

Sine

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苏格兰中国协会



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苏格兰三中国协会

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2022 is the year of the Tiger
2023 will be the year of the Rabbit

Cover image by Anisa Caine

Sine is Gaelic for China

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The Scotland–China Association is a society of people, generally based in Scotland, who have an interest in all aspects of Chinese life and civilisation.

It exists to foster friendship and understanding between the people of Scotland and China to include peoples of Chinese ethnicity worldwide. The Association is non-political and non-sectarian.

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Update: The Scotland-China Association in 2022-23

Throughout last year, the Scotland China Association met successfully on zoom. Now that we have returned to a so-called normal situation things have become more complex, as some members prefer zoom meetings, and some are quite anxious to resume in-person meetings. So far this year we have had two excursions, rather than meetings, thus avoiding the decision whether to zoom or not. An informal group of ten members and friends were able to visit the exhibition of John Thompson photographs of China held at Heriot Watt University in April, a small group met for a Chinese meal in September, and a group of six visited the Burrell Collection in Glasgow in October. Our first in-person meeting was the 2022 National AGM in May, at which Wendy Alexander spoke about her family connections with China, and her work at Dundee University to encourage and support academic links with China. This meeting, thanks to Youling and Ken, was a hybrid meeting, and we were able to live-stream to members in China and England. This hybrid meeting was a first for the SCA, and we will endeavour to hold more meetings in this way so as to serve more members. We had no meeting in November, and a zoom meeting with speaker Ivy Sheng in December. We look forward to some hybrid talks in February and March. Details will be sent nearer the time.

Dale has continued to send out newsletters to keep members informed and interested, and Millie has provided suggestions for some very stimulating reading matter in Reading Room. The titles suggested most recently are listed in this issue, and we hope that some of you feel sufficiently inspired to write reviews. We are always looking for interesting articles for Sine – please do not hesitate to get in touch if you or a friend have a story to tell or an idea to discuss.

In the last issue we noted that we were still looking for a secretary. I am delighted to report that Elizabeth Leith has taken on this role.

This issue of Sine contains a remarkable story by a remarkable woman, Rosey Wang, which is revelatory, and in some ways an epitome of the diaspora story, for many different races and faiths. We also have a

contribution from an old friend, Shiona Airlie, on her inspiring and encouraging work with Chinese museum colleagues.

Sadly, we have to report the deaths of three key members of the association, all of whom have given a great deal in understanding and promoting relations with China and insights into Chinese culture. We are grateful to Dr Alan Aitken for material from his obituary of Tony Butler in 'In the Loop' journal of St Andrews University, to Alan Freeman and Kenny Burke for information on Angela Petrie, and to Mary McKenna for details on John Reid.



Tiger by Jin Shih Hsi, age 6

Writing for a Chinese museum

By Shiona Airlie

Ever since I mounted ‘The Emperor’s Warriors’ exhibition in Edinburgh in 1984 I have worked with the museum that holds them – Qin Shihuang’s Mausoleum Museum near Xi’an in China. I’ve proofed the English text in their catalogues, written descriptive labels and created interpretative panels. And I have made a lot of good friends amongst the museum staff. When one of them came over to my home to spend Christmas in 2018 we talked about the museum. It has grown from a single hangar that housed the terracotta army to a large complex that now covers 50 square kilometres and includes a whole host of galleries and workshops. And it receives millions of overseas visitors every year. Or it did until Covid struck.

But in those pre-Covid months I had an idea. I felt there was a gap in the market for a simple guide to the museum that would be targeted at the general visitor. A high proportion of the bus loads that arrive at the museum do not speak Chinese, do not know how to pronounce Chinese words, and are not interested in the various Chinese Dynasties, but they do want an introduction to the extraordinary first emperor and his amazing mausoleum. So, I sat down and wrote just that book. I gave the manuscript to one of my friends who I felt fitted my profile market exactly and she gave it the thumbs up.

When I sent the manuscript over to the museum, I had no idea if the powers that be would be at all interested in it. The museum had never published a book written by someone who was not a member of staff, far less someone who was not Chinese. So, I was both surprised and delighted when the word came back that, not only did they like the text, they thought it would appeal to many of their Chinese visitors as well and proposed a dual language text. Work started on the translation. And then Covid struck.

A publication that was initially pencilled in for release in the summer of 2020 finally appeared in October 2022. A wonderful team of illustrators have brought every page to life and a selection of great photographs (some never published in an English-language publication before) end the book. And it’s been an interesting process.

There is a great tendency in China at present to laud their country and civilisation above all others, whether the facts support this or not. I had to resist text changes which tended to support President Xi's rewriting of history. At times it was an uneasy balance but as the museum knows from long experience, when I say 'No' I mean it. The final text varies hardly at all from my original but does include some extra information the museum felt it important to include.

Fortunately, the translator, Han Dong Hong, is a good friend and she put in an enormous amount of work to see the book to its final publication. As I was not able to visit China during the process, she had to take responsibility for the layout and form of the book. I owe her a lot. But even so there were a few glitches on the way to publication. The designers chose a particular font for the cover to imitate Chinese characters for the English title. Unfortunately, none of them read English and could not tell the difference in the font between 'M' and 'N', so I received a final draft with a front cover that read 'Enperor Qin Shihuang and his Nausoleun'. It could happen to anyone!

When the book finally arrived on my doorstep, I was delighted with it. The illustrations that decorate every page are inspired and the initial reaction to the book has been good: 'a delight to read' was one kind comment. It is the story of the great Qin Shihuang and his extraordinary tomb complex. It was quite a challenge to try and bring him to life and cover almost 40 years of research in an easily digestible form, but the museum thinks that has been achieved. Unfortunately, it was decided at an early stage (probably because of the impact Covid has had in China) that the book would only be sold in the museum. However, the publishers are already pushing for it to have a wider audience within China and are asking to have permission to sell it outside the museum. But that still leaves the rest of the world.

I am obviously a glutton for punishment as it seemed obvious that to reach as wide an audience as possible, we should publish it as an e-book. Such things appear to be unknown in China. There is no Amazon there and trying to get the concept across was possibly the most taxing aspect of this whole journey. Lawyers were called in and said they had no knowledge of such things. It was only when I pressed the case for the whole world to have

access to the book that the museum thought it would be good to give me permission to press ahead.

So, my little homage to the wonderful museum in China became available on line in late November. I could not be prouder.

Emperor Qinshihuang and his Mausoleum By Shiona Airlie, translated into Chinese by Han Dong Hong, ISBN 978-7-5556-0821-9 is available as an e-book from Amazon

Fully illustrated throughout, 115 pages £3.50



Cover of *Emperor Qin Shihuang and his Mausoleum*

... This is the daughter ...

By Rosey Wang

'And this is the daughter that we picked back from the snow in the mountains'

In my childhood years, every time my father brought a new acquaintance home to meet our family, this was how I would be introduced. But what did he mean I'd been 'picked back?' And which mountains? He meant that he had thrown me away in the snow in the mountainous Himalayas. And what was my family doing in the Himalayas? Escaping from China. How old was I? Barely one month. And why had he left me there? Perhaps our story will answer the question.

What kind of situation could have prompted a kind, gentle, and very pious man to leave behind his newborn child in the certain knowledge that she would freeze to death before the day's end, and for whom he had offered up prayers of thanks to God just one month before, and which he recorded in his diary. What was at stake? What other heavy responsibilities weighed upon his shoulders? And what were his thoughts as he laid me there? I was too young to even form these questions at that time, let alone ask them. And later when I was old enough to realise the seriousness and wonder of it all, and wanted to ask, it was already too late. My father died when I was eleven years old. He died in Istanbul, Turkey. He was 58.

So how did a Mandarin, born in Shandong, educated in Beijing, who was serving his government in Xinjiang, come to pass away in Turkey? This is our story. It is just one of the thousands of family stories of the world's Chinese diaspora.

I will tell our family's migration story taking my mother as the central figure, because she still lives, and at 85 years old, she is still the pillar of our family. But first I must say something about my father Haji Jelaluddin Wang Zeng Shan (王曾善). He was born in 1903 and came from a Muslim (回) family in Linqing in Shandong province (山东临清). As a young boy, he was sent to Beijing to study. Then later, in his twenties, he

went off to Turkey to further his studies at the University of Istanbul. On his return to China, he became very involved in the activities of the Chinese Muslim Youth Association. During the Japanese war, he led a delegation of five young Muslims to tour thirteen Muslim countries to raise awareness of this unjust and cruel invasion, and to highlight in particular the atrocities being perpetuated against the Muslim population by the invading soldiers. The delegation also hoped to foster friendly ties with Muslim countries and to gain their support against the invading Japanese. The report of this mission was later published as *Journal of the China Muslim Delegation Visit to the Middle East* (中国回教近东访问团日记).

Upon his return, he was elected (or appointed) as the first Muslim representative (立法委员- legislator) in the Guomindang Legislative Yuan. He followed the government to Nanjing and Sichuan and this is where and when he met and married my mother.

Mother, Fatimeh Ma ChangYu (马昌玉), from Chongqing, was the youngest daughter of a learned Muslim Ahong (阿訇). She was known for her beauty. She had a happy childhood and was one of the first girls in her world to receive an education at school and not to bind her feet. Both of these milestones took place after long arguments between her parents. Her mother insisted that she have her feet bound because she was anxious that a girl with large feet would lose her marriage prospects. Her father refused to let her do it – Hui girls did not bind their feet. He won! He also wanted to send her to school rather than to have private tutors coming to the house, as was then the case for the daughters of good families. In the end there was a compromise: she could go to school only if she was carried there in a sedan. My grandmother was not going to allow her daughter to walk on the streets. And in the end, we, her children, were the beneficiaries of all this conflict, as we ended up with a literate and very mobile mother. To tell all the interesting stories related to Mother's childhood and her stories of life during the Japanese bombings could fill a whole book. So I will stop here.

My eldest sister and my big brother were born in Chongqing. Then Father was posted to Xinjiang as the Minzheng Tingzhang, (民政厅长 - equivalent to Minister of Domestic Affairs). His diaries from those days reveal an enjoyable and most active stay in Dihua (迪化 - Urumchi today), at the same time depicting the tense situation due to the Xinjiang nationalist movement, and the advance of the communist army.

My second sister was born in Dihua, the Capital of Xinjiang province, and two years later I came along. Father's diary reads: (in Chinese) 'Chang Yu gave birth tonight at 02.15 a.m. to a baby girl. Asked for Dr. Guan (关大夫) to come; when he arrived the baby had been born 20 minutes before.' Then, three days later it reads: 'Jumaat, clear sky.* Today little daughter is three days old. After taking ablution, I read the Qur'an, and thanked God. Then read the azan in her ears, and named her Luo Zhai (乐哉).' This is a transliteration of the word Ruzeh or Roza from Persian origin, meaning 'day of fast.' I was born just after the month of Ramadhan.

There was no celebration for my birth at that moment. By this time the Guomindang had already retreated to Taiwan and the Commander of the Nationalist troops in Xinjiang, General Ma, was urging Father to leave China. He said that he would not be able to give him protection if he delayed any longer. So in the end it was decided that we should leave, and his plan was to make it to India. We left on this long perilous journey on the afternoon of 25th September 1949 together with an uncle. A large number of families joined with us on the same route out of their homeland, escorted by a small troop of Nationalist Muslim soldiers. I regret that I know more about the personal details of our journey, than I do of the historical facts that led to this massive migration from Dihua to Pakistan. My mother was utterly distressed to be leaving China without seeing her parents for the last time.

They travelled on foot, on horseback, on mules, on mountain roads. Many perished. Countless children were lost, many older and weaker people were frozen to death. In almost every family there were those who lost fingers, toes, or entire feet to frostbite. As we were four siblings under the age of six, father had to hire mountain shepherds to carry the two older

ones. One day as Granduncle (that is what we always called him, in the same way as father did) was riding past a snow mound, he heard the cries of little children that sounded so much like '*our children's cries*' that he stopped to have a look and found that it was indeed my sister and brother, who had been abandoned by the unscrupulous shepherd after he had taken the money that morning. He picked them up, and later went out looking for the man and whipped him violently with his horse whip. When I listened to this story as a child I was horrified to think that granduncle could actually whip a poor shepherd; not realising of course, that the real horror was what the shepherd had done whilst in a position of trust, out of greed and personal gain.

My story of being left out on the snow was often told as well, differing a little in some details depending on who was telling the story. The going was very hard, especially for my mother only weeks after giving birth. She had no milk and there was nothing to feed me with. I cried all day. She was also trying to look after my three older siblings and she was growing ever weaker. Perhaps it seemed just a matter of time before I would die. Perhaps leaving me out on the snow seemed kinder as I would simply have slept painlessly away and died before day's end. It was better than slowly starving to death. Better still than the ever present danger of being caught by the communist soldiers and slowly tortured to death. And there were many stories circulating of Communist soldiers bayonetting young children in front of their parents if they were caught. Nobody wanted their children to be caught alive. And the soldiers were in pursuit and they knew who father was. Who knows what thoughts ran through my father's mind as he decided to place me out on the snow. But that is what he did. Sometimes good people, when faced with extraordinary circumstances, have to make extraordinary choices that in another world they would never have contemplated. But in the end, Granduncle returned and plucked me back. There was no admonition, and I was back in the family fold for good. My mother struggled on, feeding me with snow water after it was melted and warmed in her own mouth. Occasionally they managed to capture a female mountain goat, and I would get some milk. Soiled diapers were washed by breaking the ice on the river. I survived. So did all the members of our family. No frostbitten toes, no lost fingers. God is great.

Mother had a unique and inexplicable experience one day. She couldn't see the children passing so she waited. The whole procession passed, and she still couldn't see them. She was anxious, and continued to wait, not realising until too late that she was totally on her own. Nobody was in sight. So she advanced, and came to a frozen river. As she urged her horse to cross on the ice, the horse wouldn't budge, so she dismounted and tried to cross the ice on foot. The horse had the instinct not to, because the ice was not thick enough and it collapsed under Mother's weight. She could not climb out. The more she tried the more the ice broke around her. As she was despairing, she saw an old man with a long white beard, in a long white gown walking towards her on the ice. The man approached, held her hand and lifted her out of the water; then just walked to the bank with her.

She told him she had no money on her, but if he brought her to the camp, her husband would reward him. The old man did not say a word; just continued to walk holding her hand. After a while they arrived at the front of a steep mountain slope. Every time Mother came to this part of her story she would hold her hand and arm almost upright to show how steep the slope was. And the man just climbed the slope with her in tow as if it was flat land (好像平地一样). Mother saw two roads ahead. One was wide and bright, the other one narrow and dark and the old man guided her towards the narrow dark one. She was afraid and had wanted to take the other road. But the man pulled her towards the narrow one. She told him who her husband was, and again promised a heavy reward if he brought her back unharmed. But still he did not respond. Then just as they were coming to the end of the narrow gorge Mother heard their own soldiers calling her; they had been sent to look for her. She tried to respond but the man shut her mouth with his hand and walked with her out of the gorge. When the soldiers saw her they rode to meet her and caught her just as she collapsed. When she told them to look for the man and give him money, they were puzzled; they said they had not seen anyone else with her and that she had emerged alone from the gorge. After they brought her back to camp, they had to put her boots above a slow fire in order to take them off. Inside was totally frozen. Nobody could understand how she could have walked so long with her legs frozen in the boots. And needless to say the children had been up ahead all along. For a long time now, I have stopped

trying to understand or seek an explanation for this. We believe God has His ways.

We lived at the Haji Camp when we first arrived in Karachi. I was told that Father got himself a cart, and with my uncle, they would walk the whole day peddling some goods. When I was younger I would feel it was so pitiful for Father to have to do this, having held such a high position previously. But as I became more aware, I started to feel proud of him, when someone explained to me that it meant he had been an honest man while holding such a high position, and had not given in to corruption. Indeed there were many others who had come out with him from China, and who had immediately flown on to other countries and gone on to live wealthy lives. Mother did tell us that she had brought some bags of silver and gold coins, her own money, but had to discard them on the mountains when the going got tough. But she had managed to save some of her jewellery along the way that they sold when there was a need.

It did not take long for father to find a job. He started work at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs as a translator and Chinese language tutor. We moved to a house. I can't remember when my siblings and I became fluent in Urdu and started to play with children in the neighbourhood. Sometimes one or two children would sing derogatory songs such as 'Chinese people eat mice' but in general we got along well. Mother, who had grown up as a sheltered, wealthy, *xiaojie* (小姐- young Miss) and who had one nanny for each of the children as the 'tingzhang furen' (厅长夫人) in Xinjiang, now had to do all the work. She was helped by a young girl who had accompanied her from her home when she married. Gui Lan (桂兰) later became our adoptive sister and was an indispensable support to her and a second mother to us.

Then it was time for my eldest sister to start school. She was enrolled in the nearest school, which was a Christian English school. Not long after, my second sister also started in the little class. She cried so much that the next day Father sent me along (I wasn't four yet) to keep her company. So the three of us went to that school, until one day my eldest sister very happily announced to Father that we all needed to buy a new white dress, and very solemnly declared that it was for our baptism. Father was aghast. The next

day he went to school and explained to the Principal that we were Muslim, and that we did not get baptized. He was told that the school hadn't been aware of our religion, and that we, the three sisters, had been very dutifully following all the other children in making the sign of the cross every morning as we entered the school hall, and put holy water on our foreheads. And we all knew how to recite 'Holy Father' prayer. Then she added that if we converted to Christianity we would receive free tuition just like before, but if we didn't we would have to pay school fees. So that was the end of the English school for us.

Father, even though not present in Taiwan, was still a legislator. New legislators could not be elected because there was no electorate. The mainland was now under communist rule and so in this capacity, he continued to serve the government whenever the need arose. In 1954 the first World Muslim Conference was held in Karachi and in his role he proceeded to take part as a delegate from The Republic of China. This move, supported by the government in Taiwan (at that time Formosa), disturbed the People's Republic of China. When he entered the conference hall and saw the Formosa name plate at his seat instead of ROC, he walked out, but not before making an unscheduled speech exposing the political motives of China at this Conference, as communism now ruled out Islam as well as any other religion. He received a standing ovation from the participating delegates, and many others walked out with him. As newspapers in Taiwan reported this event with much praise, the Pakistan government came under pressure from China to hand him over, and he soon realised that moving away would be the best solution for the safeguard of his family. By this time two more sisters and a brother had been born in Karachi.

Father then began to look frantically at his options. He had been in correspondence with his former professor at Istanbul University for some time, and now, a positive answer about a lecturing job there, decided where the next move would be.

I remember little of that long sea journey in a cargo ship from Karachi to Basra. The only thing I vaguely remember is the dark belly of the ship where the whole family had to stay, and the seasickness of so many

around. It is not a welcome memory. From Basra we then headed to Ankara by train, and then finally onwards to Istanbul.

Father started his job at the university as Professor of Chinese language and history. We four big children were put into Turkish schools. The first weeks when it rained, we would miss school because we had no raincoats, and no winter shoes, so father took on another translating job. In the neighbourhood we became a curiosity. We were the only Asians they had ever seen. Everybody was extremely nice to us, at school, on the streets, in the apartment, and very quickly we adapted to the language; but not to the outright curiosity of the stares we generated everywhere we went.

As we settled in, Father began to look for other schools. His visionary decision to put each one of us in different foreign language schools still amazes me. My eldest sister was sent to an English school, my brother to an Italian one, and my third sister and I started in a French school. After Father passed away Mother continued in the same way and the younger siblings (one more sister had been born in Istanbul) went to German, English and French schools. I will never know what made Father decide on this kind of schooling, but I do know that I can't thank him enough for giving us this unique opportunity to grow up in a household where so many languages were heard and spoken, and knowledge of so many different cultures was shared at dinner times. Between us siblings the common language was Turkish, since we couldn't communicate in our respective school languages. But as soon as Father came home it was strictly Chinese. And we would receive ruler strokes on the hand if we ever spoke Turkish in front of him.

After the kind reception from the Turkish pupils in our former school, we had a rude awakening about being different in those private schools. Turkish laws forbade Turkish children to go to foreign primary schools, so the fellow schoolmates we had in the French school were in large part a mixture of Europeans, some residents, and some expatriates. My sister and I were often made the target of a few boys' pranks and mockeries. When I came home crying and complained to Father about what the children did to us, if he felt sad and sorry, he did not show any outward sympathy: 'Be the best, then they will respect you and stop teasing you' was his only

advice. And so we had to become the best. It was a survival instinct. From the second term onwards, as soon as we had familiarised ourselves with this new language, my sister and I were already ranking near the top of the class, and soon we were the first and second; places we held until we finished our secondary education in the same school. The ‘two Chinese children’ with our names permanently on the honour board, were known to all the teachers and parents for many years.

But the burden of financing us all in these private foreign schools proved to be too much for Father. We never could pay the fees on time. In fact he would rotate the payments; this school first this semester, then next semester the other school first. But I know we were always late with payments, and our student passes for discounted bus fares would be withheld. In these schools it was not only the fees that demanded money. The uniforms and the books were all imported. I made do with one uniform for many years, wearing it first one or two sizes larger, and making it last until it became really short. Mother learned how to knit, and how to sew and there were no indulgences like holidays, or exclusive school trips, or pocket money. From a very young age, we were made to understand that self-esteem, pride, and confidence had to come from our achievements (not our wealth) and we complied.

Growing up in Istanbul as the only Chinese family, our parents worked hard to let us know about ‘home.’ We knew a lot about Chinese customs and traditions. From the occasional Chinese newspapers sent from Taiwan, mother would calculate our birthdays (they were all recorded in Chinese calendar dates) and the exact dates of the festive days. At Chinese New Year we would receive *ya sui qian* (压岁钱 - festival money) in pinkish envelopes she made. We were not allowed to sweep the floor on the day, and she explained *niannian you yu* (年年有余 - every year there is a surplus), which is why she made us leave half of the fish on New Year’s Eve to be eaten the next day, so that every year there would be a surplus – of good fortune, and prosperity. She made moon cake (*yuebing* 月饼) from whatever ingredients were available at Mid-autumn festival (*zhong qiu jie* 中秋节), and told us the accompanying story. She used small pointed scissors to skilfully fashion simple paper cuttings to be pasted on the walls. We all crowded into the kitchen to make dumplings, paos (steamed

or baked dumplings), and spring rolls. We always ate Chinese food at home, with bowls and chopsticks. Our friends loved to come to have meals at our home.

Father tried to teach us to read and write some Chinese, but due to his busy schedule, we did not get far. However he made sure that we were very regular with our religious lessons, having solicited the help of an old Egyptian lady friend who came once or twice a week to teach us religious knowledge, to read the Qur'an, and to pray.

Seeing the need for more income, Father opened a Chinese Restaurant. This was his fourth job. He was still with the Taiwanese government, and often met and accompanied the visiting officials on their duties. He did translations until late at night. He was also writing a book 'Muslims in China', the first Turkish version of the history of Islam in China.

But all this bodily fatigue and mental worries took their toll. One cold, snowy January afternoon, as he was teaching, Father collapsed in the lecture hall. The students took him to hospital where he died the next day. Left in a foreign country of which she did not even speak the language, with no money, no relatives, and nothing to fall back on, Mother wanted to die; except that she had eight children under 17 and she was barely 40 years old.

After the funeral I did not see her weep anymore, not in front of us. A few words summed up all she had to say to us: 'Don't ever forget who you are, who your Father was. If you are good, people will say that the Chinese are good. If you are bad, they will say the Chinese are bad.' Each one of us took to heart that we could not and would not let people say that the Chinese were bad.

This was the beginning of yet another phase in our lives. Mother took over the running of the restaurant. She became the cook, the grocery shopper, the creator of new dishes, the manager of the staff, everything. She cultivated bean sprouts in the bathroom, fermented soya sauce on the balcony, pickled salty duck eggs, introduced for the first time in Turkey

fried apples and bananas, and was featured many times over the years in the newspapers and magazines.

I never heard her complain. Sometimes for many days we wouldn't see her. She would come home very late, often after midnight, when the restaurant closed and we would all have been asleep by then.

On dark winter nights, as I grew older, I would wait, forehead pressed onto the cold windowpane, until I saw her long thin figure turn in from the corner of the street; but still I would not sigh in relief until I heard her safely in the house. In the mornings we would let her sleep and got ourselves to school, the big ones sending the little ones. Gui Lan would have helped with preparation of breakfast and braiding our long hair. My two older siblings were unable to go on with the private schools anymore. But thanks to the kindness of the French Catholic Sisters who ran our school, my third sister and I went on.

Eventually mother was becoming familiar with the place and the language, and people were getting to know her. The wet market merchants respectfully called her 'Fatma Ablā', big sister, and allowed her to individually choose from their vegetable and fruit stalls. The fish seller would tell her which fish not to buy from his stall that day because it was not fresh enough. On rare occasions when she had forgotten her purse or was short of money because of extra purchases, and declined to buy on credit, the stall keepers would be offended, saying 'who is asking you to buy on credit, I am giving it to you, you just take what you want, my stall is your stall.' Five years later she opened a second restaurant in Ankara. Mother, though, still did not understand anything about our schoolwork. She practiced page after page of a signature in cursive letters that my elder sister had devised for her so that she could sign our report cards every month. She never asked what the report card said. She still knitted all our sweaters whenever she was home during the afternoon rest time of the restaurant. We begged her to attend the parents' functions at school and would beam with pride to see that she was the most elegant mother present. I can't say that we communicated a lot with Mother, but we knew what was expected of us.

Out of the eight of us only my elder brother did not further his studies after high school. He had to start to work as a support to Mother. My third sister and I, after finishing the French high school in Istanbul, heeded Mother's wish and went to Taiwan for University. She said it had been Father's wish.

Today five of my siblings live in Istanbul. Four are married to Turks. My elder sister married a Taiwanese student she met at Ankara University and now lives in Taiwan. A younger sister lives in Mexico with her German husband. I married a Malaysian of Beijing Muslim origin and came to Malaysia in 1973.

A new cycle thus began from the baby girl who survived the escape through the snowy mountains. From the heritage my parents left me, my husband and I were in total agreement about what we wanted to give to our own six Malaysian-born children: a strong faith, a good well-rounded education, Chinese language and ethics, and a knowledge of many languages and universal cultures. We also wanted to give them a country, and we chose Malaysia. Now among our children our mother tongue is Mandarin, and apart from English and Malay, there is French, Turkish, Dutch, Japanese, and a little Spanish. (Arabic, added in 2009). They are healthy and sportive. We are grateful to God to have raised sensitive and responsible citizens with the self-esteem and confidence of belonging to the world.

I strongly believe that none of this could have been achieved had we not been part of the huge Chinese diaspora.

Rosey Wang Ma

17th May 2005. Kuala Lumpur.

* Jumaat is Friday (this is the Malay spelling) and is the day of the week when Muslims go to the Mosque to pray.

+ An earlier version of this article first appeared in the 'Journal of Overseas Chinese' in Singapore. I have the author's permission to include this slightly modified version in 'Sine.'

Footnote: Rosey's account of this time was written in 2005, but it was not the end of her story. Her own six children all graduated from different universities as far afield as Hawaii and Holland. Her husband died prematurely in a helicopter accident in the jungles of Malaysia. Her mother died at a great age more recently. The family restaurant in Istanbul is still run by members of her family.

Rosey also went on to gain a PhD from the University of Malaya after her husband died. Her dissertation was on the Chinese diaspora. In time, whilst attending a conference in the US, she met and married her second husband, an American, who had lived for many years in Panama. After a brief spell back in Malaysia, they returned to live in Turkey where they remained for some years. Rosey lectured at a university in Istanbul, as her father had once done. But there was still one more move to make, and they eventually returned to Malaysia, Rosey's spiritual home, where her own children had grown up, and they have lived there ever since; true citizens of the world. She has been a very high profile member of Malaysian Society for many years and has done a great deal to foster good relations between the ethnic Chinese/Moslem community there, and also Moslem women's rights in general at an international level. M.B.

Note on the Hui people of China



The Great Mosque, Xian

The Hui are an ethno-religious group, currently numbering about 10.5 million, living throughout China but mainly in the western provinces and autonomous regions. They are the third most numerous of China's 56 official ethnic groups. They are descendants of Muslim travellers who arrived in China from Western and Central Asia between the 7th and 13th centuries. Immigration by these groups was positively encouraged by some Chinese regimes, including the Tang, Song and Yuan dynasties. The settlers came from various walks of life, including soldiers, merchants, craftsmen and scholars, and intermarried locally with the Han Chinese. Over the centuries they have become sinicized, speaking Chinese or the local dialect or language, whilst having a knowledge of Arabic. Most Hui men are distinguishable by their white caps, and women often wear a headscarf. There is considerable variation in observation of religious practice, but most Hui do not eat pork, and use halal meat. A few non-Han Islamic minorities are included in the official Hui group, and not all Hui

are Muslims. During the War of Resistance against Japan (WWII), Hui soldiers fought in a special 'Hui Brigade.'



Hui girls Photo, Image & Picture of China Hui People (thesilkroadchina.com)



Hui couple

https://www.newworldencyclopedia.org/entry/Hui_people

Obituaries

Tony Butler 1936 – 2022

Tony Butler was born in Croydon. By his own admission, his childhood was ‘much affected’ by his invalid older brother, who died when Tony was eleven. As a child living near London in the war years, opportunities for play were limited, but he read voraciously. He attended a grammar school, then went on to study chemistry at Kings College London, and stayed to do a PhD. After a brief period teaching at a technical college in Northampton, he went to Cornell University to do a post-doctoral fellowship under the guidance of Professor Tom Bruice. A year at Sussex University followed, and in 1965 he took up a permanent post at St Andrews University: ‘permanent’ in more ways than one, since he was still contributing to teaching there in 2020. The most recent of his 200 research publications appeared in 2021, when he was 85.

Initially, he thought that St Andrews would be a short-term project, but he was drawn by munros, and then met and married Janet Anderson, who survives him, and they stayed. Eventually he completed all 282 munros. Those of us who knew Tony from a China-related point of view may be unaware of his significant contribution to science. His early research was in the area of ‘physical organic chemistry’ where reaction mechanisms were investigated by means of the rigorous application of techniques such as kinetics (including stopped flow), isotope labelling, and the special NMR (nuclear magnetic resonance) technique CIDNP (chemically induced dynamic nuclear polarization). Tony was a world expert in the application of these techniques and used them to solve many long-standing mechanistic problems. In the 1980s the discovery of a physiological role for nitric oxide provided him with a deep research interest that lasted well into his retirement. He co-authored a number of papers on nitric oxide in what he regarded as ‘classy’ scientific journals, ‘generally with about ten other authors.’ His studies in this area laid the foundation for the subsequent commercialisation of nitric oxide sources for medical applications. On retirement he became President of the Scottish Society for the History of Medicine. He was also made a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, an honour he greatly appreciated.

I first met him on what I think was his first trip to China in 1985. Although he claimed that his interest in China was ‘outside his professional work,’ he pursued it with professional vigour. He was, of course, deeply interested in China’s scientific past. This led him to investigate a wide variety of scientific and medical topics, working for a period with Joseph Needham, a pioneer in the study of China’s scientific history. His study, with John Moffett, of the uses of saltpetre in ancient Chinese medicine was described as a ‘tour de force’. One of the many highlights of his travels, with Janet, was to visit the lost Library Cave at Dunhuang in the Gobi desert. He was rather disappointed that his book on golf, co-authored with Zhou Wuzong, presenting evidence that the game of golf actually originated in China, did not sell well in St Andrews!

Tony was always modest and shared his knowledge unstintingly. Over the years he has given talks to the SCA and written pieces for Sine on his latest interests and discoveries. His articles, such as those on liquorice, rhubarb and tea, were never dull, but full of anecdotes and quirky observations, revealing Tony’s great sense of humour. He read widely, was a keen cook and gardener and loved music. His spiritual solace as a young man was in the Methodist church, then the Quaker movement, to which he returned in later life. He was also interested in some Buddhist practices and loved the music of the Anglican tradition.

The Scotland China Association has lost a charming, kind and generous friend.



**Tony speaking on the 50th anniversary of
the SCA. Photo DF.**

Angela Petrie 1940-2022

Angela, along with her husband Euan, was a loyal SCA member. Her connection with China came about largely as a result of her work with Scottish Ballet. It may seem surprising that someone whose career began in the RAF and continued with BEA (British European Airways, for younger readers) should have devoted a substantial part of her working life to Scottish Ballet. But, finding herself living more or less next door to their offices, she offered her services as promoter and general fixer, and fix she did. Angela worked for Scottish Ballet family as Development Director from 1984 to 1995. She was able to raise significant funds that enabled the company to travel internationally to such places as Japan and Hong Kong. She also introduced some major sponsors, including United Distillers. In 1994 The Peter Darrell Trust was formed to preserve and promote the works of the late Peter Darrell CBE, Founder Director of Scottish Ballet. Angela was instrumental in the setting up of the Trust and acted as Chair of the Trust from 1994.

Angela was a dynamic do-er, and loved cats, dogs, hares and tennis and will be greatly missed.



Angela with Tibetan woman in Shigatse. Photo RC.

John William Reid 1939-2022

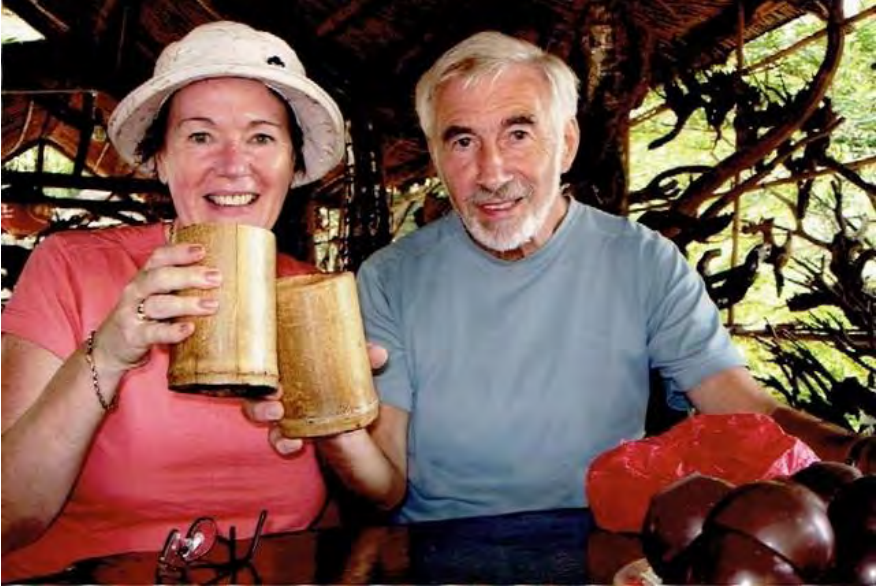
Perhaps being born in Liverpool filled John with a longing to explore, and combined with his energy and intelligence, it was predictable that he would enjoy discovering new lands, acquiring new skills, and developing people.

Though John left school at fifteen he was committed to developing his career in insurance and through further education gained qualifications and promotion with the Friends Provident Insurance Company. He moved to Edinburgh as branch manager and when the company closed the Edinburgh office, he chose to stay in Edinburgh and moved into further education, teaching night school courses at Glasgow Technical College, which later became Caledonian University. There he developed the discipline of Risk Management and in 1993 was appointed the first Professor of Risk Management in Europe. At this time, new insurance markets were developing overseas, and John was invited to lead conferences and develop teaching programmes in China, Indonesia, Russia, Argentina, and Malaysia, to name but a few. John was fascinated to visit these countries and was pleased to be able to contribute on a world stage.

It was in this role John first visited China, and he became intrigued with all things Chinese. When he retired in 1998, he embarked on learning Chinese at Edinburgh University and was fascinated by the language and culture of this vast and dynamic country. Over the years John and his wife, Mary McKenna, visited China, initially on small group holidays supported by the SCA, and later travelling independently. They were long-time members of the Ramblers and while in China climbed some of China's Holy Mountains and traced the route of the Grand Canal from Beijing to Hangzhou.

John became a member of the SCA in 1997 and supported it in various capacities. He was on the National Committee for many years, served on the SCA's Education Subcommittee, and was Secretary of the Edinburgh Branch from 2001 to 2006.

In recent years John's abilities diminished as a result of dementia. He was cared for and supported by his wife, Mary, and his three sons. John died peacefully, at home, as planned, in their loving care on 20 May 2022.



John with Mary on Emei Shan (Mount Emei) 2001

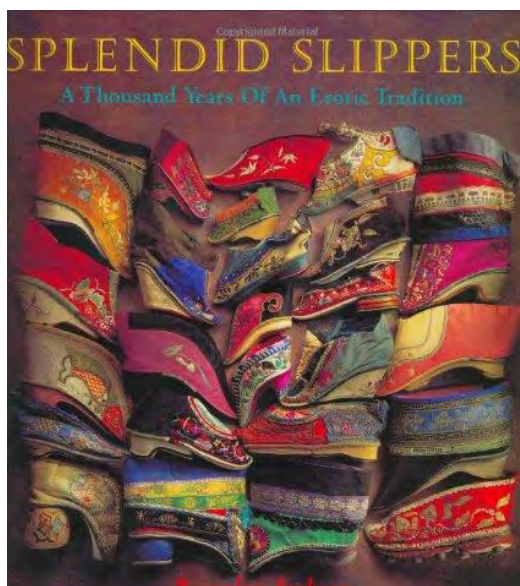
Reading room titles

Readers will have received the latest 'Reading Room' by email, but in case you've missed it, here are the titles:

SPLENDID SLIPPERS (A Thousand Years of an Erotic Tradition) by Beverley Jackson. Published by Ten Speed Press. First Published in 1997. Available on Amazon. ISBN: 0-89815-957-1 (in paperback or hardback)

THE LEGACY OF THE TEK SING (China's Titanic – the Tragedy and the Treasure) by Nigel Pickford & Michael Hatcher. First published by Granta Editions in 2000. Available from Amazon, ebay, Abe Books, Biblio. Used. Various prices. ISBN 1 85757 069 3

RED DUST by Ma Jian. Translated by Flora Drew. First published in 2001 by Pantheon Books and in 2002 by Vintage London. Available from Amazon and multiple others. ISBN: 0 09928 329 8 (Vintage)



Cover of *Splendid Slippers*

Year of the Rabbit

January 22nd 2023 – February 9th 2024

As we enter 2023, we leave the year of the Tiger, probably with some relief: this creature is not the most auspicious of the twelve Chinese year symbols. Perhaps the quieter, diplomatic Rabbit will bring a calmer year.

The rabbit, or hare, signifies long life and is associated with the moon.

Those born in the year of the rabbit are stereotypically regarded as mysterious, timid, inscrutable, cunning and even ruthless, yet at the same time as practical, articulate, sensitive and virtuous. The rabbit is linked to the Chinese element of wood (suppleness and strength), and 2022-23 lunar year is ruled by water. This combination of wood and water may create an excess of empathy, resulting in extreme avoidance of confrontation.

The rabbit is a faithful lover and companion, whose best matches are those born in the years of the ox, the snake and the goat; rabbit is highly incompatible with horse and rooster.

The story of the hare in the moon

The hare in the moon is often known as the ‘Jade Hare’ (玉兔 *yu tu*) or the ‘Golden Hare’ (金兔 *jin tu*). The hare has a mortar and pestle with which it constantly pounds the elixir of immortality – it is visible to the naked eye if you have keen eyesight and even keener imagination. It is a companion to the goddess of the moon Chang-E, or Chang’e. She was a beautiful mortal who was married to Hou Yi, the legendary archer who shot down nine of the ten suns which once blazed down on the earth. Hou Yi was given the elixir of immortality as a reward. Not wishing to become immortal without the company of Chang’e, Hou Yi did not immediately consume the elixir, but left it in the safe keeping of his wife while he went hunting. His apprentice Fengmeng tried to take the pill from Chang’e, but she swallowed it to keep it safe. As a punishment she was banished to the Moon, where she lives forever, accompanied by the hare/rabbit, and sometimes by a toad.



**18th century robe embroidery depicting the hare
pounding the elixir.**

<https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Dragon-and-White-Rabbit-making-elixir-of-immortality.jpg>

China's space programme pays homage to these mythological figures in the naming of its craft. The lunar rover, which landed on the Moon on December 14 2013, was named Yutu, Jade Rabbit, and the second rover, deployed on the far-side of the Moon on 3 Jan 2019, was called Yutu 2. Chang'e 1 was China's first lunar orbiter, launched on October 24, 2007. To date there have been five Chang'e missions.

Chinese poems often allude to the hare in the moon. Here is a poem by the often intoxicated, ever contemplative Li Bai (李白 701–762). It is the ninth of a sequence of 12 poems inspired by, or imitating, ancient times (拟古十二首).

生者为过客，死者为归人。
天地一逆旅，同悲万古尘。
月兔空捣药，扶桑已成薪。
白骨寂无言，青松岂知春。
前后更叹息，浮荣安足珍。

In life we are a passing guest;
In death we have come home.
Just a short journey from heaven to earth,
Where we share the sad dust of a thousand ages.
In vain the hare in the moon pounds his herbs;
The tree of immortality is firewood now.
White bones are silent, while the green pines anticipate the spring.
Looking back or looking forward I can only sigh
What is there to treasure in earth's transient glories?

(Tr. VP)



**Figure 1 19th century embroidered mirror case depicting Chang'e
with the hare and an attendant.**

<https://www.metmuseum.org/art/collection/search/70366>

Events 2022-23

SCA in-person and online

Meeting arrangements will be confirmed in the newsletter.

We are hoping to arrange informal in-person meetings at a later date –for example Chinese meals – and will notify members by email when plans become reality.

In-person meetings will be held at the Friends Meeting House, 7 Victoria Terrace, Edinburgh EH1 2JL. Tea and biscuits will be served from 7pm (a £1 donation is requested) and the talk will begin at 7:30pm. Anyone is welcome to join us free of charge.

Tuesday 13th December, online:

‘What’s your understanding of your “Chineseness”? A study of diaspora Chinese female leaders in the UK’

Speaker: Ivy Sheng is a Ph.D. student and Graduate Teaching Assistant at Heriot-Watt University. Her talk will focus on how traditional Chinese culture, in particular Confucianism, impacts Chinese female leaders in the UK.

Tuesday 22 January: Chinese New Year dinner. Details of place, time, and cost to be notified.

Tuesday 14 February, in person and online:

‘Slow Boat from China’

Speaker: Vincent Day is a naval architect (ship designer) who will tell us how and why he found himself living and working in China at various times and locations for 5 years.

Tuesday 7 March, online:

Title TBC

Speaker: Dr Ann Gillian Chu, St Leonard’s Associate, St Leonard’s Postgraduate College, St Andrews University. Postgraduate and Early Career Scholar Liaison Officer, Sociology of Religion Study Group, British Sociological Association

Tuesday 11 April, in-person and online:

‘Reviving an imperial and classical imaginary of China’s authentic cultural past: the *Hanfu* movement and young adults in China’

Speaker: Dr Andrew Law, Senior Lecturer in Town Planning, Newcastle University

Other organisations:

Thursday 23 February, 6:00–7:00pm:

The Society of Antiquaries of Scotland

‘Rethinking Weapons in Bronze Age Shang China’

18:00–19:00 at Augustine United Church, 41 George IV Bridge
Edinburgh EH1 1EL

Hybrid event, free and open to all. To register:

<https://www.eventbrite.co.uk/e/february-lecture-rethinking-weapons-in-bronze-age-shang-china-tickets-383990043557>

Speaker: Dr Qin Cao of the Gulbenkian Museum, Durham, formerly of the National Museum of Scotland

Scottish Centre for China Research, Glasgow University

Room 139, 25 Bute Gardens, University of Glasgow

The centre holds regular seminars open to the public, in-person and online. For further information:

<https://www.gla.ac.uk/schools/socialpolitical/research/sccr/events/>



New Year Rabbit by Jin Shih Hsi, age 6.

MEMBERSHIP OF THE SCOTLAND-CHINA ASSOCIATION

Membership of the Scotland-China Association is on an annual basis, renewable in April or October, depending on date of joining. We also offer a 10-year membership at a special price of £110. Or you can renew automatically by standing order. For information on paying your subscription by standing order or bank transfer, contact the Membership Secretary.

Annual subscription (please tick):

Individual	£15	☐
Student/Young person/Unwaged	£10	☐
Retired	£10	☐
*Country membership	£12	☐
10-year membership	£110	☐
*Corporate membership	£50	☐

* Country membership is open to anyone in the UK living over 50 miles from Edinburgh or Glasgow. For details of Corporate membership, contact the Membership Secretary.

To: Mrs Dale Finlayson, Membership Secretary
Scotland-China Association
10 Queens Crescent
Edinburgh EH9 2AZ

E-mail: sine@scotchchina.org

Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

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Amount enclosed: £ _____

Cheques should be made payable to “**The Scotland-China Association**”.
Receipt will be acknowledged by e-mail; please enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish your subscription acknowledged by post.

Monkey	1908	1920	1932	1944	1956	1968	1980	1992	2004	2016
Rooster	1909	1921	1933	1945	1957	1969	1981	1993	2005	2017
Dog	1910	1922	1934	1946	1958	1970	1982	1994	2006	2018
Pig	1911	1923	1935	1947	1959	1971	1983	1995	2007	2019
Rat	1912	1924	1936	1948	1960	1972	1984	1996	2008	2020
Ox	1913	1925	1937	1949	1961	1973	1985	1997	2009	2021
Tiger	1914	1926	1938	1950	1962	1974	1986	1998	2010	2022
Rabbit	1915	1927	1939	1951	1963	1975	1987	1999	2011	2023
Dragon	1916	1928	1940	1952	1964	1976	1988	2000	2012	2024
Snake	1917	1929	1941	1953	1965	1977	1989	2001	2013	2025
Horse	1918	1930	1942	1954	1966	1978	1990	2002	2014	2026
Goat	1919	1931	1943	1955	1967	1979	1991	2003	2015	2027

