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**From Kulim to Singapore:
Catherine Lim's Literary Life**

Peter Wicks

The publication in 1993 by Heinemann Asia of a volume of stories entitled *The Best of Catherine Lim* emphasised the significant contribution which this talented author has made to recent Singaporean fiction. The 1993 edition contains work from five of Catherine Lim's previously published collections, from *Little Ironies* (1978) to *Deadline for Love* (1992), and reflects the confidence which her publishers usually have in her capacity to draw a strong local reading audience. In fact, a Catherine Lim book is quite capable of attracting sales of 20,000 copies in a first edition.¹

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Catherine Lim is one of several richly talented writers who have emerged in Singapore during the last fifteen years, a mark of substantial change that finds more general parallels in Singaporean national life. A range of creative people in Singapore's arts and letters have undoubtedly benefited from greater openness in public policy, especially since 1990, as well as Singapore's remarkable economic and social achievements. With per capita Gross National Product now well over \$US24,000, Singaporeans are wealthier and able to enjoy the additional leisure time accordingly available for reading. In one recent year alone, more than 2,500 books and pamphlets were published in the four official languages of Singapore, with almost 80% of them in English. The gross output of Singapore's publishing industry in 1990 was S\$1.7 billion, with an export value reported at \$370 million. "In speaking to industry personnel," observed S Gopinathan from the National Book Development Council of Singapore in 1992, "one is struck by the general confidence they exhibit.... there is a general perception that much greater opportunities exist for creative writers."² Major bookshops like *Times* and *MPH* consciously devote prominent space to displays of literary works by Singaporean authors. There are highly competitive, prestigious annual awards for local literary excellence. First editions of Singaporean books can typically become local bestsellers. Stories and poems by local wordsmiths appear regularly in the weekend press, and there is ample evidence that Singaporean fiction attracts public attention.

For instance, in September 1992, the Weekend Edition of the Singapore *Business Times* carried a full page of reflections by Catherine Lim on Singapore's national identity, and on the public and private lives of contemporary Singaporeans.³ Lim herself has long held the view that a Singaporean culture cannot emerge simply by official decree or public campaigns,

but that old people, school children, taxi drivers, and even storytellers may have a better idea.

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Some of the scholarly debate on the nature of biography as a narrative form has application to a portrait of Catherine Lim. In a recent study of the "new" biography entitled *Telling Women's Lives*, the American scholar Linda Wagner-Martin describes female life-stories as less formulaic and linear than those of men, pointing out that "most women's lives are a tightly woven mesh of public and private events," thus producing a "combined public private identity."⁴ Norman Denzin alternatively calls these the "surface" and "deep" levels of life.⁵ Wagner-Martin also goes on to delineate some of the particular questions that arise in writing women's biography, such as: "What are the accomplishments in a woman's life? What motivation has driven the subject's choices?" and "What led the subject to do more than lead a traditional woman's life?"⁶ The last is a fair question in the Malaysian and Singaporean contexts, amongst many. Indeed, all of Wagner-Martin's questions, as well as the concept of a public-private identity, seem particularly helpful in unravelling the web that is Catherine Lim's life and literary work. In her discussion of *Writing a Woman's Life*, Carolyn Heilbrun calls for "an understanding of women whose lives include risk and the desire for individual achievement in the public world, as well as, or in place of, marital love."⁷

III

Malaysian-born Catherine Lim has been the most prolific by far of Singaporean authors. At the latest count, she has published eight collections of short stories, two novels, a traveller's tale, and a volume of poetry, as well as two academic theses, reflective essays, and conference papers. An experienced teacher of English language, curriculum consultant, and now free-lance author, she is renowned for her ironic dissection of human behaviour amongst contemporary Singaporeans, and especially, though not exclusively, the majority of the population who are ethnic Chinese. The qualities of human relationships, especially love, hurt, fidelity and betrayal, are her forte. Essentially, she has been able to distil the flip-side of prosperity amidst the range of social strata in Singapore.

As fashion pages and feature articles frequently attest, Lim is a prominent member of Singapore's English-educated elite. In recent years, her columns in the *Straits Times* newspaper have sometimes attested to her capacity for dissent from the Singaporean Establishment, particularly on feminist issues, and she even became politically controversial with her published remarks on the distant governing style of the People's Action Party. It was significant, though, that Lim quickly and conspicuously apologised for her reflection on senior Government Ministers, testimony to the fact that she is essentially a living encapsulation of the immigrant success story that defines contemporary Singapore. Truly, she is one of its brightest and best.

For Catherine Lim, it all began in the small, isolated, overseas Chinese frontier town of Kulim, in the Malaysian state

of Kedah, 54 years ago.⁸ The British ruled Malaysia then, and her father, Chew Chin Hoi, worked as an accountant to the nearby rubber plantation. Lim was the eighth child in a large, boisterous Hokkien family of four boys and ten girls, and she imbibed a love of story-telling from fond, loquacious relatives. Early visits to her grandparents in Penang were special occasions:

"As a child, I remember being part of a charmed circle of small lit-up faces in the magic lantern-light of Grandfather's storytelling.

A cockroach ran across a child's toes, and the child screamed. Grandfather told a story about a cockroach.

Aunt of the Black Mole and the Severe Voice yanked up a child and shrilled 'Bedtime!' Grandfather told a story of a woodcutter's wife whom a fairy punished by covering her face with exactly one hundred warts. We laughed. The magic was never allowed to be broken."⁹

Many of Catherine Lim's stories are drawn from these recollections of childhood and her observations of the townsfolk in their daily lives, which continue to echo down the years. The British novelist, Rosamund Lehmann has spoken evocatively of "a sense that I was bound to write. I never considered anything else as a possibility for my future," and of "beginning to write stories almost as soon as I could write... I realized I was doing what I was born for ..."¹⁰ Catherine Lim's passion for narrative was at least as great as Rosamund Lehmann's. As an adolescent, she took over the role of neighbourhood storyteller, when at night after school she would sit outside the family shophouse in Kulim, already entertaining a youthful, eager audience with tales drawn from the Chinese immigrant experience in Kulim and Penang. In fact, Kulim is for Catherine Lim what Jackson, Mississippi, was for the American novelist, Eudora Welty, who observed:

"I wanted to, and I still do, regard it as a base, which helps me in writing. I feel it's some sort of touchstone. It's what I check up by, in the sense that I know it so well I don't have to wonder about whether I have got it right."¹¹

Schooling for Catherine Lim involved attendance at Catholic convents in Kulim and Bukit Mertajam in Kedah, and at the prestigious Penang Free School. She recalls "a staple diet of Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and in our younger days, Enid Blyton ..."¹² Her academic success, especially in English language and literature, took her on to the University of Malaya and into Malaya's Anglo-educated elite, though the influence of a Chinese immigrant milieu remained just below the surface. Graduation from the University of Malaya was followed by a teaching career, marriage, and two children. In 1970, she moved with her immediate family out of Malay-controlled Malaysia and over into predominantly Chinese Singapore. There followed a period of tremendous academic achievement and a successful educational career. Physically, Lim has long escaped what she once called "the quiet desperation of years lived out in a small slow town."¹³ It is Anglo-Chinese, cosmopolitan Singapore where she chooses to live and work. There she (mostly) feels secure, comfortable, acknowledged, and familiar. She fulfils

Ruth Morse's notion of Singapore having a small, mostly female, essentially "safe" creative intelligentsia who generally play the literary game within officially determined rules.¹⁴ Certainly, Lim is particularly conscious of the pull of family, generation, status, and propriety upon human beings as they struggle for individuality, and she has a formidable sense of cultural place and human frailty.

IV

Lim's literary career began with the publication of a slim, unassuming volume entitled *Little Ironies*, by Heinemann Asia in 1978. *Little Ironies* enjoyed astonishing success, based in part on its novelty but also on its sense of the familiar. During 1978 alone, all the first print run of 3,000 copies sold out, and the collection has since been reprinted many times to meet local and overseas demand. It is destined to become a Singaporean literary classic.

Earthy dimensions of a classic Sinic milieu permeate *Little Ironies*. The book begins on a chillingly sombre note with a portrait of a coarse, brutal father who is habitually drunk, mistreats his wife, and terrifies his children. Erratic and temperamental one evening after losing his job, the father strikes his young daughter, Mui Mui, "aged eight and perpetually sick and whining like a kitten."¹⁵ Mui Mui becomes an innocent victim of parental rage when she dies from the after effects of her father's assault. Gripped by remorse, the father (who is never dignified with a personal name) devotedly attends his daughter's gravesite, trying to give her in death all that he had denied her in life. The story of "'Me Father," with its realism and pathos, strong imagery and economical expression, set a standard for all of Catherine Lim's subsequent work. Later in the collection, Lim parodies the futility of human greed in tales of the Chinese community like "Paper", where middleclass dreams of rapid material fortune literally end in the ashes of burnt paper currency. "Miss Pereira" is the tale of a wealthy middle-aged lady seduced and forsaken by a worthless young gigolo, a shrewd commentary on the pitfalls of human loneliness. There is an elegant wistfulness in "Miss Pereira" that is worthy of Jane Austen. Meanwhile, in stories like "The Teacher" and "Adeline Ng Ai Choo," there are self-satisfied pedagogues who instruct their pupils but do not listen to them, often with disastrous human consequences like child suicide. While tut-tutting over poor grammar and sloppy spelling, the teachers miss a cry for help from an unhappy child. In "The Journey", vocational ambition merely results in terminal illness, and involves a symbolic journey for the afflicted main character back from hospital-rich Singapore to the herbal remedies of a Malaysian Chinese village. As the author herself has pointed out, the stories that made up *Little Ironies* "bubbled with Chineseness."¹⁶

From a linguistic point of view, the most striking piece in *Little Ironies* is the breathless monologue of "The Taximan's Story," in which a driver loudly laments the fate of Singaporean youth in colourful, idiomatic Singaporean English (or "Singlish"), only to discover that his own precious daughter has strayed from the paths of righteousness. Consider the admixture of verbs, nouns, pronouns, plurals, singulars, and phrases in this piece of staccato:

"Very good, Madam, sure *will* take you there in plenty good time for your meeting, madam. This way better, less traffic, less car jams. Half hour should make it, so not to worry.

What is it you say, madam? Yes, yes, ha, ha, been taximan for twenty years now, madam. Long time ago, Singapore not like this - so crowded, so busy. Last time more peaceful, not so much taximen, or so much cars and buses.

Yes, madam, can make a living. So, so. What to do. Must work hard if one wants to success in Singapore."¹⁷

Nowhere has Lim's ear for the "Singlish" vernacular been better encapsulated.

Lim's second volume, *Or Else, the Lightning God, and Other Stories* appeared in 1980. While the themes and concerns of *Little Ironies* persisted in these next eighteen tales, there was a heightened emphasis on the fragility of human relationships. In particular, the source of human fear was shown not only as a manifestation of flaws within a person's character, but as a product of cultural superstitions like the "lightning god." In thematic terms, Lim had more directly moved on claustrophobic Chinese immigrant traditions. The collection kicks off with the biting irony of "Father and Son," where a family's long-awaited male child, the dream of every Chinese patriarch, grows into an effeminate transvestite who parades along Bugis Street only to be angrily denounced and publicly disowned by his father. Here Lim challenges the Chinese cultural disposition towards sons rather than daughters, weaving in a scene of some local notoriety as well. She also highlights the psychic dangers of wanting anything too much. Then the collection moves to the enigmatic "Unseeing," a fable of frigidity and infidelity in which certain marital home truths are revealed in death where they had been veiled in life. In "Kenneth Jerome Rozario," the romantic yearnings of a displaced Eurasian youth are doomed, like James Dean, to tragic fulfilment. Actually, the poignant and seemingly predetermined end to "Kenneth Jerome Rozario" was enough to arouse the ire of some leading Eurasians in Singapore, who subsequently petitioned the Ministry of Education to withdraw *Or Else* from secondary school English textbook lists. According to Victor Olsen, president of Singapore's Eurasian Association, Catherine Lim had "seriously insulted the Eurasian community by her derogatory, distasteful, and sweeping statements" in that book.¹⁸ For her part, Lim calmly replied that "Kenneth Jerome Rozario" was "simply a story on human foibles, which could apply to any group."¹⁹ Certainly, the disputation alerted her to some covert but possible communal perils in creative writing, and it must be said that her writing does little to dispel the essential marginality of Eurasian existence in contemporary Singaporean society. The negative dimensions of "Kenneth Jerome Rozario" may effectively be contrasted with Rex Shelley's award-winning book, *The Shrimp People* (1991), which furnishes an impressive portrait of vivid integrity amongst Singapore's Eurasian community over time. As personified by the central characters of the Rodrigues family, Shelley's Eurasians are not marginal, post-colonial oddities, but an engaging, multi-dimensional community who laugh, cry, work, play, dream, struggle, gossip, and intrigue, just like any other. They may not be Malay, Chinese, Indian, European, or Arab, but they are

integral, patriotic participants in Singapore nonetheless.

Other tales in *Or Else, the Lightning God* place Lim on safer ground, with the delicately-stylised "The Reporter," where what you see is not at all what you get. Then there is the superb parody on greed in "Durian," where the prose graphically evokes the addictive, sensual, even subtly erotic appeal of this popular fruit, but the theme indicates that addiction eventually breeds revulsion.

The most rounded and convincing portrait in *Or Else* is undoubtedly "A P Velloo." This plain old former clerk of the British Army in Singapore loves Shakespeare, reads newspapers, befriends little children, and cares passionately about the sorry state of the world. Misunderstood, patronised and downtrodden, A P Velloo still believes that a letter to the *Straits Times* can help change things. When it does not, he defiantly dreams of standing for Parliament, but wrapped in a newspaper, he falls weakly asleep in the sun instead. This story can well be read as a metaphor for the state of dissent in Singapore. A nascent hint of political comment could be found in Lim's story of "A P Velloo," and this broader concern would return in a more direct literary form seven years later.

Meanwhile, the supernatural and the macabre constituted the focus of Catherine Lim's next volume of short stories called *They Do Return*, a clever, haunting collection published in 1983, and based on her own and other reported experiences of rather eerie, bizarre episodes from childhood to middle age. Lim observed that:

"People like myself, more comfortable in English than Chinese, appear so secure that we scoff at the superstitions. But deep down there is a fear, a certain concession that education can't remove."²⁰

However, the inquisitive and precocious qualities of Lim's personality could not be contained for very long. *O Singapore! Stories in Celebration* (1989) was a daring and unconventional effort both in topics and form. The author herself called it "one big caper"²¹, but there was a distinct shift in style and intent here. The eight pieces in *O Singapore!* read more like essays on social and political issues than short stories in a narrative or episodic sense, although an overall fictional form is carefully preserved. Here was a composed, confident, versatile writer prepared, light-heartedly, both to experiment with literary constraints and to mock the sacred cows of Singapore's propriety. The hints of "A P Velloo" are fully realised in *O Singapore!* Puns and paradoxes, fun and naughtiness abound as Lim takes on sanctimonious civil servants, neoConfucian ideology, the Social Enhancement (match-making) Unit, the "Stop at Two" population policy, the grasping behavioural quality of *kia-suism* (or fear of losing), the lecherous "humsubism" of many Singaporean males, the official habit of "campaigns," and even the country's system of literary censorship. Lim's ear for idiomatic Singaporean English remained as true as ever. In the story "Goonalaan's Beard," she had the oracular, outspoken, fictional Opposition politician proclaim:

"We Singaporeans, we get more and more materialistic!...
We only think of money. When Singaporean born, marry, make

love, even die, can only think of money. Got money in their eyes, got money flow out of their cars, I tell you."²²

Naturally, at the end of that particular story, the gloomy, self-critical Goonalaan missed out on election to Parliament. *O Singapore!* really tested the capacity of educated Singaporeans to laugh at themselves.

Nowhere is Catherine Lim's essentially ironic vision of Singapore more apparent than in her first attempt at sustained fiction in the form of a novel, *The Serpent's Tooth*, first published in 1982. Its theme was the generational tension between two strong, wilful female characters in the same Chinese extended family. A chronic clash between the narrator of the novel, a brittle, manipulative, Westernised sophisticate named Angela Toh, and her old, doughty, illiterate mother-in-law, is ostensibly resolved on the latter's death through age. To regard the novel as merely rehashed Chinese melodrama, as at least one critic has suggested²³, is to miss its essential subtlety and complexity. In Catherine Lim's worldview, human relationships are rarely as simple or transparent as they may first appear. Overshadowing an intricate plot of greed, ambition, and betrayal lies an ancestral, immigrant canopy, replete with cultural traits like ancestor-worship, filial piety, reverence for property, marital fidelity, and educational competitiveness. It is this compound "serpent's tooth" of Chinese tradition that continues to bite the aspirations of the younger Toh family members towards modernity. Although Angela seems to triumph over Old Mother, she is clearly not as "Orchard Road" as she would like us to believe. In her indulgence towards her children, her anxiety over the fate of relatives, her desire for things to be done properly, and her persistent concern not to lose face, Angela Toh is a worthy successor to her mother-in-law. Readers are shown that contemporary Singaporean women, too, feel the nagging pull of customary behaviour. Catherine Lim's own daughter, Jean, says that her mother "writes about a generation I cannot really relate to - stories about Chinese culture, traditional grandmothers and all that."²⁴

In January, 1992, approaching her fiftieth year, Lim left full-time employment to concentrate on several writing projects and on some private tutorial consultancies of her own choosing. She sought the independence and capacity for solitude of the dedicated writer, and a fair measure of productive leisure.

It has not, though, been a completely smooth path in personal terms. Lim's marriage disintegrated and ended in divorce in 1982. As she recalled in an interview with the *Business Times* ten years later:

"I was married to a person who was extremely conservative without being aware of it; a very good husband but on his own terms. I stepped out of that marriage."²⁵

This stepping-out was a very painful event that eventually came to the surface in a book of short stories, *The Shadow of a Shadow of a Dream*, which was published in 1987. Subtitled *Love Stories of Singapore*, this is actually a sweet-bitter collection, each piece of which ends in tragedy, or poignancy, or both. The increasing breadth of Lim's social experience

permeates *The Shadow*, where she handles, with convincing aplomb, the hopes of selfish "yuppie" Singaporean Chinese males (and the predicaments of their unfortunate wives). Other characters include a misshapen lonely Indian doorman, an ugly prostitute, a spoilt, unhappy teenage girl, and a university student ashamed of her poor background. The basic theme is the search for human warmth and affection in a society where these are not conspicuous commodities but where, in fact, so much can thwart and pervert this natural quest in life, including unwarranted ambition, snobbishness, envy, shame, indifference, neglect, the pull of irrational tradition, and even sheer idiosyncrasy. The portrait of a forlorn, hapless, and eventually suicidal Singaporean Indian in the story of "Muniandy" is especially evocative, and embodies the melancholy tone of the work.

As a consequence of her personal disillusionment, it is fair to observe that Lim is consistently harder on her male characters than the females. Really most of the men in her stories are cruel, opportunistic, selfcentred, foolish, or just plain hopeless at human relationships. Really only A P Velloo, the weary pensioner from *Or Else, the Lightning God*, and Richard, the cancerstricken young man in "The Journey," emerge with a certain masculine dignity amidst misfortune. Business failure and/or death are more frequent fates.

The theme of love unfulfilled or denied returned in the collection of short stories, *Deadline for Love*, and in the volume of poetry that Lim finally published under the title of *Love's lonely impulses* in 1992. In the title story of *Deadline for Love*, a successful career woman does a stock-take of her situation at the ripened age of 37. She has a profession, financial security, health, and a comfortable flat to live in, but no husband. Her quest for a partner in life becomes obsessive. However, whilst her quest for romance and marriage ultimately proves fruitful, her husband turns out to be actively and exclusively homosexual, and openly so in her own flat. The marriage so longed for is no more than hollow farce. *Deadline for Love* also revealed the author's capacity for explicitness, both in theme and language.

So much of the verse in *Love's lonely impulses* is so intensely personal and autobiographical that the author must be commended for her courage in marital adversity, especially in a relatively small, face-to face society like Singapore's. In one particular brief passage of verse, titled "The Cynic," Lim observes:

I heard all around me
The crash
Of love in ruins.
Love holds
The seeds of its own destruction."²⁶

In another poem, "Ex-wife," comes this didacticism from Lim as former teacher and wife to a "divorced friend":

"Ex-Wife
Hateful prefix, this,
That proclaims
Negation, Nullity, No-thing.
But, dear Margaret,

Do not be
Husked empty of life.
Do not be
Ex-wife
And
Ex-human being." ²⁷

Perhaps not surprisingly, there followed in 1993 *The Woman's Book of Superlatives*, a collection of short stories linked around the theme of woman as victim in various cultural contexts. Lim generalises in her Prologue that "neither history nor geography have been protective of women," and asserts that she has been moved by what she calls -images of suffering women for all time."²⁸ In graphic fashion, through a series of fictive episodes, Lim takes up the issues of child abuse by an indolent father, sexual harassment in the office and its enormous potential for misinterpretation, child brides and multiple wives, urban prostitution, bridal certificates of virginity, enforced sterilisation, domestic violence in a remote plantation setting, and breach of promise. It is certainly Lim's heaviest work thus far. To help enliven the serious, sombre litany, Lim again employs a favourite literary technique of ironic juxtaposition. She begins each tale with a recorded instance of the worshipful deification of women in well-known ancient myths, and then contrasts this imagery with an episode of gritty reality. It is, she maintains, a "cruel gap."²⁹

Lim's recent life has, of course, been much more than a meditation on cruelty and disintegration in human relationships. She affirms the joy and wonder of human life too much for that, and also likes to challenge conformity and stereotype just a little. Her impish humour and the taste for luxury associated with a successful career prompted her to put out the outrageously self indulgent traveller's tale, *Meet Me on the Queen Elizabeth 2!* in 1993.

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To be lucky enough to meet Catherine Lim in person is to be uplifted by enthusiasm, entertained by tall tales, charmed by chuckles, cautioned by ironic twists, and educated by a melancholy reserve. She is fascinated by ideas, especially by unfamiliar ones from the natural sciences, medicine, and psychology. She has the born teacher's wish to improve by precept and example. In dress style, she exhibits a belated but genuine preference for the colourful *cheongsam*, or traditional Chinese female formal dress, albeit with a modem cut. She is vivacious, personable, industrious, disciplined, opinionated, sophisticated, celebrated, and fashionably elegant, yet capable of great generosity and empathy. Imaginatively, she is at home both in the sparse Chinese immigrant history of small-town Malaysia, and in the cosmopolitan, hectic, materialistic, prosperous, contemporary city of Singapore. No doubt since 1992 Lim has relished the chance to write as the idea and impulse take her, rather than merely in spasmodic bites between classes, memoranda, and committees. But more than professional success and spare time are involved in this output. There are significant lines of continuity in her work. In personal terms, each of Lim's recent publications echoes the memories of a Chinese upbringing in Kedah, Malaysia, the rejection of teenage convent school Catholicism, and the collapse of her marriage in divorce in 1982, overlaid by a consequent fair measure of

guilt, regret, and disenchantment. The end of her marriage left her, she says, with "a feeling of remorse".³⁰

"Well, Catholicism glorifies the sanctity of marriage, the sanctity of the family, and if you step out of it, you must carry a burden of guilt. I experienced remorse in the first year after we were separated because I was so happy but my husband was not."³¹

But even in Lim's girlhood, divorce, known by the Hokkien term *lee hoon*, brought with it strong social stigma, and women in the immigrant Chinese towns of Malaysia whose marriages were broken were regarded "with pity, sorrow and disapproval."³² Even with her personal happiness as a single professional woman, Lim has a genuine sense of this religious and cultural burden.

In literary terms, despite her brave ventures into a novel and poetry, there remains her preference for the episodic form and brevity of the short story, as well as that ironic twist and empathy for the underdog which Robert Yeo detected more than a decade ago.³³ Sometimes, as various critics have pointed out, the characterisation may be too slender and one-dimensional, or the use of English language is too mannered, or the sentence construction is occasionally too lengthy and complex.³⁴ But she has a wonderful and varied imagination, and above all, she remains an author "noted for her keen observations of people and their foibles."³⁵ There is also that capacity to evoke a Chinese immigrant past and that marvellous, refreshing sense of the absurd, qualities well encapsulated in her latest novel, *The Bondmaid* (1995). Significantly, Lim decided to publish this rather bawdy exploration of Chinese domestic relationships herself. Now, it seems, with political fortunes permitting, her talents and her taste for celebrity will take her towards writing for stage and screen, both in the United States and Singapore. In Wager-Martin's terms for biography outlined earlier, the public and private identities in Catherine Lim's life and work continue to jostle for pre-eminence. Sadly, though, there is unlikely to be another *Little Ironies*, at least in conventional literary form.

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Appendix:

The Creative Writings of Catherine Lim

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2. *Or Else, the Lightning God and Other Stories*. Singapore: Heinemann Asia, 1980.

3. *The Serpent's Tooth: A Novel*. Singapore: Times Book International, 1982.

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