

## **Chen Yingzhen's Third World: A Chapter on Madmen, Lunatics, and the Mentally Ill**

**Kuan-Hsing Chen** (National Chiao Tung University)

### **Abstract**

To overcome the present crisis of conditions of knowledge, an effort to re-conceptualize, position, and identify the shared experiences of the Third World is perhaps an intellectual project worth undertaking. In the past half-century, Chen Yingzhen's thought and literature, having accumulated a body of work surrounding Third World subjectivity, have become extremely rich resources for study. This essay first traces Chen's discourse on the Third World, and then proceeds to analyze his three novels on lunatics, madman, and the mental patient, with the motive to begin to enter the mental (or spiritual) conditions in the post-War Third World, beyond the existing political-economic analysis.

**Keywords:** Chen Yingzhen, lunatic, madman, mental conditions, mental illness, Third World

### “It’s Time for Us to Systematically Study and Translate Third World Literature”

The more one reads Chen Yingzhen’s literature, the more intensely one feels that, dictated by the increasing intensification between Chinese unification and Taiwan’s independence, Taiwanese society since the 1990s has in general regarded Chen as the representative of pro-unification in Taiwan, a Chinese nationalist, or a Marxist.<sup>1</sup> Such an understanding, though not incorrect, resulted from Chen’s being the representative of the pro-unification Left (*zuo tong*). The labeling that prioritizes the “political Chen Yingzhen,” however, in effect forecloses the room for further discussions on the richness and complexity in Chen’s thought and literature. In my view, in order to revitalize Chen as an intellectual resource, the intellectual and academic fields should no longer ignore an overwhelmingly crucial aspect in the ensemble of his thought—that is, the Third World. It has been a severe problem within the intellectual circles in Taiwan that the postwar pro-Americanism and anti-communism severed China from its side, without any attempts at mediation with Asia and the Third World. The United States has nearly become the only point of reference and intellectual source, causing a tremendous loss to Taiwan for the past half-century. To re-read Chen Yingzhen is to rediscover the Third World imagination immanent in Taiwan.

Of course, the most important commentaries in the past have mentioned some commonplace questions in the Third World that Chen’s works touch upon—but have mostly failed to go further than that.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Yao Yiwei, a highly respected figure in Taiwanese literary and intellectual circles, wrote in the preface to the 1988 fifteen-volume [*Selected*] *Works of Chen Yingzhen* that after Chen’s imprisonment (1968-1975):

What he wrote about was no longer about the urban petty intellectuals, but rather the problems that belong to the Third World in general: When the gigantic enterprises of high capitalism enter our living space, their influence upon us is unfathomable in terms not only of our lives but also in the great transformation of our thoughts, ideas, behaviors and lifestyles. He attempts to uncover the hideous essence behind the beautiful outfit, the

numbness and ignorance of the mass media, and the awakening after one is insulted, deceived, and hurt.<sup>3</sup>

Hitotsubashi University Professor Matsunaga Masayoshi pointed out that Chen's fundamental proposition is "the critique of modernism and the emphasis on reality; the inheritance from modern Chinese literature based on the anti-imperialist and the anti-feudalist stance; the proposition of a Chinese standpoint as against Taiwanese nationalism; social critique based on class analysis, etc."<sup>4</sup> These commentaries note Chen's Third World concerns and standpoint, and it is based on them that this article intends to deepen the discussion. It will further venture that it is only through the perspective of the Third World that Chen Yingzhen's thought can be better grasped and opened up. As much as his apprehension of Americanization could not be simplified as either an impetus of Chinese nationalism or as a Marxist critique of American capitalism, his nationalism is not enclosed, while his Marxism is focused. Both his nationalism and Marxism are directed towards Third World internationalism.

According to current scholarship, Chen's own discussion of the Third World unfolded gradually from the late 1970s, but his earliest works have already been tinted with a thick hue of Third Worldism. Ever since the publication of his very first short story in 1959, his literary creations have focused on the description of the underprivileged lowly figures who have gone through colonization, warfare, or homelessness, betraying Chen's deep humanitarian concerns. However, the Third World in Chen's early works was not merely represented in his documentation of, and sympathy for, the commoners, but it also revealed his pointed intellectual criticism. In the 1967 short story, "Narcissica T'ang," Chen detected, recorded, and reflected upon the "conditions of knowledge" of the 1960s. Through the female protagonist Tang, an agential novelist, and her relations with five men, the story puts down the contemporary craze for Western thoughts and the American Dream in the 1960s Taiwanese intellectual field. In the 1960s, Chen Yingzhen in fact already had the mindset of identifying with the Third World, but the term had yet to become a keyword in his thinking. It is highly probable that Chen's Third

World consciousness during this period was derived from the turbulent postcolonial independent movements, or may even have been inspired by Mao Zedong and Zhou Enlai's theories concerning the Third World.

Since the latter half of the 1970s, Chen Yingzhen started using the term "Third World" directly to articulate his public commentary.<sup>5</sup> In the 1980s, the Third World became a crucial term for his contemplation. In 2000, Chen recalled that the first time he mentioned the Third World was in the 1976 essay, "The Blind Spot of 'Nativist Literature.'" During that time, through Japanese sources, he came across the debates over people's literature and national literature in Korea. What these debates referenced was exactly the anti-imperial and the national independent experiences in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Therefore, he discussed the characteristics of New Taiwan Literature through this perspective.<sup>6</sup> His view on Third World Literature was most systematically elucidated when he first left Taiwan in 1983 for a three-month visit to the United States, where he not only collected more materials, but also directly got in touch with writers from the Third World. After returning to Taiwan, he gave a public talk entitled "The Comparison between Chinese Literature and Third World Literature" in the form of a reportage.<sup>7</sup>

It could be seen from this talk that Chen Yingzhen's trip to the United States was not a pilgrimage to the mecca of capitalism, but instead a rare opportunity for him to seek for those Third World intellectual resources that were inaccessible in a then-isolated Taiwan. During the three-month sojourn, not only did he come face to face with other Third World writers,<sup>8</sup> but he also got in touch with Third World literature and cinema. Though the time was short and what he saw was very limited, all in all, he thought, the accomplishment of the Third World literary and artistic work "has already been astonishing":

The so-called Third World, amidst deep national crisis, impoverished social bankruptcy, and dire financial situations, is on the other hand prosperous in literature, cinema, intellectual thoughts and religion.... These literary works and films are not only powerful thematically, but are also rife with deep beliefs in humanity. Also, combined with lofty ideals about humanity, their

artistic skills are moving, outstanding, and could even be called great, and deeply touched our reflection and thinking.<sup>9</sup>

Apparently, based on his previous understanding of Taiwanese society, the common experience of the external Third World gradually entered Chen's inner soul.

In this talk, Chen first compared Taiwan and the Third World countries and concluded that, as opposed to developed capitalist countries, Taiwan, like other Third World nations, was dominated financially, technologically, market-wise, and culturally. "Having lost confidence in their nation," in effect, "the Third World people rely on the powerful nations' perspectives to explain the worldly knowledge, and are mentally poisoned by the contempt for their own societies, histories, and politics."<sup>10</sup> Based on a macroscopic political and economic analysis in conjunction with a deep self-reflection, he compared the condition of literature, and found that Third World literary works to date had to be confronted with the ultimate contradiction and tension: the language question. On the one hand, the noble language should be replaced by the people's language; on the other hand, colonial foreign languages should be replaced by national languages. On the one hand, colonial repression had to be redressed; on the other hand, citizens' ignorance and backwardness had to be reflected upon. To put forward these manifold exhausting but unrewarding fronts is a common challenge faced by clear-minded intellectuals in re-establishing national subjectivity.

In retrospect, Chen Yingzhen did not embellish the Third World conditions, but instead exposed its real problems:

In terms of literature, because other Third World countries underwent a long period of colonization (some as long as two or three hundred years!), a bunch of intellectuals and writers were developed to be accustomed to thinking and writing in the colonizers' language. Their works speak less to their compatriots than customarily to the western European and colonial literary critics and publishers, thus forming a colonial literature that is severed from the native soil and customs of their own nations....

It not only reinforced their sense of inferiority towards their own nations, but also indirectly suppressed the development of the national literature written in their own national languages.<sup>11</sup>

Summing up the common phenomena of Third World colonization, Chen Yingzhen pointed out the fact that former colonies merely claiming independence after WWII does not evince the recovery of subjectivity. Owing to the rise of U.S hegemony, Western modernist thoughts became an object of emulation for Third World literary and art works. However, this phenomenon was undergoing change since the worldwide antiwar movements at the end of the 1960s. From the Baodiao [Protecting Diaoyutai Islands] Movement in Taiwan in the early 1970s through the Nativist Literature Debate (*xiangtu wenxue lunzhan*) in 1977, the critique of imperialism and Westernization was taken as the point of departure for the return to the themes of the nation and the native soil. Chen briefly outlined the experiences of India, the Philippines, Africa, and Latin America, and then compared the differences between proponents of Westernization and nativism. Of crucial significance, the biggest difference between Taiwanese (Chinese) literature and Third World Literature is that, though Taiwan was colonized by Japan, due to its relatively short period of rule, the inveterate tradition of Chinese language and script was not severely sabotaged:

As the crucial foundation of literature, traditional culture and national language in other Third World countries were so miserably devastated by old- and neo-colonialism that it is hard to imagine without speaking with Third World writers. I am therefore deeply aware of the extent to which the intact Chinese culture and language system should be cherished and valued, and am all the more determined to learn from my own cultural, literary and linguistic tradition, so as to make the best of this valuable literary resource.<sup>12</sup>

Earnest are his words and sincere his wishes. Without touching base with writers and works from non-Chinese areas, one loses the opportunities

to understand the value of one's own culture. However, despite his full acknowledgement, Chen did not take pride in China's privilege of not being disrupted culturally and linguistically. Instead, benchmarked against Third World literary practices, his discourse was sharply turned against the annihilation, impoverishment, and depoliticization in Taiwanese literature.

In the concluding part of his talk, Chen pointedly criticized the burgeoning separatism in the discussions of Taiwanese literature at the end of the 1970s. Meanwhile, he actively urged: "It's time for us to systematically study and translate Third World literature."<sup>13</sup> In so doing, the Eurocentric worldview could be shattered, and through understanding Asian, African, and Latin American literatures, one could rediscover the national literature that one had despised in the past.

Chen's 1983 article demonstrated his basic thoughts on the Third World. In retrospect, his wish to position the Third World as a reference point apparently did not solicit widespread resonance. Unlike in South Korea, the Third World did not become food for intellectual thinking in Taiwan. Chen, however, could only work toward this direction in his own way. Out of the belief that "Third World intellectuals should return to the people and become one with them,"<sup>14</sup> Chen Yingzhen founded the *Renjian* [*Human World*] magazine in 1985 in an attempt to place the Third World and its perspective on the horizon of Taiwanese society. Besides introducing en masse information and perspectives from the Third World, the most concrete case was a report he personally undertook in Korea in 1989, the result of which was turned into two special issues on the Korean democratization movement.<sup>15</sup> In 1990, he further organized and participated in the "Conference on the Cold War and State Terrorism in East Asia," which brought together leftists from Korea, Japan, and Taiwan. These actions represented his concrete Third Worldist practice, pushing forward and realizing the ideas within his own capacity.

In 2005, invited by *Inter-Asia Cultural Studies: Movements*, he wrote an essay for the special issue entitled "What the 'Third World' Means to Me," which summarized his Third World view.<sup>16</sup> He recalled that in 1976 he first advanced the term "the Third World," claiming that "[i]n an attempt to describe the relation of literature to 'nation' and 'people,' these

writers began making references to the ways in which the literatures of colonial, semicolonial, and neocolonial countries in Asia, Africa, and Latin America—namely the ‘Third World’—struggled to give expression to a ‘people’ (which is a constituent part of ‘nation’) while their countries were struggling for independence.”<sup>17</sup> In 1978, the notion of the Third World also surfaced in the overseas Baodiao Movement. Through his reading, Chen got to know different ways of pinning down the Third World: firstly, the Western taxonomy through the modes of production that regards high capitalist countries as the First World, the socialist countries as the Second World, and the economically underdeveloped countries as the Third World. The second taxonomy, also from the West, regards liberal/free economies as the First World, the centrally planned socialist economies as the Second World, and the underdeveloped free market economies as the Third World. He finally mentioned Mao Zedong’s view of the United States and the Soviet Union as the First World, the industrially developed countries as the Second World, while the others represented the Third World. That is to say, Mao strategically anchored the Third World against U.S. and Soviet hegemony.

Chen Yingzhen then immediately followed up by pointing out that his personal experience of the Third World was not derived from theoretical readings, but rather from his affective physical contact with the Third World, starting from his 1983 visit to the Iowa Writers Workshop in the United States. Not only did he encounter writers from the “fatherland”; Ru Zhijuan, Wu Zuguang, and Wang Anyi;<sup>18</sup> but also a South African female writer who triggered his inward outcry at their conversation; the Filipino writer Reuel Molina Aguilla who worshipped Chairman Mao; and the eastern European writers who could embrace one another in reconciliation only through beer and chanting the “Internationale.” “Even today,” recounted Chen Yingzhen, “that afternoon in Iowa is still vividly emblazoned in my mind, but I still haven’t figured out the meanings behind the song, the tears, and the hugs. Perhaps they are too complex. For a bygone Revolution? For a fiery faith that we once shared? For an awakened nostalgia for the red banner and internationalism?”<sup>19</sup>

The second scene in Chen Yingzhen’s memory was a conference



organized by a Japanese leftist civil organization in 1991. On the last day, he found the conference manifesto which used rightist language to reprimand the PRC's dealing with the 1989 Tiananmen Incident. After considerable hesitation, he spoke up and suggested that the draft use the Asian left's own language—rather than the language of the world bourgeoisie—to analyze the Incident. Initially, he anticipated a wrathful response from the audience, but instead he was greeted by sporadic applause. After the conference, some participants even approached and shook hands with him to express their support. Chen recalled his feeling: “China should not forget that in this ‘poor’ Third World, it has many true friends.”<sup>20</sup> Personally, I also hope inwardly that Chen Yingzhen's remarks will find resonance in the minds of my friends in the mainland. But the more I get in touch with them, the more doubtful I become. It seems that gradually, only China herself and her archrival, the United States, remain in the eyes of the mainland circle of intellectual criticism, to the oblivion of its friends.

### **Theoretical Third World, Affective Third World**

Akin to Korean thinker Paik Naik-chung, Chen Yingzhen's theoretical and affective Third World is not merely a spiritual embodiment, but also serves as the external orientation of identification to unpack local, enclosed nationalism. Their theses of internationalism are an extension of nationalism premised on anti-imperialism. This is what I take to be the significance of re-reading Chen Yingzhen in our time.

Apart from its affect, Chen Yingzhen's Third World horizon was premised on the concept of an epistemological infrastructure. In his essay, “The Re-development of Modernism: Random Thoughts on *Waiting for Godot*,” Chen explicated why Taiwan lacked the objective conditions for a Western modernist form to take place: “Its soil is barren, but it would rather learn from others to grow things unsuitable for this soil. The crops, of course, would turn out to wither in yellow, mottled with pest-eaten holes.”<sup>21</sup> What is more crucial was its “lack of connection to its Western mother.”<sup>22</sup> The implication here is that different areas have their own soils: art, literature, and intellectual thought must find

the content and form befitting their own maternal body; otherwise, directly transplanted crops that cannot connect to the umbilical cord on the mother's body will lose nutrition and be unable to blossom. Categorically contrary to Western soil is that of the Third World. More precisely, according to Chen Yingzhen's understanding, what the Third World directly refers to are those areas that have suffered from the same colonial experiences in world history—Asia, Africa, and Latin America. But the crucial problem is that the historical ontological differences are transformed into a categorical evaluation. In his essay, "A Comparison between Chinese Literature and Third World Literature," Chen Yingzhen pointed out:

In the *longue durée*, there are two sets of standard existent in the Third World. One is the Western standard; the other is the standard of the nation's own. Judging by the former standard, the Third World is backward without civilization, art, philosophy and literature. With the latter standard, one can discover that every "backward" nation itself has indeed rich, splendid, wonderful and moving literature, art and culture.<sup>23</sup>

In other words, at a certain level, he contends that the cultural and intellectual circles of the Third World should depart from their own situation to view cultural production from the perspective of the local soil and the mother's body; at another level, however, he implies that the commonality between different Third World nations should not be treated in an enclosed manner. Instead, they should reference one another more actively.

### **"His Novels Will Remain in This World Forever!"**

"But theoretical thinking is always tiring. Actually, my deepest understandings of the 'Third World' did not come from theoretical readings, but from several concrete personal experiences," said Chen Yingzhen. Likewise, discursive argument is but skin deep, incapable of carrying the unrepresentable life experiences in the way that literature

does. The most immediate resource and foundation whereby he understood the Third World was his own living environment, which was embodied in his fictional works throughout his early, middle, and late literary works. In 1987, Mr. Yao Yiwei had already commented:

In my opinion, his fictional and other writings are in fact the two sides of the same coin. Only the forms of expression are different. Fiction is intrinsic, implicit, and imperceptibly influential, belonging to the form of art, while other writings are didactic, explicit, and speaking to the form of our logical thinking. Thus, theory is an extension of his fiction; fiction is the metamorphosis of his theory. Chen Yingzhen is such a sincere writer. He is engaging in this world, while his art for human life. Only when he has feeling, thinking, and doing for the reality will he put them into words, which could take the form of fiction or otherwise.

That being said, according to my own understanding of Chen, I would still insist my view that he is a real artist, since God gave him a heart that feels things unfelt by others; God then gave him a pair of eyes that see through the inside of things unseen by others; and God gave him a pen to wield it at will. Hence, I dare to predict that, when the time comes, his other writings might be forgotten gradually, yet his novels will remain in this world forever! This is the wonder of art.<sup>24</sup>

These passages always make me feel that comments on Chen Yingzhen could hardly surpass Mr. Yao's precise judgment. Twenty years afterwards, his prediction is all the more convincing. "The deepest thought in Chen Yingzhen," says my comrade-in-arm Chao Kang, "is always embedded in his fictional works. [...] His fiction always demonstrates greater tension, indecision, self-doubt, and deep queries in comparison with other genres of writings." Indeed, Chen Yingzhen's fictional works over the past 50 years have left us with abundant assets, carrying the weight of the thought and spirit characteristic of our time, since his writings are characterized by their proximity to the contemporaneous temporal-spatial backdrop and the heartbeat of

society. And his political sensitivity makes the topics he dealt with often surpass, but also encompass, the kernel contradiction within political society. Hence, in general, the width and depth of his works suffice to let us thread them together, providing us with the best platform to review, grasp, and analyze the transformation in Taiwan over half a century and to enter the postwar social, cultural, and spiritual histories.

Therefore, from the perspective of intellectual thoughts, his fictional works themselves are the portrayals of the Third World. Boldly speaking, the biggest contribution made by Chen Yingzhen's thought and literature is his configuration, description, construction, analysis, reflection, critique of, and disillusionment with the Third World mental state. A statement like this apparently risks being a hasty abstraction; it can only be fully elucidated by reading the texts from different problematics through a specific topic. Of course, this kind of task cannot be independently accomplished in a single essay. This article is but a start and an initial attempt to encourage my colleagues in the intellectual sphere to continue the work together.

Based on this precondition, the analytical focus in this article revolves around the themes of madmen, lunatics, or mental illness. The texts of interest are therefore the few short stories that attract scholarly attention. Readers with different experiences and understandings will likely find resonance in other works. My choice of mental illness as a segue into Chen Yingzhen's Third World is not accidental: in my own family, my mother suffered from schizophrenia in her last years; my father had a bipolar disorder; my brother was summarily dismissed and rendered unemployed because of his mental illness, while I myself have also suffered from the ups and downs of my mental status over the past 20 years. For a long time, I have been learning how to make peace with an out-of-control state. I have a painful understanding of the lunatic (asylum), and of course can fully comprehend the violent imposition of the stigma upon madness. Therefore, this article inevitably mobilizes my own past experience to understand the mental world created by Chen Yingzhen. To put it in a more positive light, this article takes advantage of "Chen Yingzhen" to summon my courage to face, analyze, and explain historically the "cause of the disease" of myself and that of the members

of my family.

Chen Yingzhen's long-term writings about and attention to "madmen," of course, inherit that tradition of modern Chinese fiction opened up by the "Diary of a Madman" (*Kuangren riji*). Written 50 years after Lu Xun's works, however, Chen's works seemed to penetrate deeper into the subject's inner world than Lu Xun's, thanks perhaps to his more intimate understanding of mental illness within literary circles. In choosing works related to madness in Chen's three periods—"Documents" (*Wenshu*) in the early phase, "Emperor God of Business" (*Wan shang di jun*) in the middle phase, and "Night Fog" (*Ye wu*) in the late phase—the following analysis tries to elaborate on the notion of the Third World embodied in Chen's novels. The motivation behind this article is to articulate that mental illness is the normalcy, rather than an abnormality, for Third World survival. What I want to say is that the Third World is relatively weak in material conditions. But because of warfare, the fragmentation of social mechanisms and the family and the rapid pace of economic development may render many in a homeless or highly-compressed state of being. Mental conditions frequently go awry, only to different degrees. I would venture that, in rapidly-changing mainland China, the population suffering mental problems, I guess, may far exceed that during the socialist period. But the imperfections of the healthcare system, the shortage of materials, and the dismantlement of the family ... isn't the entire society facing some sort of craziness? The question is: are we going to genuinely face and understand this enormous social taboo?

Allow me to state my point more clearly. First, our understanding of the Third World basically remains at the level of the political and economic structural analyses without entering its mental facet. How to start understanding the Third World mental status is the fundamental motivation underlying this article. Second, by no means is my argument: "The Third World is merely a madmen's world." Mental illness or craziness is not equal to the Third World; rather, it is only one crucial facet. If Chen Yingzhen's *oeuvre* constitutes the entirety of his understanding of the Third World, providing us with the key to opening a wider aspect of the Third World mental status, then *madmen* are but

one theme and form of expression. Subtling my article “A Chapter on Madmen, Lunatics, and the Mentally Ill,” I wish that under the umbrella of the Third World, other *chapters* will be further developed, dealing with themes such death, the systems of division, sexuality, leftism, religion, and so on, all to gradually unpack and encompass Chen Yingzhen’s Third World.

### “Life Is So Entangled a Fetter!”

The years between 1959, when Chen first started writing, and 1969, when he was incarcerated, can be seen as the early period of his literary production. It could be said that Taiwanese society during this time gradually walked out of the shadow of the White Terror of the 1950s. The global Cold War structure had been consolidated. The division across the Taiwan Strait had been formed. A pro-American and anti-communist ideological framework now regulated the direction of the entire society. Under the premise of authoritarian rule, civil society (*minjian*) was forced to suspend the call for political democracy and to invest wholeheartedly in economic development. This was a time for revitalization and therefore culturally it was prosperous.<sup>25</sup> Against this atmosphere of sparse twinkling lights, Chen Yingzhen marched into the 1960s with the melancholia and sentimentalism that he experienced during the 1950s. Maybe it was precisely the sentimentalism that he cultivated in the previous era that enabled him to maintain a certain critical distance from this gradually-formed new mainstream social structure of feeling. His solitude and wavering allowed him to use the so-called modernist style (which he later turned against harshly) to describe 1960s society as part of his self-expression.

Starting with his earliest novels, madmen and mental illness have long been the themes of his writing. “Apple Tree” (*Pingguo shu*), written in 1961, was the first work, in which the writer sympathetically depicted a romantic affair between the landlord Liao Shengcai’s gentle and quiet, mildly mentally ill, wife and a young painter named Lin Wuzhi. It astutely and movingly describes how her world is so “different from ours,”<sup>26</sup> an aspect of the novel that seems to force the writer into

continually walking into the inaccessible world of the mentally ill. Two years later, in 1963, he published "Documents," his first writing on the mentally ill, which touches directly upon the problem of mental illness. This was probably also Chen Yingzhen's earliest piece of writing about the mainlanders' rootlessness and the heavy burden of historical experience that they carry on their shoulders, causing them to yield eventually to mental breakdown.

"Documents" consists of two parts. The first begins with a report, in the form of official documents, which explains the case point-by-point in a simple fashion, after which the novel is constituted of self-confession. According to Sergeant Zhou's report, Mr. An, the defendant, joined the army to serve his country when he was young. After coming from the mainland to Taiwan and then retiring, he ran a cotton factory. After his marriage to Ms. Yang, his life seems to have been a happy one and his discretion and timidity therefore seem to make him a most unlikely type of person to have been guilty of murdering his wife. After further investigation, however, it is concluded that it was overwork that led to his mental abnormality, corroborated by a mental diagnosis. Hence, An's appended confession is the only clue readers are offered to try to discover why he maniacally murdered his wife. After the incident, when An is recording his testimony, he is at times sober while falling ill at other times, and therefore Sergeant Zhou makes him take a considerable amount of tranquilizers. He spends three days and nights finishing the confession, which, after repeated acts of "patchworks and abridgment," is handed to the higher authorities for documentation. This becomes the version read by the readers. Officer Zhou's report opines that "although the suspect was quite well-versed in art and literature since his youth, [the confession] is nonetheless rife with absurd, grotesque statements and ghostly mysticism that testify to his state of mental abnormality. Despite its incredulity, it is not without value for reference."<sup>27</sup> This piece of "mental illness writing" illustrates the novelist's craft. The confession ceaselessly jumps back and forth temporally. Its train of thought is full of free association. However, using careful cross-referencing, readers will nonetheless be able to piece together its sequential order. This might be said to be the author's experiment in his early career, which would

subsequently become one of his signposts.

The confession is divided into three chronological parts. Threading the three main stories together is the image of a green-eyed, rat-colored cat, which tends to show up whenever a death occurs, as if to swallow An's soul. The first scene is set somewhere in northern China during the 1920s and 1930s. An's grandfather, Commander An, is an officer under a warlord with remarkable military ability but also a tough guy who exploits and tortures civilians. During the early snowing season, in a woodshed in his backyard, Feng Xin, a maidservant, hangs herself after being raped by the Commander's second son, An's second uncle. It is then in that dark room where, as Feng's body wavers back and forth in the air, the rat-colored cat appears for the first time, gazing at young An who is crouching on the ground, frightened: "In the moment of face-to-face standoff, it sniffed at me using its pink-red, slightly wet nose. Since then, the rat-colored cat gnawed at my soul. It sniffed away my soul."<sup>28</sup> The frightening and spellbinding green-eyed cat does not stalk the young and ignorant An without reason. Instead, everything that happens seems to have something to do with his grandfather Commander An's brutality. One possibility is that Commander An has previously imposed a heavy taxation on the villagers; and these villagers, having been ripped off by previous warlords, have tried to run away, but have all been killed while fleeing. "The road stank for months."<sup>29</sup> The warfare penned by the novelist bit by bit fills in the historical background and the entanglements that will become clearer only later on. In this chaotic age, without law and order, human lives are not worth a penny. Feng and the entire village died just like that. On the surface, the perpetrators are at peace, but they passed the debt on to the next generation. An can only take it. Please bear this in mind in the following reading.

In the midst of the Sino-Japanese War, An's family fortune is declining; An has no other way out and thus, contrary to his family's will, joins the army, as if out of a sense of karmic repayment, to chilly northern China. He thinks he can conceal his identity, but the Platoon Leader Fat Guan from Hunan finds out about him. It turns out that Fat Guan was once abused by Commander An's subject—flesh was scooped out from the left side of his chest. Now he has finally got the chance



to retaliate by bullying and humiliating An. The hierarchy in the army has always been strict, which makes it very easy for superiors to abuse their underlings. With Fat Guan's vengeful will, An's painful days are entirely imaginable. In peaceful days, the underling can only swallow it, repressing his resentment despite his growing hatred. In wartime, however, it is different. The chance finally comes during a nighttime Japanese raid. Amidst the sound of artillery fire, Fat Guan leads the charge. "At the time, I raised my gun and pulled the trigger, fired one shot after another. Fat Guan hopped into my shooting range, and fell tumbling and stumbling with all his body fat."<sup>30</sup> In this way, Fat Guan dies at the point of An's gun.

Coming back to the barracks from the battlefield, he enters Fat Guan's room and, for the second time, sees the rat-colored cat. Looking face-to-face at each other, he exclaims: "I was horrified by those sorrowful, pitiful, ghostly green eyes."<sup>31</sup> Unlike the first encounter in his childhood, An's chilled-to-the-bone horror is no longer innocent; although Fat Guan should not have abused him, An should not have killed Fat Guan either, with even the judge rat-colored cat crying out for Fat Guan's grievances sorrowfully and sympathetically. In order to make sure that Fat Guan is really dead, An takes a soldier with him to clean up the battlefield. Under orders, the soldier fires another shot into Fat Guan's body. When An sees Fat Guan, besides the row of bullets around his body, the right side of his chest has a bullet hole which resembles "a flower blossoming with flesh and blood."<sup>32</sup> At this moment, the cry of the cat is heard again from afar, as if saying to An: "You've gone too far!" The writer makes us see the "backstreet" on the battlefield: the war against Japan is also a great opportunity to take revenge. Fat Guan avenges his being mistreated by Commander An, while An avenges his being humiliated by Fat Guan. These are the products of the turbulent times, where human lives had no dignity whatsoever. But an eye for an eye will make the whole world blind. Hatred within a nation is more direct and painful than from outside, and is harder to dispel from memory. But An will not believe that, in the end, what made Fat Guan take revenge was that green-eyed cat which stalked and spied on him all the way from the mainland.

Not long after arriving in Taiwan, after being discharged, An finds

a job through a connection in a cotton factory. Out of his physical and mental needs, he actively seduces Yang Zhumei, a beautiful female worker. It is the time when the economy of Taiwan started to take off, and urbanization was well under way. An, whose business is running quite well, thus extravagantly dispatches five cars to a rural village in southern Taiwan to marry Zhumei, and they begin living happily together after the marriage. However, contrary to his desires, the rat-colored cat appears again to complicate matters: the memory An has attempted to erase has again been unconsciously awoken. Zhumei's brother was executed years ago in his imprisonment when Zhumei was little, and the one who executed him was An himself! The brother looked childish and innocent, not like a bad guy, so it left a deep impression on An when he was in charge of the execution. The description here is extremely astute, exhibiting a typically Chen Yingzhen-esque cold-heartedness in dealing with death:

When the time came, I went forward to cover his eyes. When it's done, he suddenly said:

"No, I don't want this blindfold. Please take it off, please..." I therefore took it off. Shy as a virgin, he smiled a bit. He stood still. Some inmates began to cry out slogans, but he was just standing silently like a virgin like that. I raised the gun following the instructions. Aligning the gun with the target, I saw him hastily see me, before turning his face away towards the beach afar. Following the instructions again, I pulled the trigger, and he briskly fell just like that, like a puppet severed from the string, crumbling like a soil lump which never had a life. He just fell forward not clumsily like that. Without even the slightest struggle.<sup>33</sup>

Zhumei's brother has an attractiveness in his fearlessness in the face of death. When his blindfold is taken off, he surprisingly returns a sheepish smile, and even looks at the gunman as the latter raises the gun (in order to remember the executioner's face, so as to meet him in the future?). No clue is provided in the text regarding why the brother has

been imprisoned and under what charges; one only knows that he is one of the very few prisoners who spoke perfect Mandarin.<sup>34</sup> A reasonable explanation is that what the writer is describing is the 1950s White Terror, and the brother is a left-leaning “prisoner of conscience” with a mainland background. Yet written in 1963, the work does not have the political room to express this clearly; it can only build up an uninhibited atmosphere in the description of dying through an extremely delicate style. It uses aesthetics to smuggle in an intellectual taboo: the prisoner calmly looks into the distance as if anticipating the postmortem future, without the slightest resentment against his execution, especially in the instant where he falls down and appears so at ease.

The virgin-like pure brother is left tranquilly just like that. After the execution, An (who has now killed someone for the second time) feels very ill at ease and thus quits the army. Now, in Zhumei's recount—no matter if it was really *her* brother or not—An is forced to return and face the obscured memory. Yes, “[s]o life is so entangled a fetter!”<sup>35</sup> On the eve of the brother's death, the rat-colored cat comes to Zhumei's home in southern Taiwan. Surprisingly, her family develops a liking to it and takes it in. After some years, the rat-colored cat treks across thousands of miles (over the mountains, following An from his hometown to northern China all the way to Taiwan), and is now coming from southern Taiwan to her or perhaps him, making Zhumei extremely excited. But can An not panic?

One day, during the April rainy season, An leaves work early and comes home. Zhumei is taking a nap, but to his astonishment, he sees her brother reading at his side. Suddenly An kneels down to ask for atonement, weeping out of guilt and hysteria. As his crying wakes his wife up, the beautiful young man suddenly disappears, leaving only the rat-colored cat, which promptly jumps out the window. An cannot confess that it was he who executed the brother. Not knowing the story, Zhumei thinks he is ill. On the verge of a nervous breakdown, An feels disconcerted and cannot fall asleep. Grief-stricken and thinking of his beloved wife, he rises up and goes to the living room to smoke:

Back into the bedroom, astonishingly, the young man again stood

beside our bed. His face was pale and, amidst the shining of night light, elegant and kind. My heart throbbed. Got hold of the pistol in the drawer and fired at him. The young man fell under the bed briskly like that, and unexpectedly turned into the prostrating corpse of Fat Guan; I therefore fired one shot after another at Fat Guan. The bullets turned his body over, which suddenly hanged in the air. Lady Feng Xin, whose back turned against me, gently wavered her body. I couldn't help firing shots until running out of bullets.<sup>36</sup>

When the dead silence of the night returns, what lies in the pool of blood are his beloved wife and the rat-colored cat.

The greatest capability of Chen Yingzhen's writings lies in their entanglement with complicated, entwined, unshakable multi-layered historical vignettes in the climactic scene. All the scenes of the past and deaths converge here: Lady Feng Xin, Fat Guan, the brother, Zhumei, and that stalking and eventually shot-dead green-eyed cat—all these are compressed in the same time spot with such burdensome velocity, penetrating through An's last defense line. Thus, mental breakdown ultimately becomes a means for him to elbow his way out of this inescapable, intolerable life, to the extent that even the frail beauty and kindness fail to soften the mighty, throbbing explosion caused by his sense of guilt that drives him to fire shots around. As the author/confessor suggests, "Life is so entangled a fetter!" Things from the past including his inheritance (being Commander An's grandson), seemingly irrelevant to oneself, are *entangled*. In his last years, unforgettable (bad) things done in the past creep back; or to put it in another way, the soul in one's own body goes back to find its unfulfilled tasks—this thesis is a recurrent problematic for the character of An in the 1963 "Documents" and for the character of Ma Zhengtao in the 2001 "Loyalty and Filiality Park": History is never written in the past tense. Instead, it follows like a shadow on the psychological landscape. Not only does it knock on one's heart at the right time, but it drives the soul to a dead-end of madness. It is probably based on such an understanding that the Third World intellectuals in Chen Yingzhen's generation keep telling their

contemporaries not to shy away from, but instead to face up to and rectify historical accounts.

The 1960s were a time of burgeoning hope for the national independence movements in the Third World colonies. In contrast, the East Asian framework was already embroiled in the Cold War standoff. Although former colonies, such as the Korean peninsula and Taiwan, had formally been liberated from colonial rule, they were bound by the division system. Originally, people like An, who came to Taiwan after being discharged from the army and re-established family and business, ought to have been able to settle down. The aspiration for revival, however, was unexpectedly disturbed by the inescapable grand history. In terms of this timeline, "Documents" cuts across the warlordism of the 1910s and 1920s; the Sino-Japanese War of the 1930s and 1940s; the White Terror of the 1950s; and the economic takeoff of the 1960s. Chen Yingzhen's explanation of An's mental breakdown is thus historical, national, familial—individual.

At the heart of the (former) empires, the exploited and the battlegrounds are not always within the imperial metropolises. The structure of feeling for invasion and violence (many killings and plunderings that could not have been committed at home were channeled towards the colonies and battlefields) were not necessarily shared by one's fellow compatriots. Therefore, the personal and the familial are disentangled from the national, while mental problems are mainly understood through the lens of personal loneliness and capitalist alienation. In contrast, however, Taiwan was involved in the global capitalist system at the beginning of the 1960s. An's situation cannot be understood through the lens of alienation in Euro-American capitalist societies. In the Third World that directly went through colonialism and warfare, civilians witnessed with their own eyes colonial humiliation and war-violence, which constituted the collective memory for the social body and became the material basis for subjectivity. Though emancipated from colonization and war, the spirits from the past were still incarnated to bring the personal intimately back to the subject of familial and national-historical violence. Madness is not a Third World-specific experience; however, is not the figure of An the embodiment

of a Third World experience? An is a man with a warlord family background, who kills a superior on the battlefield, is faced with exile and banishment, who serves as an executioner, and who finally and tragically kills the woman he loves, his beautiful wife. “This cowardly, dishonest human world...”

### The Madman Lin Dewang Queries Modernity

After the publication of “Documents” in 1963, Chen Yingzhen published his second writing on mental illness in 1964—“Poor Poor Dumb Mouths” (*Qican de wuyan de zui*). The mentally ill first person narrator starts doubting, and then fooling, his shrink: “egocentric people hardly ever listen to what others are saying.”<sup>37</sup> In 1967, “Rose in June” records a moving love affair between the black American soldier Bernie and a Taiwanese bar waitress named Emily, which could be said to be an inter-ethnic version of “A Race of Generals”: the nightmares of the history of mental illness from his family’s slavery past; his mother’s self-prostitution in his childhood memory; and the guilt over killing innocent people during the Vietnam War to protect himself drove Bernie crazy, causing him to be hospitalized and forced by the quack shrink to recount the unspeakable secrets that have been lying in his heart.

In 1968, in the midst of the turbulent global cultural movements, Chen Yingzhen was sentenced to seven years in prison. Inside the tall, red-bricked walls, he tearfully encountered the left-wing history constituted by political prisoners:

In his cell, or out during a jail stroll, he was silent with rage and sorrow, listening to the historical moment that those in power tried to distort, obliterate, and smear with violence, authority, and blatant lies. Through the lightning and smoke of time, he saw the turbulent youth of a whole generation while tears welled up in his eyes. He listened, while his soul, his entire being, trembled, to the fire and thunder of a passing generation.<sup>38</sup>

The moral lessons entrusted by the elder generation of political

prisoners thus constitute the stepping stone for him to become a radical and a progressive in his next phase; as the censorship on intellectual thinking is gradually loosened, these stories are slowly but directly presented in “Bellflowers” (1983), “Mountain Path” (1983), “Zhao Nandong” (1987), and “When Red Stars Fall into Qigulin Mountains” (1994), which leave a heritage for the transmission of the postwar left-wing spiritual history in Taiwan (cf. Chen Kuan-hsing 2011).<sup>39</sup>

When Chen Yingzhen was finally released in 1975, Taiwan had entered the apogee of economic development where transnational capitalism was rampantly invading. As a former political prisoner, finding a job was not easy. He ended up working for a US corporation, Winthrop US, and acquired the opportunity to observe things more closely. Three years afterwards, thus, he started work on the so-called “Washington Building” series which records the developmental process of Taiwan as a capitalist society from the mid-1970s to the early 1980s. This has become an invaluable *ethnographic* fieldwork memo today.

What is rarely noted by critics is that Chen’s first literary work after returning to the literary scene in 1978, “Brother He” (*He Dage*) is very different from the disposition of the “Washington Building” series. “Brother He” basically continues his previous literary style, and thematically inherits the post-Vietnam War syndrome of “Roses in June.” “Brother He” depicts Mike H. Chalk, an American youth, who is headed to a mental hospital in Taipei before repatriation. The diagnosis in the fifth section is his third piece of writing on mental illness. Of course, what sets it apart from his early works is that, through the character of Brother He, Chen Yingzhen is criticizing the serious damage caused by capitalism and American imperialism during the Vietnam War.

“Emperor God of Business” is Chen Yingzhen’s work during this period. General criticism has focused on his critique of capitalism, but if one slows down and reads carefully, one will find that the content of “Emperor God of Business” far surpasses that. It opens up the question of the spiritual repression of minority subjectivity by Third World modernities. Complicated in its form, the story unfolds the factional conflict between the mainlander Chen Jiaqi, a practical-minded local manager inside a transnational corporation, and the Taiwanese King

H. K. Lau, who represents the newly emergent culture of the MBA. The narrative plot is supplemented by two relatively low-level yet mutually supportive characters, Rita, a female secretary, and Lin Dewang, a salesperson. In hindsight, this 1982 story about the conflict between Chen and Lau seems to foresee the one between the KMT and the DPP (Democratic Progressive Party) 20 years later. In the end, the Asian Conference of the Moffitt & Moore International, Taiwan, Inc. co-organized by Chen and Lau, coincided with the establishment of U.S.-China diplomatic ties that sent Taiwan into a critical status. In the story, the head office in the States decides to increase its investment in Taiwan, taking advantage of the normalization of Sino-American relations to “counter-attack mainland China” through capitalism. Hence, Chen and Lau abandon their blind (pro-unification and pro-independence) nationalisms to unite under the cosmopolitan banner of transnational capitalism!

It is not difficult for readers to find, behind the grand narrative of political economy, that Lin Dewang, who embodies the “Emperor God of Business,” is the protagonist with whom the writer identifies the most. This is because he focuses on this rural kid who fails to climb up the social ladder in a transnational corporation and ends up going crazy. In an image of the highly-worshipped Emperor God of Business, Lin ascends the stage, bursting into an international conference in progress to criticize transnational capitalism.

This is a very ambitious work that deals with how capitalism mobilizes native (spiritual) resources to serve the purposes of the transnational corporation. Specifically, it allows us to see how the long-cultivated sentiment for one’s native soil may become the material basis to serve the transnational corporation, and how a naive rural youth is bound to be driven mad in the wholesale pursuit of modernity.

Nonetheless, the reasons why Lin Dewang goes mad are very different from why An goes insane in “Documents.” An grows up one generation earlier, where continuous warfare forces him to leave his hometown. The burden of his moral guilt over murder adds to the main trajectory of his ultimate mental breakdown. Lin Dewang’s illness, on the other hand, is rooted in a different milieu. The impoverished young



Lin Dewang lacks a sense of security from early on. At night, he talks in his sleep. His grandfather, a peasant unable to pay his debts, commits suicide by drinking pesticide amidst mountain bushes. Afterwards, Dewang is sold by his parents to a gangster foster father named "Black Dog Tian" to pay off the debt. His foster father visits brothels and casinos, and beats the young boy fiercely with a bamboo stick when he gets drunk. What is more, when he lacks female companionship, he asks Dewang to sleep on a soft, wide bed with him. After Black Dog Tian has his shoulder chopped off and dies, Dewang returns from this materially rich but psychologically poverty-stricken foster family to the blood family he has long missed. The reunion, however, proves disappointing. The four elder brothers in this poor family all work out of town, so his sister Suxiang becomes the only shelter for his soul. Against all odds, she insists on having him become the only brother who finishes first high school and then vocational school.

Dewang's sense of insecurity is rooted in his childhood. At the beginning of the ultimate onset of mental illness, the author brings us back to these early memories. In the scorching summer in Tongluo County, he goes back to the creek to fish for shrimp with his elder neighbor, Cang. Here, a fight breaks out, and Cang beats him up and submerges his face in the water, almost drowning him. The will to survive drives Dewang to bite Cang's leg so that he can catch his breath. What follows is a second beating at Cang's hands. Dewang "miserably and loudly wailed in the upper reaches of the creek."<sup>40</sup> Cang then leaves him behind, forcing him to find his own way home:

He sat idly besides the creek, and then stood up, tracing the footsteps left on the sand and stones by him and Cang when they walked here, in order to leave the creek banks. The setting sun dyed all the silver grass on the bank indiscriminately golden yellow. Yet once he walked on the yellow earth slope, the sky gradually fell dark. The originally dark green Formosa koa woods that wavered in the wind now became flickering and vast tree shadows. At that time he felt that all the roads he came from, and the roads he was about to take, he totally didn't

recognize. As it got darker and darker, his childish mind was filled with heretofore unknown anxiety, fear and desperation. He rushed amidst the dark night towards the directions he was unsure of. Now it seemed in the whole world, only the sound of his frightened footsteps remained, and his faint and gasping panting....<sup>41</sup>

Here, again, the author applied his habitual characteristic style, using “landscape,” on the one hand, to widen the space the protagonist is situated in to portray the desolation of being abandoned in the wilderness; on the other hand, it astutely and sympathetically depicts the childhood “primal scene” to which the subject constantly returns in his unconscious thought. The agony of being abandoned, for the first time, teaches him what anxiety, fear, and desperation are, as well as the aimless sense of hesitation in his life. That deadly solitude seems to foreshadow the fact that he will always be within a dark world. Perhaps only with the onset of failure, frustration, sadness, and illness can he realize that the sense of uncertainty on that nocturnal path is identical to his workday experience at the transnational corporation. In the abysmal gloom after he is abandoned, the only things left are the sounds of his footsteps as he walked home alone.

It is while he is in high school that Lin Dewang, for the first time, is hospitalized in an asylum in Taipei for a whole year, although the reason why remains unclear. He does not fear being put in a ward again to face the boring interrogation, which forces him to tell the bald shrink the weird dream in which his foster father comes back to him. As he says, he had long been afraid of “falling into the dark, boundless days” again.<sup>42</sup> The author makes us experience the onset of mental illness as a process of being shrouded in darkness step by step. My understanding is that once depression reaches a certain depth, it is like falling into an endless abysmal dark world. You dare not meet others; you have no face for it; your confidence is completely lost; your hopes have been dashed against the floor. Everything from your past loses its value. The heavy weight of being enclosed lets you see no possibility of climbing back out of the dark world. It is also this unbearable pain that makes many mentally ill

patients feel suicidal. Some at length walk toward the dead-end of death to seek corporal emancipation. But the mentally ill patients who walk through purgatory no longer see death as a form of horror but rather as an aspiration for the future at the expense of this irreversible life.

For the young, perseverant Lin Dewang, suicide is not yet an option. The dark world constituted by all the horrendous memories of his rural past thus becomes the premise upon which he desires to rise to join a splendid upper-class world.

Before he began his employment with Moffitt & Moore International and suffered from the onset of a second mental illness, Lin Dewang was equipped not only with the Ah Q-esque “spiritual triumph” à la Lu Xun but also with the subjectivism of Ah Q’s self-protection. He allied himself with Chen Jiaqi’s faction, dreaming of being promoted sooner or later to the post of Customs Affairs Manager. But he always has to face the fact that he is not thought of very highly, and there is little or no hope for promotion. What he can do, besides feeling frustrated, is to hide himself “in the shadow of file organizers, letting the tears, incomprehensible even to himself, drop endlessly.”<sup>43</sup> Indeed, he really does not understand why, loyal and diligent as he is, good things never happen to him. Yet the road leading homeward has already been blocked. When Dewang first escaped from his hometown, his understanding was that “in comparison with the clean, noble and splendid people at the Moffitt & Moore International in Taiwan, the external world, even his hometown, appeared so stupid, chaotic, filthy and backward.”<sup>44</sup> This is not only a rural person’s aspiration for the city, but also a desire for transnational capital. Immersed in the high culture of a transnational corporate, Dewang no longer has the chance to go back to his only haven—home, a shattered, crumbled home.

His sister Suxiang tries to cover her sickly younger brother’s medical expenses by performing acts of shamanism. Afterwards, she works as a salesperson, a female worker, a part-timer on some construction sites, and a waitress in the “Dragon Palace Seafood” to support her family, insisting on her brother’s education. She becomes Dewang’s last resort. Working in Moffitt & Moore International, though economically not well-off, Dewang still has to appear decently dressed. He can only

turn to his home for help. Suxiang tells her little brother that he has changed, and had better quit the job and come back home: "A farmer has a farmer's path." Working in a high-class foreign company with his upper-class colleagues, Dewang responds, he is borrowing money from his sister just as an "investment" to buy some nice clothes, and will definitely return the money afterwards. Were foreigners really more high-class, asked Suxiang, who has seen glimpses of the outside world. "For foreigners, Taiwan is like the countryside .... Didn't I work in the Dragon Palace? I've seen enough. After a couple of drinks, all of 'em, Japanese, Americans, ... are equally hideous!"<sup>45</sup> Even if foreigners look decent, his sister tells him, they are still outsiders, and "as for outsiders, don't expect they'll ever do you any good."<sup>46</sup> Finally, Suxiang asks him to choose between returning home immediately or taking the money and never coming back. "If flowers and grasses leave the soil," she cannot but advise, "they will wither,"<sup>47</sup> a statement which her brother can only understand as her abandoning him from then on, meaning that he is losing, all of a sudden, his last resort. Feeling a strong sense of "shame, fury, and vexation," he grabs the red envelope on the table and leaves in frustration. He swears he will not return to the countryside until he becomes rich. Who would expect his chance for promotion to be so slim that it would end up making him homeless, simply scraping through in the indifferent, unhelpful big city?

This is the realist "back alley," penned by Chen Yingzhen. How many rural people's illusions about the city and foreign corporations become shattered in the end? But we remember only the decent "winners." Society erases the Lin Dewangs. He is not truly qualified for the competition of a transnational corporation. If flowers and grasses leave the soil, without consistent nutrition and irrigation, they will naturally wither. The cultivation of rural children is entirely different from that of their urban counterparts, but they are nonetheless sucked into this cold-blooded structure of competition. The pitfall of transnational capital is not only the so-called exploitation of the labor force; rather, it arouses in the Lin Dewangs of this world lofty desires and a related contempt for their native soil. At the end, it kicks them into the deep valley after they have lost the struggle. Ironically, in the entire structure, the only one

able to resist the force of transnational capital is his sister, Suxiang, the shaman, who remains deeply rooted in the village. She burst the bubble of the upper-class society; she teaches us what transnational capital will *not* leave for us. In the meantime, most sadly, it is also Sister Suxiang who provides the material ground on which Dewang climbs upwards—without her perseverance and hard work, Dewang would not have received treatment in a mental asylum in his childhood; without her struggling, he would not have had the chance to receive an education, let alone employment at a transnational corporation! These are all undeniably the real conditions in the back alley of the Third World.

Lin Dewang's embellished understanding of the transnational corporation is that, in contrast with the local companies, "in a foreign company, as long as you are qualified and hardworking, you'll be placed in an important position."<sup>48</sup> Associating himself with Manager Chen's faction, he believes that as long as he works hard, he will sooner or later be promoted. Not knowing why he has not reached a better position, Dewang can only subjectively attribute the reason to his accidental discovery of Manager Jin's having sex with Lolita, the secretary, in the conference room. He is really not to blame! That unforgettable scene ultimately becomes a recurring nightmare when he falls ill:

The same dream, he thought. The bra yanked to the side laboriously squeezed her huge breast to one side. Dark crimson red areola looked like some sort of swollen, inflamed skin which shone with moisture, not knowing if it's because of her sweat or Old Jin's saliva. And then the naked, cramped breasts were falling upon him like a high tower. He fearfully struggled, but her breasts kept slowly falling. His heart throbbed out of fear. He desperately wanted to catch a breath, but was suffocated by the thick banana smell....<sup>49</sup>

The virgin-like excitement is intertwined with the curse of voyeurism. The breasts that press down on him wake him up drenched in night sweats. He sordidly takes off his underclothes to wipe off the sweat. "Taking off the underwear, he sees the trace of dried nocturnal emission

... his dark brown sex organ looks pathetic and hideous, which, in the midst of bushy hair, sags in clusters ....<sup>50</sup> The novelist, with his marvelous pen in hand, captures the aesthetics of filth in the midst of bodies, smells, senses, and desires. It enables Lin Dewang to temporarily flee from his daytime suppression with the help of tranquilizers, but, after waking up, he cannot escape the “shame, fury, and vexation”<sup>51</sup> that bring together his “tears, nasal discharge and sweat” all indistinguishably mixed together.<sup>52</sup> And what co-exists with these bodily discharges are of course not the “carpets, ACs, heaters, high-class office furniture, and all the documents typed up in English by several beautiful IBMs” at Moffitt & Moore International<sup>53</sup> but rather the shabby apartment lying behind the shadow of the transnational corporation, where an injured coyote licks his wounds.

The tranquilizer put him to sleep. His bending right elbow and shielded his eyes to cover the night light shining in from the window. Outside of the window was a wall of gray color, the back wall of a three-storied old bar. The big ventilator in the kitchen now started discharging the white, misty greasy kitchen smoke, which floated upward along this dark gray wall and dispersed.<sup>54</sup>

Again, the novelist leads us to dialectically see clearly that the splendid outlook of the transnational corporation is precisely buttressed by the shabby hut and makeshift plastic closets in the smoky, filthy dark alley. Is not Old Jin’s saliva that trickles down Lolita’s large breasts, shining with moisture, a sharp contrast to Dewang’s clustering, sagging organ, pathetic and hideous?

Lin Dewang thus goes crazy again!

Even in madness, he is still like the madman who clearly knows in his mind: “Of course I don’t belong to that backward, illiterate countryside, ha!”<sup>55</sup> In the cafeteria, he sees human ears, fingers, and genitals in the sliced pig head. He sees his smiling female boss as a ferocious cruel person, and sensing that he is her next target, he makes a run for it. But in the midst of his persecution mania, the crazy Dewang turns out to be able to shake off his self-centered limitations in order to see the reality of

the world clearly:

*Everyone deceives one another but pretends nothing happened, gulping down human muscles, bones, flesh and skin like pork and chicken, thought he. Just in order to protect themselves, they would by all means deceive others and themselves—every one of them knows his is deceiving others and himself—but they wouldn't reveal that. Eating the flesh of their own species, gnawing the bones of their own species, drinking the blood of their own species ... but none of them dares to stand forward to report the reality of that crooked, cannibalistic restaurant, and to prosecute that always greasy lady boss whose flesh is as white as being made of wax.(emphasis added)<sup>56</sup>*

Read metaphorically, the cafeteria here becomes the microcosm of the entire capitalist society, where man eats man in order to protect himself, but nobody dares to stand forward to expose that the female boss who feeds herself by exploiting others is the ultimate killer. Lin Dewang's criticism of capitalist society in the 1980s has inherited Lu Xun's madman's reflections on Chinese culture that condemned man-eating deception. Lin Dewang made up his mind to be the madman who discloses publicly the reality of the crooked restaurant.

After extensive preparations carried out by Chen Jiaqi and Liu Fujin, the Asian General Assembly of Moffitt & Moore International takes to the stage in an international hotel in Taipei. As the Conference enters the third day, with Mr. McMurry, the Director-in-Marketing for the Far Eastern region, discussing the marketing problem, the door of the conference room suddenly bursts open and a ragged weirdo cries in Taiwanese, "I am Emperor God of Business ... all the realms in this world, business, corporation, are all under my control!"<sup>57</sup> The intruder is so strong that the hotel staff cannot stop him. In the midst of the chaos, with his eyes radiating fierceness and fury, he keeps crying aloud, "I, the Emperor God of Business, have issued an edict ... those of you who run your businesses throughout the world, alas, should not corrupt morality and swindle...."<sup>58</sup> His old manager Chen Jiaqi then recognizes him,

shouting furiously: “Lin Dewang! Stop making a scene!” Hearing the old manager’s instructions, Dewang is suddenly compliant and retreats in his habitual manner. Asked by some foreigners present what has just happened, Chen Jiaqi spreads his arms out, answering, “A lunatic. That’s all.”<sup>59</sup> Indeed, intimidated by Chen Jiaqi, Lin Dewang immediately falls to his knees. Nonetheless, the only one who could temporarily burst out, critiquing how transnational capitalism ruins morality, how it exploits human emotions, labor, and money is Lin Dewang! Chen and Liu have already become voluntarily subject to it, and therefore it is impossible for them to criticize the transnational corporation to which they swear allegiance. We are told nothing about what happened in the end to Lin Dewang, but the history of mental illness in my family tells me that, unlike Lu Xun’s madman in the 1910s, Taiwanese society in the 1980s possessed a medical system powerful enough to institutionalize him. Dewang, probably without enough resources to cultivate a high-level consciousness to resist the system, would likely end up like any other mentally ill patient, taking medication to redress his misbehavior under an intense level of anxiety. Once his condition gets better, he would be forced out of the hospital without medication, and once his abnormal behavior recurs, he would be forcibly hospitalized again. The vicious cycle would remain for the rest of his life; unless he gives up the struggle and follows in Li Qinghao’s footsteps.

Is it that the madman’s existence *per se* cannot but be an indescribable accusation?

In the face of a Third World where every respect is highly compressed, religion perhaps could still to some extent provide resurrection. This question of religion and modernity is thus explicitly addressed in “Emperor God of Business.”<sup>60</sup> Suxiang’s learning of Dharma in Trailokya Temple is an embodiment of pagan religion in Taiwan; Rita’s compassion and sympathy for Dewang arises from her long-held Christian belief, and is rooted in her love for Joane who led her to the church—the author does not conceal the homosexual love mediated by the pretty Jesus; and although Lin Dewang attempts to flee his backward hometown, and collapses mentally at the end, what helps him to survive is still the Emperor God embodied in his sister Suxiang.



His self-identification as “Prince of Emperor God Lin Dewang”<sup>61</sup> and the resurrection through an incantation that sounds suspiciously like “Manager” prevents him from falling into the bottomless abyss of self-devastation. Chen Yingzhen juxtaposes Suxiang, Rita, and Dewang to insert religious belief back into the socio-historical process, allowing us to see the structure of Third World modernities: ideologically, local pagan beliefs are superstitious, backward, while foreign Christianity and Catholicism are symbols of progress, as much as the local companies are seen as based on connections, while foreign corporates are imagined as predicated on one’s ability. However, in retrospect, neither the idea of progress nor that of modernity can save one’s life; on the verge of drowning, the only resource Dewang can mobilize is the Emperor God that even he sees as a superstition.

Note that I have no intention to sanctify local pagan belief in order to demonize Christianity and Catholicism. Chen Yingzhen maintained from the outset a complicated stance toward the question of religious belief, as he had to all other intellectual resources—including Marxism—in terms of a more nuanced distinction of its possibilities. In “Emperor God of Business,” Joane/Chen Yingzhen casts doubt on the Christian Church: “There are too many sufferings on this Earth that our Church and believers here totally cannot understand.”<sup>62</sup> Joane therefore converts to Catholicism and goes to Rome to practice, before ending up in Bolivia. At the end, she leaves behind her *Church and other Asian People*, which has the strong connotations of Third World liberalist theology. On the one hand, this choice reflects the complicity between Christianity/Catholicism and Western colonialism while, on the other hand, it continues the religious-internationalist praxis of saving people. According to my own reading, Chen’s most touching reflection on the question of religion is stated in his 2004 essay “Life and Death” (*Shengsi*). Here, after surviving serious illness and returning to God, but not without hesitation, the author states: “O Lord, dull as I am, how do I have You embrace me again? Helplessly I murmured to myself, but what replied me is still only the boundless silence.”<sup>63</sup> I believe that Mr. Chen’s ambivalent and dynamic attitudes towards religion were not only derived from his life-and-death experience. His deep understanding of the psychological

suffering of ordinary people is not only reliant on Marxist-Leninist belief. Today, in a world without a way out, who could easily reject religion as a saving power?<sup>64</sup>

In the Third World, the “West,” “progress,” and “modernity” have constituted an unshakable curse throughout the entire twentieth century. Perhaps—and only perhaps—in 2015, amidst the discourses of the fall of the West and the rise of China, we begin to have the preconditions to loosen up that suffocated, repressed space, to return to Lin Dewang’s craving for modernity with some justice instead. Let us not use elitist nationalist phrases to oppress the suffering workers and peasants again.

As early as 1987, Lu Zhenghui recognized the general contribution of Chen Yingzhen’s writings in the journal *Wenxing*.<sup>65</sup> Meanwhile, he harshly lambasted “Emperor God of Business” as a total failure, a mere essay on the economy. Reassessing “Emperor God of Business” more than 20 years later, however, it probably should not be read as an essay on the economy nor as mere leftist propaganda. Contrary to general understanding, “Emperor God of Business” is not only backed by its head office in Boston. The political economy in “Emperor God of Business” opens up a Third World eye that enables us to see the affective ground on which transnational capital operates locally: recontextualizing Chen Jiaqi, Liu Fujin, Rita, and Lin Dewang within the historical process, we see how the affective resources of the family and society are actively mobilized to buttress the seemingly progressive, superior foreign corporation, while in the dark alleys behind the Washington Building, one shot flows in succession after another: the retired General Chen leads his family to kneel down before the ancestral tablet on a daily basis; H. K. swaps all his nativist literary works; the Jesus Christ behind Rita cries with Joane whom she loves; his sister Suxiang’s unreturned sympathy; Black Dog Tian, the foster father who had his arm chopped off but provided for his upbringing .... What Chen Yingzhen writes about is a rural-to-urban migration history of the spirit, of spiritual breakdown, in the Third World former colonies of the 1970s and 1980s. These stories leave us with the historical resources to rethink the urban-rural question and our oppression by modernity.

**“Omnipresent, Morbid, Chilly, White Night Fog...”**

Chen Yingzhen's middle-period literary works, including the “Bellflowers” series written after “Emperor God of Business,” were basically novellas, which set themselves apart from the short story form that marks his early work. More self-consciously approximating the so-called realist style, imbued with rich information and clear-cut contexts, his novellas are buttressed by the social sciences. These formal changes did not shake up the writer's ability to penetrate into the subjective psychological status of his characters. In this period, Chen Yingzhen was no longer purely a *writer*. Confronted with contemporary Taiwanese political society, he actively intervened in the intellectual battlefield and undertook the role of organizer. Aside from the *Renjian Magazine*, a publication that he wholeheartedly invested in up to 1989, he also founded the Renjian Publisher, spending a considerable amount of time planning the translation of the *Taiwan Political Economy Series* [*Taiwan zhengzhi jingji congkan*]. He organized the China Unification Coalition and served as its first chairperson; participated in and harnessed the transnational project of the East Asian Cold War and State Terrorism; and involved himself in debates of various scales to critique the pro-American and anti-communist thoughts concerning Taiwan's independence. It could be said that in the middle of his career, Chen Yingzhen's major battlefield was an intellectual one. Historically, this seemed unavoidable. The years between the 1980s and 2000, when the KMT was deposed, witnessed the most drastic moment of socio-political transformation in Taiwan. Almost all those with political consciousness had no choice but to become involved in reform.

However, after “Zhao Nandong,” which was written in 1987, Chen Yingzhen picked up the novelist's pen that he had put down for 12 years, and published “Return Home” (*Gui xiang*) in 1999. I pinpoint it as the beginning of his later literary works, after which he published two novellas, “Night Fog” (2000) and his historical masterpiece “Loyalty and Filiality Park” (2001).<sup>66</sup> As of now, cross-Strait relations and the mainland-Taiwanese divide are no longer the undercurrent that was lurking in the novelist's earlier works, but rather became the most salient

clashes in Taiwanese society as a result of election campaigns and party politics. I guess Mr. Chen deeply felt that other forms of writing and debate could no longer exert much influence, and thus he painfully turned to literary works again as a form of intervention in society. Bridging the escalated mainlander-Taiwanese divide and addressing the cross-Strait hatred are probably the motivations behind his later literary creations. “Night Fog” is the product of these multivalent historical preconditions.

Published in 2000, “Night Fog” is the fourth writing by Chen Yingzhen on mental illness. Through the diaries written by intelligence agent Li Qinghao during the onset of his mental illness, the work shows how a little person “loyal to the party and state” fails to escape the guilt and fear associated with regime change, ultimately succumbs to a mental breakdown, and commits suicide. The form of this fictional writing bears some resemblance to the 1963 work “Documents.” Except for the beginning and the end where the plotline is narrated from the perspective of Ding Shikui, Li Qinghao’s former superior, the crux of the narrative is constituted by Li’s ten notes written during his illness.

In the memory of Secretary Ding, 30 years ago, around the 1960s, Li Qinghao, born in a mainlander veterans’ residence in Gangshan, takes an exam for the National Security (or the Bureau of Investigation) in order to serve his country after graduating from law school in Taipei. Secretary Ding, the main examiner can see the young man’s integrity—“but not the kind of integrity of judging the others unforgivably by his own integrity”<sup>67</sup>—and accepts him. After this, Li’s life course begins to resemble that of someone joining an underworld organization. During the severing of Taiwan-US diplomatic ties and the Formosa Incident, Li’s partisan and patriotic beliefs are shaken up. He jumps at the chance to quit and takes his disagreeable wife, Dong, and their newly born little boy to Canada, where he pursues an LL.M. Finishing the degree after four years, he and his wife agree to separate, and Li returns to Taiwan alone. Unable to find a job, he has little choice but to return to the research section in the bureau. There, Li takes advantage of the privilege of his post to rescue a poor girl named Qiu Yuetao, the daughter of one of his friend’s. Though not formally married, they become mutually

dependent on each other. Having witnessed the formation of the main opposition party which further destabilizes the intelligences' unshakable devout beliefs in "leader, state, ism," Li finds a teaching post in a vocational school, making his way out of the "patriotic, nation-saving" post in which he has served over the past dozen years. However, the external political atmosphere does not allow Qinghao to be at peace. The rise of the Taiwanese Independence movement and the amelioration of the cross-Strait relationship rapidly dismantles the anti-communist, anti-Independence authoritarian regime. Patriots now became KMT secret agents; proponents of Taiwanese Independence now became swaggering legislators on TV. On top of that, as a mainlander, in the face of the mobilization of ethnic politics, he eventually collapses mentally. Hospitalized in a psychiatry ward, he passes the remaining days of his life, until one rainy day, he hangs himself in the bathroom. At the end of the story, a new government comes to power, Secretary Ding plans to retire and head to the U.S., yet Director Xu, his former student from Chiayi, decides to pay him a visit on behalf of the new regime, hoping that he will continue serving the country. After all, "no matter how times change and no matter who is in power, the tasks of countering communism and ensuring security still rely on us."<sup>68</sup> Thus, Secretary Ding represses his desires/ inclinations, and shoulders the responsibility of countering communism against his will...

In the ten notes by Li Qinghao, the readers see Qinghao's illness aggravated on a daily basis. Initially it is just a physical illness: throbbing, chest pain, fatigue, etc. As his illness worsens, persecutory delusions start surfacing, and the death consciousness follows, leading ultimately to his tragic ending. In comparison with Lin Dewang's madness which arose from his disturbed childhood and his disillusionment with the transnational capitalist regime, Li Qinghao is more akin to An with regard to nation and state. What is different is that Li's generation comes some 30 years after An's, going through 20 years of regime change fortunately or unfortunately. In contrast to An and Dewang, Li no longer sees the rootlessness of the 1950s or the rapid rural-urban migration of the 1960s and the 1970s. He seems to have more capital to face and cope with his own anxiety. He "secretively asks himself: 'Why am I afraid?

What am I anxious about?' ... Asked myself and encouraged myself to contemplate slowly."<sup>69</sup> His capacity for self-reflection is much higher than An who could not face the past, or Dewang who could not clearly see his own situation. He identifies the crux of his anxiety: when dissident political activism takes place in that year, we all fabricate evidence according to orders from on high, sending the offender to prison. Our consensus is that these bandits will never have a chance. But "how come now the people from on high have released all the people who we, by hook or by crook, put in there, who are now out like tigers unleashed from the den. The label of 'bad guy' and 'KMT secret agent' will stick to me for the rest of my life, while the people up there feigning 'liberal' and 'democratic' good guys."<sup>70</sup> "Those years" that Li Qinghao refers to must be around/ after the 1979 Formosa Incident. In 1987, in the last days of his rule, Chiang Ching-kuo, sandwiched between domestic and international status, announced the lifting of martial law. The rebellious non-party-state dissidents were then released one after another. The ones who became the first to bear the brunt were of course these national security staff who had prosecuted people to maintain the social order. When patriots now became sinners against democracy, how can they adapt to these changes?

In the 1986 Taoyuan Airport incident that followed, Li Qinghao goes under orders to investigate, but runs into some members from the Green Team (*Luse xiaozu*) [a documentary team], clutching cameras. Amid the chaos, many intelligence agents cannot avoid the camera, and some are even beaten by the crowd. "I ponder, in the middle of the crowd, I must also have been recorded? In retrospect, what if someone recognizes me in the future? For this I've been melancholic and anxious for a long while."<sup>71</sup> The novelist leads us to this still somewhat conscientious intelligence agent, to see the psychological effects the regime had on him. On the surface, he is worried to be caught on camera; however, his worries seem to derive from the legitimacy of the entire regime of secret agents being cast in doubt. The domino effect of the crumbling of authoritarianism is hard to stop. The political is personal. It repressed Li Qinghao and his family just like that; the symptoms of his physical and mental illness start surfacing, but the root is nowhere to be found. Yuetao runs around

asking for a divine oracle, but to no avail. In 1988, as President Chiang Ching-kuo passes away, Qinghao suddenly realizes that the age of belief ended. Therefore, he finds a teaching job in a vocational school. But of course it is not that easy to walk away like that.

Once he begins thinking about his past work, what originally did not trouble him silently awakens the guilt buried deep in his heart. Qinghao's confession-like notes let us know that the intelligence can randomly prosecute dissidents according to the superior's will. The terrible things he has done and seen start brewing, assaulting his mind. And even his former superior, Legislator Zhao, whom he once violently grilled, also comes to him, on the television screen: "On the screen, occasionally he glimpsed at me out of the corner of his eyes, as if nothing happened. Of course he knew that I'm watching his speech."<sup>72</sup> Now, people like Legislator Zhao are ruling, how could I explain to him my rude behavior back then? Situated in the drastic political change, Li Qinghao, like some ten thousand other intelligence agents, wavers. Where they are heading challenges their fundamental *raison d'être*. They are forced to change, to be practical, "but only what is different from me is that, I suspect that these tens of thousands of people have secretly become their men. In fact, I also wanna become one of them, but I don't know who to contact."<sup>73</sup> Even the relatively plain Li Qinghao has the thought "only I'm left behind. Nobody comes to contact me."<sup>74</sup> To this point, even the intelligence agents are ready to defect at any time. The KMT has not yet lost its regime, while the governing mechanism that it relies on has already collapsed.

Through the eyes of Ding Shikui, a loyal party-state middle cadre, the writer sums up the extremely strong challenge being posed during the past half-century. He is reminded of the history of purging the communists in the years after 1950:

Time has changed drastically, the three pillars of investigation—leadership, nation, and ism—have all been strongly challenged by the changing situation. He was reminded that, after 1950, with years of fierce purging of the communists, after repeated interrogations, he sent tens of thousands of communists, amidst

the fiery purging-the-communist campaigns, onto the execution grounds and into the prisons, and finally secured the rivers and mountains for the Kuomintang. It depended precisely on the unshakable beliefs in leadership, nation and ism. The challenge today, the clash with the investigation works, and the serious psychological entwinement inside Li Qinghao's mind were the most vivid explanation.<sup>75</sup>

Fighting in the name of leadership, nation, and "ism," the intelligence system had become the most brutal instrument for the regime to batter its enemy. However, like Lin Dewang in "Emperor God of Business," a cog in the capitalist system that has to bear the pressure of the operation of the machine, what Li Qinghao faces are also the huge dynamics in the transformation of the party-state, which is difficult, especially for someone with a conscience like himself: he could never bear such a rapid transformation.

In the last note written by Li Qinghao, we can already detect his sheer desperation. For all mentally ill patients, an important turning point is when they start to treat the ones closest to them as accomplices of those who scheme against themselves: even Yuetao cooperates with the person sent by them, under the disguise of a doctor, who not only whispers behind his back but also coaxes him into swallowing the sleeping pills. The horrible yellow pills "seemed to make everything in the world dumb and slow, and made one sink into even deeper, thorough desperation."<sup>76</sup> Without the support of the party-state system, and pushed to the opposite side by his last dependent, Li Qinghao is doomed.

What's worse, Yuetao has a date with him at a shopping mall in Taipei, taking him to shops and restaurants. Li Qinghao, however, first runs into Zhang Ming, who was prosecuted by him and sentenced to ten years. Now a gray-haired old mainlander, Zhang Ming, trembling, grabs his shoulder, telling him that his wife died after the case; his sons fled home; and his daughter was also dragged into the affair, not being able to marry. The scene has since been turned upside down: Li Qinghao is no longer the investigator who pressed the timid family guy Zhang Ming to confess. Now he is like a felon in court being judged,



facing Zhang Ming's indictment against him! Facing the accusation, Li Qinghao of course wants to run away, which then stirs Zhang Ming's long accumulated suffocation and his hysteric cry. "I started gasping. I felt boundless fear. My heart ached. I shook off his hand which grabbed by sleeve, and walked rapidly into that crowded mall. 'Hey, you! Don't go,' he yelled behind me, 'You tore my family apart!'"<sup>77</sup> How would the ladies at the mall be able to know what is happening? They treat them as a joke. In the course of the pursuit on the escalator, Zhang Ming shouts at people to stop this Kuomintang secret agent. 'That guy must be crazy,' the chubby lady with heavy make-up told me, smiling. I laughed drearily .... None of them cared about Zhang Ming's shrill cry. Some looked at him, whispering; others grinned and laughed at him."<sup>78</sup>

The illness-stricken Li Qinghao and Zhang Ming thus change positions again, and the security guard is eager to take away the yelling madman Zhang Ming. Now only Qinghao knows the truth, but he can only laugh miserably. What does one expect him to say to the chubby lady? That Zhang Ming is not mad, and that what he said is all true? At this moment, like Lin Dewang who embodied the Emperor God, the author, through the kind-hearted Qinghao, articulates his sympathy and accusation to the whole world: "It's as if Zhang Ming was yelling at the top of his lungs at the entire city. But the city returned him with abysmal silent, cold and indifferent, embarrassing giggling; returned him with usual wedding banquets; returned him with greed and numbness...."<sup>79</sup> He is apparently complicit in Zhang Ming's ten-year imprisonment, and even the Zhang family's tragedy. But he also fully understands that, during this time, who cares about a past that is unrelated to themselves, and will compensate the innocent? How else can he, the very executioner who has twisted justice himself, respond besides running away? The comrades who used to be around him hid themselves, if not outright capitulating, one after another; no one can instruct him about what to do now. They left him behind, letting him be subsumed into a nebulous night, facing the possibility of pursuit by the Zhang Mings at any moment: "You are the night fog that floats around, shrouding this city. What have I done to you that you throw me into the wolves' cave, yet refused to contact me cold-bloodedly. You shroud the city like night fog, the omnipresent,

cruel, cold, white not fog....”<sup>80</sup> This is the finale of a secret agent from the *ancien régime*, who, jettisoned by political power, cannot keep his back straight; he can only drag out an ignoble existence amidst the night fog, floating about like a spirit.

The security guards forcefully carry away the out-of-control Zhang Ming. Li Qinghao awkwardly flees the mall, aimlessly roaming about. Fortunately, his savior appears. Yuetao catches up with him, and anxiously asks him where he is going. Suddenly relieved of tension, he cries his way into a mental breakdown. After this, Li Qinghao, like many mentally ill patients I know, rotates in and out of the hospital. The vicious circle: in the hospital, one’s illness is controlled by compulsory medication before one returns home; at home, one resists the medication to avoid its horrible side effects (throbbing, lethargy, dementia, and so on) before one’s condition is aggravated and one is hospitalized again. First it was my mother, and then my elder brother who went back and forth between the hospital and his small, single apartment. How I endlessly wished a miracle would happen! That he would become highly self-conscious or grow another eye to see his own condition, and to find a way out of the endless circle! Twenty years later, this is a hope that remains unfulfilled.

Having lost his will to survive, Qinghao, “in his indifferent expression revealed a certain kind of unfathomable misery.”<sup>81</sup> Nobody understands, and nobody can be trusted. Perhaps the misery was too deep inside his heart to be endured. On a rainy day four months after his last hospitalization, “Li Qinghao tied his pajama upside down on the showerhead, put his head through the crotch part, and abruptly kneeled down, hanging himself to death.”<sup>82</sup> After he is released from worldly suffering, the saddest survivor is Yuetao, because they were not legally married. Worried that Qinghao would become afraid if she is not around, she can only hide behind the mourning hall in the mortuary, and secretly sends away the only one in the world who cherished her. Li Qinghao, the secret agent, has since been totally homeless.

The “home” penned by Chen Yingzhen from his early writings on has always been fragmentary; even in “Zhao Nandong,” Zhao Erping takes pains to reconstruct his homeland amidst the debris, but without success. The story “Night Fog” is no exception. Li Qinghao never comes to terms

with his wife, Dong, and even their child remains faceless and without a name. Although from the beginning to the end, the two of them never formally divorce, their marriage is mostly a sham. Yuetao, who has been suffering since she was a child, initially thinks that she will be better off married, but it turns out that her gangster husband subjects her to all sorts of suffering—home becomes a hotbed for pain. By praying to the gods, she manages to be rewarded with the Bodhisattva-like Qinghao who lets her know that a woman like her can be doted on. The two similarly-misfortunate people should have been able to defend this shabby little hut, to lead a normal life, but who would have known that Li Qinghao cannot even protect himself? Dong never liked his damned work and finally escaped. But fate did not let go of him and tore apart the home that was so hard to come by. Home, often taken as men's mental fortress, is the place to which you come back to lick your wounds after you are injured outside. However, a shattered family, the fundamental structure of the Third World, cannot in fact function as the pillar that buttresses one's emotion. Surviving amidst the collapsed debris, without a country, without a family, is it not possible for one to go crazy?

Chen Yingzhen once said that "Night Fog" is a reflection upon the regime of martial law. "What I want to say is that it was caused by history. However, we have to come face-to-face with this history. When the history has passed, we need to disentangle this history, then learn the lessons from this history, and transcend it, so that we won't commit the same mistake again."<sup>83</sup> The way he disentangled this history was to choose an extremely difficult path. He attempted to enter the depths of the minds of those secret agents who interrogated him in the prison by sympathizing with an "enemy" like Li Qinghao, so as to unveil the mental dilemma they faced, or even the dead-end of the division regime. We are probably astonished why this writer had the generosity and ability to enter the interiority of his rival/subject. As a Marxist, Chen Yingzhen had sufficient intellectual preparation to see how human beings live in a structure; not all problems can be attributed to the individual. The key is to learn in the course of history how a regime devastates individuals, including its apparent beneficiaries. But what should not escape our attention is the fact that Mr. Chen's tolerance towards and understanding of

intelligence agents (Li Qinghao and Ding Shikui) is quasi-religious, overcoming partisanship and political stance. It could be said that the writer himself, at the moment where the long oppressive KMT was about to be overthrown, sought reconciliation between himself and the authoritarian regime. Perhaps only through this thought can mindful readers be called upon to seek a wider-ranging, more transcendent, reconciliation with the fact of national division.

“Night Fog,” of course, is an accusation against the KMT’s brutal rule; it seeks to transcend the conflict between mainlanders and the local Taiwanese. But it is not only that. It would be too vulgar to read Li Qinghao’s ending as the settler regime being doomed by itself. According to Chen Yingzhen’s way of thinking, the martial law regime was the historical consequence of the twofold structure of the global Cold War and the Chinese Civil War, which cannot be simplified as the inner problem of the KMT party *per se*, but should rather be contextualized within the framework of world history. Today, as the structures of the Cold War have loosened up, we still have not seen a more astute analysis of the mental problem in the Third World caused by the Cold War. Our general understanding is that the formation of the Cold War structure extended the colonial period and postponed de-colonial reflection in many Third World regions, causing national division and civil wars (on the Korean Peninsula, the Taiwan Strait, and Sri Lanka, among others). But in terms of the conflict within the society, the legitimacy, as imposed by such state violence as the intelligence system in “Night Fog,” makes us understand the complexity of reality: when state violence is pared down to the personal level, it is that fragile. It seems that there is not too much room today to research and discuss the system of intelligence and the secret agent as the commonplace Third World form of state violence. The perpetrators will not talk about it. The victims, to avoid second harm, are not willing to return to the scene. Chen Yingzhen’s “Zhao Nandong” deals with the victims’ prison scene from its facade; “Night Fog” further opens the inner world of the perpetrators. But in comparison with Hwang Sok-yong, an important South Korean writer, whose description of the incarceration in *Old Garden* is even deeper, there is still space for further investigation. As Mr. Chen intimates, some harsh historical

lessons have to be confronted first before the legitimacy of their existence can be called into question.

That being said, we are also clearly aware that the events since the turn of the century have been shrouded in a kind of sheer desperation that surrounds and infects the author himself. Almost none of the madman characters created by the pen of Chen Yingzhen in his early and middle periods commit suicide. No matter how miserable An is, or how lost Lin Dewang is, living engendered hope. However, both Li Qinghao in “Night Fog” and Ma Zhengtao who eventually goes crazy in “Loyalty and Filiality Park” walk into the dead-end of suicide. This is not coincidental. Deep beneath Mr. Chen’s “save the children” mind always lies the dilemma in which the children will not be saved—but it has to be said. On the one hand, there is Chen Yingzhen’s Marxist utopia; on the other, there is Chen Yingzhen with Lu Xun as his black spiritual fatherland. The struggle between the two constitutes precisely the Third World of Chen Yingzhen: on the surface, a staunch believer, while inwardly hesitant and sorrowful.

The battle between inside and outside, I aver, is not a characteristic unique to Chen Yingzhen; rather, it is the fundamental mental state of the Third World critical intellectuals who envision a golden utopia but face a cruel reality instead.

### **“Madmen Are More Normal Than Normal People”**

In a retrospective talk after the publications of “Night Fog” and “Loyalty and Filiality Park,” Chen Yingzhen ascribed his general interest in writing about the mentally ill to Lu Xun. He offered no further elaboration but instead tried to brush it off: “I think there is a rule of law on earth. In the writings about madmen, more often than not it is the madmen who are more normal than the normal people. ‘Save the children’ was said by a madman. Nobody took him seriously. However, the criticism and enlightenment in these utterances are enormous.”<sup>84</sup> My understanding of this sentence is that supposedly normal people are over-determined by social norms; they are so full of calculation and deliberation that they lose the fundamental ability to judge things and express thoughts that

ordinary people should possess. Only madmen can break loose from a variety of shackles, saying true things directly, while sparing no one's feelings.

So, is Chen Yingzhen a Taiwanese madman?!

To say that is not to be understood as reductively celebrating madness, and urging people to join the ranks of the mad, or as trying to naturalize the existence of the insane as a kind of social critique. Such excessive performativity already abounds in literary history.<sup>85</sup> One who is himself mentally unwell, or who has the experience of having the mentally ill around him, will tell you how painful and unbearable this state of being is. It is therefore impossible to treat the condition of being mentally ill as easily as all that. Readers should constantly be reminded that, although we can learn a great deal from the state of being mentally ill, it is not right either to stigmatize or embellish mental disorder.

Reading "Documents" (1963), "Emperor God of Business" (1982) and "Night Fog" (2000) is like seeing Chen Yingzhen, leading us through the elaborate disorderly pageant of twentieth-century history, from the 1910s to the 2000s. The chronology of these three stories has to be pushed back 40 years, since they overlap with one other. An, Lin Dewang, and Li Qinghao belong to three different generations, facing different social situations—from the detritus of wartime to rebuilding the homeland; from a rural agricultural society to the gradual emergence of an urban-centered transnational capitalism; from a staunch party-state authoritarianism to its unnamable post-collapse present (post-development? post-authoritarianism? post-democracy? post-Cold War? None of the above, I'm afraid). Although the author astutely provides an explanation for these protagonists' mental illness—An's guilt over his past killing; Dewang's rupture between the local and the foreign; Qinghao's loss of faith during the regime transition—what is more commendable is that the author ultimately contextualizes them within the current of family, social, and national history. Indeed, many mental illnesses cannot be explained away using a biological pathology. Is my mother's insistence on using a pair of Father Chiang's chopsticks not concerned with the party-state? Is my father's being diagnosed with the symptoms of bipolar disorder in his last years not related to national division? Does not my brother's being dismissed

by the Sociology Department at National Taiwan University have anything to do with the historical background of mainlander-Taiwanese and inner-party conflict? Have my own emotional ups and downs through the years not been concordant with the contortion of Taiwanese political society? Thanks to Mr. Chen's analysis we can bravely face the pain and shame that is otherwise unbearable to ourselves. If Mr. Chen's literature intends to make "humiliated human beings regain their dignity... to empower the frustrated, humiliated, hurt people,"<sup>86</sup> then he has indeed accomplished his task.

Chen Yingzhen not only recuperates the dignity of the mentally ill but empowers them with a more active agency: in the course of his painful survival, the existence of the madman's world—from An's helplessness, through Lin Dewang's critique of capitalism, to Li Qinghao's accusation of the cold world—is thus a mirror of the world itself. Without madmen, absurdity and emotionlessness cannot reveal themselves. In this sense, Chen Yingzhen's "Third" World is a world of madmen; for only the madman can temporarily shake off the shackles of the human world by using his third eye to penetrate the global rules of the game to expose its selfishness, cold-blooded brutality, cannibalism, and killing. His obsession with madness, akin to his extraordinarily intimate calmness towards death, is the inheritance of the tradition of Lu Xun, actively seeking a referential, alternative space/world for present history and society. This work does not intend to establish a utopia in madness and death, but rather to refract the incomprehensible human world. Placed in the context of the global space itself, the ignorance, backwardness, and desolation that really exist in the Third World demonstrate that the vanity and alienation hidden behind First World civilization and progress cannot be understood without taking into account the imperialist exploitation and oppression of the underprivileged regions. Without the Third World, there is no First World either.

As indicated at the beginning of this article, when turning his vision from the Third World of political economics to the psychological, affective Third World, Chen Yingzhen conveyed to us a violent yet barren language. The chaos, paradox, ambivalence, doubt, diffidence, and incomprehensibility embodied in it and the enormous critique this necessitates

already breaks away from the shackles of that condescending, egoistic Chinese literati tradition. The way in which Chen Yingzhen learned to lower his posture to approximate reality, to respect history, and finally to waver offers a way out for Third World critical intellectuals' knowledge/feeling and reciprocity. Mr. Chen's generation had great limitations, but we cannot back off; instead we should inherit the foundation they built. Personally, I deeply believe that, at least in Taiwan, we have accrued quite a bit of critical-practical experiences—be they successes or failures; it is time for us to slow down, recapitulate, and face these experiences in all honesty. What is urgent now is to establish a new culture for the intellectual circle, and to find a way to support but also to criticize one another.

When "Taiwan Studies" had not even come into existence, Chen Yingzhen had already begun to analyze Taiwanese society through his fiction. There is no one literary piece in his oeuvre that is not grounded in the native soil that he so passionately loved, so he is undoubtedly a nativist. What makes him different is that, when the intellectual sphere cast its vision towards Europe and America, he uniquely faced the Third World. As far as he is concerned, for Taiwan, or even for mainland China, the existence, positionality, and identification of the Third World are undoubtedly clear. However, due to the Cold War, Taiwan aligned itself with the U.S. camp, and the Third World political imagination could not enter our intellectual horizon, the absence of which hindered the formation of a Taiwanese subjectivity born of a more manifold self-positioning and self-understanding. The Third World, as an analytical concept, has gradually lost its interpretive efficacy due to divisions from within; however, as a historical notion, in terms of ideal and mental states, especially in the face of a neoliberalist globalization's sweep across the entire world, the Third World is an intellectual source that we desperately need to recuperate.

I still need to answer the question: what does Chen Yingzhen's Third World mean? For me, the Third World à la Chen Yingzhen is the process in which former colonies, semi-colonies, and subcolonies, after gradually escaping from anti-colonial independence wars and civil wars, were immediately (forced to be) involved in the global Cold War regime. The



Cold War standoff, on the one hand, extended and transplanted the formation of neocolonialism, which resulted in national division in certain regions; on the other hand, it postponed the intellectual, cultural, and spiritual reflections in many colonies. Thus, what is situated at the center of the political stage in newly independent nations is economic developmentalism. What the statist strategy of prioritizing industrialization at the expense of agriculture has led to are: rural-to-urban migration; the readjustment of social relations established through the *longue durée* of history; and the rupture and disruption of the underprivileged in the midst of material want and spiritual rootlessness. Due to the enormous difference in the local histories in different places, Third World societies and cultures, having been shaped by colonization, decolonization, and capitalist liberalization, have distinctly different forms and outlooks. As an example, Chen Yingzhen mentions that the Chinese script provided the ground on which a decolonized Taiwan could rebuild its subjectivity, while many former colonies still had to retain or combat the written language of the colonizers. Hence, besides the imaginary based on “continents” such as Asia, Africa, Latin America, Europe, and America within the world-historical scope, the Third World is in fact not monolithic, but an infrastructure with a diverse and rich alternative reference system. It no longer has to rely solely on Europe and the United States as its only reference points. By referencing one another, Third World nations and their analyses can grasp and explain their own situation and *raison d'être*, or even find the possibility for continual transformation.

Besides the Third World as a substantial imaginary and reference, by no means can we understand the Third World spirit at the expense of its significant anti-imperial, anti-feudal histories. In the twenty-first-century environs, it indicates alliance and coalition at the global level, as well as solidarity between underprivileged areas, to prevent imperialism from coming back and to actively promote the cause of world peace. To follow the route of the superpower is nothing more than to deepen the already imbalanced power relations. Thus, the Third World also means to shatter the Old World where one imperial hegemony has succeeded another, and to find ways in which the New World may function differently. In my friend Paik Young-seo's words, it will be a “more democratic, more

humanitarian, and more agential/subjective theory and practice.”<sup>87</sup> This plan, at the same time, reconceptualizes and overcomes the oppression of human beings by the trinity of imperialism-capitalism-modernity. In this sense, the psychological world in the Third World this article is concerned with is an indispensable and crucial source in transforming the world. It is only through that third eye that we can bravely see through the questions, noting where the dim light and shadows lie/ are located.

The motivation behind writing this article is simple: I hope that the critical academic/intellectual circle can come to understand its own Third World attributes, and that the mainland Chinese intellectual circles will not abandon their own Third World attributes and intellectual resources. That they can/ will maintain the tradition of the Third World imagination, enlarge our extremely narrow object of knowledge, and make the other and oneself more open and diverse. What is more urgent is that, amidst the atmosphere of “the rise of Asia” and “the peaceful rise of China,” reinserting a Third World historical consciousness into the agenda is needed precisely because the Sinophone world and the Asian intellectual field cannot only have the existence of the superpowers in sight. Rather, we ought to inherit the spirit of Third Worldism, making minority people and areas the focal point of our concern, reference, and collaboration.

In 1983, Chen Yingzhen said, “It’s time for us to systematically study and translate Third World literature.” Frankly, I seriously doubt that the Chinese intellectual circle today will actively respond to the call by the old comrade-in-arm. But in order to keep this dimly-lit incense alight, we still have to brace ourselves to keep walking ahead. When the time comes, the young comrades-in-arms who take over the baton in the relay race will not start from a standing position.

## Notes

<sup>1</sup> This article is part of “Chen Yingzhen’s Third World,” sponsored by the National Science Council (NSC 96-2411-H-007-023-).

<sup>2</sup> See Zhenghui Lu, “Xiandaizhuyi Zai Taiwan: Cong Wenyi Shehuixue De Jiaodu

Lai Kaocha" ["Modernism in Taiwan: An Investigation from the Perspective of Sociology of Literature and Art"], *Taiwan: A Radical Quarterly* 1, no. 4 (1988): 181-209; Hongzhi Zhan (詹宏志), "Wenxue De Sikao Zhe" ["Thinker of Literature"], in *Chen Yingzhen Zuopinji* Vol. 15 (Taipei: Renjian, 1988), 3; Xiangping Li (黎湘萍), *Taiwan De Youyu [Taiwan's Melancholia]* (Taipei: Renjian, 2003), xxii.

<sup>3</sup> Yiwei Yao (姚一葦), "Zongxu" ["Preface"], in *Chen Yingzhen Zuopinji* Vol. 15 (Taipei: Renjian, 1988), 15.

<sup>4</sup> Masayoshi Matsunaga (松永 正義), "Touxi Weilai Zhongguo Wenxue De Yige Kenengxing—Taiwan Wenxue De Xianzai: Yi Chen Yingzhen Wei Li" ["An Analysis of One Possibility in Chinese Literature in the Future—Taiwan Literature's Present: Chen Yingzhen as an Example"], in *Chen Yingzhen Zuopinji* Vol. 14, trans. Zhuang Zheng (鄭喆) (Taipei: Renjian, 1988), 234.

<sup>5</sup> See for instance Yingzhen Chen (陳映真), "Zai Minzu Wenxue De Qizhi Xia Tuanjie Qilai" ["Unite Under the Flag of National Literature"], in *Chen Yingzhen Zuopinji* Vol. 11: *Zhongguo Jie [The China Complex]* (Taipei: Renjian, 1988), 42; Yingzhen Chen, "Duanjiao Hou De Suixiang" ["Random Thought after the Severance of Sino-U.S. Diplomatic Ties"], in *Chen Yingzhen Zuopinji* Vol. 8 (Taipei: Renjian, 1988), 23. In my own reading, these seem to be the first instances in his writings where the term "Third World" was used directly.

<sup>6</sup> Yingzhen Chen, "Dui Wo Eryan De 'Disan Shijie'" ["What the 'Third World' Means to Me"], in *Pipan liandai [Critical Solidarity]*, ed. Kuan-hsing Chen (Taipei: Taishe, 2005), 4. "The Blind Spot of 'Nativist Literature'" was published in *Taiwan Literature and Art [台灣文藝]*, June 1977. This article did not use the term Third World directly, but instead set the tone of anti-imperialism and anti-feudalism.

<sup>7</sup> Yingzhen Chen, "Zhongguo Wenxue Han Disan Shijie Wenxue De Bijiao" ["A Comparison between Chinese Literature and Third World literature"], in *Chen Yingzhen Zuopinji* Vol. 8 (Taipei: Renjian, 1988), 76-96.

<sup>8</sup> During his visit to Iowa, Chen Yingzhen interviewed Filipino writer Reuel Molina Aguilla, which was published in 1984. For Chen's retrospect, see "What the 'Third World' Means to Me." In hindsight, the 1982 visit to the U.S. for Chen, personally, marks a crucial turning point. The Third World turned from a spiritual aspiration to a real contact, which left a significant imprint on his later thoughts and literature.

<sup>9</sup> Chen, "A Comparison," 76.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, 83.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, 85.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, 90.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, 93.

<sup>14</sup> Yingzhen Chen, "Lun Qiangquan, Renmin Han Qingzhong" ["On Power, People and Weight"], in *Chen Yingzhen Zuopinji* Vol. 6 (Taipei: Renjian, 1988), 5.

<sup>15</sup> 參見《人間》雜誌44期〈陳映真現地報告：激盪中地韓國民民主化運動〉專輯，45期〈韓國維

子) 專輯, 1989. 有關陳映真《人間》時期最為重要的討論, 參見王安憶(2009). See *Renjian* 44, Special Issue on “Chen Yingzhen’s Frontline Report: The Korean Democratization Movement in Whirlpool” and *Renjian* 45, Special Issue on “The Korean Awl” (1989).

<sup>16</sup> See Chen, “What the ‘Third World’ Means to Me.”

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, 4.

<sup>18</sup> The meeting was not only meaningful for Chen Yingzhen, but also left a deep impression on Wang Anyi, then a young writer. See Anyi Wang (王安憶), “Intenaxiongnaier” [“Internationale”], *Shanghai Wenxue* [*Shanghai Literature*] 315 (2004): 75-77.

<sup>19</sup> Chen, “What the ‘Third World’ Means to Me,” 8.

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.*, 10.

<sup>21</sup> Yingzhen Chen, “Xiandaizhuyi Di Zai Kaifa: Yanchu ‘Dengdai Guotuo’ Di Suixiang” [“Re-development of Modernism: A Random Thought on the Play *Waiting for Godot*”], in *Chen Yingzhen Zuopinji* Vol. 8 (Taipei: Renjian, 1988), 5.

<sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>23</sup> Chen, “A Comparison,” 92.

<sup>24</sup> Yao, “Preface,” 17.

<sup>25</sup> See Hongsheng, Zheng (鄭鴻生) “Chen Yingzhen Yu Liushi Niandai” [Chen Yingzhen and the 1960s], in *Chen Yingzhen: Sixiang Yu Wenxue Xueshu Huiyi* (Hsinchu: National Chiao Tung University, 2009).

<sup>26</sup> Yingzhen Chen, “Pingguo Shu” [“Apple Tree”], in *Chen Yingzhen Xiaoshuo Ji* Vol. 1 (Taipei: Hongfan, 2001), 142. The following Chen Yingzhen texts are all based on *Chen Yingzhen Xiaoshuo Ji* [*Collected Novels by Chen Yingzhen*] published by Hongfan in 2001.

<sup>27</sup> Yingzhen Chen, “Wenshu” [“Documents”], in *Chen Yingzhen Xiaoshuo Ji* Vol. 1 (Taipei: Hongfan, 2001), 59.

<sup>28</sup> *Ibid.*, 164.

<sup>29</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>30</sup> *Ibid.*, 166.

<sup>31</sup> *Ibid.*, 170.

<sup>32</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>33</sup> *Ibid.*, 175.

<sup>34</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>35</sup> *Ibid.*, 176.

<sup>36</sup> *Ibid.*, 178.

<sup>37</sup> Yingzhen Chen, “Qican De Wuyan De Zui” [“Poor Poor Dumb Mouths”], in *Chen Yingzhen Xiaoshuo Ji* Vol. 1 (Taipei: Hongfan, 2001), 220. Available in English: Ying-chen Ch’en, “Poor Poor Dumb Mouths,” in *Exiles at Home: Stories by Ch’en Ying-chen*, trans. Lucien Miller (Ann Arbor: Center for Chinese Studies, The University of Michigan, 1986), 96. – Translator’s note.

<sup>38</sup> Yingzhen Chen, “Hou Jie” [“Backstreet”], in *Chen Yingzhen Xiaoshuo Ji* Vol. 1

(Taipei: Hongfan, 2001), 22.

<sup>39</sup> Kuan-hsing Chen, "Chen Yingzhen De Disan Shijie: 50 Niandai Zuoyi Fenzi De Zuori Jinsheng" ["Chen Yingzhen's Third World: On the Life and after Life of the Leftists of the 1950s"], *Taiwan: A Radical Quarterly* 84 (2011): 137-242.

<sup>40</sup> Yingzhen Chen, "Wan Shang Di Jun" ["Emperor God of Business"], in *Chen Yingzhen Xiaoshuo Ji* Vol. 4 (Taipei: Hongfan, 2001), 177.

<sup>41</sup> *Ibid.*, 178.

<sup>42</sup> *Ibid.*, 180.

<sup>43</sup> *Ibid.*, 174.

<sup>44</sup> *Ibid.*, 186.

<sup>45</sup> *Ibid.*, 185.

<sup>46</sup> *Ibid.*, 187.

<sup>47</sup> *Ibid.*, 188.

<sup>48</sup> *Ibid.*, 184.

<sup>49</sup> *Ibid.*, 194.

<sup>50</sup> *Ibid.*, 191.

<sup>51</sup> *Ibid.*, 188.

<sup>52</sup> *Ibid.*, 180.

<sup>53</sup> *Ibid.*, 183.

<sup>54</sup> *Ibid.*, 190.

<sup>55</sup> *Ibid.*, 201.

<sup>56</sup> *Ibid.*, 204.

<sup>57</sup> *Ibid.*, 234.

<sup>58</sup> *Ibid.*, 235.

<sup>59</sup> *Ibid.*, 236.

<sup>60</sup> I am unable and inexperienced to delve into the religious question. As is known, religion constitutes the central core of the dynamic of Chen Yingzhen's thoughts and literature. He was born into a religious family, and his humanitarian spirit is very religious. But, perhaps owing to his Marxist belief, he has seen in-depth many problems within religions and was highly critical of religions, the dynamics of which undercut his early through recent works.

<sup>61</sup> Chen, "Emperor God of Business," 220.

<sup>62</sup> *Ibid.*, 216.

<sup>63</sup> Yingzhen Chen, "Fuqin" ["Father"], in *Chen Yingzhen Sanwen Ji* [Collected Chen Yingzhen's Essays] Vol. 1 (Taipei: Hongfan, 2004), 199-200.

<sup>64</sup> Thanks to Zhao Gang for bringing this passage to my attention. See also Shuguan Su (蘇淑冠), "Yi 'Jia' Zhi Ming Xia De Yuwang, Zhuti Yu Xiandaixing Wenti De Sikao: Yi Taiwan Zhanhou Chengli Zhi JT Ertong Zhi Jia Weili" ["Reflection on Desire, Subjectivity and Modernity in the Name of 'Home': JT Children's Home as an Example"], Workshop on Diaspora, Homeland and Identification, Hsinchu: National

Chiao Tung University, 2009.

<sup>65</sup> Zhenghui Lu (呂正惠), “Cong Shancun Xiaozhen Dao Huashengdun Dalou: Lun Chen Yingzhen De Lichen Ji Qi Maodun” [“From Mountainous Town to Washington Building: On Chen Yingzhen’s Experience and His Paradox”], in *Chen Yingzhen Zuopinji 15: Wenxue De Sikao Zhe* [Works by Chen Yingzhen 15: Thinker on Literature] (Taipei: Renjian, 1988), 181-95.

<sup>66</sup> 到目前為止,〈忠孝公園〉或許是陳映真最近期的一篇小說創作 2001 年後,陳先生發表了幾篇感人的散文,如〈父親〉〈四十五年的朱批〉,〈阿公〉,與我個人認為要了解陳先生整體思想,最為重要的〈生死〉這些文章都收於陳映真(2004a)。To date, “The Loyalty and Filiality Park” (Loyalty and Filiality Park) is perhaps Chen Yingzhen’s most recent novelistic creation. Since 2001, Mr. Chen has published a number of very touching essays, e.g. “Father” (Fuqin), “Red Inkling for Forty-five Years” (“Sishiwu Nian De Zhupi”), “Grandpa” (“Agong”), etc. Personally, I think “Life and Death” (“Shengsi”) remains the most important piece in understanding Chen’s thought in its entirety.

<sup>67</sup> Yingzhen Chen, “Ye Wu” [“Night Fog”], in *Chen Yingzhen Xiaoshuo Ji* Vol. 6 (Taipei: Hongfan, 2001), 73.

<sup>68</sup> Ibid., 123.

<sup>69</sup> Ibid., 87.

<sup>70</sup> Ibid., 88.

<sup>71</sup> Ibid., 89.

<sup>72</sup> Ibid., 103.

<sup>73</sup> Ibid., 105.

<sup>74</sup> Ibid., 106.

<sup>75</sup> Ibid., 122.

<sup>76</sup> Ibid., 113.

<sup>77</sup> Ibid., 116.

<sup>78</sup> Ibid., 117.

<sup>79</sup> Ibid., 118.

<sup>80</sup> Ibid., 119.

<sup>81</sup> Ibid., 120.

<sup>82</sup> Ibid., 120-21.

<sup>83</sup> Yingzhen Chen, “Wo De Wenxue Chuangzuo Yu Sixiang” [“My Literary Creation and Thoughts”], *Shanghai Wenxue* 315 (2004): 70.

<sup>84</sup> Ibid., 69.

<sup>85</sup> Thanks to Cheng Sheng-hsun for the discussion at the Young Literature Scholars Workshop on Chen Yingzhen held in Aug 2009.

<sup>86</sup> Chen, “My Literary Creation,” 64.

<sup>87</sup> Young-seo Paik (白永瑞), *Sixiang Dongya: Han Bandao De Lishi Shijian* [Thinking East Asia: Historical Praxis in the Korean Peninsula] (Taipei: Taishe, 2009), iv.