
咀嚼着太阳的香味；
在什么别的天地，
云在云层中高飞。

篝火，篝火，
你——仅仅是你的灵魂——
够得着我记忆，
够得着未来……

[签名]
26 Juin 1941
我用纸牌做手签

我用纸牌做手签
描摩这迷幻的颜色；
过一列变成灰暗，
那一页被血和泪；
过一页是残缺的床脚；
（春天，落上梨花满枝头）
树絮飞折断了早晨的笑意
我躺到花束和水的微滚；
过一白川叶吻寒刺微风，
过黄昏的水景在闪烁间摇曳；
（江南的水田，你若年新生的未草
是初；旧：新；陈……现在只有蓬蒿；
夜面的荔枝花黄昏地烧烧
粉红色，和蓝黄雨洒没有麦穗的花田……

春风的手掌拂过翠绿的江山，
一片风沙，云和灰，手掌握着寒雪，
春有那遥远的白发和丝短篇，
温暖呀，明亮，坚固而蓬勃生长。
在那上面,我用诗歌的手段找你,
寻找你的存在,在茫茫宇宙中。
我把我全部的力量置于掌心,
握在上面,掌控一切和一切命运。
因为如果没有夏天和冬天,
没有黑暗和光明,没有生,
因为有那些在不停生长的
如花朵一模一样的永恒的中国。
根据你的要求，我无法提供有效的自然语言文本。
只有敌人做恶，
背叛可以暗中实行，
把敌人吃一肚饱，
到树林下去躲一躲。

只有敌人做恶，
背叛可以暗中实行，
把敌人吃一肚饱，
到树林下去躲一躲。

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只有敌人做恶，
背叛可以暗中实行，
把敌人吃一肚饱，
到树林下去躲一躲。
自由和幸福是全世皆知的，
在自由和幸福的斗争
中有现实的胜利。
2023年
让我陪你再走两年，
你还要走这长的路吗？
我陪你再走两年，
把咱的时光已经过去啦！

读六月五日回来啦，
陪你再走两年啊，
咱已经走的多路啦，
谁知道咱俩舟曲得天啊。

我就依着你走的路，
在春风的肥沃和你相伴，
不你要再来带著幸福，
会在这山中是在我盼梦的眼。

$31\text{dec. }1943$
等待
你走了，留下我在白昼里，
看着片片落花在天边，但无影子。
我和你的眼睛凝视着铁锁的，
勇敢的胸膛迎著白日。
你独自在这一颗未心，
在那夜，缠绵地燃烧著悲凉。

把我遗忘在山谷，遗忘是我
深深地欢喜，淡淡的惊讶。
做了你的人，做你的时事，你的心里。
引导我你的内心意的，牵领，
仿佛是土地的一路，深浅踏踏。
仿佛是依傍的一份爱，留在你的脚下。

没有眼泪没有语言的可停，
生和死都紧贴在相随的肩胛。
和两声响，同长的岁月在那梦场，
做样尽是无异，也许就是路旁。
你知道将两岁追求，想知道
爱你肯任尽生世，至二尺芳草。
可能是他没有什么不同，
在它降落在密密麻麻的。
像日月的战火，烟薰脚好，
使钢条延展到小脑上。
不言说的歌对于我们的船子，
他并不一齐够水，丝线做螺肚子，
恐怕起在关公山，telegram在脚柱上，
像破子在皮骨生养，感慨生存中唇上。
有多少人从此没有回来，
然而余香的却而耐心地等待。
在天晴了的时候，
读到小径中去走走；
温柔的流岚，
一定是倦美的缘故；
轻提着新新的小草，
也一下子洗盡了尘埃；
不再胆怯的云雀，
慌，她披着的轻纱，
怯怯地抢入他的怀，
试；试；试；
经他一调，她便逃；
扭去水珠的凤凰花
在木黄而白的窗边，
把她的骄傲的智慧于
曝着日光一同收。

到小径中去走走吧，
在天晴了的时候；
赤着脚，唱着歌，
踏着新泥，涉过溪流。
新增推向了教堂

淡水在微风中飘飘，
春山向移动的暗绿——
雪的脚迹——已在周圈。

2 juin 1940
空白的诗篇；
幸福的点缀；
因为我若隐若现
就是把悲痛埋藏在心里。

即使没有美丽的词藻，
也会用生命的光彩，
描绘他最后的烟花
映着那明媚的瞬间。

不求长久地过一世，
只求你比我美丽；
一旦被后人谈起时，
要如你所说在苦中找幸福。

9 juin 1940
记得那些幸福的日子！

女儿，记着你幼小的心愿：
你在童年编织着温馨的彩绸，
月光的皎洁，潮汐的幽香，
山岗的茶香，花朵的锦绣，
和爱你们的父母的问候。

我心中有一个安乐的家，
依傍着清静的泉水声，
冬天暖着太阳，夏天飘着清凉，
白昼有朋友，晚上有欢笑，
岁月在窗外流，不厌烦，
庄稼在园子里欢欢，
少来人家窥见我们在这里嬉笑。
就会觉得幸福，也值得过一生。

我们有一个慈爱的园丁，
她给园丁们带来春光和希望，
你爸爸（爱您）去建设她。
你妈（在医院里休息呢）
你呢，在草地上追蝴蝶。
西拉（没带钥匙？手里拿着菜呢）
人人说我的最快活，
也许我们生活过得好。
也许妹妹（温文尔雅）
也许她（喜欢）
也许她（笑）

可我，女孩，巨蟹座是超理智——
一刹那都被掌管命运；——
你记得我们和小女孩讲，
从此再也不用愚蠢的东西，
从此再也不用哭泣的东西。

醉在蝴蝶的叶子，你彩蝶，
现在披着你被忘记的影子。
我仿佛看见你从远方来。
刹那间，用手指描绘阴影。
后退，便也看见天空的喜悦。
把爱情的琐碎放在心里藏起，

记得那些幸福的日子，

无论，记住你的小心愿；

你爱的人，就会来爱你，你往何方，

无论你心中，永远爱你的。

27 June 1944作
静掩部落十勝佳世的幸福，
字裏的溫暖飽和著遠遠的炊煙——
陌生的聲音，還是解逃地呼喚？
拖泥的血在往昔生長了解開。

& 2 mar 1944
過舊屋

這裡還有的日影，
這裡溫暖的夜靜，
這裡午燒的香味，
對我是多少之憶。

這裡的光，這裡的風，
這裡有相隔的感覺，
這裡有書香，兩點床，
一顆花……這裡天堂。

我沒有忘記：這裡家；
這裡下，人是花，
這裡的呼喚和燈下的開話，
想一想，會心人發傻；

單怕她敘說郷地叫，
就怕人整天地驕傲，
出門時挺起胸，伸直腰；
工作時也挺起頭微笑。
现在……可不就是又拿手菜？
桌上一定摆上了盘和碗，
亲手调的汤，亲手煮的饭，
想起了就会嘴馋。

这些路我曾经走过多少回！
多少回？走的路都堵成一堆，
叫人不辨分析，日子是那么模糊，
同样幸福的日子，也些草上鲜花。

我或希望“极”上，是不是今天
去的时我忘记说“再见”？
还是心事发生在许多年前，
其中隔隔着许多变匿？

不也是带来看，也的面，
却在心中稀稀，没有声音，
没有可爱的影子，妖小的叫声，
只有来去，未来，伴着曙光。
而我所向往为什么又这样近？
是否我肩上装着苦楚的年岁，
装着思念，直渗到骨髓，
你我眼睛朦胧，心头消失）之景？

为什么享受的感到比幸福？
好像没有放弃，苦味在舌尖。
是归途的倒退把我舔饿，
还是寂静的旧月其横画其同？

我不明白，是否一切都没改变，
却都自己做了自己梦，
而一切都在那里，原封不动，
欢笑没有冰凝，幸福没有封？

我写那些真实岁月年代，
气得太快一问，望去返谷，
回过头来瞧见，做梦又走回来，
再陪我长发岁月，给 {} 愉快的欢快？
有人闹了面，
有人闹了汤。
毛呢，怎么能——
一个陌生人。

生龙，生龙，生龙的长命令！
凋零的声，同是疲倦的影子；
磨断了弦的不是它应和，琴和树
无味的过去在爱着你，暗向问路者。

8 10, May 1944.

1944.
走六小时未定的长途，
到你 авг institutes 未定的长途，
我甘待着，夜夜屋比，
你却卧听着房床窗外。

20 Nov. 1944
如果生命的春天重到，
古老的好东西都复活（地解冻，
那时我们会看见烛泪的微笑，
听见明朗的呼唤—这些旧的梦。

这些好东西都不会变质，
因为它好东西都永远不会变质，
她们就是你我一样凝结，
而有一天你会像花一样自由。
盟军的轰炸机来了，
看他们轰炸的地方，
向他们表示胜利的愉快，
但却永远不要骄傲。

敌人人口不富，资源：
盟军的轰炸机来了，
也许我们会碰得便宜，
但愿比在敌人手上好。

我们需要冷静，坚定，
就要无变，工休，船坞；
盟军的轰炸机来了，
叫敌人碰上死路。

苏联的岁月不会再遗忘，
解放的日子快到了，
作者带着好消息的
盟军的轰炸机来了。

16 Jan. 1945 蘇大森

*炸中
Réponses à un hôte

Mon cœur solitaire suit les rues dans leur fête lumineuse,
Habitués à l’agir, mes yeux se plaisent aux
herbes folles de mon seul.
Vous me demandez quels sont mes plaisirs
Ma lune à la fenêtre et mes livres à mon cœur.

Contempler le matin la brume errante sur les montagnes,
Contemler la nuit et voir murmurer dans les feuilles,
Vous me demandez où mon âme se repose
Regardez la jeune, qui, lentement, s’élève.

La raison à mes soifs et les pluies à ma force
Le cerf voile mes songes et l’aurore jette mon rêve.

Vous me demandez si m’importe le monde?
Econtez les pas de l’éternel faisant décrire
décroître... Lyon, 6 déc. 1914.
Est-ce déjà le temps de couder, de tricoter?
Le cœur filieux, lui aussi, désirer des vêtements
d'automne.

Écoutez l'appel des sirènes,
La respiration des feuilles!
Le vent vient le péristère
Par chaque veine, par chaque artère,
Pour le surprendre et le reussasser.

Le filet a dit : cœur, est cithare.
Qui jamais a ouï ses vieux airs?
Prenant le consolation d'un mort chérissant,
On l'a suspendue à une branche d'arbre.
Dans l'attente qu'un rythme céleste y soisonne,
Chant fugitif, une seule fois entendue....

Et chaque corde de cet ancien instrument
brisé
Ne fera songer qu'aux fiertés d'antan.
à l'Abbé Dupray

Vers où s'envolent les petits âmes, sans
l'oreille, pas de chanter les oiseaux s'en vont.
Vers où s'acheminent les âmes parfumées même.
Quand au diner du printemps les fleurs s'inclinent!

Pas dans l'Enfer, non!
Ce sont des âmes si bonnes.
Est-ce au ciel alors, au Paradis?
Hochant la tête, Saint-Père le nie.

Où sont-elles... nul ne le sait.
Mais le Poète sourit et se tait: 
quelque chose dans l'univers de son cœur
s'extase et s'apaise en chœur.
Aragón: Una hora de España

- Los Pueblos
- Doña Inés
-Blanco en Azul
Baroja: Vidas sombrías

Unamuno: Tres novelas ejemplares y un prólogo

- Niebla

Lorca: Romancero gitano

- Boda de Sangre
- Poemas enmendiados

Pérez de Ayala: Belamino y Apolonio

- Tiñe Juan

Antología de los poetas contemporáneos
I. Brief Note

19.7.1985

return: 10,000.

Silver Art, Santory

Exhibit things: 7.0.1.

Barbara, Alice, Anne, Bruce

Hemingway, to whom the book falls.
- Chateaubriand : Atala et René, de ma vie
  Merimée : Contes choisis
- Daudet : Contes choisis
- Lagarille de Ternes
  Princesse de Clèves
- Azurin : Blanu en Azul
- Baudelaire : Poèmes
  Renard : Histoires naturelles
  Rimbaud : Illuminations
△ A. Agarín: 西班牙的小时
△ " " : 小城
△ " " : 文革
△ Lorca: 西班牙语国家
△ " " : 讨论
△ Radeigner: 墨西哥的舞蹈
△ " " : 西班牙语国家
△ Valery : 里尔
△ Supervielle: 讨论
△ Malraux: 神经
△ Lorca: Boda de sangre
△ Unamuno: Niebla
△ " " : 3 novelas ejemplares
△ Ayala: 信使
△ " : Tique Juan
△ Cervantes: 失去作者
△ Rimbaud: Une saison en enfer
△ " " : 讨论
Rimbaud
Une saison en enfer 魔火之塔
Une saison en enfer 的序言研究
Rimbaud & Commemorad "梦?
"母音"的沿缘
bateau ivre : 恶魔
若隐若现
笑逐月
卡门（Carmen）
英译译文
西班牙的一首时

c**

此诗草
姐妹问答
版文化板
Cervantes to Philip

- Spanish revolution
- On one of the embankments
- in Burgos
- the prison
- three women
- Mónica delight
- devil
- Viceroy
  - house of Avila
  - was involved in the rebellion
  - ¡Viva la guapa!
- Spanish director
  - El Escorial
  - a fortress
  - 'Hidalgo
  - Valladolid, Cervantes is dead
Ogden's essay on
Paralysis of
Vocal Muscles

Ogden's essay on
Paralysis of
Vocal Muscles

Ogden's essay on
Paralysis of
Vocal Muscles

Ogden's essay on
Paralysis of
Vocal Muscles

Ogden's essay on
Paralysis of
Vocal Muscles
报纸
电报

报告
文献

文件
文献

说明
Mr. Kinkemo to H. L. Wu, P. A. Santiniketan.

333 Palace, Shanghai, China.

Dr. Yang to C. G. Yang, New York City.

333 Palace, Shanghai, China.

Dr. Yang to C. G. Yang, New York City.

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333 Palace, Shanghai, China.

Dr. Yang to C. G. Yang, New York City.

333 Palace, Shanghai, China.
APPENDIX IV

MISCELLANEOUS

I. Dai Wangshu's cadre registration form, completed on his taking the post of Director of the French section of the International News Bureau, in 1949.

II. Dai Wangshu's poems in Cahiers du Sud, March 1935:

- LE VOYAGEUR .......... p. 558
- NOCTAMBULE .......... p. 559
- LE JARDIN CLOS ...... p. 559
- DEMODE ............... p. 560
- TROIS BENEDICTIONS . p. 560
- REGRET ............... p. 561
## 幹部登記表

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>姓名</th>
<th>現況</th>
<th>性別</th>
<th>年齡</th>
<th>家庭出身</th>
<th>文化程度</th>
<th>高等院系</th>
<th>為何被確定為幹部</th>
<th>何時何地何人介</th>
<th>何時何地參加工作或從業</th>
<th>有何緣故</th>
<th>為何被確定為幹部</th>
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</tbody>
</table>

#### 參加革命前後的

#### 家庭經濟狀況

家中親戚很少，家庭的更不，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經常來往的也寡，經

#### 何時何地何人介

#### 何時何地參加工作或從業

#### 有何緣故

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Poèmes

LE VOYAGEUR

Quand, sur la mer, la brise souffle,
Sur les ondes sombres, s'épanouissent partout les roses bleues.
— Où es-tu, toit du voyageur?

La porte de la clôture est le toit des araignées,
Le mur de terre celui des ronces,
Et l'arbre en fleur celui des moineaux.

Le voyageur n'a même pas de nostalgie,
Il flotte parmi les méduses et les pélagides:
— Laissons les fleurs solitaires s'épanouir et tomber dans le jardin natal.

Car sur la mer s'épanouissent les roses bleues,
Pourquoi le voyageur s'inquiéterait-il de son jardin désert?
N'a-t-il pas une compagne plus charmante que les roses?
NOCTAMBULE

Voici venir le noctambule!
Dans la rue déserte, résonnent ses pas:
Du brouillard tout noir,
Au brouillard tout noir.

Ami le plus intime de la nuit,
Il en connaît tous les secrets;
Si intime qu'il a pris
Toutes les maniés de la nuit.

Le noctambule est un cœur étrange.
Regardez-le s'avancer dans la nuit noire
D'un pas silencieux comme la nuit,
Et sur la tête, un feutre noir.

LE JARDIN CLOS

Dans le jardin, au mois de mai,
Foisonnent déjà fleurs et feuilles
Aucun ramage dans la feuillée

Les alloés sont vêtues de ronces,
Et le cadenas de la porte, de rouille;
Le maître reste sous un soleil lointain.

Sous le soleil lointain
Un jardin radieux peut-il être

Le passant épie près de la haie,
Songeant en vain au maître sous l'autre ciel.
DEMODE

Dites que je suis un jeune homme
Qui regrette le bon vieux temps.
Je fredonne une chanson neuve,
Et déjà vous vous moquez: que c'est démodé!

Oui, démodé: mes amoureuses du temps passé
Sont maintenant épouses ou mères,
Mais moi, je reste pauvrement jeune.
Jeune? non, pas tout à fait.

Non, je ne suis plus tout à fait jeune.
Dites que je suis un peu vieilli.
Regardez seulement la façon dont je porte la canne,
Cela vous dira tout, et mes yeux aussi.

A vrai dire, je suis un jeune vieillard:
Trop jeune pour les herbes et le vent d’automne,
Trop vieux pour la lune et les fleurs de printemps.

TROIS BENEDICTIONS

Mer sombre aux molles vagues
Où l’on ne souffre que le mal du pays,
Chevelure de ma bien-aimée,
Reçois mon regret en bénéédiction.

Belle-de-jour couleur d’amour,
Blele de jour, belle de nuit,
Prunelle de ma bien-aimée,
Reçois mon ivresse en bénéédiction.

Petite abeille aux ailes roses,
L’élite abeillle et cruel aiguillon
Douloureux mais bienheureux,
O touche de ma bien-aimée,
Reçois ma plainte en bénéédiction.
— Un, deux, trois...
Ces fleurs étoilant le couvre-lit,
Pourquoi ne donnent-elles pas de fruits?
Déjà ont fui: le printemps, l'été l'automne.

Demain le rêve sera pris en stalactite.
Reparaltra-t-il encore le soleil chaud?
Malgré le soleil chaud,
Suivant les gouttes d'eau
On ne trouve que le tintement
Du rêve tombé.
APPENDIX V

TAPE RECORDINGS

The appended tape cassettes contain extracts of interviews recorded in Peking and Shanghai between 1981 and 1983, with the following:

Dai Yongxu, Peking, 18 April 1983
Feng Yidai, Peking, 18 April 1983
Jin Kemu, Peking, 6 April 1983
Luo Dagang, Peking, 6 July 1981
Shi Zhecun, Shanghai, 18 October 1982
Tang Tao, Peking, 11 April 1983
Wu Xiaoling, Peking, 18 April 1983

Also included is a recording of Dai Wangshu's poem 'Liulangren de yege', read in Hangzhou dialect.
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Zainan de suiyue 灾难的岁月. Shanghai, 1948.


DAI WANGSHU'S MAJOR TRANSLATIONS

BEI LOUER 贝洛爾 [Perrault, 1628-1703]. E mama de gushi 媽媽的故事 [Contes]. Shanghai, 1927.

A collection of stories taken from Charles Perrault's Contes. Dai's title is from one of the stories contained in it.


MULAN 穆兰 [Paul Morand]. Tiannü yuli 天女玉麗 [Contes Choisis]. Shanghai, 1929.


Translated from the French, L'Art d'aimer.


YIKEWEIZHI [Marc Ickowicz]. Wei wushiguan de wenxue lun [La littérature à la lumière du matérialisme historique]. Shanghai, 1930.


Translated under the pen-name Jiangsi. 'A week' (1932) by Yuri Libedinski (1898-1959), centers around the quelling of a White rebellion. The author spent much of his youth in Tsarist gaols. Expelled from the Communist Party in 1937.


Famous Soviet work written in 1922, later dramatized by Stanislavsky in 1927. Based on an incident recounted by the crew of an armoured train during the Civil War.

Falanxi xiandai duanpian xiaoshuo ji [Collected French short stories]. Shanghai, 1934.

The collection contains stories by Jean Giono, Vaillant-Couturier, Apollinaire, Alain Fournier, Marcel Jouhandeau and others. Apparently Luo Dagang was responsible for translating most of these.

GAOLAITE [Colette]. Cilian [Chéri]. Shanghai, 1935.

Bilishi duanpian xiaoshuo ji [Collected Belgian short stories]. Shanghai, 1935.

The collection contains stories by Maeterlinck, and other lesser known writers.
Yidali duanpian xiaoshuo ji [Collected Italian short stories]. Shanghai, 1935.

Translated via French. Includes stories by Matteo Bandello (1485-1561), Luigi Capuana, Alfredo Panzini, Luigi Pirandello, Massimo Bontempelli, Giuseppe Antonio Borgese.


Xibanya duanpian xiaoshuo ji 西班牙短篇小说集 [Collected Spanish short stories]. Shanghai, 1936.

Includes stories by Unamuno, Alarcón, Ibanes, Azorín, Ayala and others.


The original was published in Paris in 1931.

Xiandai Tuerqi zhengzhi 现代土耳其政治 [Modern Turkish politics]. Shanghai, 1937.

No author given. Translation of a French text.


Containing many of Lorca's major poems, including "Romancero gitano" and "Poeta en Nueva York".

ASUOLIN 阿索林 [Azorín]. Xiwantisi de weihunqi 西万提斯的未婚妻 [Cervantes' fiancée]. Translated Dai Wangshu with Xu Xiacun 徐霞村. Shanghai, 1930; republished, Fuzhou, 1982, as Xibanya
RELEVANT ARTICLES BY: DAI WANGSHU

"Guoji laodongzhe yanxi hui" 国际劳动考查戏剧会 [International workers drama conference], Xin wenyi 新文艺 2 (March 1930), 219-20.

Discusses the plans for translations of plays and their production in working men's clubs. Notice of a conference in Moscow, August 1930. Article written under pen-name Jiang Si 江思.

"Shiren Mayekofusiji de si" 死亡人列夫.托尔斯泰的死 [Death of the poet Mayakovskiy], Xiaoshuo yuebao 小说月报 21 (December 1930), 1741-46.

Dai reasons that the Soviet explanation for Mayakovskiy's suicide is not substantiated by the facts. The article goes on to discuss Futurism.

"Sulian wentan de fengbo" 苏联文坛的风波 [A storm in the Soviet literary world], Xin wenyi 新文艺 2 (March 1930), 215-17:

Recording the censuring of Pilnyak and Zam-yatin, Dai also wonders about the future of 'fellow travellers', mentioning Ehrenburg and Babel. (Pilnyak, shot 1938/39; Zamyatin, exiled; Babel, died in camp, March 1941.)

"Yidian yijian" 一点建议 [A few suggestions], Beidou 北斗 2 (January 1932), 148.

"Faguo tongxin" 法国通信 [Letter from France], Xiandai 现代 3 (1933), 305-308.
"Bali de shutan" 巴黎的書攤 [Paris bookstalls], Yuzhou-feng 宇宙風, no.45 (July 1937), 435-38.

"Ji Madeli de shushi" 記 Madrid 的書市 [Madrid's bookmarket], Huaqiao ribao 华侨日报, 11 March 1945, Wenyi shoukan 文艺周刊, no. 58.

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SYMONS, Julian. The Thirties: A Dream Revolved.


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A selection of Dai Wangshu's poems and translations with a preface by Lü Da.


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Rather free translations of Dai Wangshu's poems with a chronology of several pages which is highly inaccurate.

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