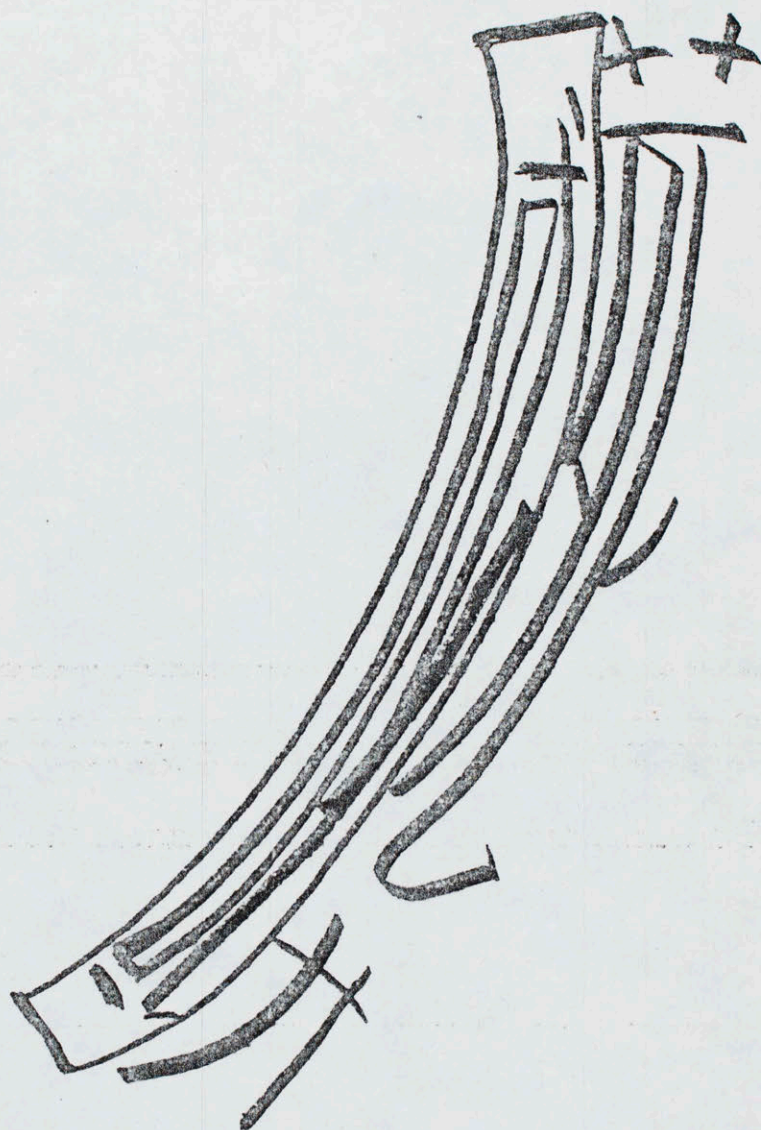


6/13

# STATE FUNERAL

p.1-20

# STATE FUNERAL



by

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translated by Patia Isaku and the Author



## STATE FUNERAL

One early morning in December, the sky somber and overcast, the air raw and piercing, squall upon squall of cold wind swept past. In front of the Taipei Metropolitan Funeral Hall ~~row on~~ <sup>s</sup>row of white wreaths stretched all the way from the gate to the sidewalk. ~~A combined~~ <sup>full dress</sup> ~~forces~~ honor guard, ~~in two columns~~ <sup>in two columns</sup> metal helmets shining, at order arms, ~~stood at attention~~ <sup>stood</sup> on both sides of the main entrance. The ~~avenue~~ <sup>street</sup> had been closed to normal traffic; every now and then one or two black ~~government~~ <sup>official limousines</sup> ~~sedans~~ <sup>sedans</sup> ~~drove slowly in.~~ <sup>At the moment</sup> ~~Now~~ an old man, leaning on his staff, walked up to the gate of the funeral hall. The hair on his head was white as snow; his ~~very~~ <sup>even</sup> beard and eyebrows were all white; he ~~was outfitted in~~ <sup>had on</sup> a ~~worn Tibetan~~ blue serge Sun Yat-sen tunic <sup>somewhat the worse for wear,</sup> and a pair of soft-soled black cloth shoes. Stopping before the memorial arch at the entrance, he raised his head, <sup>ed</sup> ~~squinting~~ his eyes

original  
as not  
by 三  
將軍

stood



and  
 he took a look at the plaque on the arch: MEMORIAL CEREMONY  
 FOR THE LATE FOUR-STAR GENERAL LI HAO-JAN. The old man  
 stood there for a moment, then, leaning on his staff, his  
 back bent like a bow, his steps faltering, he made his way  
 into the hall, *with faltering steps.*

A table stood by the door; on it lay an ink-slab,  
 writing brushes and a folding guest<sup>E</sup>book. As the old man  
 drew near, from behind the table a young aide in a brand<sup>E</sup>new  
 uniform quickly motioned to him, inviting him to sign his  
 name.

"I am Ch'in I-fang, Ch'in, the aide-de-camp," said  
 the old man.

Very politely, the young aide gust handed him an  
 ink-soaked brush.

"I was General Li's old aide-de-camp," Ch'in I-fang  
 insisted, his face solemn, his voice trembling. Without  
 waiting for the young aide's reply, his staff rapping on  
 the floor, *(he moved on)* step by step he proceeded into the hall.

There was only a scattering of <sup>early mourners</sup> government officials inside,



all government officials.  
 arrived early to mourn. The walls were covered with  
 memorial scrolls bearing elegiac couplets, they hung  
 side by side, many of them <sup>so long they trailed</sup> down to the floor; when the  
 wind rose, they <sup>and with the wind,</sup> fluttered. In the very center of the altar  
 hung a portrait of General Li in full-dress uniform arrayed  
 with medals and decorations; on the wall to the left of  
 the altar was spread a green <sup>military standard emblematic</sup> banner with the insignia  
 of a four-star general. The altar was covered with offerings  
 of fruit and fresh flowers, <sup>and was</sup> smoke <sup>spiralling up</sup> already ascended  
 from the sandalwood incense in the cylindrical burner.  
 Above the altar hung a horizontal plaque; on it, <sup>the</sup> huge  
 characters: IN ETERNAL COMMEMORATION OF AN EMINENT HERO.  
 As Ch'in I-fang <sup>walked up</sup> trudged to the altar and, with great effort,  
 straightened to attention, to the right of the altar  
 the Master of Ceremonies <sup>stationed</sup> intoned:

"First bow —"

Ignoring the appropriate ritual, Ch'in I-fang  
 threw his staff to the floor, struggled down on his knees,  
 prostrated himself and struck his forehead against the ground



several times, <sup>rose</sup> shaking with the effort, he / to his feet, <sup>and</sup> he rested himself on his staff, panting heavily. There he stood and gazed at the late General's portrait; he pulled out his handkerchief, blowing his nose and wiping away his tears. <sup>had formed</sup> There was a line of government officials behind him already, waiting their turns to pay tribute. A young aide hurried over and gently took him by the arm to lead him away. Brusquely Ch'in I-fang wrenched himself free and gave the young fellow a dirty look, staff thumping, he <sup>before</sup> withdrew <sup>a ing one side, his staff thumping.</sup> to a corner. As he kept staring at those young aides <sup>hurrying</sup> shuttling to and fro about the hall, sleek and clean-cut every one of them, anger flared up inside him like fire in a pan. If you ask me, why, the General was literally as good as murdered by those little bastards, he growled furiously to himself. <sup>stinking</sup> <sup>tortoises</sup> Those little creeps, they eat shit they wouldn't know the stink from perfume, how would they know how to take care of him? Only he, Ch'in I-fang, only he <sup>all those years</sup> who had followed the General for decades was the one who knew all about his headstrong ways. The moment you

Am.  
my word  
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us. of a  
mess  
is phrase  
not mix  
all.

seems to  
this is one  
those places where we  
take a little  
berty in order to  
old incongruity & unintelligibility.

Not the kind of word  
likely to be in Ch'in's  
vocabulary!



From here on the alternating use of  
"he" (for Ch'in) and "he" (the General)  
is apt to be confusing. I have tried to  
make it clearer here & there.

SF P/I 5

asked him, "General, are you sure you're all right?" his face  
would go dark. When he got sick you weren't supposed to

ask him about it; the only thing you could do was keep <sup>an</sup> a  
*quiet watch* <sup>from the side. These were sons of tortoises, how</sup>  
~~eye~~ on him <sup>on the quiet.</sup> ~~This bunch of S. O. B.s~~ would  
<sup>the way it was?</sup>  
they understand? <sup>^</sup> The year before last, when the General

went to hunt wild boar in Hualien and ~~he~~ slipped climbing a  
mountain and broke his leg, he <sup>himself had</sup> rushed back from Tainan to  
<sup>his old boss.</sup>  
see ~~him~~. There he was, leg in a cast, sitting back on a

couch in the living room, all by himself. "General, Sir,

at your age, you should take better care of yourself,"

<sup>had</sup>  
he remonstrated with him. You should have seen the way he  
scowled! you wouldn't believe how grouchy he looked.

These years when there were no more <sup>battles to fight</sup> ~~wars~~, he'd go mountain-  
<sup>and</sup>  
climbing, <sup>go</sup> hunting. He was well past seventy, but you'd  
never hear him admit it.

Ch'in I-fang looked up at the General's portrait again.

Still the same stubborn look on his face! <sup>He</sup> sighed, shaking  
his head. <sup>The old man had</sup> ~~He~~ carried himself like <sup>the (that he was)</sup> a hero ~~all~~ his life,



how <sup>have</sup> would he give up and <sup>lie</sup> lie down like this so easily?

But say what you like, he should never have sent <sup>him</sup> ~~him~~ his old faithful aide away. "Ch'in I-fang, it's warmer down in Tainan, <sup>It</sup> you'll <sup>be</sup> ~~get~~ better <sup>for your health</sup> ~~there~~, he said to him. So he thought he was

too old, did he? Grown useless, had he? <sup>Or</sup> Was it because he'd <sup>come down with</sup> ~~gotten~~ asthma? Since the master had spoken already, <sup>how</sup> would he still have <sup>the</sup> any face <sup>to</sup> left if he hung around the Li residence? Ever since the year of the

Northern Expedition, when he followed the General

with <sup>a</sup> ~~his~~ thermos on his back <sup>pot</sup> ~~from Canton~~, fighting <sup>their way</sup> ~~from Canton in the south to Shenhaiwan in the north~~, all the way up to the Shanhai Pass, for so many decades,

all those many years, who was it ~~through danger and through storm~~, who but Ch'in I-fang <sup>through hell and high water?</sup>

was the one who always stood by him? Well, after all those years he had served him, all he got was "Ch'in

To think that after all <sup>of loyal personal service</sup> he should have dismissed him <sup>with the words</sup> — "Ch'in I-fang, it's for your own good!" <sup>Just to hear</sup> Whenever people referred

to him as "General Li Hao-jan's aide-de-camp," <sup>he</sup> was enough to make <sup>him</sup> ~~would~~ glow with pride. A fine thing, a <sup>weather-beaten</sup>

old white-haired retainer to be thrown out ~~like this~~, <sup>just like that!</sup>

and by his own General, too. Just think about it,

is that something you can hold your head up about?

When he was in the Veterans Hospital, if anybody asked

him about himself <sup>and General Li</sup> he'd simply ignore them and pretend

to be asleep. <sup>But</sup> That ~~very~~ night he saw <sup>the Old General</sup> ~~him~~ so clearly, with his

own eyes, galloping up to him on his charger <sup>black</sup> Black-Cloud-Over <sup>Captain</sup> ~~White~~ Snow, shouting <sup>Commander's</sup> "Ch'in! I've lost my sword!"

There are different conventions governing naming of horses (+ other thing) in Chinese + in English. A literal trans. of the perfectly good 烏雲蓋雪 sounds dumb (if you'll pardon my saying so) and will baffle the reader.



He fell out of bed in his fright, <sup>a</sup> ~~all over~~ cold sweat; <sup>him</sup> breaking out <sup>all over</sup> which could mean only one thing =

~~he knew it.~~ the General is done for! Don't think just

<sup>had</sup> because he led a million troops <sup>in battle that he should know to take care</sup> ~~he even knew when to keep~~

<sup>and keep</sup> of himself <sup>in</sup> warm. ~~All~~ those years after Madame passed away,

often on winter nights ~~every so often~~, he was the one who got up

and put the covers back on him. This time, if he, Ch'in

I-fang, had still been <sup>by the General's side,</sup> ~~at the mansion,~~ this would never

have happened ~~to him.~~ He would have seen he wasn't feeling

well, <sup>day and night.</sup> he would have seen he was ill, <sup>newcomers!</sup> he would have watched

over him, ~~right beside him.~~ These ~~Johnny-come-latelies!~~

<sup>feel the same way about</sup> These young whipper-snappers! Do they ~~have a heart?~~

<sup>their work?</sup>

<sup>People</sup> They say the night the General <sup>suffered a</sup> ~~had his~~ heart-attack, <sup>he</sup> and

fell on the floor, <sup>to help him</sup> and not a soul was around, <sup>he</sup> wasn't

<sup>one</sup> even able to leave <sup>a</sup> last word behind.

"Third bow ——" the Master of Ceremonies intoned.

Since Gen. Li was stricken with a heart-attack, best not to confuse the issue by using the word "heart" in other (Chinese) senses. See also p. 9.



A bespectacled middle-aged man in the traditional white hemp-woven mourning had appeared and was on his knees by the altar, bowing <sup>time and again</sup> ~~over and over~~ to acknowledge the condolences of the guests.

"Young Master — " ↑

↳ Unsteadily Ch'in I-fang rushed over to the middle-aged man and called <sup>to</sup> him gently. "Young Master, it's me, Ch'in, the aide-de-camp."

Suddenly Ch'in I-fang's wizened old face broke into a smile. He ~~had~~ remembered <sup>the time</sup> ~~now once~~ when Young Master was <sup>had</sup> ~~still~~ little he <sup>a child-size</sup> helped him into <sup>complete</sup> Army uniform with a pair of jodhpurs and <sup>and</sup> a small ~~pair of~~ riding-boots <sup>he</sup> even ~~tried to~~ <sup>ed</sup> fasten his small military cape for him. He <sup>had</sup> ~~took~~ <sup>taken</sup> him by the hand and they <sup>had dashed</sup> ~~ran~~ to the parade-ground.

There the General was, mounted on his great black charger,



waiting. Behind the <sup>horse</sup>~~charger~~ stood a little white colt.

~~Then~~ In a flash father and son <sup>had</sup> galloped off, around the grounds, <sup>could see</sup> He ~~saw~~ the two of them, <sup>father and son,</sup> one big, one little, rise and fall

on the horses' backs, — Young Master's cape flying high

in the air. When Young Master <sup>had</sup> ~~shammed~~ ill health and

dropped out of military academy to <sup>go</sup> ~~run~~ off to America

the General was so enraged his face turned <sup>an</sup> ~~iron~~ black.

he <sup>pointed</sup> ~~pointed~~ at Young Master, <sup>he</sup> ~~and~~ roared, "From now on you need no ~~longer~~ come <sup>back to see me!</sup> ~~and look upon my face!~~"

"The General — he — " Ch'in I-fang stretched out his hand, <sup>he</sup> ~~he~~ wanted to pat the middle-aged man on the shoulder, <sup>he</sup> ~~he~~ wanted to tell him: Father and son are still father and son, after all. He wanted to tell him:

In his last years, the General's heart was not really at <sup>with himself.</sup> peace. He wanted so much to tell him: Once Madame was gone,

the General was all by himself in Taiwan; he <sup>had</sup> ~~felt~~ very lonely.

<sup>too.</sup> But Ch'in I-fang withdrew his hand; the middle-aged

The 也 in Chinese is at least partly 也, a manner of speaking. Even if meant to relate to Ch'in himself, the English "too" doesn't seem to convey the ~~same~~ meaning.



man had raised his head and given him a stare, his face expressionless, as if he had not quite recognized him.

A formidable-looking general in full regalia came up to preside over the <sup>memorial</sup> ceremony. In an instant the hall was

<sup>thick</sup> black with people. Ch'in I-fang retreated in haste to his <sup>a</sup> corner; he saw rows and rows of generals in the crowd, all standing there, solemn, <sup>and holding their breath</sup> ~~all~~ at attention. The presiding general raised the scroll high in both hands and began to pronounce the eulogy in a sonorous Kiangsu-Chekiang-accented voice, <sup>reading in rhythmic cadence:</sup> ~~in a rhythmical manner.~~

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difficulties.  
ve tried to  
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phases with  
certain  
rhythmic  
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by 1 line  
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mustn't

- ① Titan of warriors! <sup>who</sup> like an eagle, <sup>so</sup> the General was <sup>who</sup> did himself with the age bind.
- ② To the Revolution — <sup>he</sup> gave his life. <sup>Keen-minded and great,</sup> how noble his war-craft!
- ③ <sup>in</sup> the Northern Expedition, <sup>like</sup> clouds of men followed him, <sup>in</sup> the battle-field.
- ④ <sup>his</sup> command held sway, <sup>Supreme,</sup> <sup>As</sup> one the country <sup>fought</sup> the Japanese foe.
- ⑤ <sup>Then</sup> pen in hand he planned <sup>helped</sup> and <sup>our</sup> counselled the Chief....

With the close of the eulogy, the memorial ceremony began. The first delegation to approach was that from the Army Headquarters Command, headed by a three-star general bearing a wreath. Behind him stood three rows of generals in full-dress uniforms all emblazoned with splendid decorations. His eyes narrowed, Ch'in I-fang took a good look,

also the  
ans. (distracting.)  
too long &



only to find that among these newly-made generals, there wasn't ~~even~~ one he recognized. Then followed representatives from the three Forces <sup>the</sup> Headquarters, the government ministries, and the Legislature, who came forward one after another to pay their respects. Ch'in I-fang stood on tiptoe and craned his neck looking all over for old acquaintances in the crowd. Finally he caught sight of two old men walking up side by side. The one in a <sup>towering</sup> ~~Tibetan~~ <sup>dark</sup> blue <sup>robe</sup> ~~long gown~~ <sup>and</sup> with a mandarin jacket, <sup>and wearing a</sup> white beard, <sup>and</sup> white moustache, <sup>isn't</sup> ~~broadbuilt~~, that's Commander Chang, <sup>isn't it?</sup> Ch'in I-fang moved forward one step, his eyes narrowed to a thin line. <sup>This man has long</sup> ~~He's~~ been living in seclusion in Hong Kong; so he's come, too. Then the one next to him who keeps wiping his eyes with a handkerchief, <sup>looking</sup> ~~so~~ ill and <sup>feble,</sup> ~~feble,~~ <sup>and is</sup> supported by an old orderly, he must be Deputy Commander Yeh. He's been bedridden in the Taipei Veterans Hospital for so many years, <sup>imagine</sup> ~~why?~~ he's still in the land of the living! During the Northern Expedition the <sup>so</sup> two <sup>the stalwarts</sup> ~~of them~~ were ~~big stars~~ on the General's staff; everybody called them "Commanders of the Steel Army." When they <sup>shoulder to shoulder</sup> ~~were together~~ <sup>fought</sup> they were ~~just~~ like the Sung Dynasty inseparables Chiao Tsan and Meng Liang, <sup>\*</sup> for years ~~on end~~ they made an invincible team. Just a while ago he had seen their memorial scrolls hanging side by side next to the door:

\* Footnote ?



These are, again, tough to trans. the 2<sup>nd</sup> comes out a bit verbose for my taste, but I'm at a loss how to improve on it! However, it is imperative to have a footnote covering the whole business - in some such SF P/I 12 terms as I've tried to suggest below.

Fulent  
Italics

Pillar of the State! your Genius will be remembered  
a thousand Autumns;

upon your Strategy Victory followed ever;

your one Regret: the Yellow Turbans were still yet  
~~not yet destroyed.~~ <sup>to be conquered.</sup>

(space) —————  
Champion of the Han! ~~another~~ <sup>reborn,</sup> Chu-ko Liang, you swore  
never to share the same Ground with the <sup>Enemy</sup> ~~Outlaws~~;  
lofty in Justice, your Loyalty never failed,  
and shall we let your History

be burned to Ashes?

Chang Chien, in Reverent Memory \*

In Passes and on Rivers you fought

a hundred Battles;

forever shall it live Immortal! your

honorable Name;

too suddenly it rose, the mortal Wuchang autumn Wind;

the World Entire mourns a True Hero.

(space) —————  
Our Country, our Nation

is split in two;

how can we bear to see the

unending Tragedy and Woe?

When I hear how you went hunting by night,

like Li Kuang at Pa Ling,

I ask, Was there anyone willing to call back

the Old General?

Yeh Hui, in Reverent Memory

"I've got myself three fierce warriors" the General

once said with obvious pride, three fingers raised

\* The memorial scroll, a couplet of parallel construction and a certain rhyming pattern, is usually couched in extravagant and allusive terms in tribute to the life & work of the deceased. Here, the first scroll contains historical allusions to the Three Kingdoms period (A.D. 220-265) with its rebellion of the Yellow Turbans and the following  
(over)



and  
 "Chang Chien, Yeh Hui, Liu Hsing-ch'i." But who can this old Buddhist monk be, <sup>I wonder</sup> with such a sorrowful look on his face? Ch'in I-fang, <sup>dragging his</sup> staff, <sup>in his hand,</sup> took <sup>a couple of</sup> two steps forward. The old monk was robed in a black cassock, a pair of straw sandals on his feet; around his neck hung a string of russet rosary beads, <sup>of russet coloring.</sup> Standing before the altar, palms together, he bowed three times, swung round and walked out.

"Lieutenant-General ——" Ch'in I-fang uttered an involuntary cry. He had caught sight of <sup>a</sup> the palm-sized scar, <sup>reddish in color,</sup> on the back of the old monk's neck. He remembered ever so vividly how in the battle at Lungt'an against the warlord Sun Ch'uan-fang during the Northern Expedition Liu Hsing-ch'i got <sup>himself</sup> a grapeshot wound on the back of the neck. He was taken to the Nanking Sanatorium; the General had sent Ch'in I-fang <sup>there</sup> specially to take care of him, hadn't he.

In those days you wouldn't believe with what flamboyance Liu Hsing-ch'i carried himself! He was young, capable, and high in the General's favor, too; his troops had <sup>virtually</sup> practically won every single battle, <sup>they were engaged in,</sup> you could say that of all the General's subordinates he was the most successful. 'The Commander of the Iron Forces' — at the very mention of his nom-de-guerre soldiers would gasp with awe. But what on earth had made this change in him?

Usually, in addressing a Lieut. Gen. one says simply "General"

\*Footnote on 孙传芳?

(May not be necessary since already identified as a "warlord" in the text.)

孙传芳:  
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 and Yeh  
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 upped in  
 minds.



Why was he dressed like this? Hobbling with his staff, Ch'in I-fang pushed his way through the crowd and rushed outside after the monk.

"Lieutenant-General, it's me, Ch'in I-fang." His back bowed, leaning on his staff, Ch'in I-fang addressed the old monk; he was panting so hard he could scarcely draw a breath.

The old monk halted, surprise written all over his face; <sup>the man</sup> For a moment he looked at him intently, from head to foot. <sup>he</sup> He hesitated.

"Is it really you? Ch'in I-fang?"

<sup>"It is"</sup> Ch'in I-fang, Lieutenant-General, wishing <sup>the Lieut. General</sup> Your Honor the best of health." He folded his hands in a salute and bowed. Palms together, the old monk quickly returned Ch'in I-fang's salute. That sorrowful look was slowly reappearing on his face; after a long moment he uttered a sigh.

"Ch'in I-fang — ah, the General — " As he spoke, the old monk's voice choked, and his tears began to fall; hastily he touched the wide sleeve of his cassock to his eyes. Ch'in I-fang pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose vigorously. How many years it had been since he had seen Liu Hsing-ch'i last. <sup>(the Lieut. General)</sup> Not since Liu Hsing-ch'i had escaped all alone from Kwangtung to Taiwan. <sup>He</sup> He had just been stripped of his military rank and had come to the Li residence to <sup>report</sup> pay his respects to <sup>his superior officer,</sup> the General.

Not a term with which to address a General



It's so long ago (p. 2) since Gen. Li's full name was mentioned that just a "Hao" for it <sup>may leave the reader nonplused.</sup>

SF P/I 15

Communist

After having been held captive for a year by the Eighth Route Red Army, Liu Hsing-ch'i's whole person had changed beyond recognition; his face seared, livid; his hair almost all fallen out, he was so emaciated there was almost nothing left of his body but the skeleton. The moment he saw the

General <sup>Li</sup> he called out in a trembling voice, "Your Excellency Hao <sup>then he</sup> <sup>completely and could not utter another</sup> " and <sup>word for sobbing.</sup> broke down, overwhelmed.

"Hsing-ch'i, how you must have suffered — " The General's eyes reddened; he kept patting Liu Hsing-ch'i on the shoulder.

"Your Excellency — I feel so ashamed," Liu Hsing-ch'i <sup>swallowed hard,</sup> gobbed, shaking his head.

"The whole situation <sup>had gone beyond help;</sup> was totally irretrievable; " <sup>it</sup> <sup>could not be blamed on any one person.</sup> you really can't blame yourself alone. " The General let out a deep sigh. The two sat facing each other <sup>darkly,</sup> wistfully, at a loss for words.

"When we retreated to Kwangtung, I thought we could still put up a last-ditch fight." His voice low and mournful, the General spoke at last. "Chang Chien, Yeh Hui and you — your divisions were all <sup>made up of</sup> our own Kwangtung boys; they'd been following me all <sup>these</sup> years; now that we had returned to Kwangtung we'd be defending our own homes and villages; if we fought to the death, <sup>that in the end</sup> may be we could still turn back the tide. We never dreamed <sup>that in the end</sup> we would meet with



such a <sup>debacle</sup> ~~shattering defeat~~ — " The General's voice shook. "Tens of thousands of our Kwangtung boys, all lost to the enemy; just to talk about it — ah — ~~it really~~ makes your heart ache." And at last two streams of tears started to flow down the General's face.

"Your Excellency — " His own face covered with tears, Liu Hsing-ch'i cried out painfully, "I've followed Your Excellency a good thirty years, ever since we first started out <sup>campaigning</sup> from our home province ~~on campaign~~, on the Northern Expedition and in the War of Resistance against Japan ~~as well~~. I may say <sup>that my troops contributed to our</sup> ~~the exploits performed by my troops~~ <sup>cause in no small measure,</sup> ~~were by no means trifling ones.~~ And now, <sup>the</sup> ~~my~~ entire force is destroyed, <sup>as</sup> the commander of a defeated army, I ~~myself~~ deserve to die ten thousand deaths! And more, I had to <sup>all kinds of</sup> suffer ~~insults and humiliations~~ at the hands of <sup>the enemy</sup> ~~our enemies~~. Your Excellency, indeed, I cannot bear to face the ~~home-~~ <sup>at home</sup> ~~land~~ Fathers and Elders <sup>let</sup> ~~again~~ — " \* Abandoning all restraint, Liu Hsing-ch'i <sup>let</sup> ~~loosed~~ a storm of wails.

During the final retreat from the mainland the General, Commander Chang and Deputy Commander Yeh had waited three ~~full~~ days on board the battleship Pa Kuei at Lungmen ~~Port~~ <sup>harbor</sup> off ~~on~~ Hainan Island for Liu Hsing-ch'i and his troops to withdraw from Kwangtung. Every day the three of them stood side by side on the deck looking <sup>and hoping</sup> to see him come out.

\* A paraphrase of the famous quotation <sup>from</sup> ~~of~~ Hsiang Yu (232-202 BC), the all-conquering general ~~during~~ <sup>of</sup> the Warring Kingdoms period, who suffered a devastating defeat and ended his own life, too ashamed to face the "folks at home."



Up to the very last moment when the order was given to sail, the General was still holding his binoculars, <sup>peer</sup> looking again and again <sup>in the direction of</sup> toward the Bay of Canton. <sup>He had gone sleepless</sup> For three days and nights, he didn't close his eyes once, his face so haggard, as if in an instant he had aged ten years.

"The General, to me, he was so — "

Shaking his head, the old monk sighed deeply and turned to leave.

"Lieutenant-General, Sir, do take care of yourself!"

Ch'in I-fang followed him a few steps, calling after him.

The old monk didn't even turn his head; his black cassock <sup>soon became no more than a</sup> floating about in the bitter wind in a flash was a black spot

<sup>shadow shape</sup> vanishing into the distance.

Inside the hall the funeral march sounded; it was time to <sup>move</sup> bear the casket. The crowd outside the hall gate suddenly parted; rifles and bayonets raised, the Army Honor Guard stood to attention; General Li Hao-jan's casket, draped with the Blue Sky and White Sun, the national flag, was carried out from the hall, borne by eight Honor Guards officers. Outside an Honor Guard jeep was waiting; in it stood a standard-bearer holding aloft the four-star General's banner; the hearse followed, bearing General Li's portrait on its front. As soon as the casket was placed in the hearse, all the officials

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who were to attend the graveside ceremonies entered their cars. The <sup>long line of</sup> ~~dragon of black~~ official sedans stretched bumper to bumper <sup>like a black dragon</sup> along the avenue. Civil and military police, their whistles blowing, were busy directing traffic. <sup>hastily</sup> In great haste Ch'in I-fang wrapped a white hemp broad mourning sash <sup>(of white hemp)</sup> around his waist; pushing aside the crowd with one hand, <sup>clutching</sup> his staff in the other, he hobbled toward the hearse. Behind the hearse was parked an open-top military ten-wheeler. <sup>the</sup> Several of ~~those~~ young aides had already jumped on and were standing inside <sup>the vehicle,</sup> ~~it~~. Ch'in I-fang went round to the rear and started to climb up, ~~the~~ ladder, only to be stopped by an MP.

"I am General Li's old aide-de-camp," said Ch'in I-fang agitatedly, and started to climb <sup>on</sup> again.

<sup>(is a military)</sup> "This ~~vehicle, for aides only.~~" The MP <sup>pulled</sup> brushed him back down.

"You — you people — " Ch'in I-fang staggered backward, choking with rage; he pounded his staff furiously on the ground.

"When General Li was alive I followed him for thirty years!" he shouted, his voice quivering. "This is the last time I'm seeing him off; how dare you not allow me?"

The captain of the aides ran up to inquire what the matter was, and finally <sup>was allowed to board</sup> let Ch'in I-fang ~~climb onto~~ the truck. <sup>The old man</sup> ~~Ch'in I-fang~~ clambered up, <sup>but</sup> before he could



find his footing the truck ~~was~~ <sup>ed off sending him</sup> pulling out; he lurched <sup>ing</sup> this way and ~~rocked~~ that ~~way~~ until a young aide caught him and helped him to one side. He grabbed the iron railing and hung on, doubled over, panting a long time before he recovered his breath. A chilly gust blew against his face, <sup>causing him to</sup> he hunched his shoulders. Soon the funeral procession turned onto ~~East Nanking Avenue~~ <sup>Road</sup>; at the intersection stood a giant arch of pine branches; across the top were large characters <sup>made up</sup> woven of white chrysanthemums: ~~IN HONOR~~ TRIBUTE

~~OF THE FUNERAL OF~~ HIS EXCELLENCY THE LATE ~~FOUR-STAR~~ GENERAL LI HAO-JAN. As the hearse was proceeding through the arch, an infantry company came marching along one side of the avenue. Seeing the hearse, their commanding officer <sup>barked</sup> ~~at once~~ <sup>out the order</sup> shouted, "Sa-lute!"

The soldiers in the company <sup>snappily turned their heads</sup> ~~snapped to attention~~, <sup>toward</sup> ~~eyes following~~ the hearse, in a military salute.

At the sound of the order Ch'in I-fang, standing in the truck, straightened up in spite of himself, head <sup>held</sup> high, chin in the air, his face most solemn, his white hair blown erect by the wind. All of a sudden he recalled the year the anti-Japanese war was won and they had moved back to Nanking, the former capital. <sup>had gone</sup> The General went to the Sun Yatsen Mausoleum at Purple Gold Mountain to pay tribute to the Father of the Country; <sup>himself</sup> he had never seen so many

"Purple Mountain" is the established English name for 紫金山.

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high-ranking generals together at <sup>one time —</sup> ~~once~~ they were all there, Commander Chang, Deputy Commander Yeh, Lieutenant-General Liu. That day he was the one who served as captain of the General's aides, <sup>with this</sup> he ~~wore~~ riding-boots, white gloves, a wide belt buckled so tight it held his back straight, and a shiny black revolver strapped to his side. The General was apparelled in a military cape, <sup>sword</sup> glistening at his side, <sup>ing</sup> he was right behind the General, their riding-boots clicked jauntily on the marble steps. In front of the Mausoleum the military guard stood in formation, waiting. As they approached, ~~at once~~ a thunderous <sup>chorus</sup> ~~shout~~ burst out:

"Sa——lute ——"

<sup>the</sup> Fifty-ninth Year of the Republic, <sup>of China (1970),</sup> Late Winter,  
California, America U.S.A.

Does this dateline mark the completion of the book? Do we want to retain it for the Eng. ed.?