

To the newspaper-reading public of Republican China, the artist Feng Tzu-k'ai (豐子愷 1898-) was well-known for his subtle but lively sketches of contemporary Chinese life. The six reproduced here, all published in the 1930's, are from The Complete Cartoon Works of Feng Tzu-k'ai.

Refugees.



somewhat pock-marked. His activities were varied: here a discussion group, there a reading group, and each Saturday night a trip to the Mass Education Hall to lecture an hour on wartime civilian defense. The articles he put out were many-faceted—now popularized essays such as those discussing dum-dum bullets, now one on the economic crisis of the enemy. When he saw Yi-mo, he always nodded respectfully.

Old P'an spoke of him to Yi-mo many times. "Among the faculty the highest-spirited is Mr. Ch'en. He's both enthusiastic and humble. He's very knowledgeable in the social sciences. . . . Would you like to talk with him?"

"I feel kind of sorry for Mr. Ch'en; his life is very uninteresting." He stopped a minute, the corners of his mouth drifting up into a smile. "You probably enjoy this sort of man very much; you are so alike in your ways of life."

It was true. Old P'an had sat in this principal's chair right through nineteen years. Recently he had even sent his family to the

country, so he hung around the school day and night, passing his days in the same rut. It was as though only such a life matched these drab school buildings and the drab sky; the seven or eight colleagues who were living in the teachers' dormitory all carried on like this.

ONE SATURDAY, near evening, Yi-mo could not stand it any more. Like a sleepwalker he wandered into the principal's office.

"Old P'an, you all really have a strange sort of sickness here. It's already infected me. It's already infected me. It's the disease of monotony, otherwise called boredom. . . . I am really very depressed. . . . Let's go out and have a little something to drink."

"All right." The other quietly nodded his head. "But I don't dare drink. I have a heart condition. . . . Do you want to find another to accompany you? Ah, get Mr. Ch'en to come, OK?"

"Does he drink?"

The principal, forcing a smile, shook his