

government, and it was hard to find one man in a prefecture who really understood the meaning of the ancient ideal rule. As a result often an order from the central government with perfectly good intention was executed with more harm than blessing to the people by these petty officials. Our farmers and business men know perfectly well whether or not the same is true at present.

Wang An-shih attacked the education of his time, for making the youths devote all their mental energy to belles-lettres instead of how to be a man, and then suddenly putting them at the helm of the ship of state expecting them to run the government. While belles-lettres is not quite so fashionable nowadays, yet anybody who knows something about our education knows that wide discrepancy exists between the courses of study taught in our schools and what the students will need after graduation.

Our statesman of the Sung dynasty bewailed at the paltry salaries received by the government officials. This fact, together with the mad race to outdo each other in funerals, birthday parties, and other social functions, forced the officials to become corrupt. Nobody knows better than our officials themselves whether a similar situation obtains today.

Centuries ago, Wang An-shih decried the innumerable minute regulations for the government officials who could not be expected to know and remember them all, much less to refrain from violating them. How many sets of regulations for this committee or that commission there are in our government only the secretariate of the National Government knows.

Putting the right man in the wrong position also did not escape the vigilant eyes of this statesman nearly one thousand years ago, when a man excelled in literature was given a post in the ministry of finance, and then transferred to prison administration, and next made the supervisor of rituals. The tenure of office was not long enough to allow the capable to accomplish anything. On the contrary, it was short enough for the inefficient to be relieved of his office before the natural result could bring his blunder to light. We had some time ago a general as the Minister of Education, and at present

we have an educator in the same post. Recently we talked with all earnestness of placing Marshal Feng Yuhsiang at the head of the water conservancy or the reforestation commission. We leave it to our readers to find more examples.

So much for the parallel situations between the early Sung dynasty and the present day, we may now consider Wang's principles for educating and making best use of youths. He would make the schools throughout the country turn out good officials by imbibing the students in the spirit of the ancient regime. While we cannot agree with him in this, we see too the need of young men especially trained to run the government.

Next, we come to his principle of "maintenance" for the officials. Wang An-shih would have the government pay its officials well, in order that they might not be forced to get what they need by hook or crook. It was only a matter of proper management of the government finance, he argued, in order to be able to pay the officials well, or, to put it in another way, the people will have to pay for it one way or another, so why not pay them straight instead of through the crooked ways? But statesman Wang also saw the necessity of constraining these officials from competing each other for the splendor in life as well as the necessity of limiting their freedom of action by law so that they might not abuse their power. But he would also allow officials of unusual talent and of proved integrity some freedom to transcend the law in order to obtain the goals desired.

In selecting the youths for government positions, he would try them out with different tasks so that each might be given work which is best suited to his talent. This is one of his principles of administration, in which he would place whole responsibility upon the shoulders of officials, and give them a long tenure of office so that their merit or demerit may be discovered.

All these are sound principles of administration. If our government would only follow them, its administrative machinery may soon be greatly improved, and we may have some concrete achievements to celebrate about on the next October 10.

The New Patriotism*

By PEARL S. BUCK

I HAVE the greatest pleasure tonight in being here, and in seeing a group like yourselves of people interested in literature and in arts and in all culture. Even more than that, however, I am glad to be back again in China, a country which is in a peculiar way my own, even though I cannot claim as my own her race or her traditions. Fate has compelled me to be a sort of internationalist whether I will or not. I belong because I must to two countries, and am in a strange way divided. I remember my consternation as a very small child once when my little neighbor and playmate, a Chinese child,

in a fit of disagreement over some game called me "a foreigner." I ran to my mother weeping and asking her, "Mother I am not a foreigner, am I?" She answered very quietly, "Go back and tell Bao Lei that only your outside is foreign. Your heart inside is Chinese." But I think my own idea of such things was best expressed once by one of my own children, who when she was four years old or so ran upstairs to tell me a guest was come. I asked her, "Is she a Chinese lady or an American?" The child opened her eyes very wide at me and replied in astonishment, "I don't know. I didn't ask her!"

*This is an address given by Mrs. Buck at a reception given in her honor on Oct. 4, by the Wednesday Discussion Group, the Pen Club, the Association for the Study of Modern Literature and "The China Critic."—Editor.

It is not however about internationalism that I wish to speak tonight. In the first place, I am not really an

internationalist. I am a nationalist. I do not believe in a future Utopia where the nations shall become one, when all people will speak the same language, live in the same kind of houses, wear the same clothes, have the same culture, even have the same laws and type of civilization. To me the world would be immeasurably poorer and life far less rich, if this were true. Nor do I believe that this can be true, be possible practically, any more than I believe religions should all unite and become one, or parties in government should all unite into one, or that any manifestation of varied life should become molded and shaped into an arbitrary form. It can no more be done than we can all be born one size, shape, color, or with one type of mind. Any one of us differs, and wisdom consists in recognizing these differences and developing all their possibilities, with, however, this one reservation, that such development shall not inhibit like development in others. The only sort of internationalism, therefore, in which I believe as either desirable or practical is that which is based on understanding of, or at least respect for, our difference and guarding the very right of those differences to exist. There should be mutual respect for each other's differences in individuals certainly. Such respect enlarged into mutual respect between nations is, or so I believe, the only real internationalism.

Therefore I would like to see the Chinese thoroughly himself, as I would like to see the American thoroughly himself, or the Englishman, and so with all peoples. I believe each people can contribute most to the world when he is most thoroughly himself, and expression of his own history, his own race, his own culture. In fact, I am an ardent nationalist, and believe in my own country. I have the great advantage of having more than one country, and therefore I am an ardent Chinese nationalist and an American nationalist, and I find no confusion in myself, having my dual nationalism founded in an equal respect for both my countries, as one respects both father and mother. If America is my motherland and gave me her body, China is my fatherland and gave me his spirit and his mind. My heart they share.

With this very brief and simple explanation, let me proceed, therefore, to this new expression of nationalism, the subject upon which I have been asked to speak, The New Patriotism. I shall tonight forget my mother, and think out of my father's share in me. That is, I shall limit what I have to say to the new patriotism in China, or let me turn it another way—to the patriotism in New China among modern Chinese.

When I say these words, instantly my life seems to fall in my memory into two halves. The first half of my life was spent entirely in old China. The old traditions are my traditions, even as they are yours. I learned the ethics of Confucius. I was taught how a girl should behave in the home and what her place in life should be. I was taught old fashioned courtesy and conventionalized speech. I lived among country people and among city people, with ignorant and with learned, for twenty-seven years. During these years I cannot remember that I knew at all beyond perhaps mere acquaintance, and I cannot re-

member even that a single Chinese who had been abroad or who spoke English beyond a few words learned in school. The last thirteen years I have lived in a city where congregate for many purposes hundreds of modern Chinese. My neighbors, my friends, my associates today are three-fourths of them modern Chinese who have been abroad, who speak English, French, German, Italian, Russian, who know more about the literatures of the West than I do, who know more about the life of those countries than I do, whose demands are far more western than mine, who eat more western food, speak more in a foreign tongue, live in a more western manner, than I do myself. The contrast between the first twenty-seven years of my life and the last thirteen could not be more sharp than it is, and this contrast I have observed with keenest sympathy and interest.

Let me make plain here that I do not prefer one group over another. I am not one of those foolish persons who cry out against what is modern and new and sigh for what is past or passing. To me one cannot say, "This is better than that—one ought to be thus and so." People are as they are, the fruit of their times, and are most interesting and valuable as they express most perfectly their age and times. To me the old China had and has, for it is not past, nor do I believe it is passing, its inestimable value. For dignity and understanding of human relationships, for the art of living, the old China is unequalled. There is a very noble pride about the old Chinese. Patriotism was not a word he needed to use often—he is a patriot, he is a nationalist, in a very deep sense, because he did and does express so naturally in himself his own culture and tradition. He believed completely in the value of his own culture—he needed not to be told that China was the greatest country in the world—who could doubt it? Nor was this arrogance. It was a proper pride. For him it was right. He ought to believe in his country's greatness and he did.

The modern China has equally my admiration. When I consider how during these troubled years, when wars within and without have harassed; when there has been one of the greatest famines of history, when problems of social change and of the formation of a new type of government in an enormous country have presented complications beyond the imagination; when world conditions have been such as to drive foreign nations to selfish and self-protection policies, in such times there has been steady progress in China. Air lines and roads, development in building, improvement in health measures, in provincial and national government, and many others less obvious improvements have been going on in constructive development. I never come back to China from abroad without thinking with the utmost satisfaction, "Here is a nation homogenous and mature and self-aware in every sound and natural way. Everything is possible in the future." I have every confidence in modern and young China. That does not mean I am sentimental and silly enough to believe blindly in all they do. But I also have complete confidence in young China. I am willing to live under the rule of young China. I believe that the intelligence and essentially right-mindedness of modern Chinese leadership

will carry it through what mistakes it may make, and one needs only to wait a little while. I do not want to see China go back to anything. I have faith enough in what is valuable in that old China to believe it will persist, both unconsciously and by conscious choice, in modern China. I think it is equally foolish to urge young Chinese to go back to old China and to urge everything in China to become modern. Development cannot be so arbitrary—it is a matter of growth, and there is no going back in growth. No, I believe in modern China, in its present leadership, in its future development, both of itself and its country.

But in the new nationalism I do see an aspect which I consider non-constructive, and it is in a certain form of so-called patriotism, which I do not believe is worthy of that word. In the midst of much that is serious, helpful, important, I see this weakness, which if it be not recognized, understood, checked by the very persons who have it, may result. I think must result, in grave injustice to the people of this country—has so resulted in cases I have seen. I mean frankly of its own people while outwardly it defends them and praises them. The chauvinist will not acknowledge that anything in his country is wrong. He tries to hide the very faults he knows instead of changing those faulty conditions. He refuses to allow a picture of a dirty street to be taken by a foreigner lest it give a bad impression of his country abroad, but he will do nothing about that dirty street, and will even live in it himself. He will conceal the fact that thousands of people have starved in a famine, and himself not lift his hand to do anything to save them. He is loud in his talk of patriotism and runs about planning agitation against many things, but himself he does nothing for his people. Here is his real weakness—he does not love his people—he is ashamed of them secretly. He compares them unfavorably with other peoples in achievement, in appearance, in ability, instead of saying boldly, "I have faith in my own people. With out great past, can there be any future beyond our powers? Is there anything which other nations have which we cannot achieve by like effort? Our brains, our abilities are second to none," and with this throw himself into some constructive work, regardless of life and its comforts.

Now I cannot entirely blame the modern Chinese for this too frequently shown attitude toward the man of the people. In the first place they inherit an unfortunate attitude toward the less educated classes. There has always been in China too great a cleavage between the educated and uneducated classes. The educated man considered the uneducated man far beneath him. The uneducated man looked up humbly to the scholar as one far above him. Neither understood the other. This attitude the modern educated Chinese has inherited today. In his case, however, the attitude has been made acute because he has been abroad, has seen other countries perhaps more materially developed, has come back fooling himself and his own country hopelessly inferior, and with a curious childish instinct has undertaken to hide and deny the

existence of what he considers weaknesses and at the same time accepts them secretly. The result of such inner confusion must be foolish chauvinism, foolish talk and behaviour, foolish laws.

I give you two illustrations of my own observation: At the time when one of the great new roads was being put through the new capital, the land was practically taken from the people. I saw much suffering and weeping among people unable to understand why it was done. One day I was talking to a friend about the pity of this, a young modern Chinese, and he exclaimed with anger against these poor people, "They understand nothing! I wish we could sweep the country clean of them and start afresh." I could not but reply, "But they are THE people—you are only one—your kind only a small number. Those are the Chinese."

And the second incident: Once I saw a foreign sailor striko his ricksha puller very cruelly and then kick. I was just running forward to stop this when a young Chinese in foreign dress came by and he spoke in excellent English to the sailor and with proper indignation stopped the affair. The sailor left their ricksha and went away. Here was the strange thing. After this foreigner had gone—I was watching from inside a house—the Chinese himself kicked the ricksha puller angrily, and shouted, "You worthless animal, why will you pull those devils?" And he walked away hating the man almost as much as he had the foreigner—hated him for being ignorant and poor and at the mercy of the foreigner.

Now I can so well understand this. I know just how these young Chinese felt. All of us do. It is the reaction of the adolescent, who fresh Home from graduation in middle school, when after the big school buildings and his lovely professors, finds his home small and dark and poor, and his father shabby and his mother dull. He would like to come of a rich, modern family, and he hates his own people while he loves them. He would not allow anyone to speak of their faults, but he himself can see none of their virtues. It is a perfectly human and common situation, which time will cure. As time goes on this young person will see that most people are like his parents, and that they are honorable and respectable people of whom he may be proud.

For here to me is the pathetic aspect of this chauvinism—it is so unnecessary. There is nothing to be ashamed of. Is there dirt? But is not dirt to be found in every country, and can it not be made clean if the people are patiently taught? Is there poverty? But are there not poor in every country, and is it a crime, and cannot the poor be helped? The real wickedness of these so-called patriots is that they do nothing to relieve these very things they hide. Not all of us can do great things of national importance—Yet even the least thing is of national importance. One poor man helped, one ignorant person taught, one unsanitary place or habit changed, is of national importance. Nothing is too small to count in this great day in China.

And the chauvinist is so futile and so blind. Does he think anyone is deceived, either at home or abroad, by

what he tries to do? Everyone knows, who has any sense at all, that where there is famine, flood, banditry there is likewise suffering, and in this day of newspaper, radio, cables, these things cannot be concealed. It is world knowledge. To conceal the true life of our country is so hopeless as to make people laugh at us everywhere. There is poverty, suffering, want, all over the world. In every country there are dirty streets, ugly places. Because only pictures of gardens and beautiful places are allowed to come out of China, will anyone believe this is all of China? Other countries all have their beauties, too. No, such chauvinism only makes the foreigner suspect the worst. He will usually say, as I have heard many of them say, "What is it the Chinese want to hide? Why are they so afraid of a little publicity? Things must be very bad if they want to hide so much."

So no one is deceived. These chauvinists are themselves ignorant people, who do not know or value the good in their own people, and who under estimate common human intelligence of other peoples. They can do their own country no good.

No, I do not call this patriotism. I see the new patriotism in a very different type of person. I see the new patriot as the person, man or woman, modern, educated, alive, intelligent, who knows life, knows the world abroad, examines into what would be feasible and desirable for his own country and brings that and that only back with him. He slavishly follows no one. He knows thoroughly his own country, her people, her temper, her genius. He wants to keep China Chinese, but develop her into every modern activity, at the same time not losing her own individual stamp. Such a man will not think first of where he can live most safely and at the biggest salary. He will think, "How can I give my people what I have?"

For I tell you that China will never progress fundamentally until the modern men and women become real patriots, until they *dare* to put aside comforts and hope of wealth and living in modern environments, and dare to go into villages and interior cities and in a small and humble way set up schools, hospitals, business enterprises,

humanitarian institutions of any and every kind and so seek to raise the level of the people. Hard—I know it is hard. I have spent years in such a life. It means very little money and no comforts and frequent dangers. But it is *worth it*. The solid satisfaction of seeing a human being helped and enlightened is the greatest in the world. There is no joy like it. It makes life worth living. I feel sorry for the person who never has it, who in his ignorance spends his life selfishly.

And you have a people so splendidly worth helping. To me the common man and woman of China is the most noble in the world. I know them. I know their lives, their joys, their sufferings. I respect them with all my heart. Some of my truest, warmest friends have been among them—women who couldn't read a letter, but who were noble and unselfish, simple and good, living life the best they knew, and therefore superior to all those who know better and do not do it. Let no one of us dare to despise one of the common people.

This, then, is, must be, the new patriotism; this the creed of the new patriot, "I believe in my country. I believe in the greatness of her past, in the value of the changing present, in the certainty of a great future. I believe in my own people, in their heritage and in their genius. They are my own, second to none, most beloved of all to me. No least among them is too lowly for me to value, and to spend myself upon in any way which I am able. I will be ashamed of nothing, believing that if I and my fellows do our best for our country we can make right what is wrong, and develop to its height what is right.

"I dedicate myself to my country and to my people. If I can do no great thing, hold no high public office, I can do something for those around me and in my own house and home. I will not fear hardship and obscurity. I will build my life into my country, as a stone is built into a great edifice, not looking for recognition nor for wealth, but finding my reward in knowing that because I have lived in my time, a countryman of mine, a street, a village, a community, has been made better in this new day."

China today needs not the chauvinist who says he is not afraid to die for his country. China needs the patriot who is not afraid to *live* for his country.

The Banff Conference—An Impression

By LIU YU-WAN (劉馥萬)*

WE are living in a crazy world. People everywhere are starving not because of any shortage of food, but because North America is producing too much wheat, Australasia is producing too much meat and tropical Java is producing too much sugar. We have nothing to wear not because we are in need of cloth but because India is producing too much cotton and Lancashire and Osaka are manufacturing too much textiles. We have no shelter while there is an over-abundance of building material, and we can not afford to travel while modern means of com-

munications is cheap and convenient. In the words of a Chinese proverb, we are all "holding a golden bowl and begging for a bowl of rice!"

Living in a crazy world, we naturally do crazy things. Russia, for instance, exported wheat to other countries at a time when the peasants who grew the wheat were starving. England set itself with enthusiasm to the task of clothing the naked "heathens" with the cotton wares of Lancashire at a time when hundreds of thousands of her own people were running about in rags. America wanted more trade to relieve unemployment and she began to do it by raising her tariff walls already high and unclimbable.

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