

Heading to China to Teach at Nanjing University as a Fulbright Professor

Yes! I would be teaching American Literature in China, on a Fulbright, for the year 1985-86! I had studied Chinese for several years and heard from a fellow student of his Fulbright teaching in Dalian (not a pleasant experience, he said). So I applied and asked specifically for Nanjing, knowing that it was not a provincial university unused to foreigners like the one my friend had taught in, but one of the ten “key” universities, with a lot of foreign students, located on the Yangtse, several hours from Shanghai in Jiangsu Province.

I immediately set about contacting Huang Zhongwen, the chairman of the Foreign Language Department at Nanjing Da Sue (Nanda for short), asking what courses I would be teaching. No word from him to me, but, lo! A letter came from him to the president of Chicago State, asking for an invitation to come to our university and discuss the possibility of an exchange program. He would be in Wisconsin around May 1. His letter never let on that he knew someone from Chicago State would be coming to Nanjing. The letter was handed to me, so I inserted myself between him and our president, and replied, stating that I was looking forward to coming to Nanjing and would be glad to introduce him around at Chicago State. He answered my letter with a request to visit widely-scattered literary spots in Illinois and Michigan, still without acknowledging that I would be coming to Nanjing. A banquet was arranged by my university to honor Huang Zhongwen, and I wrote notifying him of our plans, but he never responded. Finally, on the day he was to arrive at the University of Wisconsin with an entourage from Nanjing, I called the president's office there and learned that he had made no mention of any plans to go anywhere else, and he was scheduled to speak with someone there on the day our banquet was planned. I arranged to have him flown to Chicago the following morning and picked up the next morning back in Madison, in time for his appointment. Thus I forcefully made contact with him, and in the process, helped him get the exchange with our university that he desired to take credit for getting on his own. Yes, and “exchange” meant that we would send him a teacher and he would send us a student, and we would pay for the whole exchange. Our professor would get about 600 yuan a month—twice what the Chinese professors earned. What I got out of this exchange (I paid his airfare from and to Wisconsin and chauffeured him around Chicago) was the information about my classes. I would teach American Lit to an undergraduate section and to a graduate section of about 15, and “senior composition” to about 55. I refused the composition and offered instead to teach a video course called Images of America to older students who were going or had been to America, if he could get the equipment to show my Beta tapes. He left, assuring me that he would send me a letter letting me get through customs with any videotapes or equipment I would bring. He never wrote a word, so I spent the rest of the summer writing to him detailing the courses I planned to teach, ordering and sending the books. Giving up on the chairman of the Nanjing Foreign Language dept., I began sending my course plans to the head of the English section, whose name I had learned from the Fulbright. I sent the list of videos I could offer, if they had the right equipment--a Beta machine that played NTSC tapes. I sent

this request even to the waiban (Foreign Affairs office) since no one was answering my letters. After all this effort, still never having heard from anyone at Nanda other than the waiban who assured me that someone would meet me in Beijing, I arrived in Beijing with the 7 system VCR, capable of playing NTSC Beta and Pal (the Chinese system) and a TV, all purchased in Hong Kong. No one met me in spite of the waiban's written assurances that that someone would be there. Some tapes were taken away by customs because I had no document or even letter from Nanjing saying that I was to be teaching there.

Arrival

*Going on always on and on
alive, but parted from you
gone ten thousand miles and more
each to a far edge of the sky*

*the road is hard and long
with nothing sure about meeting again
Tartar horses lean to the northern wind
Viet birds nest on southern boughs*

*days advance, the parting grows long
days advance, the sash grows loose
floating clouds hide the bright sun
the wanderer can think of no return*

*loving you I became old
suddenly the time is late--
enough I speak no more
try hard to stay well*

Anonymous, Poem in the Ancient Style, Tr Charles Hartman, Sunflower Splendor 30-31

Once in Hong Kong, I began my series of letters to my parents:

Sunday, 8/18/85

From my hotel room at the YMCA International House in Hong Kong, on my new Canon typewriter, I begin my journal. The portable computer I wanted to buy is a US product, though made in Japan, and is not yet available here, so I decided on a light correctable typewriter instead. Yours is the first letter I have written.

The flight to Japan was loaded with Japanese schoolchildren returning from holiday in the U.S. and members of the Mormon Tabernacle choir going on a singing tour of Japan. I slept a lot on the plane and arrived late at night and got a full night's sleep, so I was ready to go out and spend a lot of money on Saturday. I went to the Ocean Terminal, by the ferry, where there is a shopping complex unlike anything I've ever seen; I've never seen so many electronics shops together in one place. I bought a 7-systems Beta VCR and a 7-systems

JVC TV, so I can show my movies. I also bought a short-wave radio and tape player, this typewriter and a small headset--all for under \$1500.

There's a small church across the street, so I and a friend I met at breakfast here at the Y went. Later we went to the Sung Dynasty Village, a recreation of life as it was in tenth century China--street operas, monkey shows, fortune tellers, street vendors and acrobats, climaxing in a wedding ceremony and a mini-opera. All the performers were in costume, in an authentic setting of hand-carved wooden buildings with winding streets and a meandering stream. I took a lot of pictures, especially of the monkeys and roofs and the wedding.

Tomorrow I'm going to Hong Kong to get my airline ticket to China. While there I'm going to have lunch with Eric Bremner from ABC Worldwide TV news (a friend of Novelene's). He knows someone who's a member of the Hong Kong yacht club, so we're going to stop by there to see if I can get a burgee for our yacht club. I got one in San Francisco from the St. Francis Yacht Club.

Hong Kong is the most extraordinary city, pulsating with life. You can be in the most plush environment one minute and among the most elementary people the next. The YMCA hotel where I'm staying is located in the Chinese section of town, so when I come home, I'm once more among the colorful Chinese shops and street vendors. I feel very comfortable here.

Hong Kong

Stifling in summer heat

I love Hong Kong's mountains, busy streets and harbors.,

I am getting close to the heart of China at last;

I meet Westerners here helping the Chinese ;

I ply them with questions : "What is the mainland like?"

*They seem to be staying at a safe distance,
speculating from the outside.*

offering the same paranoid ideas

horror stories favored by the Taiwanese:

"Its oppressive--you'll be watched"--

(In China I found they told the same horror stories of life in Taiwan.)

CAAC

All my packages wrapped into one mighty parcel,

I set off on my long flight north into China, .

I had read amusing stories of CAAC, China's own airline--

*how you're asked to all move to the front of the plane (or the back)
to help the plane take off.*

I did notice that there was no one sitting in the mid-section.

Dear Folks,

8/24/85

It was so good to talk to you on Dad's birthday. It made me feel that you are not really so far away after all.

I enjoyed my six days in Hong Kong. Besides shopping, I did a lot of sight-seeing. I rode the ferry over to Hong Kong many times and took buses all over the island, looking at Repulse Bay and Discovery Bay and Deep Water Bay, where the old China clippers would have sailed into. I had dinner with a Chinese couple at their club where the initiation fee is \$150,000!

My flight to Beijing was uneventful, except that I had to pay \$150 overweight charge because of my TV, VCR, etc. purchased in Hong Kong. I was horrified to see that the baggage handlers had ruined my large suitcase. They had thrown it onto some sharp pointed thing, so that it was punctured and ripped open and a wool skirt was ripped. They replaced it, but with a much heavier, poorer quality and less capacious one.

When I arrived there were two people from the American Embassy to meet me, but no one from Nanjing U, though they had said they would send someone. As a result, Chinese customs took ten tapes I was bringing with me and are holding them until 8/26--so that they can copy them we think. Other than that, everything is going well.

Arriving in Beijing, where I was to visit on my own for a week, staying at the Foreign Languages Institute, I had a bad first impression. My large suitcase was broken and I had to fill out a form. No one from the university met me (as the Waiban had written they would), so I had no proof -- the stamp the Chinese love to affix to all documents to give them a legal look. As a result, a Customs' official had taken away a box of ten tapes and I did not know how to get them back. Someone from the American Embassy was there--Bill Powell--in that dreadful heat. He was helpful. There was a relative of Cheng Yang Borchert, my Chinese teacher from Chicago, with a car. He was going to take me to the Language Institute where I would meet her and Bill; they were working on a joint project to make language videotapes.

My next shock came when I got to the Language Institute, where I had to carry my immense box with TV, VCR, radio & typewriter up 5 flights to the small room across from a fragrant toilet. The only western-style (sit down) toilet was on the 2nd floor, and Cheng had to negotiate for the privilege of using it. I was to learn that in China one generally starts out with nothing and has to negotiate for everything as a privilege given. In return one has to do favors. There I also was introduced to the Chinese school dining system. One purchases the meal tickets in advance--in denominations of 1 mao, 5 fen or 1 fen. That took me a while--to learn all the fens, but once I understood the small currency, I could shop anywhere in China, for most things cost only a few yuan, mao or fen. In all the university dining halls (shitang) we ordered our food at a window which displayed the dishes available. For breakfast there were always baozis or steamed buns filled with veggies or meat (rou baozi). You could always order eggs scrambled (jin jidan) or fried (jian jidan) or boiled (always ready). You could usually get freshly toasted bread (kao mianbao). There were delicious pastries stuffed with finely chopped nuts, fruits, dates, bean paste. These were seasonal, e.g., yuebing were at the moon festival time in October. There were usually baozi in the morning steamed buns stuffed with either meat (rou) or vegetable

(cai). They were delicious. There were also doughy sweet or vegetable baked rolls, with the flavor added to the dough. I developed a taste for all Chinese pastries.

Taking three buses into Beijing landed me in Tiananmen Square, along with thousands of Chinese. My first impression of hordes of Chinese was appalling. I was horrified. They seemed in every age and condition, but all looked poor. They were squatting and spitting and puking. They lacked the sparkle and dash of American tourists. Though they smiled and looked with eagerness at the sights, they seemed intimidated before the vast monumental spaces and buildings. They hadn't the pride of ownership of Americans who are accustomed to boast "This is ours" over all their inheritance. The Chinese didn't project themselves onto their public treasures. Rather, they seemed like children allowed to play in them. Rather than the wide boulevards like Dongchang'an Jie with their great hotels and international buildings, the smaller side streets seemed to belong to them, e.g. Wangfujing in Beijing, with the Arts and Crafts Building in which I bought so many batiks.

*I cross the river to pluck hibiscus,
In the orchid marsh, many scented plants.
I pluck, but whom should I give them to?
For my love resides in a distant land.
Turning my head, I look toward home,
Along that vast and endless road.
Our hearts are one, yet we dwell apart,
Worrying and grieving till we grow old.*

Anonymous, Poem in the Ancient Style, Tr. Dell R. Hales, Sunflower Splendor 31)

8/26/85

Dear Folks,

It was good talking to you on Dad's birthday. It made me feel the distance is not so great.

I'm staying at the Beijing Language Institute, way north of the city, where all the universities and institutes are. It takes an hour on the bus to get into town, but the ride is like a tour of Beijing. I can't believe the crowds. I got a little used to all the people in Hong Kong, but here there are even more, pushing and shoving to get on the buses, swarming on the sidewalks, driving donkey carts, pedaling cargo-laden carts. And I have never seen so many bicycles in my life--all black and one speed. If all these people drove cars, there would be chaos.

The day after I arrived, I spent the whole day walking from Tian'anmen Square eastward, soaking up the atmosphere. I had lunch at the Beijing Hotel along the way, where the elegant other half (tenth?) live. I walked all around Wangfujing, the area where the Chinese shop. There is an Arts and Crafts Center there with beautiful hand-embroidered linens and beaded bags and batiks and silks. I hope there is a shop like that in Nanjing, because I didn't want to load up with anything here. I already have enough to carry. The shops with ordinary

items like clothes and bedding and household items, however, are bare. I have no temptation to buy.

I have to be back to the campus early if I want to get dinner. Meals at the Institute are only 45 minutes long: 7-7:40 breakfast, 12-12:40 lunch, and 5:45-6:30 dinner. A bell is rung and everyone must leave. It seems like a prison, except that there are always nice people to talk to.

All the university buildings in this district look the same--all grey with red tile roofs. Beijing University is nearby and Beijing Normal down the road. Today I accidentally got off the bus and walked to the wrong side of the street; I couldn't tell the difference between the universities and their entrances. But it's quiet out here--no traffic, no phones ringing. I hope Nanjing University is this quiet, but because it's in the center of town, probably not. But there will be more places within walking distance. Here, everything is an hour away. Taxis are expensive, but everything else seems incredibly cheap. I won't be buying anything here but a winter coat.

I'm discovering Beijing by myself, without any escort. I saw practically the entire city the first day on foot and by bus. I went to the main foreigner hotels and the main Chinese sections. The most beautiful building I saw was the Beijing Union Medical Center (PUMC), built by the Rockefeller Foundation years ago. It's in the classical Chinese style. Tian'anmen Square is impressive in its monumental scale, but ugly in its buildings..

I'm glad this is just a transit point. We're too far out--an hour and a half bus ride into the city. I'm staying on the fourth floor of a foreign student dorm building; to go to the toilet or take a bath, I have to go down to the second floor, to Cheng's. There are no baths or toilets on this floor, only troughs with faucets where everyone washes hair, teeth, clothes, bodies, together. There's no warm water, so far as I've discovered, for bathing, but boiling water (kai shui) day and night for tea. However, it doesn't bother me. I just lower my standard of living and do what I can. I rest more and do less, and so do all the Chinese.

Today I went to the airport to get back the money I paid for my replacement suitcase and to try to get my tapes back. No luck. But while I was there, I walked into a movie crew filming, and they asked me and a young man I was talking to to walk onto the set, so I'm in a Chinese movie. It's entitled *Mong* (Dream). If every it comes to the US, look for me in the airport scene, walking up the escalator behind the man in the business suit .

People are very friendly to me. I've met more Chinese students who are either just back from or just going to or hope to go to America. Today on the bus out to the airport I met a student who was going to Vanderbilt to study engineering. Later I came home in a van with the family of the young man who was in the movie with me. His brother has just got his PhD from Purdue, in mathematical logic; the family just saw off his older brother on his way to Harvard Medical School, and he himself has been accepted at Colorado State in biophysics, but can't get the funding. One student from Malaysia whom I met in Hong Kong is actually going to KU. If he calls you, ask him to tell you how we spent the day in Kowloon at the Sung Dynasty Village.

I spent one day waiting at the customs' office in Beijing where I was told that I could only get my tapes back at the airport. I wasted another day at the airport trying to get them back there. I was told that they had to look at them all to make sure they were not pornographic. I finally realized that I needed somebody with authority. Once the deed (confiscation) was done, no one would take the authority to release them. I needed someone from my university to claim them. Pestering the American Embassy (all these places are miles apart and many miles from the Foreign Languages Institute) I bullied the Chinese assigned to the Fulbright program (Mr Lu who had gone with me to customs) into calling someone from Nanjing University who happened to be in town for a meeting. Over the phone he agreed to go get my tapes. It turned out to be a Mr. Huang Zhixing from the Nanjing Waiban, who had been sent to bring me back! I wondered, Why hadn't he shown up before?

Dear Folks,

8/28/85

I am now staying at the Beijing University Guest House for two days while the Fulbright meeting is in progress. Since I have been in Beijing, I have experienced a lot of frustration on account of Customs and Nanjing University's not helping me. American Embassy personnel have no pull; only Chinese institutions may help. Saturday I spent the morning at the airport trying to get my tapes back, to no avail. They told me to return Monday at 11 to the downtown Customs' office and my tapes would be there.

Sunday it was raining, but in the afternoon it cleared a bit, so Cheng, Bill and I rode our bikes out to the Summer Palace, not far from the Beijing Language Institute, and from there took a mini-van up to Xiangshan (the fragrant mountain, or Xishan--western mountain). It is a series of temples climbing up the mountain. There are pagodas with beautiful views of the countryside. Alas the rains began again, but we just kept going, squooshing in our shoes and dripping wet, our clothes sticking to our skin. More wonderful shops. I must take back what I said about not wanting to buy anything here. The handicrafts--embroidery, carving, and other luxury items were irresistible. We bought many items--embroidered linen tablecloth and napkin sets and tried to keep them dry in plastic bags. Returning to the base of the hill we walked over to I.M. Pei's famous Xiangshan Hotel, where we bought towels to dry off, then went and had a scrumptious dinner for only 10 yuan (about \$3.50) each. Because of its remote location, not many tourists get out there, so they welcome even dripping wet foreigners in pedal pushers and tennis shoes. We took a taxi back to our barren quarters. What a lovely day, in spite of the rain.

Monday morning was impossible. I took an 8:15 bus to the American Embassy, arriving about 10:30, hoping to find some help for my retrieving my tapes. Mr. Lu, a Chinese at the embassy, got a car and driver and took me to Customs, but after an hour of talking, they still would not release the tapes, saying they had no proof that I was going to Nanjing U. to teach. They wanted to see a letter from the Ministry of Education or Nanjing U. to that effect. Huang Zhongwen had not supplied me with such a letter, though I had written him five

times on the subject. And since no one from the university had met my plane, I had no proof that I was going there, except some letter in English, which they could not read. So I gave up and returned, via three buses, to the Language Institute.

Cheng and I rode bicycles over to the summer palace that afternoon. She knew the place well, from having grown up here. What a lovely park. I could imagine the imperial court moving out there, sitting in the various pavilions around the lake, cooling off during the hot summer months in Beijing. Afterwards we dined in a little privately-owned restaurant, since all the publically owned ones had closed at 5 p.m., in spite of all the business they could do, as the park stays open till 8 p.m.

Tuesday was a waste. I had hoped to move over to the Friendship Hotel where the rest of the Fulbrights were staying. I had my bags packed by 8:30 a.m., and was downstairs waiting for someone from Nanjing to come and move me. After waiting a few hours, I called the Embassy to see if they knew where Nanjing's representatives were. They knew nothing. That went on all day. I would keep calling the Embassy; they in turn would call the Ministry of Education. Finally, by 3 p.m., I was told that a Mr. Huang had left at noon to come for me. He arrived about 4:30 with the news that there was no room reserved for me at the Hotel. I would have to stay on at the Beijing Language Institute. I took Huang (really a nice guy and not to blame for the mess he inherited because Nanjing didn't do a thing for me in advance) to the phone and let him tell his story to the Embassy. The Embassy had sent a list of the Fulbrights to the Ministry of Education, which then was supposed to notify the host institutions, who were supposed to make reservations for us. Nanjing had done nothing. Fortunately, the Embassy found a room at the Beijing U. Guest House for two nights. I still don't know where I'll go after that. I've come to the conclusion there's so much irresponsibility here that you have to make a fuss to get anything. If I hadn't kept on everybody, I would still be sitting in my squalid little cell at the Language Insititute and wouldn't ever have attended a meeting or made any connection with Nanjing.

*Long I sighed and my tears I wiped away--
I grieved that people could suffer so much.
Though I have loved virtue and curbed my emotions,
I was reviled in the morning and rejected at night.*

*Listless and distressed, I stood irresolute.
Alas, that alone I should be in trouble at this time!
I'd rather die a quick death than to wander in exile,
But I could never allow much to assume such mannners*

*That hawks would not flock with common birds
Has been true since ancient times.
How could a square fit into a circle,
And people of diverse views live peacefully together?*

I'd humble my heart and curb my ambition;

*I'd endure reproaches but drive away disgrace and shame.
To suffer for purity and die for righteousness
Is what the sages esteemed in bygone days.
Ch'u Yuan (Tr. Wu-Chi Liu), Sunflower Splendor 22-23)*

Now I am with other Fulbright professors . I don't think any of them have been through what I have; they were all met by their host institutions, taken to the Friendship Hotel, and never knew any other way. Nanjing U. definitely is not on its toes where foreign professors are concerned—or perhaps it is just Huang Zhongwen.

On Wednesday, we were driven by bus to the American Embassy. It is another world there in Embassy row--an island of first world luxury in the midst of poverty and backwardness. Everything is imported, even the bathroom fixtures and water coolers. Everyon seems to have cars and apartments in that quarter, which is near the Friendship Store where they do their shopping. On weekends they go to Beidahe, a beach resort on the coast. I talked to some who had not even been to Xiangshan--it's too inconvenient to get there.

This Wednesday's conference was an introduction to the Embassy and the Ministry of Education staffs and services. I met several people from the SECC (Ministry of Education) and told them my story. I had a sort of "audience" with a Mr. Tang from the SECC, to which I brought along the famous American professor Ting, whose wife Leesha would be coming as a Fulbright to Wuhan. (This was a Ting and Tang conference.) With Ting by my side, I told Tang my story of the tapes, going all the way back to how I had helped Huang Zhongwen come to Chicago and get an exchange with my university, and how , as a result, another professor Jim Friend, would be coming as well as I to teach at Nanjing. Yet Huang had done nothing to help me, not even answering my letters or arranging for anyone to reserve a room for me or meet me (though I had a letter from the Waiban's office that they would meet me), only added on a comp class for 55 seniors to my schedule. Tang of the Ministry of Education thought Huang had arranged the exchange on his own. As a result of all this, I told him, my feelings had changed toward Nanjing. I wished to be reassigned. I would write my university president and tell him to cancel the exchange with CSU; I would write Alice Barter (coming second semester) and tell her not to come. The joint language training agreement would be off. Mr. Ting agreed that I already had enough complaints for a transfer. Mr Tang said he was sure I would be better off once I arrived in Nanjing. I looked skeptical, and so we left it at that and returned to the conference. Later that evening, we were entertained by Ambassador Hummel at his palatial residence. There again I was met by Mr. Huang from Nanjing, who arrives on time for parties., He met me with the good news that my tapes had been retrieved. More good news was that he had called nanjing and talked to President Qu, who welcomed me most sincerely. Everyone at Nanjing--both teachers and students--was eagerly awaiting my arrival, etc, etc. The message had gotten there.

When I arrive in Nanjing, I am going to personally tell President Qu the whole thing about Huang Zhongwen and my experience in Beijing. I am going to wait and see after three months (Mr. Tang's suggestion), and then decide

whether I'll apply for a transfer and what recommendation I'll make to Alice Barter.

Today we have another meeting--at the Friendship Hotel. My two big pieces of luggage are going with Mr. Huang's friend. Friday there's a Fulbright tour of the Great Wall and Ming Tombs.

Dear Folks,

9/3/85

Sorry I haven't written but these past few days have been very busy. Last Thursday in Beijing, we had our second day of orientation--this time at the Friendship Hotel, a very cozy accommodation with a swimming pool and rooftop terrace. Some of the Fulbrights are staying there for the year! Thursday night we were guests of the Ministry of Education at the famous old Xinxiao Hotel. A western style buffet complete with ice cream and cake was served. (The American Embassy had treated us to a Chinese banquet the previous afternoon, so each country was blessing the other's cuisine, I guess.) Thursday at noon, Huang Zhixing from the Waiban came to take my big suitcase and the huge parcel with TV, VCR, etc. to a friend who would take it by air, so I would not have to hassle with them on the train. Huang was very helpful in negotiating arrangements.

On Friday all the Fulbrights and their families and friends went by bus to the Ming Tombs and the Great Wall. Cheng and Bill Borchert came as my guests. The two tombs we went to were the Mingling and Dingling. The first was the site of the excavations where in 1956 they discovered the first Ming emperor's tomb. The second tomb housed the treasures--crowns and jewelry. After lunch at a western-style fast food restaurant, we headed up into the mountains toward the Great Wall. I was overwhelmed at its size. We trotted up the right side, more gently sloping, though in places so steep that I had to hang onto the handrail. After we reached one fortified peak, we found that we had yet another higher one ahead, so we attacked that too. When we finally reached the top and climbed up into the lookout, we all took pictures and posed for a group picture before starting down. The descent was even harder, for the stones were so smooth we could slip. Everyone found it a challenge and hung on for dear life except the children who ran down as if it were a slide.

We were back to Beijing University by 7, too late to go out to dinner with my friends, for Huang Zhixing was coming at 8 to pick me up and take me to the train for our 10 o'clock departure for Nanjing. I just rested in Eugenia's room, clean up and watched TV until Huang came.

The Beijing train station is unbelievable. Thousands of people are surging in lines up escalators, lying on the floors, camping overnight between trains. After going up the escalator then coming down the stairs, we found the international lounge where we could find a seat. There I met a young Chinese from Hong Kong who was an Anglican deacon soon to be ordained a priest. We couldn't board until 9:30, and then we had to drag our cases down--rather up then down--the stairs, then pull them endlessly past the line of cars looking for the right car. I lost sight of Huang in the crowds and went way past our car.

There are no porters in China, in spite of the millions of people who could use the work. I suppose because transportation is a state-run industry, there's not much chance for a little private enterprise like portering. In state run businesses, people seem reluctant to do more than they have to. In the stores, for example, the salespeople are usually sitting and talking together or lying with their heads on their arms over the counter, or even sleeping on the floor behind the counter. It's suibian, suibian--do whatever you like, because there's no one watching who cares what you do.

We had a soft-sleeper--a European-style compartment with two lower and two upper berths--very comfortable with two nice pillows and a tea table. The dining car, as with most Chinese dining rooms, was only open for about an hour, a very early hour at that, so I had no dinner that night.

One of the four in our compartment was a West German teacher traveling around China. He thought China to be in the best shape of any third world country, given its population. For example, an epidemic of meningitis broke out in Guangzhou province this summer. The area was quarantined and everyone was inoculated. A strong stable central government is beneficial to them.

The next morning we were in Jinan by 6 o'clock and saw the German off at Taishan, where he was going to climb one of China's famous mountains. There are many beautiful mountains to climb in China, and the world's climbers have begun coming for the adventure. By the time he left, around 7:15, the dining car was closed, but Huang Zhixing was able to talk them into giving us a special--very expensive--western style breakfast, which he paid for--about \$8 US. It was a relief not to have to eat in the crowded Chinese quarters. Really, the Chinese get the worst of everything in China. The foreigners get all the best quality Chinese goods and the best accommodations. I've been riding the buses and going the Chinese side because it's accessible; there are very few Western-style anything's here. I take the buses, but I know I'll look for a Western hotel somewhere to use the toilet, because the Chinese toilets are nauseating. The students seem to get used to them, but I haven't.

So, after a nice breakfast, we settled down for a long tour of the Chinese countryside--except that it was raining. I did see country life--women driving large black water buffalo, pigs and sheep and goats and many flocks of ducks, which people herd like sheep. Because it is the typhoon season, the vegetation looks lush and green. I saw many small private plots--in every available niche or terrace. As a result, there seems to be no lack of food here, and so far the food has all agreed with me. Only the weather doesn't agree with me. It's so hot and humid that it saps all my energy. I cannot put the energy into trying to manage everything well as I would do at home. I've decided not to bother about less important things. It takes too much energy to try to get everything right or straight.

When we finally crossed the bridge over the Yangtse River and pulled into Nanjing, I was happy to have arrived at last, after our sixteen hour train ride. After dragging our suitcases down and up more stairs, we were happy to see a group from Nanjing there to meet us with two cars. They were very apologetic about my troubles in Beijing with Customs. Since I arrived, everyone has been

unfailingly helpful. We enjoyed a many-dished Chinese meal (banquet?) after I had cleaned up a bit. Huang Zhixing said at table that everything in Nanjing is better than what is in Beijing, so we had much amusement at dinner over Nanjing duck vs Peking duck, Nanjing beer vs Peking beer. So it all ended happily once I arrived in Nanjing.

Beijing Train Station

*With Huang Zhixing I left the Beijing train station at 10 p.m.,
an unbelievable crowd of people sleeping on the floor
waiting to take some early morning train out to Xinjiang.
arriving early to get a seat, lest they stand for four days.
We climbed over sleeping bodies, climbed up and down stairs
(dragging two heavy suitcases)
until we found the large almost deserted soft seat waiting room.
Empty overstuffed chairs with doilies on the head and arms
lined the walls and center of the dimly-lit room.
(All my memories of China at night are of dimly lit rooms and streets.
The strongest Chinese light bulb must be 40 watt.)
In the waiting room an overseas Chinese spoke to me,
an Anglican deacon from Hong Kong;
I realized the difference: Mainland Chinese have an inner check;
embarrassed by their limitations and lack of worldly knowledge,
they do not feel comfortable with Westerners .
This overseas Chinese , however, openly shared his opinions with me;
his sharing made me more trusting and open with him.
With the inhibited Chinese I am untrusting and restrained.
If they cannot give themselves, it is hard for me to trust them and give.*