Sweetest Song — Saddest Thought

by Tahmina Zaman

Looking Back at March 26: Moments, Music and was waiting for me. I had en-Movements

ing of the 26th March. 1971 Deputy Minister Hans Bahler called me from Palais Federal to enquire about the situation in Dhaka Without being able to give him specific news. Louly provided him with a brief background on the events of the past few days in Dhaka and told him about the national hook up radio broadcast of President Yahva Khan the same afternoon. Not knowing in advance the text of the broadcast. I could only that the Pakistan president would perhaps would seriously try to hand over power to the leader of the majority party — Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman

Hans Buhler was a Swiss and quintessentially so. He was sedate and discreet. And thor oughly dependable. A non-stop pipe-smoker. Buhler had developed a personal concern for the Asian sub-continent and as a young officer. I felt deeply honoured for the confidence he reposed in me. Earlier, he awas instrumental in dispatch-Ang the Swiss assistance through Red Cross, following the killer-cyclone which devastated the southern part of Bangladesh. Buhler was also critical about Yahva's insensitivity to the apocalyptic sufferings of the people of Bangladesh. Buhler, I believe, knew quite a bit of his personal habits. He even knew the leader's penchant for Black Dog and Black Queen. Buhler also signed the first joint credit for Pakistan for the machine tools factory. Following the Pakistan crackdown on the Dhaka University and it's dormitories, the same Buhler, with the help of Graber, Swiss Foreign Minister, suspended the credit line destined for the Pakistan machine tools factory. which was allegedly producing military handwares....

To come back to the presidential broadcast. I had a commodious room with a good view of the Tierpark beyond the US Embassy on the quietly flowing river Aar. Very often. used to spend considerable

by Waliur Rahman time trying to solve my mind throughout the turbulent period in the then East Pakistan and asking myself what I could do in my humble way for my country and its people. The balcony of my first floor room was my occasional escape, as it were, from the daily headload of anxieties about the latest in East Pakistan. It was almost my 'magic casement' — yet not so!

March 26 was no exception. The Golden Bengal of history, of Chinese traveller Ma Huan and the Golden Bengal of Issa Khan impacted on my conscience. Could we survive as a nation? Could we continue in this way for long? I was remembering my days in Jakarta in Indonesia, and the tumultuous development following the Agartala conspiracy case. I myself and the political counsellor S'A M S Kibria, sometimes joined by Nawabzada General Sher Ali Khan, and his wife Silvia, used to read voraciously stories filed by Peter Hazelhurst of the London Times. Sher Ali who was not known for his love for General Avub and his cohorts, very often used to chortle, "They will one day destroy Pakistan" Sher Ali was superseded by Avub and later on: he was eased out as Pakistan's Ambassador to Belgrade, Kuala Lampur and then with us in Indonesia. Mr & Mrs Kibria and myself and my wife used to sit together and ponder over the future of the country, and what role we could possibly play as its conscientious citizens. After Kibria's departure, we were joined by Humayun Rashid Chowdhury, but our routine remained unchanged. Meanwhile, Kibria went to Islamabad, and I was transferred to Switzerland at practically 15 days' notice to help the embassy clear-up some scandals! By then, the Agartala Conspiracy case was withdrawn and Bangabandhu was released in

the face of country-wide demonstrations, but not without the tragic death of sergeant Zahurul Haque. come to Berne and with me I brought Peter Hazelhurst. Claire Hollingworth and all others who kept our spirit alive. Deeply engrossed in these thoughts, I suddenly woke up to the knock on the door. I looked back, and saw Abu Baker Siddique, the personal assistant to Afzal Igbal --Abu Baker Siddique, a tiny figure from Bangladesh, brimming with patriotic zeal. He was held in 24 hour thralldom by the 'Ambassador, and as I was the only officer in the embassy, it was only natural that he would spend sometime with me unloading his tearful stories. Ambassador Afzal Igbal

was careful, but he was kind

with me. I had served him and

Pakistan with loyalty till then

- till the time of the Ar-

mageddon. I was asked by Afzal Igbal to go to his ground floor room to listen to the much-expected broadcast of General Yahya! Abu Baker Siddique followed me to the ground floor room. Embassy messenger Munilal and his daughter Paula accosted me on the way, and said, "Sir, we are sorry for what is hap! pening in Bengal." Munilal was a hard working do-aller. He travelled to the European theatre during World War II to serve his Majesty's Govern ment. After the Axis surrender, he settled in Italy and married an Italian lady from Mezzogirno. They were later employed in Rome by Ambassador Dehiavi who took them to Switzerland. My predecessor Gul Hanif introduced Munilal, his wife and daughter as the best people North of the Alps! They proved to be so.

glanced at them and without a word, opened the door of the Ambassador who tered his room just in time to hear the groggy voice of General Yahya's "Asalam Alaikum. my countrymen, etc! I quickly sat down without waiting to be told by Ambassador Afzal Iqbal and trained my ears to the radio. Myself and Afzal Iqbal with the radio in between us! At the end of the speech, the short span of distance between us took wings and expanded into unbridgeable oceans! Even a rather boisterous Afzal Iqbal looked stunned! Quite unknowingly. I found myself leaving the Ambassador and slowly stepped upwards to my room. screeched open my door and went straight to the balcony overlooking the dark forest of the Tierpark and the murmuring Aar.

"Pakistan is not a nation

and hardly a state", said Hans Morgantheau in his book The New Republic exactly fifteen years ago to the day, Morgantheau was amused at the creation of Pakistan. For him, it was something like Louisiana and Maryland forming a state with their capital in Baton Rouge, following the Civil War! Added to this crowded mind of mine were those Harvard papers on Bangladesh and Papanek's study of the Center for International Affairs. Didn't President Ayub also say in Friends not Masters, "East Bengalees have all the inhibitions of downtrodden races and have not yet found it possible to adjust psychologically to the requirements of the new-born freedom"? And what did Malik Feroza Khan Noon

I was pulled up short with the weight of history and hurried to my chair ... I mused ... opposition to this bankrupt dictatorial regime was the moral equivalence of obedience to God.....

The writer was Second Secretary in Pakistan Embassy in Berne in March 1971. He later served as Bangladesh Ambassador to Italy, Switzerland and Tunisia and Additional Foreign Secretary.

am told that when remi niscing people tend to recollect only happy memories. Perhaps this is not always true. Otherwise, in trying to recollect some memories of those fateful days in 1971, why am I driven to occurrences I wish would have never taken place? Indeed, our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought!" I'll recount only one incident from those fateful days.

It was probably April 17. 1971. On the insistence of my husband, who was the Subdivisional Officer (SDO) of Kishoregani subdivision, I had left Kishoregani with my nine month old son. Kishoregani had become too dangerous and risky by that time. The rumor had it that the occupation Pakistani army would move on Kishoreganj any time! It was not safe at all. However, my husband stayed back.

With great trouble and hardship, we moved to Nabinagar in Brahmanbaria. But it was not possible to stay there, because of Air Force bombings and strikings with Sabre jets. We moved to nearby Rasullabad, and then back to Nabinagar again. No place was safe! I decided to go to Dhaka and hide there.

I boarded the motorboat (launch) bound for Dhaka. The departing, place was Kuliarchar, a place about twenty-two miles from Kishoregani. The boat was teeming with passengers, all with worried, torn and dark faces. No one knew what was in store for him on her. Everybody was whispering, as if there were someone nearby to overhear!

- "Do you know that the Army has already occupied Brahmanbaria? They are going to move into Nabinagar tomor-

- "I heard hundreds of people were killed in Dhaka. - 'I haven't heard from my

family in Chittagong. God

knows what has happened to

I had heard those rumors too! But I showed no reaction. I could not afford to! I was in hiding. I didn't want anybody to recognize me. Except for my wrist watch, which had been given to me by my husband at our wedding. I had nothing on me to betray my identity. A very common printed cotton saree, a neckab on my face, a pair of sponge sandals on my feet, - that's all I had! I was in disguise, and I knew I would nat be recog-

nized. We were getting too impatient. Rumors were spreading fast like wild fire. Why wasn't the motorboat starting? Wasn't it getting too late?

I really became worried. . Finally, the boat set for Dhaka. It started moving out slowly and carefully. Lbreathed a sigh of relief, at least temporarily.

I had not noticed that the woman sitting next to me had been observing me for quite some time. She was pretty. and was probably twenty-three or twenty-four! She had her daughter with her whose sweet restless freshness was welcome in this panicky environment! I looked at her and exchanged glances. I smiled at her. She was cute!

All along her mother had been observing me. I felt uneasy. I wanted to avoid her looks. So, I looked the other way. But I knew she had not taken her eyes off me. Had she recognized me? I shuddered. I didn't want to be identified here, not at this time. No way.

I kept my eyes away her as long as I could, but I finally gave in. She was waiting for that moment. It was obvious she was eager to talk to me.

She started talking. I care fully avoided my identity. I was as conscious as I ever could be Finally, she got into very personal questions:

 "Don't mind. Do vou teach at the College of Home

Economics, Dhaka." - "No, no. I am a simple housewife. I don't teach anywhere.

- "Then it must be your sister. I know this face." "If can't be. I have no sis-

got worried. Had this woman really recognized me? Otherwise how could she know about me? This was not possible. I felt tense and uneasy.

The woman would not give up. She kept on asking questions. I tried my best to give her false answers.

- "My husband is a businessman. He has an indenting business at Chittagong, I am a simple housewife."

· Finally, she looked at my son's shirt.

- "This shirt is beautiful! Who made this?" Do you know that we were taught how to make such shirts in our Home

Economics courses?" I preferred not to reply. and look away. By then I had started thinking. Had I ever seen this face before? It seemed somewhat familiar. Where had I seen her before?

I thought and thought, Suddenly it became all clear. had probably seen her at Siddheshwari Girls Collage. where I had once gone as an External Examiner. She was probably one of several students who had their practical exams with me.

Yes. I did remember. She must have recognized

. I felt sad. There were so many questions I could have asked her. There were so many things I could talk over with her now. I felt a strange affection for a student I had met only once in my life! could not even recollect her name, but I knew it must have been her.

What a pity! I could not tell

her that her guess was right! I was the one she had in mind.

I had to make a conscious effort to suppress my feelings. It was tormenting; it was hurting. You could never know how disturbed I felt inside, like a small boat in tumultuous waves. I cried inside me but I could not speak!

Finally, the boat stopped. We got down. Perhaps I betraved some emotions. My student came close and tried for the last time.

"There maybe a reason why you are hiding. You don't have to worry about me - you can

tell me frankly." She pressed my hand,

looked straight into my eyes and almost begged. - "Please, please for God's sake, tell me you are Tahmina

· Apa. I cannot be wrong!" I shook my head - maybe more than I should have. I

knew I had to be firm now for the last time. - "No, no. You are mistaken. That's not my name. You

have taken me for someone else. You are mistaken. I am not who you think I am." In recounting this sad incident of those fateful 1971

days, I become very emotional. I feel sad that I could not be free with my own student when we met that day. I could not tell her what she wanted to hear so desperately. I feel sad because I was forced to lie. But'I couldn't give out my identity since I could not risk my life and my son's.

I never met my student again. Oh God! How I have yearned for years to meet her again! To tell her who I was: to tell her I had lied to her.

In the crowds of this conntry and elsewhere, I have looked for my student, but in vain. I wish I could have met her! I still do wish to meet her, at least once. That sad event is still on my mind, occasionally ringing strange and sweet pangs of delight.

RUMINATIONS FROM ROME

Down the History Line

by Neeman A Sobhan



HE history of Classical Rome is the history of · its in. nv Emperors. As a city. Rome is rampant with the remains of the elegant structures and monuments that they created and that are still extant, though not in their original form. Of the many Emperors who have left their imperial stamp on Rome, my personal favorites are Hadrian and his uncle Trajan whom Hadrian succeeded and

surpassed. Having always been a sort of aficionado of Roman History and not really a serious student of it. I. early on in my affair with Rome, made a private list of its royal antecedents and acquired at least, a nodding acquaintance with some of the Emperors of the Roman Empire. My personal collection of historical high society includes, apart from Hadrian and Trajan, Vespasian, Diocletian, Titus, Marcus, Aurelius. Claudius. Septimius Severus. the illustrious Augustus and Constantine, the degenerate Caracalla, and, of course, the

inimitable Nero! This, then, is

my mixed grill of Regals. Lest I mislead my more serious minded readers or bring upon-my facetiously inclined head the wrath of my learned readers, let me hasten to say that this jumbled ragbag of monarches can also be sorted in a more orderly and chronological fashion. With the addition of other names, and with many apologies, what follows. in fact, is a brief, lighthearted and whimsical synoptic tour of Classical Rome at an appropriately Roman, break-neck Ferrari speed! The purpose is to put this historical period into

some sort of perspective. highlighting some of the monuments and relics which will be dealt with in subsequent

Between 509 B C and 27 B C the Republican era of Rome was played out and the curtains came down on it with the familiar and melodramatic scene of Julius Caeser collapsing at the foot of Pompey's statue with twenty wound's gurgling, "Et tu Brute?" etc. Then came Augustus who founded the Julio-Claudian dy-

AUGUSTUS (63 B C-A D 14) At first he ruled as part of a triumvirate with Mark Antony and Lepidus. Later he became supreme ruler and a very successful one too. I am preeminently a lover

of art and literature rather than political history, so I hope I will be forgiven if instead of listing his considerable political achievements I go onto his contribution in the field of aesthetics. To me. at least, Augustus is noteworthy for having been a devoted patron of Horace and Virgil. Regarding ar chitectural contribution, there are many buildings that are at tributed to him. Some of the structures from his time that were not totally demolished and with which I am familiar are, parts of his Forum - most of it below street level or covered over by the street itself

the Theatre of Marcellis whose facade resembles the Colosseum; and some odd columns from a Temple of Apollo and the Portico of Octavia, Augustus sister. But the most interesting monument of this period is the Ara Pacis or

the Alter of Peace. The fascinating story of its discovery and reconstruction requires a separate telling and perhaps in the future I will do so.

Since the ruler of Rome was not a hereditary monarch, succession was always a matter of dispute, leading to intrigue and murder. So after Augustus, most of the emperors were tyrannical to a greater or lesser extent, and necessarily either perpetrators or victims of acts of violence and cruelty. In chronological order they are us follows:

TIBERIUS (reigned A D 14 37) Modern historical re search has acquitted him of many of his past excesses. But my personal grievance against him is that in his twilight years in retiring to Capri which is one of my favourite holiday spots and where Tiberius great Villas still stand he inadvertently set the ball of tourism rolling, and is thereby indirectly responsible for the thousands of tourists

charm of this unique island. CALIGULA (37-41) History has established him as one of the most vicious and depraved of Emperors. Doubly damning is the fact that Caligula doesn't seem to have any remarkable monuments to, at the least. redeem his notoriety.

who have ruined the natural

CLAUDIUS (41-54) There is a superb fictional autobiography of this physically weak but able ruler, called "I. Claudius, which was made into an engrossing and informative film by B B C. This. I am afraid, is the extent of my ac-

quaintance with Claudius. NERO (54-68) in our times

he is well known for his association with the phrase, "Nero fiddled while Rome burned." One of the many disillusionments of history seems to be that this is a myth because the fiddle or violin had not been invented at that time! However. Nero did play the lyre so the stubborn amongst us need not lose heart altogether and may continue to take pleasure from the phrase, with minor adjustments! Apart from such linguistic souvenirs of Nero. one of his important surviving monuments is his palace, the Domus Aurea or Golden house on the Palatine hills in Rome. He is also responsible, indirectly, for the name given to the symbol of Rome, the Flavian Amphitheatre, which we know as the Colosseum. On the original site. Nero had a giant statue of himself which was called the Colossus and even after this was pulled down the subsequent structure took on its name.

With Nero the Julio-Claudian line ended and the Flavian line started:

·VESPASIAN (69-79) He was an able Emperor and began the construction of the Colosseum first tearing down Nero's palace and the statue that stood there. For me, the history of Vespasian is the history of the Colosseum. And since the story of this extraordinary building is also the story of gladiators, lions, the persecution of Christians and other dramatic episodes, it cannot be told en peasant. So we shall

leave it for another time. TITUS (79-81) A good, shortlived Emperor to whom I was first introduced while an undergraduate student, in one of the most dismal of Shakespeare's historical plays. The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus" Since then my only contact with him has been the famous Arch of Titus in the Forum.

DOMITIAN (81-96) An unmitigated tyrant, his most relevant surviving monument is the stadium he built, which is no more but has been replaced by the famous Baroque piazza called the Piazza Navona which is a favourite tourist spot because of the famed fountains by Bernini and the church of Boromini, not to mention the fact that the great French existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre and his companion Simone de Beauvoir had an apartment here. By now we have crifted far afield from our nasty friend Domitian, and that may be the appropriate course to take, for neither I nor history has anything good to say about him. Suffice it to add that he was assassinated in the end.

NERVA (96-98) An admirable Emperor, he began the system of ensuring wise and peaceful succession by the careful selection and adoption of heirs, which gave Rome a series of Competent rules.

TRAJAN (98-117) Adopted by Nerva, Trajan was a Spaniard and a soldier from the provinces, the first of his

kind to occupy the imperial throne. He proved to be one of the finest rulers of Rome and has left some wonderful monuments that deserve a more detailed account than this present article can provide. For the moment, two of this monuments may be mentioned" Trajan's Column and Trajan's Market. Any student of literature or history who has read Pliny's "Letters" will already have a fulsome picture of the life and times of this illustrious Emperor.

HADRIAN (117-138) Nephew of Trajan and adopted by him, Hadrian's place in Roman history is secured not just because he was the first bearded Roman Emperor but also because of his extraordinary ability as ruler, and his talents and versatility in many fields. He was fond of art, architecture, poetry, and his personality and sensibility were enlivened by an intellectual curiosity and love of travel. His reign was peaceful and he ameliorated the life of the general populace. Hadrian is

T TORLD literature and mythology say the en-trance to hell has many mythology say the enguises. Sometimes it is entered by crossing "a river of forgetfulness," other times it is an opening to a bottomless pit filled with fire.

On the other hand, in Dante's Inferno, it is a door to a series of nine infernal circles emblazoned with the inscription "Abandon hope, forever,

you who enter. In China, however, there is a real "inferno" and it is named Fengdu. If the infarno is supposed to be inaccessible to the living in other parts of the world, the Chinese know their way to hell quite easily: they just hie over to Fengdu, a small town in Sichuan province which for hundreds of years has been known as the "City of

Ghosts" Despite their town's infernal associations, the people of Fengdu live as ordinary citizens who are happy with the peace and quiet of their community and luxuriate in simple rural pleasures. But here and there, visitors to Fengdu come upon reminders of the town's place in Chinese belief, lore and legend. Ferocious masks in the likeness of monsters sud denly appear around corners and at the end of narrow

Fengdu is still the mysteri ous capital of the nether world.

streets.

In Fengdu, never talk to three kinds of people," warn local guides to every new arrival. The three taboo types are those who are chinless and are wearing masks, those who hop up and down on both feet, and those who do not cast shadows. These are the newly deceased ghosts on the prowl for unsuspecting mortals, keen to inhabit human form one last time

These stern warnings can

known in Britain for the wall he built there which carries his name, and in Rome there are many great monuments attributed to him. The most famous of these are the Pantheon, Castel San Angelo and the unique villa he made for himself outside Rome known simply as Villa Adriana or Hadrian's Villa. (These will be the subject of my forthcoming articles

ANTONIUS PIUS (138 161) A nondescript emperor whose temple, however, still stands in the Forum.

MARCUS AURELIUS (161 180) A noble and intelligent emperor who wrote a philo sophical treatise called "Meditations." Still, in spite of his intellect, he committed the folly of reverting to the idea of hereditary, succession and let his inept and corrupt son inherit the crown. He is better known for the giant equestrian statue of himself that adorn the Campidoglio in

· COMMODUS (180-192) This thoroughly depraved son of Marcus Aurelius ended his career by being murdered. After Commodus followed a chain of minor or short reigned rulers. The ones worth mentioning are, at a glance. SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS

(193-211) Noteworthy because he was Airican born, but he was not an able ruler. His best reminder is his arch in the Fo-CRACALLA (211-217) Son

of Septimius Severus and a monster of depravity of the same league as Nero or Commodus, except for one note of distinction. He left behind one of the highlights of Rome's architectural variety and grandeur - the famous Baths of Caracalla which deserves a writer-up of its own, and which shall be provided in the near luture.

AURELIAN (270-275) To him is attributed the building of the famed Aurelian Walls of Rome. Built for the protection of the city, these walls underscore the point that the empire was under threat and lian's time. DIOCLETIAN (284-305) In

much weakened during Aure-

our times, he is best known for the ruins of the Baths he built, which today houses an important museum. He restored some order to an already decaying empire, which be divided into two halves for the purpose of ruling it more efficiently with a co-ruler. But he abdicated and left the empire to be tugged at by his warring successors, which finally brought to power that cynosure of Roman history - Constantine the great. I confess, I am not overly fond of overt greatness, and since with the advent of Constantine the story of Classical Rome ends and that of Christianity begins, he may be considered more a part of the next stage of Roman history. So I shall now let him, and all those readers who have, by now, died of exhaustion and over exposure to history, rest in peace, or appropriately in Latin: RE-

CISICIPI ICIPY BY ARJUNA

lead visitors to tiptoe through town, so as not to offend the invisible pedestrians.

Visitors to the Ghost City cannot avoid evidence of the other world. A tourist itinerary includes Yinvangie (the Watershed Between the World and the Underworld): Guimenguan the Gate to Helli: Naihegiao (the Bridge to Hell which the deceased spirits have to pass) and Wuchangdian (the Palace of Soul-catchers), to name just a few of the must-sees in the

According to Fengdu lore. the origins of the Ghost City are as misty and mysterious as the names of its favourite tem ples and detties. Legend has it that two ministers of the Han Dynasty (206 BC-220 AD) abandoned their official posts to become Taoist priests, and chose to settle in Fengdu When they died, it is said they ascended to the celestial world on a white cloud.

The family names of these two legendary figures are Yin and Wang - literally "nether world" and "king." It is said that during the Sui and Tang dynasties (581 007), these two historical figures became the basis for the Fengdu legend. They became the kings of the "underworld" even though they were said to have ascended directly from Fengdu to "paradise." Yin and Wang were thus transformed into the guardians of Fengdu, and the city came to be known as the place where the "King of Underworld" held court. Fengdu

became the "City of Ghosts. the entrance to the "Nether World.

In the 14th century, Zhu Yuanzhang, the first emperor of the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644), issued an imperial edict granting the city god of Fengdu the title "God of the Underworld.

"It is an acknowledged truth that the world is governed by Confucian precepts and the underworld is ruled by ghosts and monsters," read the royal edict. Legend's are legends, hot

historical facts. But the people of Fengdu took the story seriously enough to develop a complete administrative hierarchy to deal with the ghosts that passed through its portals. The Emperor of Fengdu is said to be the supreme ruler under whose jurisdiction are ten "kings of hell," four "great judges," ten "nether marshals" and countless "ghost" officials.

There were 72 temples and shrines in Fengdu's Mingshan Mountain before 1949. Unfortunately, many of the temples were ransacked during the Cultural Revolution. Only when China initiated its policy to promote tourism in the early 1980s were some of the temples restored. For today's residents of Fengdu, the wellknown Chinese proverb "Those living on a mountain must live off the mountain" should be revised: those living in the mountains of Fengdu "live off ghosts."

Beginning in 1998, the city

decided to celebrate again the third day of the third month in the Chinese lunar calendar, the wedding anniversary of the Emperor of the Underworld, and his consort.

QUITESCAT IN PACE!

To welcome the bride, red candles line every street of the city and incense burners are lit from one end of town to the other. The locals don frightening masks, to represent the deceased spirits, and parade up and down the streets. At the head of the procession are monsters known as Ox Heads (Niutou) and Horse Faces (Mamian). They are accompanied by Black and White Soulcatchers (Wuchang), grotesque creatures who form the bulk of the retinue. A bizarre pande-· monium takes place, something similar to the Mardi Gras in New Orleans or Bio de Janeiro. The Ghost Festival lasts a full week.

Every year the towns people choose an Empress of the underworld. For seven successive years that infernal honour has gone to Ao Chunhua, a former worker in a chemical plant. She now serves as a tour guide in the Magic Mansion of Ghosts, a recent addition to the city's underworld attractions. Ms Ao has by now become quite familiar with her realm, and is glad to show visitors the underground palaces she claims as Empress.

of souls is decided, but now the city's own fate hangs in the balance. After the completion of the gigantic Three Gorges dam, the whole town and part of Mingshan Mountain will be inundated. The towns people will relocate to the opposite bank of the river. Fengdu will soon become a real ghost town - only a memory and a spot on

For centuries Fengdu has

been the place where the fate

old maps. — Depthnews Asia