

LCL CHONG XIE (LCL REVISITED)

I remember where it had all started. In a Xian bookstore. As I was pulling books off the shelf, glancing at the covers and replacing them, a glossy, glorious nude figure, coiled on a cover, made me pause. She promptly seduced a smile out of me.

As a joke, I started to hand the book over to Fang Wen Bai, who was a few steps ahead, then glanced at her, realizing my gaffe. Before I could withdraw my hand she had seen the cover and asked that I hand it over. I resisted. She insisted. Well, what the hell, I handed it over. She glanced at the cover, smiled in my direction and, rather eagerly I thought, began to thumb through the pages.

I quickly blurted out, "That's not like the other English classics on these shelves. A nice girl like you wouldn't like it." She aimed a quizzical glance at me, "Girl?", and returned to her page-thumbing. Relative to my age, she was a girl and I watched her momentarily, thinking, apropos of nothing, that her English name, "Julie", fit her better than her Chinese name.

Now, a full year later, all of a sudden, I had two Chinese plainclothes men in my face and I was thinking fast as to how to get them out. Their knock on my door had come as I was dressing. I was going to meet Julie for dinner. How these guys had managed to know who I was and where I was, I had no idea.

I had barely arrived back in Xian for my eighth visit. Despite the gritty streets and the dismally modem buildings, I was looking forward to another three-week stint, doing my untutored best to help Chinese students with conversational English.

This would be my second visit to this particular school and I was staying in a familiar hotel, spartan by American standards, but a very short walk from the school. Promptly after unpacking I e-mailed Julie, "I'm here. How about dinner?" Her answer was welcoming. We would meet at seven, near the school entrance.

Julie and her daughter lived in a wing of the school building. We had become friends the previous year, when she was obliged, as the school's Academic Dean, to make sure that the American visitor learned his way around, was introduced to the staff and occasionally was taken to lunch or dinner.

Xian, now a city of eight or nine million people, is the home of the famous terra cotta soldiers, standing in placid ranks deep underground ever since 210 B.C. Until their accidental discovery in 1974, the city had slumbered in long obscurity after its garden years as the capital of China and the eastern terminus of the Silk Road. Xian had once, reputedly, been the largest city in the world.

The two men had more or less pushed their way into my room, although I admit that I was so startled to see them at my door that I didn't offer much resistance. They were well dressed in dark brown suits, one was taller than the other and they were relatively young and not unpleasant looking.

"Ni Hao. You are Mr. Bruce Petrie?"

"Yes, I am. Who are you?"

The taller one said, "We are from the Shaanxi provincial office, Mr. Bruce, and must ask you to come with us. "The other one waved an official looking card -not so fast that I couldn't see that it was written in Chinese characters, totally incomprehensible to me. "That's ridiculous. I am not going anywhere - at least not with you. Get out of here. I'll

call the police."

"They won't help you Mr. Bruce. We must ask you some questions."

"What about? Anyway, I won't answer any questions. Get out of here right now. I am an American citizen." "About your computer." "What about my computer? That's none of your business" "Yes. In China it is our business."

I hoped that by talking a little more I might delay these guys long enough that Julie would come looking for me -which seemed distinctly better than being dragged out into the night.

"Why is my computer your business"?

"Because in China it is illegal to use computers to spread obscenity."

I started to reply but the taller of the two interrupted, "It is also illegal to use computers to subvert the state."

With that I almost laughed, "Subvert the state? That's crazy. I like China. I come here regularly. I'm trying to help, not hurt; I've never subverted anything. And I'm certainly not spreading obscenity."

This time the shorter one spoke, "Our records show that you used your computer in the

U.S. to write to a Chinese woman about an obscene book called, 'Lady Chatterley's Lover' and how it was used to subvert the American courts." I began to feel better. At least I knew what they were talking about.

"Wait a minute. I did write to a friend about that book. But it must have been at least a year ago. 'Lady Chatterley's Lover' was written by a famous English author, not an American. And it must have been published forty or fifty years ago. It's sold everywhere."

"But you bought it recently."

"If you call a year ago 'recently'. Besides, I didn't initiate the purchase. A Chinese woman insisted that I buy it for her. It was her birthday. I bought it in a big Chinese book store, not far from here. The store was full of all kinds of books -mostly textbooks for Chinese students. It was on a shelf with lots of classics -Thomas Hardy, Virginia Woolf, Chekhov. So if Lady Chatterley is obscene, she keeps very good company"

I could tell they were, at least, thinking about those points, so I barged ahead. "It certainly doesn't subvert the State. That whole question was thrashed out in our courts decades ago. Our courts held that Lady Chatterley is not obscene. Yes, it does have some very explicit sex scenes -which are offensive to many people -including me. That's why it was tested in our courts. "

The taller one cut me off. "That book may not be obscene in the U.S., but it is obscene in China."

I had an answer for that, "Permitting speech that some people don't want to hear is what 'free speech' is all about. And, in fact, the language in the Chinese Constitution is almost exactly the same as our Constitution: the citizens of the Peoples' Republic enjoy 'freedom of speech, of the press, of assembly'. Those are Chairman Mao's words -not mine."

My mention of Chairman Mao didn't seem to deter my accusers.

"We are an old country, but we have a new society. And in our new society the

book is obscene."

I started to reply -but then paused. He had a point that I had often thought about myself: China does have a new society. We Americans, of course, often learn about other societies through our ears -and when we first hear that sledgehammer word, "communism" -that's about all we do hear.

But the new China's version of communism seems vastly different than old, discredited Marxism. China has fashioned an incredible new combination of control and freedom, apparently unlike anything the world has seen. From the outside at least, China seemed to be looking and acting in many ways very much like a good old capitalistic state. Consumers buying things they really don't need and persuading themselves that they can't get along without them.

But this was no time to philosophize about China's new society. I needed to figure out the magic words to persuade these guys to leave me alone.

"Look, I don't think you guys want to drag an American citizen out of his hotel in the dead of night. I have an appointment in a few minutes. Someone is waiting for me. And my family in Cincinnati -that's in the U. S. -in Ohio -they know where I am. You'll have our State Department all over you."

They still looked determined, but I sensed that I was making a little progress. So I continued:

"The U.S. courts ruled that even though "Lady Chatterley's Lover", has some explicit sex scenes, it also has social value as a literary work, In effect, the Court said it appealed to the brain as well as the groin." (I was hoping my accusers knew the English word 'groin' and with that oh-so-clever bon mot I might get a laugh out of them).

"And the book's lawyer argued that the brain and the groin are not mutually exclusive; a book that appeals to the groin may also appeal to the brain and that literary value is too important to sacrifice simply because of sexual comments. I think your courts would rule the same way."

The groin/brain point seemed to give my two accusers pause. The shorter guy looked at his partner and said something in Chinese. The taller guy nodded. The shorter guy then started digging in his pocket as he left the room.

I thought his departure was a good sign but I still wasn't sure what these moves meant. In a few minutes the shorter guy came back and the two talked together out of my hearing. Once again the shorter guy left the room, tugging in his pocket again -for what I guessed was a cell phone. Once again, after a brief delay, he returned and spoke privately with his partner.

The taller one paused a moment, then smiled slightly. That was a good sign. He told me that I was very fortunate; that his superior had approved my release. But he warned me not to discuss "Lady Chatterley's Lover" in public or on my computer. He then said that he might call me for another meeting or that I might be questioned at the airport, but that I would, "in all likelihood", be free to leave for home. I quickly decided that it was the better part of wisdom not to question his implicit warning: "in all likelihood. " They seemed satisfied; they left; I was relieved.

I telephoned Julie and arranged a short delay.

As I resumed dressing, my accusers' thoughts about old societies and new societies kept returning. In China's new society the phrase, "free speech" clearly doesn't mean quite the same thing as it means in the U.S. - although in neither country does it

mean quite what its absolute nature suggests. I knew that individual Chinese usually seem very friendly to individual Americans, but I didn't know much about how they think or see America as a country and Americans as a people.

I wasn't, or at least I thought I wasn't, a complete neophyte about China. In 1946, when I had all the wisdom of a 19-year-old, I had been in China at the expense of Uncle Sam, up and down the east coast, mostly in Shanghai, for five or six months. Thereafter, in the early 50's, I had been involved in many well-lubricated cocktail-party conversations generated mostly by the most recent ranting of Senator Joseph McCarthy. These enlightened discussions usually included such clever insights from someone as, "Those Goddamn Communists", a phrase which seemed designed to end the discussion -and usually did.

I had read about the destruction McCarthy had wrought on our own thoroughly experienced Foreign Service Officers such as John Service, John Davies and John Vincent. Their advice regarding the Chinese people's attitudes about Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-Tung had, at a critical time, not only been ignored, but demeaned, by the U.S. Administration and the infamous "China Lobby". Not only had the U.S. backed the wrong horse in China, but, still later, according to Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara, the loss of the Foreign Service Officers' expertise had led to many of our country's major blunders in Vietnam.

It was good to see Julie again and there was plenty to talk about. I kidded her about all the problems that my birthday present of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" had caused; that those unexpected consequences certainly meant that I should never get her another birthday present. But, by now, she was quite familiar with American banter. She feigned chagrin and, quite correctly, blamed the choice of the gift book on me.

Also, she readily offered some different thoughts about "free speech", reminding me that millions of Chinese, after years of very harsh living conditions, now were enjoying such amenities as flush toilets, super-markets and automobiles; that "free speech", which, as a practical matter in China was essentially only inhibited in public communications, wasn't foremost in their minds; that most Chinese were not readily going to challenge a government that seemed to be greatly improving their daily lives.

Julie also asked me if I had ever considered the effect of the enormous difference in the size of our respective populations. She had me there. I had long wondered whether the sheer number of people in China means not just a difference in numbers but a difference in kind. . Obviously there are special problems in just governing 1.3 billion people. In shaping an effective state for 1.3 billion people, how many subdivisions of useful authority are necessary and how many are possible? Even our own population of three hundred eight million citizens, only a quarter of the size of the Chinese population, living on essentially the same-sized land mass and with a higher percentage of arable land, often seems beyond proficient management.

I had to admit to Julie that China's four times as many people might bring five times as many problems, just to keep order.

Having so easily extracted a concession, Julie went on, with a slight smile and ingratiating tone: "And we Chinese are SO grateful, to such a wonderful exemplar as the U.S., for advice on how to avoid civil rights abuses, racial discrimination, air, water and soil pollution, governmental corruption and overbearing trade practices. "

"Touche" I responded, "but at least it's good to have an experienced teacher lecturing to you -and there were times when China was equally insufferable. After all, it once regarded itself as the "Middle Kingdom" between Heaven and Earth -and the

Emperor at first refused even to trade with Western 'barbarians' because there was nothing in the West that China could possibly want -and he insisted that Western diplomats kowtow to him. Surely, that at least matches America's national narcissism. "

Julie was kind enough to acknowledge that I might be right about those musty points and that ended our verbal tussle.

In the ensuing days at the school my classes were as enjoyable, and the Chinese teachers as hospitable, as ever. I managed a weekend trip to fascinating Yanan, the northern terminus of the Long March, headquarters of the Communist war effort against the Japanese and site of the famous U.S. Dixie Mission's war-time conferences with Mao Tse-Tung and his generals. Based on his personal meetings, Theodore White, the Time/Life journalist, wrote that Mao, well aware that Chiang Kai-shek was avoiding the Japanese forces, asserted that, in the war against the Japanese, the U.S. should support neither Mao nor Chiang -or support them both proportionately. Otherwise, (as ultimately happened) the U. S. supplies would be used by Chiang against Mao, not against the Japanese. The essential failure of the meetings, was attributed by White to the bizarre ineptitude of General Patrick Hurley, President Roosevelt's emissary to the Dixie Mission. White later poignantly described this episode as "a classic example of the derailment of history by accident."

Regardless of one's view of communism, China's advance in the last forty years is truly impressive. A deeply divided, foreign-invaded, war torn country, bled by rampant corruption, with its tens of millions of peasants suffering from years of an intractable feudalism, and led for years by war lords and an inflexible general, China has nonetheless emerged as a nation of enormous importance.

After the defeat of Japan and, despite a reconciliation attempt in 1946 by General George Marshall, the civil war in China resumed and the Communists won, resenting the U. S. failure to give them any direct help in their efforts against the Japanese. Chiang Kai-shek, who had purposely avoided the Japanese to save his troops for the civil war he knew would resume, fled to Taiwan, taking as much loot as possible. China "stood up" as Mao famously announced in 1949, but then within a decade or so suffered through Mao's hopeless blunders of the "Great

Leap Forward" and the "Cultural Revolution." Finally emerging in 1980, under Deng Jiaoping, China adopted a new and ostensibly antithetical blend of capitalism and authoritarianism -a formula that has somehow made more people -wealthier -in less time - than any other nation on earth.

In the third week of my visit, as had happened in a few previous years, a professor friend at Jiaotong University asked me as an English speaking person to help prepare a group of students for an English-language contest with other near-by universities. The students were required to "Briefly discuss the following historical subject and its influence on China's current form of government. "

The subjects were post-1800 historical events, randomly picked from a list by each contestant, to be presented in their approximate chronological order, with the authors of the three best essays returning the following day to give their essays from memory. A winner would be chosen to represent the University in the city-wide competition. As I had glanced at the list of

historical subjects there appeared to be a not-so-subtle general theme focusing on China's infamous "century of humiliation". When combined with the envy Chinese must have felt for the spectacular advance of Western industrial economies, these emotions surely created a highly significant attitude in modern China.

We gathered for the reading session. The first paper dealt with the famous Opium Wars, marking the beginning event of the long humiliation. The wars were the ultimate consequence of England acquiring opium in India and trading it into China for tea, against the orders of the Emperor, a highly profitable trade begun in the 18th century and devastating to millions of Chinese. Managing to escape much attention, some United States traders, much like its own current drug tormentors from Mexico and South America, had engaged in illegally pushing opium into China. These traders, incidentally, included a New England, entrepreneur whose ancestral names designate two adjoining streets in the Hyde Park neighborhood of Cincinnati.

The ineffective Chinese resistance to the opium trade resulted in two wars in which an out-gunned China was defeated by British and French forces. The last war ended in 1860 with

the sacking of the summer palace in Peking and the cession of Hong Kong to England, a lasting embarrassment to China.

The second student, an open-faced, innocent looking young woman, read her paper, entitled "The American Missionary Movement and Its Influence on Chinese Attitudes." The young woman was not a master of satire, but she managed to capture the temerity implicit in the arrival of determined Christian evangelists, eager to save the souls of the Chinese people. These were a people who, for more than a thousand years, somehow without Western assistance, had been examining such imperatives as the "mandate of heaven" and its teachings on the moral order of the universe. Skeptical western observers wondered out loud at this enterprise, noting that "The notion of a personal God, exterior to His creation, is utterly foreign to Chinese cosmology." Undeterred by that rudiment, many of the missionaries saw their task as simply to "undeceive" the Chinese. When the missionaries, many of whom had brought the zeal of Paul the Apostle, finally had to acknowledge only modest success, some claimed it "reflected poorly on the Chinese."

The contest subjects that followed demonstrated that the spread of communism in China was not as provoked by industrial insurrection as in Russia; while Russian involvement was not insignificant, it seemed more theoretical than active, with Russia initially supporting Chiang Kaishek's party, the Kuomintang, and not Mao. Instead, the roots of communism included decades, if not centuries, of brutal feudalistic practices and extensive foreign intrusions which, collectively, led to peasant rebellions. The Taiping Uprising, beginning in 1850 and lasting fourteen years, was led by a peasant with whom the missionaries had apparently been persuasive, because he referred to himself as the "little brother of Jesus."

As the last decades of the 19th century unrolled, the peasant anger and tensions grew with the ever-increasing encroachments into China of foreigners and their institutions: treaty ports, "leased" cities, ceded territories, missionary establishments, churches with their discordant steeples, other European architectural styles, concession areas wherein the foreigners flaunted their distinctive life styles and were immune to Chinese law. This invasion became intolerable.

In 1900 a peasant organization, the Society of Righteous and Harmonious Fists, soon given the nom de guerre of "Boxers", launched a campaign of terror and violence. It began with gruesome beheadings of missionaries and their families and developed into a great siege of the foreign Legation Quarter in Peking. The sizable Quarter, virtually a separate city in the center of Peking, was occupied by the diplomatic corps of England, France, Prussia, the U.S. and seven other Western nations, with their embassies, military installations, banks, shops, and exclusive clubs, including, incidentally, the Friends of

Literature Society.

Relief from the fear, death and destruction of the attack came only when a special international force managed to break through and lift the siege. After exacting heavy reparations from the Chinese, the Western powers rebuilt the Legation Quarter bigger and better than ever, with many handsome new buildings of western style, and with little change in the exclusive nature of their presence.

The bright looking student next in order of the competition explained how the nineteenth century rebellions were linked to the great revolution of the twentieth. No sooner had the Legation Quarter been rebuilt after the Boxer Rebellion than the Qing (also known as the Manchu) Dynasty began to waver. Its relatively bloodless collapse, led to the birth of the Chinese Republic in 1911. Its leader, the famous Dr. Sun Yat-sen, more interested in a free China than in his medical practice, is generally regarded as the founder of modern China.

The Republic introduced on the world stage the three beautiful Soong sisters of Shanghai, all of whom had been educated in the United States. One was the wife of H.H. Kung, the Chinese finance minister, later accused as a corrupt ally of Chiang Kai-shek; one was Dr. Sun's wife, who supported the Communists long after Dr. Sun's death. And one became Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the cover girl of the highly influential "China Lobby", epitomized by Henry Luce, with his Life Magazine, who actively utilized his prestige in trying to manipulate U.S. policy.

The United States had fought a colossal war which had saved China from Japan, but then had allowed a politically paranoid politician to bamboozle the entire nation into what seemed to be one of the clumsiest foreign policy mistakes in U.S. history. When it might have revisited its basic position on China and sought appropriate remedies, it seemed to many Americans that the U.S. instead, succumbed to hyperbolic hysteria about communism, devastating to any rational assessment of our policy.

My visit was coming to an end and I excused myself from the rest of the student contest. Nonetheless, the experience had left me with new thoughts about the astuteness of our national conduct during China's "century of humiliation."

My flight home was scheduled for late-evening and Julie insisted on going with me to the airport. She knew a friend of a friend who could get her a special pass to go to the departure gate with me. We had agreed that my two plain clothes accusers, having been instructed by telephone to release me, had been indulging in the old Chinese habit of "saving face" when they had commented that "In all likelihood" I would be free to leave for home.

If, however unlikely, I were detained, Julie thought it wouldn't hurt having a Chinesespeaking friend along. Another motive also became clear to me -that Julie had her eye on dinner at a certain restaurant in the huge Drum Tower underground shopping area. As we were seated at the restaurant, her smile grew even brighter, "Guess what day this is?" I couldn't guess -had no idea. She sang out, "It's been a full year -it's my birthday!"

"Oh no, I said, not again! No presents this time, no trouble -especially no books!" She feigned deep disappointment.

"O.K., if no book, how about a scarf? I know all you Americans are rich -you can certainly afford a scarf -and you should have a look around the fantastic shopping mall." I didn't tell her that I had already seen the shopping mall. It was fantastic, stuffed with electronic gadgets, beautiful ceramic ware and, of course, women's finery of all categories, including scarves. As the sales girl was wrapping Julie's new scarf, a missed idea belatedly arrived. I kicked myself. Why hadn't I thought of it when I was trying to

persuade the two plainclothes men that "Lady Chatterley's Lover" had a lot more to it than sex for sex's sake? I really hadn't given them any specifics about what the book's great social value actually was. I had been a little vague about that myself.

What I should have told the plainclothes men was that, whatever other purposes they may have, sexual impulses were an enormous factor in selling merchandise. All American manufacturers know that -and if they don't, their advertising agencies certainly do. And China certainly wants to sell merchandise. Oh well, too late now, but no harm done -as it had turned out, my accusers released me anyway.

Julie and I arrived at the airport with ample time to spare and slowly made our way to the gate. Then, sure enough, it happened. Despite the large crowd, I spotted my two erstwhile accusers. They were wearing their brown suits. But this time there was a third man with them, even taller and appearing to be much older than my accusers. Conspicuously, he was wearing a scholar's gown, now an unusual sight almost anywhere in China. He also had a neatly trimmed beard and an air of distinction about him.

Thinking that they had not yet spotted us, I nudged Julie, gently gestured toward the plain clothes men, grabbed her arm and we both started trotting in the other direction. To no avail. They caught up with us, shouting "Mr. Bruce, Mr. Bruce." Julie hesitated not a minute. "Zou kai! Ni shou mei you ren he ma fan !" With surprising and unwitting accuracy, I repeated that in English: "Go away! You said there would be no trouble."

But the guy who was now the second tallest, interjected, "There is no need to shout, Mr. Bruce, there is no need to speak Chinese. Blushing a little, he continued. We have come to see you. We have now revisited "Lady Chatterley's Lover." I have a copy". He held out a book and, sure enough, there on the cover was my glossy, glorious seducer. Even my accuser smiled. "We have consulted with Dr. Liu Shao-chi, a scholar and professor of literature. I am now happy to introduce him to you."

The distinguished looking gentleman held out his hand. With some relief, I shook it.

Dr. Liu, in perfect English, introduced himself to Julie and then turned back to me. He seemed friendly. "These men, my colleagues, are from the Shaanxi Government Office and, with their superior, they have told me about their encounter with you shortly after your arrival in China. They have consulted with me regarding the book, 'Lady Chatterley's Lover.' You were quite right, of course, Mr. Petrie, that the book was written by the famous Englishman, D.H. Lawrence, who, I agree, was a fine writer. I also know, as you explained to my colleagues, that your Courts had determined that Lawrence was conveying a valuable social message. That message overrode the explicit sex scenes and thereby precluded any determination that the book should be banned as obscene.

"Moreover, it was clear to me that my colleagues had focused on the sex scenes and missed the social message; they had made a mistake. So I asked them to revisit the book and consider more carefully the message that Lawrence was sending to his readers. It is a message that happens to be entirely consonant with modern Chinese principles. The message, as you know, is a strong endorsement of social equality for all human beings.

"I urged my colleagues to consider whether the sexually disabled Lord Clifford Chatterley was really opposed to Lady Chatterley having a child by another man -or that he was only opposed to her having a child by a man below her own and his own social class. I wanted my colleagues also to consider whether Lord Chatterley's primary interest was in having an heir to whom he could pass his wealth.

"When my colleagues revisited the book they finally realized that Lawrence's social message regarding class equality is hardly one that China can reject. After all, we

stand for a socially classless society. And, as you chose to put it, we cannot allow the brain to be defeated by the groin. "The idea of social equality, was not only denied, but was despised, by Lord Chatterley. But social equality was strongly endorsed by Lady Chatterley. It is a principle, after all, at the foundation of Chinese socialism.

My colleagues also learned from their revisit that D.H. Lawrence himself was the son of a coal miner. He wrote very clearly that the man who was Lady Chatterley's lover - her husband's gamekeeper, Oliver Mellors, was adamantly against the capitalist system, in fact he hated it intensely. As did our former Chairman, Mao Tse-tung.

"After his great success with the Revolution, Mao made some big mistakes. But our subsequent leader, comrade, Deng Xiaoping, who believed that it is glorious to be rich, revisited our economic system and instituted the necessary changes. As a result, China no longer shares the gamekeeper's hatred of capitalism and we have now embraced our own version of that system. It is not the same as yours, of course, but then, very few forms of governments are exactly alike and few remain exactly as they began. Your own Constitution, as you know, has been amended twenty-seven times. You may well find reason to amend it further.

"Of course, even in your country, there are many legal constraints against absolutely free speech. And some of your fellow citizens recognize that freedom carries with it responsibilities. The conflict between freedom and responsibilities is troublesome for both our countries. "We are quite aware that the combination of the Internet and other social media with our 1.3 billion people, presents China with big problems regarding free speech and human rights. But we must deal with these situations within our own version of capitalism.

"Incidentally, Mr. Petrie, I am surprised that you failed to mention to my colleagues the acceleration of sexual influence, following the publication of Lawrence's book, on matters having essentially nothing to do with sex itself. I'm speaking, of course, of advertising and the selling of merchandise. As you well know, in your version of capitalism and in our version, enormous amounts of goods of all kinds must be sold. Both of our economies depend on selling. And, as your country realized years ago, sex sells - not just itself but everything -from soup to nuts, as you Americans say. Thus, it seems that "Lady Chatterley's Lover" gives support to both of China's current social goals: social equality and the practical needs of a modern capitalistic society. "

Dr. Liu continued. "There is another valuable point Lawrence made -about which, Mr. Petrie, I think you will agree. He used the characteristics of the gamekeeper, Oliver Mellors, to make his point. I cautioned my colleagues that in their revisit to the book not to overlook the selective manner in which Mellors used the English language. Usually, when it served his purpose in speaking with Lord or Lady Chatterley, for example, he chose to speak in the manner of the Army officer he once had been. But, when it served another purpose, he carefully utilized the rough working man's vernacular which matched his social status.

"In doing so I think Lawrence was reminding us that social equality is not the same thing as personal equality, that one's intellect and ability are independent of one's integrity as a human being. To put it in the vernacular, one might say, as you argued, that the groin and brain are independent of one another. It is a big mistake to conflate the two as, it seems, is often done by many Americans. China wants to avoid that-and in doing so we would not want to be without the English language and the magic it generates from writer's such as Lawrence. Chinese scholars, if not the politicians, see the English language as a welcome and lasting monument to the British Empire. That is why we seek to teach it to every schoolchild in China."

Dr. Liu continued, "We are sorry to have troubled you. We hope you will return to China. And no matter how many times you do revisit you will find that China has changed, just as it always has.

I liked Dr. Liu. I understood why he looked so distinguished in his scholar's gown. The two plainclothes men smiled. I smiled. Julie smiled.

Dr. Liu smiled and said, "Goodbye, Mr. Petrie, have a good trip. I hope that someday we will meet again. And remember, we Chinese learn from our mistakes -and we learn quickly especially when we revisit them.

Bruce I. Petrie

The Literary Club

March 21, 2011

SOURCES READ OR CONSULTED

FOREIGNERS WITHIN THE GATES	MOSER & MOSER
THE OPIUM WARS	HANES AND SANTELLO
FROM OPIUM WAR TO LIBERATION	EPSTEIN
COMMISSONER LIN AND THE OPIUM WAR	CHANG
ESSENTIALS OF MODERN CHINESE HISTORY	LEUNG
TRADE AND DIPLOMACY ON THE CHINA COAST 1842 -54	FAIRBANK
THE AMERASIA PAPERS	SERVICE
MAO TSE-TUNG	PAYNE
THE CALL	HERSEY
THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA	FAIRBANK
LIFE AND DEATH IN SHANGHAI	CHANG
THE END OF OBSCENITY	REMBAR
CHINA PAST AND PRESENT	BUCK
THE LAST EMPRESS	PAKULA
CHINA -A HUNDRED YEARS OF REVOLUTION	SALISBURY
THE PUBLISHER -H. LUCE -HIS AMERICAN CENTURY	BRINKLEY
THE CHINA FANTASY	MANN
THE TAIPING REBELLION	MICHAEL
REPUBLICAN CHINA	SCHURMAN/SHELL
THE BOXER REBELLION	PRESTON
LOST CHANCE IN CHINA	SERVICE
IN SEARCH OF HISTORY	WHITE