

Static Macao and Macao in Transition in the Short Stories of a Macanese Woman

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If we consider that cultures and, more generally, civilizations are constantly in transit we should admit that they just do not finish or vanish. They rather change in evolution processes, from one stage to another. Assuming this is giving voice to the important role of ancestors and background. Francis Hsu, referring to the Chinese culture and, thus, the family nucleus, reminded us that the ancestor identification is 'based upon two general principles which govern the entire kinship structure: patrilineality and generation.'¹ In fact, these two constructions are for many of us our leading reference. Tracing our antecedents could be considered somehow as an archaeology of the self that helps to conclude that we are all citizens in transit, evolving from one point in space, time and civilization to another. Therefore I would dare to say that whilst animals dig for food, humans gave one step forward, being able to dig for their past.

All these questions were also raised by the words that Deolinda da Conceição immortalized in a collection of short stories, being a witness to a particular way of 'transit'/evolution, in a very particular city named Macao.

Justifying why Macao is a very particular place is needed though. If we just focus on the literary point of view, we have to take into account that the Chinese population has always been, till the mid 20th century, fishermen and businessmen with little appeal for literature. The same must be said about the Portuguese side of the city, the so-called 'Cidade Cristã'¹: besides business, prayers in Latin or vernacular have been more strategic (or even more exciting) for the lusophone population. In a minute territory where the intellectual population was easy to count and to point out it is clear that the literati were but a few with a literary production set to their abilities and dimension.

Born in Macao in 1913, Deolinda da Conceição is considered the first female journalist in that territory. Being a journalist back then she felt very closely the Japanese invasion of Shanghai, which took place on 4 March 1932, as she was living in that 'Paris of the East' at the time. One third of her short stories² in this collection refer to the war and the most part of them mention clearly the Japanese army. She also followed closely as a professional the Second Sino-Japanese War (1937-45) and the ups and downs of the Republic of China (1912-49), summing up almost 50 years of complex political turbulence. As a result of the so-called 'legal invasion' of Shanghai³ Deolinda da Conceição went to Hong Kong as a refugee and eventually she worked there as a teacher and a translator. Then, back in Macao she remarried and became a journalist of the *Notícias de Macau*. Once again she is considered to be a pioneer, having been the first emancipated woman of the small peninsula.

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When we pay more attention to her short stories we notice that they are, on their own, another kind of 'transit': *Cheong-Sam – A Cabaia* is a collection of twenty-seven short tales, all chosen by the author, yet written at different times. The only knot that links them all, that crystallises all, was Deolinda's choice.

Another of her choices would make it not easy for the reader who wants to perceive Macao through her narratives, as only a few short stories have a direct reference to Macao as their place for the action. Of the twenty-seven stories only three mention Macao the place where action flows: 'O Calvário de Lin Fong' (The Suffering of Lin Fong), 'Os Sapatinhos Bordados da Anui' (Anui's Tiny Embroidered Shoes) and 'Fome' (Hunger). There is also another narrative that has a very strong possibility of being set in Macao as well: 'Sai Long Cuai'. I will in fact centre my analysis on this 'Macao-placed' corpus, although I will take other stories in consideration.

Before we focus on the static aspects of Macao, we must presume that nothing is immutable so we should redefine 'static' as the 'slow process' or

as a characteristic related namely to topics such as 'landscape' and 'traditions'. Thus 'static' is the photograph, the cinematographic shot, absolutely plotless. In fact, my analysis is based on the principle that 'static' is, in the first instance, the background and that, as a counterpoint, 'transit' is the basis for the action. Anyway I consider this postulation as but the first step. As we shall see this pair of concepts has more meanings.

The first image that we can perceive from 'static' Macao, in 'O Calvário de Lin Fong' is indeed an 'ut pictora' description, with a fine oriental flavour, of the landscape where the action will then be developed:

'Evening was falling serenely over Ou Mun⁵, and that gentle light that precedes the appearance of the stars in the blue sky, surrounding the purple of eastern sunsets, left Lin Fong with an acute but inexplicable sense of sadness. It sapped her fingers of the usual nimbleness with which she would roll the firecrackers on her little wooden wheel.'⁶

The opening paragraph of this short 'chronicle of a Calvary foretold' synthesises the two main aspects

Deolinda da Conceição with some family members.



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that connect Macao to its 'static': the landscape ('doce claridade' [gentle light], 'crepúsculos orientais' [eastern sunsets]) and the customs of a people, less changeable traditions ('enrolar os panchões' [roll the firecrackers]). The second facet revealing some immobility on this story is the narrator's use of memory. Many times Lin Fong would remember her beloved, she would think of 'ele' ('he'), the Portuguese soldier that had to leave Macao and go back to the far metropolis:⁷

'She recalled those calm, peaceful evenings when she would stroll along the waterfront by his side, watching the junks as they sailed elegantly into the harbour. She remembered how he spoke, and how strange it had seemed at first until she got used to guessing what he meant, the way he squeezed her hand hard, the times she had had to avoid his embraces and kisses, things she was unfamiliar with.'⁸

Regarding this passage and what I stated before, I must admit that, in my opinion it is rather complex to discuss whether 'memory' is something more static or more movable. By some means Aristotle, in his *On Memory and Recollection*,⁹ gives a hint, stating that 'qua something in itself, the affection is a contemplation and an image, and qua being of something else it is something like a representation and a memory impression. Hence, when the movement of the affection actualises, it seems to occur as a thought or an image, if the soul senses it in so far that it is something in itself'.¹⁰ From Aristotle's discussion we can conclude that memory seems to be something with an external link, which might denote movement. David Rose classifies 'recall as (a) retroactivation',¹¹ reminding his readers that 'Bertlett and Neisser emphasized that *all* acts of recall are novel, and the original pattern of activity and experiences is never reproduced exactly'.¹² Once again, the idea of 'static' does not seem to be present here since any recall, being considered something new, involves willingness and action.

The Aristotle 'affection' factor however is undoubtedly a topos in Deolinda's engaged rhetoric. It is rather noticeable not only in the description of landscape and characters but also in her depiction of warfare. In the short story 'Aquela Mulher' (That Woman), one of the few where the 'I' narrator is employed, a family is shattered because the husband, a wealthy businessman, was arrested and consequently left his wife and children wandering penniless on the streets:



Deolinda da Conceição and husband.

'That woman passed by my door every single day, smiling, unsure, not daring to beg for a bread roll which I guessed would be welcome, since her boys had a hungry look and the young girl seemed sad and weak maybe due to lack of food.'¹³

'Time passed until those unhappy refugees vanished. Weeks later... I saw her on the corner. She was walking alone, slowly, her kebaya torn and dirty; her face sunburnt by the sun; her hair dishevelled. She looked at me from afar and smiled. I felt terrified in my heart thinking I might hear of some new tragedy from her.'¹⁴

The story finishes with a categorical *sententia*: 'Assim fazem os homens a guerra, vitimando mulheres e crianças.' (This is the way that men make war, victimising women and children)¹⁵ As I said before, the political situation in China was a very sensitive issue to Deolinda da Coinceição, in particular the progressive 'pan-domination' of Japan over the Middle Kingdom. Deolinda's most delicate story concerning the war is undoubtedly 'O Desabrochar duma Vida Nova' (A New Life Blossoming). In a Chinese remote village freshly invaded by the Japanese army, the local population was able to run away as soon as they heard the first gunshots. Only a pregnant woman hides so as not to be noticed.

'The Japanese army had entered the villages nearby and panic increased as they got nearer that little place where about one hundred families lived a peaceful life... The population, consisting mainly of peasants, knew little about the war. ... They were all sure that their poverty

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and humility would be the best defence but, having heard the first gunshot, they fled as fast as they could, carrying with them everything they were able to.... Everyone had left, except a young woman who, in a matter of hours, would conceive again.¹⁶

The soldiers eventually found her but the narrator, using once again her affection, spares the cruel invaders of killing both mother and infant:

'... a few minutes after, Nature, following its usual rhythm, caused a new life to blossom in the form of a small baby, repeating that marvellous mystery which is procreation.

Her weak cry drew the guard's attention. All the soldiers got up; some of them brought tea for the mother and the others a tiny stove made out of a steel helmet...¹⁷

The narrator employs in this short story one of the most common techniques to expand the 'drama' by condensing the action space, giving birth to a 'micro-locus amoenus' in the midst of a 'macro-locus horrendus'. The expansion of 'drama' (bearing in mind

that the original meaning of the word meant 'action') by setting a narrative in a condensed or reduced stage is something that I consider almost an automatic and common characteristic in every literary piece made in Macao now and in the past. As far as space is concerned the concise size of this city makes the drama if any narrative set there considerably more dense, even on the lives of those who live there, especially on the 'Cidade Cristã' or central Macao, the almost exclusively Macanese and Portuguese centre until the mid 1980's.

Also set in Macao, 'Os Sapatinhos Bordados de Anui' (Anui's Tiny Embodied Shoes) discloses a third characteristic connected to the 'static': the use of ecphrasis. The insertion of a description of any kind is nothing new. In reality our ecphrastic tradition is quite long and some of the most notable examples of it are the ones on the Hellenistic romances.¹⁸ In this short story the young girl Anui was given for her birthday a large piece of silk to tailor a 'cabaia', or a kebaya, the traditional Chinese gown. The description of her body, a very short ecphrasis that I quote here, will operate as a kind of interlude between the happy fairy-tale environment of the first part and the tragic outcome of the second part in which she will be caught by a car, the very moment she leaves the shoe shop:

When the kebaya was finished, carefully tailored, Anui noticed that the mirror showed her slim body, with tiny hands and feet and a fresh and lovely face. She liked how she looked and she felt pretty.¹⁹

One might wonder now: how can this description be an example of Macao's immutability or, at least, its 'static' tendencies? In fact the Macao that we have in these texts is Deolinda's one. Each one of these short stories may be considered as a portrait, a representation of Deolinda's feminine attention to detail. In her brief narratives, we see her technique of halting the action to describe a character, a landscape or any particular detail she wants her readers to be aware of.

Quite similar to 'Aquela Mulher' (That Woman), the third short story mentioning Macao directly is 'Fome' (Hunger). Once more the narrator, a 'we' voice this time, will prepare the reader for the story's action itself by giving her opinion on 'life' and its meaning, bringing this concept to a confrontation with opponents like 'war' and 'death'. The action, quite succinct, is told mostly in short paragraphs where the first words summarize the events:

Deolinda da Conceição with Madam Sarmento Rodrigues, wife of the Minister of the Colonies.



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‘An ironic smile shrunk the closed mouth of that poor woman, who once again nestled against her child’s chest.

We got closer and we heard her story....

We learned her name, a name that meant nothing to us....

She was persecuted by a terrible enemy, a merciless enemy: the war....

Her life treated her like a cruel stepmother.’²⁰

In this particular short story, Macao is mentioned as ‘terra de promessa’ (promised land),²¹ therefore the salvation and refuge for many escaping the war in China. The writer’s affection is again playing a considerable role, as she also was, somehow, a war refugee. The Macao that she presents us here is the last characteristic of ‘static’ Macao that I would like to mention: the tiny territory that could escape from war, famine and devastation incarnates that ‘static’ characteristic. That said, Macao means the ‘static’ itself, the atemporal secluded ‘locus amoenus’.

The first aspect of the ‘transit’ Macao that I would like to refer to concerns one of the essences of its transition. One of the short stories that we can assume to be set in Macao although there is no direct, clear reference to it is named ‘Sai Iong Cuai’, which stands for ‘Western Demon’ in Cantonese, meaning ‘European’ or, more basically, ‘Portuguese’. In this story, a scenario of greyness, rain and cold presents us with beggars that, having received toasted bread with jam from the ‘white demons’, exclaim ‘Buda conserve estes sai iong cuai por muito tempo nestas paragens.’²² (Long may Buddha keep these white demons hereabouts!) As a matter of fact, these ‘demons’ have been staying (and stayed) in Macao for many many decades, long enough to bring more and more interracial love and marriages between westerners and locals. Deolinda da Conceição, as a Macanese, a mestiza herself, was not only a witness to the transition on Macao’s society but simultaneously a piece of that progressive transition into a wide mixed community (and a wide mixed diaspora to come).

Deolinda da Conceição exhibits without restraint in her *Cheong-Sam – A Cabaia* her affection on the subject of interracial love, especially between an Asian woman and a European/Portuguese man. From the twenty-seven short stories that the Macanese writer left us, three deal with interracial love or, rather, with the conceived fruits of those relations. And from these three, one is clearly set in Macao, the above-mentioned

‘O Calvário de Lin Fong’, and the other two could be set in that city as well. They are ‘A Esmola’ (An Act of Charity)²³ and ‘O Refúgio da Saudade’ (The Refuge of Yearning). ‘A Esmola’, although there is no death, not even Japanese soldiers, can be considered one of the most dramatic stories of Deolinda’s legacy. A crowded pier is where the drama evolves. A young mestizo boy is about to leave to carry on his studies in his father’s country. He is preparing to leave with him although he is not proud of the situation. Eventually his Chinese mother arrives at the pier, crying heavily. The boy, pretending not to know his mother, gives her alms. The whole story is a picture of how interracial relations could be rather complex and uncomfortable from the children’s perspective. The climax in the very end shows how desperate the Chinese mother was:



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‘When the woman managed to get near him, and before she could give vent to her sorrows, he felt in his waistcoat pocket, and pulling out a coin, dropped it in her hands, which were outstretched before his eyes as if in prayer. Then, trembling nervously, he moved quickly away, and strode feverishly up the gangplank and onto the ship. Down on the quay, with bewildered look, and wailing loudly, the woman kept repeating as she was racked by sobs:

“He gave me his charity, he gave me a dime, in return for the life I gave him!”²⁴

For the narrator the fact of giving an account on the complexity that back then any interracial relation represented is also programmatic. This is one of the characteristics that furnish these stories with such richness: the relations between two races described by Deolinda are a sign of her time, testimonies of a degree of complexity that nowadays in Macao is irrelevant in most of the cases. Anyway the example in this short story is quite complex: the man is European, which meant back then that he was twice dominant. The woman is Chinese, not even Macanese, therefore twice subjugated. In fact the narrator seems to support both

the mother and the boy, or, at least, she seems to give the reader the opportunity to immerse in the text with a kind of ‘motion parallax reading’, which also reveals Deolinda’s absolute understanding on this intricacy. João de Pina-Cabral points out that ‘during the colonial period,²⁵ when ethnic relations were marked by greater mutual elusiveness than today and were traced over class boundaries, the children of people with different ethnic belongings were obliged to make identity options that often involved traumatic experiences’.²⁶

As I mentioned above, ‘O Calvário de Lin Fong’ is the only story concerning an interracial love where there is a clear reference to Macao: ‘A tarde caía suavemente sobre *Ou Mun*’. (Evening was falling serenely over *Ou Mun*)²⁷ Lin Fong is a divided girl between her beloved yet departed-back-home Portuguese soldier and A-Cheoc, the supervisor of the factory where she worked, who insists on courting her and mocking her over her love for a ‘white demon’. In this case the narrator explores another kind of traumatic experience, another fraction of this Macao ‘in transition’: the western man as a heart breaker. The narrator provides us with the moment of his departure:

‘One evening, “he” came to tell her he was leaving unexpectedly, that he was required to return along with the other soldiers to his distant country, but he promised to come back to fetch her...

Lin Fong didn’t even shed a tear. The horror of her predicament had devastated her.’²⁸

The subject of this story, which also reminds me in a certain way of Yukio Mishima’s *The Sailor Who Fell From Grace With The Sea*, will have many examples through Portuguese literature. The topic of the woman from the colony who is left behind has been unveiled for the last ten years not only in literature but also in theatre and even Portuguese soap-operas, following the progressive healing of the scars and wounds carved by the Portuguese Colonial War (1961-74).

The male/female and western/Chinese conflicts, representing Macao ‘in transition’, have also been interestingly explored on the cover of the first edition of these short stories: Chinese elements were sketched on the ‘West side’ of the cover and ‘white demon’s’ element were pencilled in the ‘East side’ of the cover. The central character is a woman with both oriental and western attributes, wearing a *cabaia* and smoking a cigarette. The *chiaro-scuro* technique to paint her face clearly denotes a clash of cultures synthesized within the same person.



The intersection of both ‘static’ and ‘transit’ in *Cheong-Sam – A Cabaia* may be observed as a literary reinterpretation of the Chinese Yin/Yang Philosophy, not only in the opposition between description and action, but also in the conflict between keeping traditions and changing them. In every short story the narrator grants us the balancing presence of the shadow (Yin) and the light (Yang), and their representations in single characters (A-Cheoc versus Lin Fong in ‘O Calvário de Lin Fong’ [The Suffering of Lin Fong]), in collective characters (the soldiers versus the refugees in ‘Aquele Mulher’ [That Woman]), in the opposition between the masculine world and the feminine one (A-Chung versus Chan Nui in ‘Cheong-Sam’, the first and longest short story of the collection), and in the relation between the western world and the Chinese one (the young architect versus the Chinese girl’s family in ‘O Refúgio da Saudade’ [The Refuge of Yearning]).

In one sense, considering that, after a cultural shock, there is a progressive coexistence and then a gradual assimilation of values and behaviours, I believe that many ‘transit’ aspects regarding this collection of

stories eventually become ‘static’ ones. Interracial love, for example, was quite abnormal back then. Therefore we can consider it as an unstable ‘transit’. From the moment that became fully accepted we could consider it as an intrinsic characteristic of Macao: its ‘static’ nature, a part of its ‘local flavour’.

As we have seen Deolinda da Conceição provides us with a clear writing, full of rich elements. Her stories act as a mirror representing a permanent balancing in which East meets West and vice versa. They meet each other but they seldom fully understand each other. The coexistence of two or more cultures in Macao was for the writer a faithful picture of that land but also the representation of its complexity as a society ‘in transition’. Nowadays there is an official discourse, both Chinese and Portuguese, classifying Macao as ‘a confluence of cultures’. Despite the official views, that is the truth and that is also – I want to believe – what Deolinda da Conceição wanted Macao to become. Her texts gave us the ‘static’ of her time and the ‘transit’ that she witnessed, a transit that eventually became the contemporary ‘static’ Macao. **RC**

NOTES

- 1 Francis L. K. Hsu, *Under the Ancestors’ Shadow: Chinese Culture and Personality*, p. 236.
- 2 Literally ‘Christian City’.
- 3 ‘Cheong-Sam’, ‘Arroz e Lágrimas’ (Rice and Tears), ‘Vingança Desumana’ (Inhuman Vengeance), ‘Aquele Mulher’ (That Woman), ‘Sai Iong Cuai’, ‘O Desabrochar duma Vida Nova’ (A New Life Blossoming), ‘A Louca’ (The Mad Woman), ‘Cam-Sê!’ and ‘Fome’ (Hunger).
- 4 Shanghai was ‘legally’ occupied by the Japanese according to the stipulation of the Treaty of Shimonoseki, in 1895. Their growing military and commercial influence in the city during the first decades of the twentieth century, till the end of the Second World War, is clear, but, as Stella Dong stated, brought plenty of prosperity to the city: ‘As was often the case, China’s loss was Shanghai’s gain. It was as a result of the Treaty of Shimonoseki that Shanghai would enter its next and most spectacular economic phase, as the industrial metropolis of China, for after of the treaty’s clauses was that Japanese be given the right to open factories in the treaty ports.’ (Stella Dong, *Shanghai: The Rise and the Fall of a Decadent City*, p. 71) ‘Fewer than four hundred Japanese had lived in Shanghai before 1890, but, stimulated by the Treaty of Shimonoseki, which brought industry to Shanghai, and by the even greater spur of the [First] World War boom, their colony grew to twenty thousand by 1920. The 1920s saw the greatest growth yet, and by 1930 their population far surpassed that of British, who up until then had been the treaty port’s largest foreign group.’ (Stella Dong, *Shanghai*, p. 211) Stella Dong finally mentions that by November 1937 ‘Shanghai foreign enclaves were

- now the “lonely island”. The International Settlement and French Concession had become an oasis in a sea of conflict whose neutrality the Japanese grudgingly respected, at least for the time being.’ (Stella Dong, *Shanghai*, p. 257)
- 5 ‘Ou Mun’, literally ‘bay’s door’ is the Cantonese word for Macau.
- 6 David Brookshaw, *Visions of China: Stories from Macau*, p. 47. (‘A tarde caía suavemente sobre Ou Mun e aquela doce claridade que antecede o aparecimento das estrelas no céu azul, a bordejar o roxo dos crepúsculos orientais, deixava na alma de Lin Fong uma sensação acentuada de sofrimento que ela não sabia definir, mas que roubava aos seus dedos a agilidade com que costumava enrolar os panchões na sua pequena roda de madeira.’ Deolinda da Conceição, *Cheong-Sam – A Cabaia* p. 23).
- 7 During the colonial period Lisbon was called ‘metrópole’.
- 8 David Brookshaw, *Visions of China*, p. 48. (‘Lembrava-se daquelas noites serenas e calmas quando passeava ao seu lado, ao longo da marginal, a observar as velas dos juncos que entravam, elegantes, no porto. Lembrava-se do seu falar, estranho a princípio, mas que ela se fora habituando a adivinhar, daqueles apertos de mão tão vigorosos que ele lhe dava, das vezes que se vira obrigada a esquivar-se aos seus abraços e aos seus beijos, coisas desconhecidas para ela até então.’ Deolinda da Conceição, *Cheong-Sam – A Cabaia*, p. 24).
- 9 David Bloch, *Aristotle On Memory and Recollection: Text, Translation, Interpretation and Reception in Western Scholasticism*, I, 450b, pp. 25-9.
- 10 *Ibid.*, p. 33.
- 11 David Rose, *Consciousness: Philosophical, Psychological and Neural Theories*, p. 323.

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- 12 Ibid., p. 324.
- 13 My translation, reviewed by David Brookshaw. ('Passava todos os dias essa mulher junto da minha porta, sorrindo, indecisa, sem se atrever a pedir um pãozinho que eu adivinhava seria bem recebido, pois os rapazes ofereciam aspecto de apetite instatisfeito e a rapariga denotava uma tristeza e debilidade que se deveriam atribuir certamente à escassez de alimentação.' Deolinda da Conceição, *Cheong-Sam – A Cabaia*, p. 47).
- 14 My translation, reviewed by David Brookshaw. ('O tempo foi correndo até que tornaram a desaparecer aqueles infelizes refugiados. Semanas mais tarde [...] vi-a na dobra do caminho. Vinha só, andando lentamente, a cabaia rota e suja, rosto tisonado pelo sol e os cabelos emaranhados. Olhou-me de longe e sorriu-se. Senti no coração o terror de ouvir da sua boca nova tragédia.' Ibid., p. 48).
- 15 Ibid., p. 49.
- 16 My translation, reviewed by David Brookshaw. ('As forças nipónicas tinham entrado nas aldeias vizinhas e o pânico crescia com a sua aproximação daquele lugarejo onde uma centena de famílias, se tanto, vivia pacificamente [...]. A população, composta na sua maioria de camponeses, pouco conhecimento tinha do andamento da guerra [...] Estavam todos certos de que a sua pobreza e a sua pequenez seriam a melhor defesa, mas, ao primeiro tiro que lhes chegara aos ouvidos, debandaram aceleradamente, levando consigo quanto podiam [...]. Todos tinham saído, com excepção duma jovem mulher que, dentro de horas, seria outra vez mãe.' Ibid., p. 87).
- 17 My translation, reviewed by David Brookshaw. ('... pouco depois, a natureza, seguindo o seu curso normal, fez brotar na Terra mais uma vida, na forma dum ser pequenino, repetindo-se esse mistério admirável da procriação. Os fracos vagidos atraíram o sentinela [...]. Levantaram-se todos, tranzendo uns chá para a mãe, outros um pequenino fogão improvisado num capacete de aço...' Ibid., p. 88).
- 18 Heliodorus of Emesa (3rd century AD) provides us, on his novel *Aethiopia: The Adventures of Theagenes and Chariclea* (5.14), one of the most beautiful examples of ecphrasis. It is the description of the engraved amethyst ring that Calasiris offers to the Merchant Nausicles as ransom for Charicleia (the female protagonist): 'All Indian and Ethiopian amethysts have this character, but the one which Calasiris now gave to Nausicles was even finer. An animated design was engraved upon it in intaglio. A young shephard was represented as pasturing his sheep. He was standing on a slightly raised rock to survey his flock and was directing them to their pasturages by the notes of his transverse flute. The sheep seemed to hearken and to regulate their pace by the pasturing signal of the pipes. One would imagine that their heavy fleeces were of gold; this effect was not produced artificially, but the native ruddiness of the amethyst tinted the backs of the sheep. The light frolicking of lambs was also represented. Some scampered up the rock in a troop, other gambolling friskily about the shepherd in a ring gave the rock the appearance of a rustic theater. Some wantoning in the flame of the amethyst as in the sun bounded over the rocks on the hips of their hooves. The rock was not counterfeit but real; at the edges of the stone the artist had marked off the space he desired, thinking it otiose to feign stone in stone. Such was the ring'.
- 19 My translation, reviewed by David Brookshaw. ('Feita a cabaia, talhada primorosamente, Anui reparou que o espelho lhe mostrava um corpo delgado, mãos e pés minúsculos, rosto fresco e prazenteiro. Gostava da imagem e sentiu-se bonita.' Deolinda da Conceição, *Cheong-Sam – A Cabaia*, p. 56).
- 20 My translation, reviewed by David Brookshaw. ('Um riso de ironia fez contrair a boca cerrada da pobre mulher, que voltou a aconchegar ao peito da criança. Aproximámo-nos e ouvimos-lhe a história [...]. Soubemos-lhe o nome, um nome que nada dizia [...] Persegui-a um inimigo terrível, um inimigo implacável – a guerra. [...] A vida fora para ela uma madrastra cruel.' Ibid., p. 118).
- 21 Ibid., p. 118.
- 22 Ibid., p. 61.
- 23 David Brookshaw, *Visions of China*, pp. 37-41. Another translation of this short story may be found on Pina-Cabral, *Between China and Europe: Person, Culture and Emotion in Macau*, pp. 160-3, under the name of 'Alms-giving'.
- 24 David Brookshaw, *Visions of China*, p. 41. ('Quando a mulher conseguiu aproximar-se dele, antes que desse largas às suas manifestações, introduziu os dedos numa algibeira do colete e, retirando dela uma moeda, fê-la cair nas mãos que se erguiam como que em prece ardente ante seus olhos. Depois, trémulo e nervoso, afastou-se rapidamente, subindo com passos febris a prancha que dava acesso ao barco'. Deolinda da Conceição, *Cheong-Sam – A Cabaia*, p. 56).
- 25 1846-1967, according to Pina-Cabral.
- 26 João de Pina-Cabral, *Between China and Europe*, p. 160.
- 27 Deolinda da Conceição, *Cheong-Sam – A Cabaia*, p. 23, David Brookshaw, *Visions of China*, p. 47.
- 28 David Brookshaw, *Visions of China*, p. 50. ('Uma noite, ele veio dizer-lhe que partia, inesperadamente, que fora obrigado a seguir com os outros soldados para a sua terra distante, mas prometeu voltar para a levar consigo. [...] Lin Fong não tivera uma lágrima sequer. O horror da situação aniquilara-a completamente.' Deolinda da Conceição, *Cheong-Sam – A Cabaia*, p. 25).

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