

# China Diary

## May 15, 1989 - June 4, 1989

This diary describes my trip to China. I was a faculty member at Johnson State College, Johnson Vermont. My school had a faculty exchange program with Shanghai International Studies Institute (SISU). The purpose of the trip was to give a series of computer lectures at SISU. It happened that I was there during the Tiananmen square demonstrations. Students were on strike leaving me without an audience. After my stay in Shanghai, I traveled to Xian to see the Terracotta Soldiers. From there, I flew to Beijing where I witnessed the demonstrations and visited historical sights. The final leg took me to Tokyo. Spending three days, I took guided tours of the city and surrounding environment.

5/16/89

Tuesday

9:21 am - JFK Airport

The adventure begins.

I arrived 3 hours early and have checked in. I couldn't get the current copy of the New Yorker which had an excellent article on China. I call my wife (Leila). She is fine. Raining here, sunny in Vermont.

10:14 am

I am at the terminal waiting to board the airplane. It is nonstop to Tokyo. Sitting across from me is a Japanese father, mother, (in their late 50's) son early 20's. They have leather baggage, gold bracelets, and large diamond rings. The son is wearing blue jeans and Puma tennis shoes. It was amazing to think their country was completely decimated 44 years ago. Resilient. We wait. Many discussions between mother and father, son does not speak, he listens. Not bored. People start to drift in. Duty free shop brings valuable purchases, scotch, American cigarettes, Italian gold, omega watches which cost \$2,300.00 US. Mother and father dressed plain, except for gold and diamonds. Son has a leather jacket. We depart 11:50. (Airborne) Flying time 13:19. It is 12:34 now. 1:34 am in Shanghai. Time to work on my speeches. 28,000 ft. We fly nonstop to Narita airport near Tokyo, scheduled to arrive at 2 pm. From Tokyo I catch a flight to Shanghai.

Thursday  
May 18, 1989  
7:40 am  
Shanghai, China

Depressing. New culture. Dirty. Gray. Everything smells of urine. The water tastes like sulfur. I have a sinus ache. No magic. Nothing thrilling. Just gray. It's cloudy today. I hear birds singing, Chinese television, classical music, people walking, hammering. I'm not hungry. I had some jasmine tea. The tea sweetens the odious water. 13,000,000 million people live here.

Yesterday I arrived in Tokyo at 2:30 pm, Tokyo time, 13-hour flight. The airport is just like the USA. I phoned a Royokan (cheap hotel) and made arrangements for my return trip. It is very expensive in Tokyo. It cost \$20 just to pass through customs. The Royokan is cheap (\$35/night). We departed at 5:55 pm for Shanghai. I was very tired and slept most of the way. When we flew into Shanghai we noticed no lights. Here is a city of 12 million and very few lights.

I was met by Dean Hu, Professor Wong and Gary Moore (a fellow Vermont faculty member who was on sabbatical in China. I sailed through customs. No questions asked. Unfortunately, I didn't get Professor Zhou's father-in-law his cigarettes. Zhou was an exchange faculty currently at Johnson State College in Johnson VT (where I teach). The drive from the airport reminded me much of Mexico. Few cars, lots of bicycles. Many people on the street. Dim lights. The people, however, were very friendly. Especially Hu. I came to Shanghai International Studies Institute, the school that was to be my residence. I am staying in the foreign faculty residence. I have a room with twin beds with a bath across the hall. It looks like something my brother would live in (old and cheap). Today at 10:00 am, Professor Wang picks me up for lunch. At 2:00 pm, I give my lecture on trends in American Business. I should outline my speech. Well, I am quite nervous about the speech. I still don't have a good handle on what these people are like. I'll find out. The thing is bravado. I know what is going on. So just present it in a friendly and straight forward manner.

O Lord, my God, my Lord, be with me today. Send the comforter to me today. Bless me with your peace. Thank you for all that you have done for me. Make me to be dependent on you. Please put back the fire (desire) to seek you. This last year has been a sabbatical. I want to go back to work with intensity. Please put that intensity back in me. Bless your holy name. Please be with Leila and the Kids. Bless them all, protect our home from the evil one. Thank you for the trip.

11:30 pm

Today Professor Hu took me to over to the classroom building at 11:00 am. I met several of the faculty. Had a meeting with Vice President, and lunch with him, Hu, Wong and Gary and Susan Moore. Many of the students (almost all) were going down to the Bund (city center) for demonstrations. My lecture was canceled. Several of the older students, who work full-time, came and we had a discussion. Actually, they don't discuss. They politely listen. Although some yawn and go to sleep. I guess they come out of politeness. I passed around my credit cards. They were interested in that. Then I came back and went to sleep. I still haven't recovered from jet lag.

There was an interesting situation with the lecture. Because there weren't going to be any students, Dean Hu was thinking about canceling the talk to do so; however, it would cause him to lose face because he couldn't deliver students. They try to bring between 100-200. Gary Moore thought we should tell Hu that we think he should cancel. But there were the adult learners who were coming, at some difficulty due to the traffic problems caused by the strike, so after much discussion, it was decided to call it a discussion group on "Trends in American Business".

Life in Shanghai, what can I say? I am still suffering from jet lag. Thus, I seem to be pessimistic. The streets are always full of people. Bicycles everywhere. None are new. They are old and rusty. People are happy. They seem to smile and talk. Especially the faculty. Students, on the other hand, seem distant. The Chinese have a saying "the early bird gets shot". Anyone who ventures out to express themselves or call attention to themselves will pay. Last week, the school Administration went down to the demonstrations to collect names for a blacklist. Today, it was impossible. The entire campus went down. I watch the VP at lunch. The students were forming up outside our dining room. He was interested, but not agitated. Gary said last week he would have been beside himself. Today it was resignation. These faculty and administrators are caught in the middle. I am sure they support the students. However, the early bird is shot.

5/19/89  
Friday  
6:17 am  
Shanghai

Today Dean Hu is going to take me to Suzhou. It involves a train trip. We leave at 8 am and he says we will be back at 8 pm. Saturday and Sunday are tours around Shanghai. The jet lag seems to be wearing off. It's funny how lack of sleep affects one's outlook. The room I am staying in is in a residence for foreign teachers. Gary and Susan Moore live here. I heard some French. So there must be French people. The room has 2 twin beds. Each bed has what appears to be a silk bedspread. It is gray. On it are embroidered flowers, birds, and designs. The bed has a bed cover which serves as a blanket and sheet. Bottom sheet is plain cotton. There is one mattress which has an upholstery cover. The mattress sits on a wooden frame. The walls are covered with print wallpaper similar to the Storrs CT house (old gray and stained). Hard wood floor. Tall ceiling with glass window over the door, I presume for ventilation. I have a TV, refrigerator, clothes hutch and desk. Like American hotels, there is also a balcony. As I look out, I see a soccer field to my left. The residence is in the middle of another University. They own the field. It is a School of Economics. I see a gray building, a 2 story with red tile roof that looks like a factory but is probably a classroom building. I took 3 pictures. There are palm trees here. Also evergreens. It is interesting to see both growing together. All the buildings have walls around them. I will take some pictures of the street today.

6/20/89  
Saturday  
6:40 am  
Shanghai

I am in the dining hall of the foreign residence. Time for breakfast. They make an excellent

French toast, and I even like the instant coffee.

Yesterday, I saw China for the first time. What an experience! People, people, more people. Hu picked me up at 8 am. He arranged a car. This is a real privilege. Only the important and foreigners ride in cars. We were on our way to Suzhou. This fortunately was one of the 3 times that day I was segregated out for special treatment. Leaving the residence, in the NW corner of the city, we headed for the train station downtown. It was gray and drizzly. The town looks like something out of a Dickens's novel. Row houses, gray and dab, one and two stories. Roofs, all tile, falling apart. People cooking out in front of their houses on the sidewalk. It was awful. I felt like the ugly American, riding in a chauffeured car. Suddenly, a man ran out in front of the car. He was waving a passport type of book and forced the car to stop. He came up to the driver (who was driving on the right side of the car, English style) and started talking in a very agitated voice, thrusting the book through the window. It was open only a crack. The driver turned to Dean Hu for instructions. Much discussion followed. Then Hu nodded and the man got into the front seat. "Journalist", Hu said. He wants a ride to the train station. So off we went. A discussion then followed. The journalist wanted to know about the "Waigoren" (foreigner pronounced Wag-or-en). He wanted an interview. I think the timing was bad. It turned out we were late. Hu was worried we would miss the train, and Hu was not in a mood to translate. The journalist was also late for his train. So, we rushed up to the station, jumped out and ran to the train. The station was huge. Bigger than Grand Central. I didn't get a chance to see much, as I was trying to keep up with Hu. We arrived at the platform train still there, out of breath. Hu found our car and we climbed aboard.

China people, noises, smells, all strange. I had just entered China. The real China. The car was old and worn, olive green on the outside, dull yellow on the inside. People jammed everywhere. Hu had purchased "hard" seats. These are seats for common people. The rich and foreigners travel up front in "soft" seats. On either side of the aisle are facing seats with a table between them. Hu and I sat next to each other. Opposite me was a middle-aged man. Opposite Hu was an old woman. There were 2 other men in the window seats. Waigoren, people looked, some stared. They had seen them before, so it wasn't that big a deal.

Everyone was talking, eating, drinking. Some were sleeping. A young man had a Walkman. Some had jars with hot water or tea. Others were eating fruit, nuts, rice, whatever. It was a jumble of humanity. People talk with great animation. An argument breaks out. I have no idea what they are arguing about. "Ya Ya" "Ya Ya" not an argument, just a misunderstanding. Everything is ok. The old woman across from Hu nods off. She is wearing a Mao jacket. Everyone else dresses in western clothes. I am struck by the clothes. One doesn't expect such nice clothes. Some even have blue jeans. Some wear suits. Women wear dresses, stockings, high heels, make-up, hair always combed. People look good.

Smells. China is a country of smells. The train smells of urine. People don't often bathe. Body smells. Food not eaten is thrown on the floor. Spit out on the floor. Vulgar. A man eats something, he spits out seeds and part of the fruit on the floor. Across the aisle from me, cigarette smoke. Hu says, "we don't have no smoking cars." Now people are playing cards, they need another player "Hey you, you want to play cards?" "Yes, I do".

Friendly, people are friendly. Strangers start talking, laughing, playing cards. Animated

discussions. People standing, talking to those seated. Life is teeming. No one talks to the Waigoren. Eye contact is not avoided, but not sought out.

Who is this Waigoren? What is he doing here? Where is he going? Eyes peer over to see me "Ya" Ya" he has no hair. Amazing. Some don't care. They have seen many Waigorens.

Outside the countryside is flying past. People everywhere. Working in their gardens, weeding, hoeing, carrying large bundles in dilapidated wheelbarrows with bicycle tires. Construction everywhere. Houses going up, made of adobe, with red tile roofs. Two story Chinese Condos.

The trip takes about one hour. I am completely captivated by the ride. A steam engine goes the opposite way. Coal cars, coal piles, and coal bricks for cooking. Coal is the source of heat. Coal stoves cook lunch. Coal steam engines. Amazing. Large piles of coal to run electric plants. Coal to run boilers in manufacturing plant. 3 wheeled bicycles with huge piles of cooking coal. Black, dirty. Coal soot in the air. In the hair. Does coal soot hurt the bald waigoren's head?" "I don't know, perhaps" "No, you are wrong. It doesn't affect him." Another discussion, perhaps quite animated, is sure to follow.

Suzhou, the sign says (in English). We have arrived. Everyone heads for the exit. Not neat and orderly. En mass we all move. A sea of humanity, pushing and nudging. Like fish in a net. Moving to the exit. Once out of the train, the sea swirls down the platform and around the corner to the tunnel connecting the platform to the station. Boxes, packs, bags, people, possessions of untold personal value, all swirling. Around another corner and up the stairs into daylight. The sea rounds the bend and heads toward the exit gate. A young man approaches Hu. Discussion. Hands waving. "Ya" Ya" We go through the gate and enter a huge square. Several football fields in length and width. In the middle students are protesting. A rush of fear came upon me.

The ugly American jumps into my head. Scenes from the "Sand Pebble" appear. I see myself being dragged off, beaten, put in prison where I languish for many, many years. Run. Get away. Don't look.

It turned out there was no reason for fear. This is a different China. The students hold the west up as a model to follow. Their banners extol the virtue of democracy, equality and free enterprise. All the west stands for. The police are there to protect the students. They keep the swirling sea of travelers from washing over the protesting students. Students staging nonviolent sit-ins. No one has guns. No ugly shouting or tension in the air. Many bystanders watching. As we cross the square we see a row of rickshaws. We arrive at one, and Hu gets very animated. "What is this?" he says. "You told me you had a car." "The traffic is too congested" the rickshaw owner explains. "This is faster, saves time" Hu Horan is **not** happy. He has lost face. How can he expect the waigoren to ride in a rickshaw. "What is this?" The waigoren seems happy with the idea. He is thanking me? "These waigoren, I'll never understand them. We go." "Thank you" the waigoren says. The driver is proud of his force. He also has lied so he feels guilty. "Move, Move" he shouts as he passes other bicycles and pedestrians.

We are taken to two Chinese mansions. I purchased a book about them. First, we went to the Shi Zi Lin (Lion's grave) Garden. There I bought some hand painted eggshells. Next, we went to the Zhou Zhong Yuon (Garden of Humble Administrators). There I purchased

a watercolor painting and some jade. I took a few pictures. (One of the men who sold me the painting.) It was in a special room for waigoren and rich only. The price was 180 yuan (\$60.00). I ask Hu if it is appropriate to negotiate the price. He said he would ask if the price was firm. It was. 180 for picture and frame. Hu said it was a good price. The painting was done by people in the Art Institute nearby. I said OK. Then Hu asked me if I wanted the frame. It was a cheap wooden frame. I said yes, since the price was not negotiable. Well, explained Hu, the owner would drop the price by 10 yuan if I left the frame. Besides, the old man said I would have a hard time getting around with the frame. So, I paid 170 yuan. I took his picture. Then I took a few others; one of a baby standing behind the rickshaw driver. He thought I was taking his picture. Then we went to eat. The driver took us to a nearby restaurant, where he had some connections. Hu didn't like the place and told him to take us to the main mall, a street closed to cars and bicycles. We got out and Hu paid the driver. He paid less than the driver expected. He was upset. Apparently, his lie about the car really upset Hu. Anyway, off we went in search of a restaurant.

Chinese restaurants are the filthiest places in all of China. It is impossible to go into one without feeling like you are going to throw up. Everything is greasy and filthy. We found a noodle shop. Hu said it was fast. We went to the rear of the restaurant. The tables are Square 3'x 3'. Wooden benches serve as chairs. The table was smeared with grease and food from the last 1000 customers. A waitress, dressed in a filthy white jacket came over and wiped the table with a cloth that was wet and greasy. She never rinsed it between wiping tables. She smeared the mess around wiping the big scraps onto the floor. The floor is the repository for everything! People throw everything on the floor. It has a greasy black film covering it. The smell of rotting food is bad. Surprisingly, not as bad as I thought. Maybe my nose doesn't work in China. I hate to think what it will be like when the humidity sets in. At any rate, you have to be careful not to slip and fall. On the table was a box full of chopsticks. Used chopsticks! You take a pair, eat, they are washed in the kitchen and put back on the table. This was too much. I knew I couldn't use them. Fortunately, Hu got out an alcohol bottle and cleaned a pair for me. First came flour noodles with pork in boiling water. It was excellent. It tastes just like Chinese food in America. Then came steamed rolls with pork inside. Also, very good. That's all we had. No tea. You do not linger at the table. People are lined up for your seats. In fact, if there is an empty seat, they will sit at your table and start eating. I have a story about this when we get to dinner. Time to go.

5/21/89  
Sunday  
4:27 am  
Shanghai

I can't sleep. After lunch we started strolling down the lane looking at shops. Life was teeming with people. Everywhere there are people. Hu said it was good we came on Friday I asked why. He said Saturdays were very crowded. We rounded the corner and headed up for a Buddhist temple. Huge, wooden structure, built in 300 BC and still in operation. I took some pictures there. All along the streets of the temple were vendors. These, Hu explained, were entrepreneurs. The stores were all owned by the state. These people were selling their wares independent of the state. The products they sold appealed to the Chinese only. They sold clothing (all western) and toys for children. The toys were plastic crap. They sold hardware, such as hinges, large square nails, coal shoals (about the size

of large ladles), etc. There was also a food market.

Here I had my second waigoren experience. I wanted to get some pictures. This was true Chinese, going about their daily lives. We came upon an old woman selling eggs. These people get up before dawn (4:27 am, ha ha). They load up their bicycles and ride to town. By 2 pm they are exhausted. So they sleep. This woman was dozing. I got out my camera to snap a shop. As I was focusing the camera, a farmer about 50 years old in worn and tattered clothes walked by. Without looking at me, the old woman or anyone else, he yelled "waigoren" (foreigner) and kept on going. She woke up and others began to discuss what was happening. I left.

The Chinese have a funny outlook on "waigoren". On the one hand they envy us. They try to emulate us. They wear our clothes, pay deference to the US and they try very hard to show us a good time. On the other hand, foreigners are polluted. They are barbarous. They look funny. People constantly stare at us. When we came to the end of the street, the shopping mall, we made a right and headed for the friendship store. These are state run stores for foreigners only. Chinese, I found out later, are not allowed inside the building, unless accompanied by foreigners. It is a source of pride for a Chinese to be in one. Yet, it is also a source of resentment. About the time we entered, I saw a long line of students marching up the street. They held banners, shouted slogans and stopped the traffic for many blocks. I became panicked. I could just see what would happen. Storm the building, smash all the items, kill the foreign devils. Hu didn't seem to be upset. Maybe he didn't care about dying. Then reason got hold of me. The students are demonstrating for democracy. They want an end to corruption. They want a free society like the waigoren. Waigoren are their idols. They even listen to Michael Jackson and Madonna.

I resented being a part of a privileged society. We looked over the place, mainly for Hu's benefit. I bought a book on Suzhou only because we couldn't find one anywhere else.

Next, we went back to the main street and on a bus. We headed for a Confucius Shrine. On the way I had my 3rd "waigoren" encounter. Two young girls were seated. In Chinese buses, one almost never gets a seat. People are literally packed in like sardines. I have seen fellow travelers push riders into the bus, squeezing them in so the doors can close. So here we are jammed into the bus, pushing, shoving and bouncing along. Hu leans over to the girls and says something. I am quite sure it was "don't you see our foreign friend is standing? You should get up and let him sit." They did. Today in downtown Shanghai, a middle-aged woman got up and gave me her seat. I was going to refuse. I, however, realized that to do so would cause her to lose face. She would have been confused in public. I was trapped by an archaic system. A system which students were demonstrating against. As we rode up the street we came upon more students. They staged a sit-in outside the municipal building. It was a show of face. The students wouldn't leave that would cause them to lose face. The police couldn't let them in. That would lose face. So, they sat there. A block of students, maybe 100. Between them and the building was a line of police, 3 deep. Everyone just stood there. However, the police were very refrained, unlike the 60's here during the Chicago Democratic convention. They don't wear guns. And there was not much tension in the air. In all other places except this one, the police protected the students from the crowds of onlookers. Here it was not so. They were definitely keeping the students out. Still the tension was minimal.

We arrived at the Confucian Shrine. It was 2000 years old. I was tired from walking.

Chinese are healthy, they ride bicycles and walk and eat healthy (low calorie) food. We rested and talked. Hu talked about his time in the cultural revolution. He was sent to central China to teach English. His wife, a nurse, was sent to the south. After the revolution, he came back to Shanghai and began teaching again. His daughter is in Japan. She is a college student there.

After looking over the Shrine, we went across the street to the Wang Shi Garden. Wang Shi means blue wave. We sat in the see-the-mountain building and talked more about school, life in China and Hu's upcoming trip to America. At 5 pm we left and went to the bus stop. Another ride down to the other end of town. We went past a very tall pagoda ending up at the train station. The train didn't leave for 2 1/2 hours, so we went to eat. Hu said last year they brought "wagorin" up to Suzhou. They had a minivan so there were no long waits. Too bad for them, the bus and train rides were the best.

I found it hard to believe, but dinner was worse than lunch. We went into a real dive. Food on the floor. A real mess. Hu found a table in the corner. We sat down and he went over to order. I didn't realize it at the time, but in China you don't order. You take what is available. There may be enough available for a choice. There may not. This time not. The term is "mayo", all out.

Earlier in the day we had passed the fish market. I saw live eels. They were green, long like a garden snake. Very slow moving. They were kept in tubs of water. I watched a woman take them out, cut off the heads. Then she cut both sides of the backbone and removed the bones. There was a large pile of sliced eel. I had commented to Hu about it. Hu had asked me if I wanted to try some. They had eel at our restaurant. I said no. We had rice with egg and chicken. While we were eating a man came up and sat down at our table. He began eating rice and eel. I thought I was going to be sick. It turned out this was only the beginning.

Chinese rice often has little rocks in it. They are black and easy to see. This man sitting at our table bit into one. He pushed away from the table and began spitting his food onto the floor. He took another mouthful and spit again. I couldn't believe what I was watching. Partially chewed food spit onto the floor. After 4 or 5 mouthfuls of spitting, he slid back up to the table and began eating again.

I forgot to mention orange juice. Hu asked me if I wanted orange juice or beer. I said OJ. Here OJ means orange soda made from Shanghai water. He said not to drink from the bottle because the bottle was not clean. He went to get glasses and returned with bowls. The restaurant did not have glasses. We drank from bowls. As we were leaving, I saw my only chinees bum. He was trying to steal food from a street vendor.

We went across the street to the station. The students were still there. Police had sealed off the entrance. Only passengers with tickets were allowed in. They were afraid the students would hijack a train for Beijing. We went in and had a 2 hour wait. Hu was careful to find a seat that was "clean." People began filing in. I noticed a man eating some type of fruit. He was spitting the seeds and skin onto the floor. Here we were inside the waiting room and this man was spitting food on the floor.

Spitting is like breathing to Chinese. Let me tell you about spitting. Across the aisle was a woman in her late 40's. She was wearing a Mao jacket and gray trousers. She had a



mild cough. She would cough up some stuff and then spit it on the floor. She did that for the entire 2 hours we waited.

The train finally arrived, and the sea swirled back to the train and boarded. This time it was a smaller sea. The trip home was uneventful, except for the 3 men playing cards who kept spitting on the floor.

We arrived back in Shanghai at 9 pm. Our car was waiting. It was nice to be in a quiet and somewhat clean place. We drove back to the residence through what I can only call squalled. Small grey row houses. Lots of people. Bicycles.

I got back to my room and realized, for the first time, how nice it was. I went to bed, exhausted.

Yesterday I went with Xi Xio Ming to downtown Shanghai. Key points; Bund (a street), student demonstrations, changing money, old city, bus ride. Last night I went with Gary and Susan Moore, an English couple and a young American girl (very naive) and a guy my age to dinner. This guy was crazy, worked in business world, Australia, learning Chinese here, stupid idea about God and lesser God, particle accelerator. Dinner at nearby restaurant. Returned to English apartment. Listened to BBC report about students. Army prevented from entering Beijing.

Today I met Mrs Ai at 8 am. Some students will take me on the bus to her. I want to talk to her. She, according to Moore, won't give me too much "Chinese bullshit."

6:44 am

Time to shave, shower.

I bought coffee for my room, great stuff (instant at that).

Things to tell Leila:

1. I will cancel trip to Beijing unless things clear up by next Thursday. People around here feel it will.
2. All the unrest is in Beijing. The students here look to Beijing for leadership.
3. The US has 2 warships in the Shanghai harbor; they will take us out if needed.
4. Gary Moore is here.
5. What time is it?

At 8 am a student came to take me to see Professor Ai. Ai gave me some letters to take to David Grant. She knows the lady who wrote LIFE AND DEATH IN SHANGHAI.

5/22/89 Shanghai

6 am Monday

Here are some random thoughts. I want to write about my experiences. Key themes, people living in a glass jar. Less than 1/2 of one percent control the population. Controlled society. Ton Don has a zest for life. So did Hu Wong. Pragmatic. Ai, dernier cri (latest fashion) within the system. She found the blend of east and west. One of the first Catholic families.

Other facts about yesterday: Bus with Ton Don, a student, to Jing An Park. Met Ai. Ton Don said no classes next week. Students would be on strike. She hoped I would not lose face. I told her I wouldn't. She said one sign said "I want to come back to class, but I can't". Can't study. No ability to concentrate on school. Same with Gary. He can't concentrate. It is raining right now and has most of the night. Will there be a demonstration today? Rumor of dock workers strike. Gary bought six rolls of toilet paper. Perhaps I should stay in Shanghai and not go to visit Xian and Beijing. I Could get more into the people. Chinese don't make decisions. The party makes the decisions. They ask me where I would like to go. How do I know? I don't live here. You tell me. I will go where you suggest. They can't tell me. That would require a decision. Older ones (faculty) have learned how to get along without too much trouble.

6:48 am Breakfast.

I want to talk to George about his evening with the 7th fleet. My instincts tell me to leave China. My prurient interests say stay and get information. Collect data about people and life. Then go home and write it up.

9 am at English II no classes.

5/25/89, 7 am  
Tuesday, Shanghai

Yesterday I gave my lecture on the public school system. It was good to do some work. Last night, Gary, Susan, Amanda and I went to a restaurant for Peking Duck. It was excellent. Go Yuen (Duai in street dialect). I was surprised to see students come to my lecture. Approximately 30 came. They were interested in salaries. We discussed salaries and social status of various jobs.

Hu had my ticket for Xian. He got a seat assignment. What I don't have is a seat assignment to Beijing. No one seems to be worried about me getting stuck there. It may happen, they say, but eventually I will get out. Chinese way of life. I responded "yeah, eventually I will die, too!" Chinese way of life. Don't get mad. Don't get upset. Go with the flow and be persistent. Eventually you will get what you want.

I heard a little about the cultural revolution. Some of the teachers were imprisoned in the school for 2 years.

Paul Threaux, writer of Iron Rooster. A book recommended by some of the American faculty living in the residence hall.

Gary had arranged a panel discussion on democracy. It was scheduled for 9:30 this morning. It was canceled. I met a Chinese Professor, Pao Chien Hsing. He took me to his house. I met his wife. She had some watercolors for sale. The price was 300 for 2. I got out 300 RMB. They said no. FEC. I said I didn't have FEC and would have to get some. As I think about it, I think I won't buy them. Too expensive. In RMB it was OK. I'm going to take a little rest, then go for a bike ride and head over for my lecture. Tomorrow is my last full day in Shanghai. I should get up early and go downtown. Tomorrow I am having dinner at Hu's place.

5/25/89, 10:30 am

Thursday, Shanghai Airport

Yesterday morning I had breakfast at the faculty residence with George Doyle and Bob and Lucas. Then I took the bike Hu gave me. I rode downtown. I wandered around the Bund and downtown area. Back to the residence for lunch. Then I went over to the school for my lecture. I decided not to give a lecture. Instead, I asked each student to write one question they would like to ask me. I kept the questions. There were many about the student demonstrations. After the class I packed and went to Dean Hu's for dinner. We had a great variety of food, duck, chicken, bamboo shoots, eel, port, fungus, sausage and wine and orange soda. Wong was there and Hu's wife came in. She works as a doctor or nurse, I'm not sure which. Women are generally kept out of the social activities. After dinner, we went to a "variety show." We rode our bikes down to the place and saw the show. Since Hu got the tickets, we sat in the Chinese section, top row. Hu commented how a foreigner was sitting higher than US. How unusual. Chinese are second class citizens in their own country. They cannot go into the friendship store; they cannot ride on the elevators in department stores. Here at the airport there is a foreign guest lounge, not open to Chinese. They have 2 types of money. Renminbi B (peoples money) and FEC (foreign exchange currency). When a foreigner exchanges their currency for Chinese money they can only get FEC. I went to the black market and exchanged dollars for RMB. The exchange rate was 6 RMB for one dollar. FEC is 3 per dollar. Chinese are always asking me to change their money to US dollars. They also want FEC.

I am on the airplane to Xian. We boarded early and took off 7 minutes before departure time. They gave us a snack. Some rolls, roast beef (heavily spiced) dried apricots, orange soda and coffee. Everyone on the plane (except me) drank coffee. I am the only waigoren. I wonder where they spit on the plane? 2 hours flying time. I am setting next to a Chinese woman. We had assigned seats but they told to sit in the front.

7:33 pm

I am at the Peoples Hotel in Xian. The Chinese woman I sat next to was having trouble opening her lunch. Each item was in a plastic bag. I helped her. To my surprise she started talking English. She said her friend would pick her up at the airport and take her to the Peoples Hotel. Since we are staying at the same place, would I like a ride. I said yes (much to my wife's displeasure). Well, off we went in a cab. The man asked me if I was hungry. I said no. Well, they were going to stop for lunch. The driver pulled up to the fanciest hotel I have seen in China. It was magnificent. In we went. The restaurant was very western and very expensive. As we were eating (pork, duck, lettuce, rice and omelets), he explained how he was subcontracting the air conditioning for a 10 story office building being built next door to the Peoples Hotel. After lunch I offered to pay. He said no. I would have to pay in FEC. He peeled off 90 yuan for lunch. A professor at SISU earns approximately 200 yuan per month! We went back to the cab, which was waiting outside for us. At the hotel, they stayed and helped me get my room arranged. Then they took me over to the airline booking office to get a flight to Beijing. It turned out the office couldn't do it so I went back to the hotel. For 10 Yuan (FEC) they took care of it, I hope. I'll find out tomorrow. I will call home. I feel I should let Leila know how I am doing.

So, George has ducks, how nice!

I met an English couple in their 60's. They are going to the Terracotta Solders tomorrow.

I said I was also, so we will go together. They are quite nice. There is a tour (in English) leaving from the hotel at 9 am.

After making all the arrangements, I rented a bike and started riding around Xian. The city was enclosed by a huge wall. I got some shots of it. I stayed within the walls. As I was riding a fellow rode up and said "hello." We started talking and he asked me if I had seen the ancient mosque. I said no. He asked if I would like to see it. Off we went. He started up some back alleys that made me worried. But nothing happened. He dropped me off and away he went. I went in. The price was 1 yuan. It was much like the other places I had seen with Hu last Friday in Suzhou. I took a few good shots and started off again. As I rounded the corner, I found myself in a "free" market. This is pure private enterprise. All other stores are state run. Some lady sold me a scale. She was such a good salesperson, I couldn't refuse. She wanted 80 FEC. I paid 48 RMB. Then I got her picture and spent the rest of the afternoon riding around. I bought some fruit and orange soda. The Chinese are so friendly and honest, even naive. I hold out the money and they take what I owe. I, of course, have no idea what is going on. I paid less than 3 Yuan for 2 oranges. That's approximately \$30. I got lost a couple of times, but I had a map and kept inside the wall so I always found my way again.

I had to turn the bike in at 7 pm, then came up in my room. I want to write about yesterday. I had dinner at Hu's. He worked all day on it. Remember the eels in Suzhou? Well, he made eel for me. It was quite good, but I didn't eat much of it. Anyway, the variety show was quite exciting. We had to ride for about 45 minutes to get there. That was exciting too. On the way, a man asked me what I thought of the student demonstrations. I declined to comment.

The show had all kinds of acrobats. A man bent himself in half and squeezed through a barrel no wider than his body, standing straight. A woman balanced 15-20 glasses and candles, then climbed a ladder. A young girl balanced on a bamboo pole held by 2 men. Then she did somersaults. There was an act where a woman balanced about 10 benches on her feet while a young girl climbed to the top and did handstands. She fell. Fortunately, she had a safety harness. No one was hurt. There was a panda that did a few cute things and 4 tigers.

We arrived home about 10:30. I was exhausted. I love my wife.

8:22 am, Friday  
Peoples Hotel Xian

At 9 am I leave for the Terracotta Soldiers. Cloudy today, might rain. I'm not sure. Last night, at about 10 pm, there was a knock on my door. I think it might have been the Chinese people who helped me at the airport. I didn't answer it. I didn't think I should have let them know I was there. Probably they wanted to take me out. Are you happy, Leila? I love you.

This hotel is quite nice for China. It is certainly not a "Peoples" Hotel. Although they do let Chinese stay here. Time to get ready. I am finding out Chinese planes, trains and busses are more often early than late.

5:35 pm

Today I got the tourist version of China. It was awful. I went with 8 others. All from the British empire. We were harassed by everyone trying to sell us overpriced stuff. Lunch was 20 yuan FEC or 60 Yuan RMB. I paid 32 RMB for an entire week's meals at the SISU residence. I refused to eat at the restaurant. Instead, I wandered through the village. I bought some bananas and rice cakes. They wrap rice in some kind of leaf and put something inside the rice. Sometimes meat, etc. Today's had something sweet. I didn't like it. so I only ate rice. This meal was 2 Yuan FEC (only because I was out of RMB). I felt much better away from the tour. Aside from the unpleasantness of being a tourist, I saw some marvelous sights. First, we went to the Hua Guing Hot springs. There is natural hot water there. Perhaps I should give some background before I go on.

Xian is the Ancient Capital of China. The first emperor was Qin. The Terracotta Warriors were part of his tomb. The hot springs were a resort for the emperors. Next, we went to the warriors. It was quite impressive. About 6000 in all. Only 600 have been uncovered. On the way to the warriors, we stopped at a large mound. It is another tomb, yet to be excavated. China doesn't have the resources to uncover all of them. So, they just leave it buried. After that we went to the Banpo Village. This is a 6000-year-old village. There was also a stop at a factory which makes terracotta figures. Then back to the hotel. We arrived back at 4:30 exhausted. I picked up my ticket for Beijing. I leave tomorrow at 3:30 pm. Tonight I will walk around some. Tomorrow morning, I will rent a bike and go see a few more sites.

I ate a cupcake and dried apricots for breakfast. Dinner was crackers, apricots and orange soda. All (except the soda) was from the CAAC, lunch on the plane. I am eating like a Chinese. When I get home, we shall all eat like this. It is good for me. No more candy or sweet soda. I had a coke the other day. It was too sweet.

3/27/89, Saturday  
8:17 am,  
Peoples Hotel, Xian

Today I leave for Beijing. Last night I walked down to the intersection of Jiefong Lu and Dong Lu. It was a gigantic intersection. There was a circular crosswalk above the intersection. I went up and saw, for the first time, people begging. I gave an old woman some money and took her picture. A young man came up and stood by me, pointing to a food vendor. I took a picture. Soon a crowd was around me. The Chinese are very curious about Waigoren. I smiled and gave him my card and left. I felt self-conscious, but no fear. In fact, yesterday during lunch, I walked through a back alley in a town I don't even know the name of. This was when everyone else was eating lunch. As I walked people stared. A waigoren! Come and See. But no one bothered me. I said "Nee how" (Chinese for hello). Most didn't respond. They just stared. As I ride a bike, some often follow me.

In many ways the Chinese are naive. They lack the sophistication and hardness of the west. They are childlike in many ways. Often, I see women holding hands, walking arm and arm, grooming each other, in public. I see men holding hands, stroking each other's arms and legs. All a sign of affection. Not sexual. Filios, not eros. Women all dress well. Many in skirts with nylon stockings. It is common to see the tops of the stockings. In America, that means one thing. Here, it is like Kathleen or George when their clothes ride down. They are not eros conscious. That, I believe, is because they don't have TV commercials. I did see a few mild porn magazines. They had pictures of girls in bathing

suits. It is what you would see on the beach in America.

The girl on the plane is a good example. She didn't know me, yet she was friendly. last Sunday a female student, Ton Don, took me to meet Professor Ai. She was open and friendly. I felt like we were brother and sister. Her mannerisms were somewhat suggestive. Yet she was unaware. It is like Kathleen kissing me on the lips. Of course, this girl didn't kiss me, or even touch me. But I felt like we were close. I'm going to pack and go out for a bike ride. I thought I would have diarrhea. Instead, I have had constipation.

1:56 pm

I am at Xian Airport waiting to check in my baggage. The plane leaves at 3:35 pm. I went on a bike ride to the Wild Goose Pagoda. There I took some pictures and climbed the Pagoda. Afterwards I rode to the western gate. I stopped along the way and bought some rolls and something similar to a pita bread sandwich. They put veggies inside the dough and then fry it in oil. The taste was excellent. I also bought a bottle of orange soda. Then I returned to the hotel and checked out. I left my bags (1 yuan each) in the coat room and went for another ride. This time I went east to the Golden Flower Hotel. This is where I was taken to lunch. I returned at 1:20 and took a cab out to the airport. It is hot. This is a dry climate. Dusty, much like Concord, CA. Shanghai is quite humid. More like NYC, although it is tropical. There are palm trees. I am thirsty. No place to get anything to drink.

I was noticing the size of Chinese waists. They must average 24", male or female. Tiny. Some Smaller. Also, the children. They are always eating ice cream. It makes me want to be home with the kids. I want to see George's Ducks.

I saw how they change diapers. They don't. The kids just squat on the sidewalk. Sometimes the parents hold them, sometimes not. You must be careful where you step. Often the parents take them to a tree. But, if none are nearby, they just squat. This has to be the filthiest country in the world. It is amazing that they don't have more outbreaks of diseases. The ironic thing is that they sweep the streets every day. The net effect is the dust just gets moved around. The air is always gray. Terrible pollution. The factories just pump out the stuff. Also, coal is the source of heat for cooking. There is often the smell of coal in the air. I saw men pulling carts loaded with coal. I also saw horsedrawn carts. I saw several in the country but none in Xian. It must be horses are not allowed in the city.

Everywhere there are 3 wheeled bicycles. It is a cart which is used to haul everything imaginable. I took a few pictures of them.

2:16 pm

Still waiting. People are starting to file in. Maybe something will happen soon. I don't want to wait here but, better too early than miss the plane.

3:30 pm

Chinese bureaucracy! I had to wait for the baggage check person to come and take our baggage. They made the announcement, and we waited in line for 5 minutes for the woman to show up. In China, like America, you check in baggage and get your boarding

pass. Then we went into a lobby next door. There we waited 20 minutes. Then we went through a check point to ensure we had a boarding pass. Next, my carry-on baggage was x-rayed. Finally, we were led into a waiting room with seats, soft drinks and tea. All the other places we had to stand. Boarding call.

4:03 pm

Airborne. Flying time, less than 2 hours. So, only in China would you have to stand and wait to get into the waiting room.

The air is all dull and gray. We are flying thousands of feet up and the air is still smoggy. Looking down I see farms. Lots of farms, people everywhere. We are climbing above a cloud layer. I can't see the ground anymore.

Gary Moore and all the other foreign faculty says 1 year in China is too long. 1 semester is much better. I would like to come back, but I don't think for even a semester. I would also like to go to NW China into Pakistan, India and home through Israel and Europe. This is an exciting trip. But, right now, I wish I was home, with my wife and children. Yesterday on our trip to the Terracotta Soldiers I sat with an English couple. He was 55. They had 1 daughter, about to get married. She is 25. I told them about the children. They said, "You are a lucky man." yes, I am.

This morning, on my way to the Golden Flower I saw a man yelling at his wife. He was in the seat of a 3-wheel bike. She was in the box at the back. He was ranting and raving. She was sitting quietly and placidly. Poor woman. I could see by his expression it was male pride and ego. Some things are the same everywhere.

10:00 pm

Beijing University! I am in the foreign faculty dorm. Spartan accommodations. Bath down the hall. 2 single beds, desk and closet. I took the cheapest option 24 FEC/night. I tried to call home, but no one answered. Things are quite calm here. Campus life seems to be like any other campus. Beijing is cosmopolitan. Big wide highways, really tall buildings. Nothing like Xian or Shanghai. Much richer. Tomorrow I will go downtown.

5/29/89 Monday

7:39 am

Yesterday I woke up late, at 8 am. I was tired all day. I think from not eating enough. I took the local bus downtown. I went from campus to the Beijing Zoo on bus 332, then transferred to bus 107 and went to the North end of the Forbidden City. I got off and started walking. South on the west side of the (as they call it) palace museum. The place is huge. I must have walked 1 mile. I came to the front square. There is a large square, 1 city block, as a courtyard entrance. In the movie "The Last Emperor", there was a scene where the eunuchs were being taken out carrying the organs. I went in only to find out the museum was closed due to the student demonstrations. I continued south to the main entrance. This was in the scene where the emperor, as a boy, tried to get out but the guards closed the gate and wouldn't let him out. As I exited the Forbidden City, I saw Tianamin Square. It was directly across the 6 lane street. In all, there must have been 100,000 people in and around the square. Student demonstrators were arranged in

groups, by their university. Everywhere there were spectators. The place was jammed with western news correspondents and camera men were taking photos. An American crew of 4 men went barging up the street. Apparently, they were tired of waiting for something to happen and went back to their hotel. I did not cross the street to the square. The street is 6 lanes wide (for cars) and 4 more for bicycles. There is an underground tunnel to get to the other side. Beijing also has a subway. I didn't try it, too easy to get lost. On the bus, I could follow my map, so I always knew where I was. Maps are great. When I got on the bus, the lady ticket taker asked me where I was going. I handed her more money, not knowing what she said. She shook her head no and muttered more Chinese. I got my map and pointed to Tianamen Square. She nodded, gave me my change and smiled. Thank God for maps!

Before I continue my day, let me give you a description of Chinese busses. They are at least 20 years old. Most are articulated. They have single seats along each side. The driver only drives. Passengers enter through the middle and rear of the bus. Usually they are quite crowded, standing room only. When the bus pulls up to the stop, there is a mad rush of pushing shoving to get on. People don't wait for others in an orderly fashion. In fact, often they don't wait for the exiting passengers to get off. Up 3 steps, and you are on. At each door is a ticket taker, almost always a woman. She has a seat next to the door with a small table for making change. She also controls the door. She opens and closes by pushing or pulling a lever, which runs the air pressure system. It often takes several attempts to get the door shut. People are standing in the doorway, so they must be smashed out of the way to get it shut. Once both doors are shut the bus lurches forward. People start handing the ticket takers money and tell them where they are going. She gives a ticket and change. Just before each stop, she gets on the PA and announces "hey la, hey la, ya ba, ya ba, min zou dash ba, abbra cadabra, please and thank you", or something to that effect.

Chinese people have no fear of moving vehicles. They will walk in front of a bus. The driver slams on the brakes. We all go flying forward, banging on each other. At the stop, there is much pushing and shoving to get off. People are getting on, people are getting off, no one makes room for anyone. Mass confusion.

I got off on Wusi Street, went back to Beichzi Street and started down along the forbidden city. I am back tracking some from my story. Beichzi, like most streets in Beijing, are as wide as American 2 lane roads, with curbs for parking. Beijing streets are **very** wide, by Chinese standards. The whole city has wide street, and you don't feel quite so crowded. Shanghai Streets are chaos. Too Narrow. Xian is halfway in between.

Anyway, as I was walking down Beichzi Street, I saw the usual scenes. Many small stores selling everything imaginable; washing machines, fans, food clothes, bicycle repair vendors (on the sidewalk, no shop) electric motors, insurance, ice cream and many other businesses.

By the time I got to Tiananmen Square I was exhausted. I hadn't been eating much and I think it caught up with me. I bought 5 steamed dumplings from a street vendor. I was only able to eat 2. I didn't seem to be hungry, just tired. Also, I was afraid to eat too much. I didn't want to get sick. I decided to go west on Tiananmen Square to the Beijing Hotel. There I thought I could sit down and get some coffee. I only had 1 cup earlier. Perhaps I need another. It was also getting hot. It was 12:30 pm. It was going to be a scorcher.



Maybe 90. The Beijing Hotel was "humongous". It went on and on and on. I thought I would try to arrange for tours, rent a bike and have a rest. I found the information desk and asked about tours. No tours. You rent a cab. Suddenly, "Hello mister, you want a cab? Very cheap. Great wall, tombs. How many people?"

I said tomorrow. I wanted a full day for the trip. This was the trip everyone said to take. "We go now, be back at 6 pm OK? Go now" I asked how much. He said, "How many people?" "One" "Only one 250 FEC. No, I will make deal, only 200 FEC. We go now. Air conditioning car" I said, "You take me to Peking University, drop me off there." "OK, we go." I was too tired to take the bus trip home. I gave in. It was a 2-mile walk back to the bus stop.

"You wait here. I get car." He had a new Japanese car, air conditioning, and cassette tape. It was great. We started up Tiananmen towards the square. I took several pictures in the car. I felt safe taking them in the car. We crossed the square and ran into a traffic jam. He turned around and went another way. As he was turning around, we saw more students marching to the square. Each group carries a banner with the name of the school. This group was from a medical school.

The driver said, "Students good. Le Peng bad. Must go. Students good." That showed the extent of the support the students have. By Chinese standards this cab driver has good life. He makes 250 yuan a month. That is twice the salary of the faculty at SISU. His wife makes 100 yuan/month. They are comfortable. Moreover, he gets to drive around in an air-conditioned car listening to classical music. Even so, he supports the students. It was about an hour and a half to the great wall. On the way we passed the shooting range Doug mentioned. I got a brochure. It is **very** expensive. We didn't go.

The wall was nothing exciting. Same as the wall around xian. I took several pictures and walked a short distance on it. I was still tired. Next, we went to the Ming tombs.

There are 13 tombs in all. I visited the tomb of Dingling. I bought a book on the tomb. By this stage in the journey, I had seen all the Chinese pageantry I wanted to see. What really bothered me was the wealth of these emperors. It makes me sick to see the way they squandered the wealth. I wondered how many hundreds or thousands of people died making the tomb. It was huge. No monarch in Europe ever had anything this grand. Dingling lived during the reign of Henry VIII.

On the way out I bought some books and panda bears for the boys. I have had great difficulty finding something for the boys. Nothing here that would appeal to them. I returned to the car completely exhausted. "We go back now" I said. "OK," he said. On the way back, we saw an army truck with 5 or 6 soldiers. He said, "many army outside Beijing." Then he went on "when try come to city, people block road. Army must stay out."

I had also heard that some troops in Tiananmen supported the students. I saw no troops and only traffic police inside Beijing. We arrived back on campus at 5:30 PM. I rested. At 6 pm I went down to eat.

There is a cafeteria. You buy tickets, then go up to the window and point to what you want. They have plates on display with various dishes. You pay and get your food. There are 2 sides. I went to the American side, quite by accident. I ordered string beans and

some kind of fish or meat that was pay fried in a batter like Kentucky Fried Chicken. I also bought a coke. They didn't have anything to drink but coke, beer and water. One **never** drinks the water.

For the first time all day I felt good. I realized I hadn't been eating enough. Or perhaps the balance was wrong. At any rate, I felt much better. I also bought a piece of cornbread with a nut topping.

After dinner I went for a stroll, then back to my room. Down the hall is a room with washing machines. I washed my clothes. I have been wearing the same pair of blue jeans for over a week. It's good to have clean clothes.

1:26 PM

I rented a bike (10 Yuan/2 days) and headed downtown. I didn't get too far before I got tired and returned. I have been in my room reading about Japan.

6:48 PM

I spent all afternoon in bed. I think I had too much sun. I feel fine but tired. Every time I get up, I feel like going back to bed. The toilets are just a hole that one squats over. The smell is unbearable. Toilet paper does not go in the toilet. It goes in a basket nearby, adding the "aroma". The toilet paper is thicker than this note book paper.

Let me tell you about dinner. The cafeteria is a large hall. It is divided in half. On the south half, it is self-service. The north half has waitresses. To buy food on the south side you must first purchase a meal ticket. These are pieces of plastic. There are two windows in which to buy food, one is Chinese food, other is Chinese food (although they say it is western). Since I don't speak the language, I point at what I want. Usually there are a few plates of food out to point at, except breakfast. I just hand them a bunch of money for meal tickets, they take some and give me back the change. For dinner, I bought a bottle of mineral water. It was awful. Hu Horon says not to drink out of the bottle. A glass, of course, are extra. I haven't figured out how much. At any rate, dinner was OK. I had meatballs, zucchini, red peppers, a bowl of rice and mineral water for 6 yuan, less than \$1.00.

7:57 PM

I was reading this diary, and I realized I forgot to write about my money-changing episode in Shanghai. On Saturday, 5/20/89, I went downtown with Xi Xigo Ming. He is in his early 30's, a faculty member and very nice. Last year he spent 6 months in London. He is a little naive. We went to the bund (waterfront) then up to Nanjing Road. This is famous throughout China as a shopper's paradise. We went past the Shanghai Number 1 Department Store. Along its side alley they change money. If you go to the back of the alley you get 3.61 FEC per US dollar. Here you get more than 6 RMB per dollar. Being the ever-present bargain hunter, I said let's do it. We started down the alley and a man came up to us. He said, "you change money." Since this is illegal, we had to be careful. Xi Xiao Ming said nothing would happen to me because I am a foreigner. a Chinese would probably go to jail. I said "Yes, change money." The man asked Xi to find out how much I wanted to change. I said \$200. Then we negotiated the exchange rate. He said 6.5. I said no and started to walk off. He ran after me and asked me what I wanted. Last week Gary

Moore got 6.8 so I said, "6.8." A crowd was starting to form. I was getting nervous. I said no and started to walk off. he grabbed me "6.7", he said. The crowd was building. "OK" I said, hoping to get this over with and leave. All of a sudden, I realized I had to reach into my pocket and pull out a big wad of US bills and count out the money. Before doing anything, I used my calculator watch to determine how much they should pay. 200 times 6.7 equals \$1,340. Actually, It went like this; 200 t-i-m-e-s 6 point 7 = one thousand three hundred and forty. It seemed like an eternity. By now 30 people were standing around. At any moment I expected the knife to pierce my heart. I told the man to give the money to Xi. Then I told Xi to count it. \$1340, correct! Now for the hard part. I took out a wad and counted out \$200 in twenties. There must have been 50 pairs of eyes looking at the money. I passed him the money, grabbed the RMB from Xi and stuffed it into my pocket. I just barely had enough room in my pocket. What a wad of money! Then I bolted out of the middle of the circle and headed back for Nanjing. Whew! I made it. Xi said I was a good negotiator. I didn't tell him how scared I was.

Later I found out not all places will take RMB from foreigners. Fortunately, the faculty residence did. That bill came to \$900 Yuan. I'm down to my last 40 now. If you stay away from tourist places, life is cheap in China. I had Peking Duck for \$2.50, including beer and orange soda. The residence was 80 yuan (\$11.94) per day. The Peoples Hotel (tourist trap) was \$44/day. They charged 160 FEC. They wouldn't take RMB. The taxi ride from the Beijing airport to Peking U cost as much as 3 nights lodging in the dorm. You are miles ahead to go Chinese.

Speaking of Chinese, I'm going to take a shower then go to bed. The shower may not be Chinese, but bed is. I love you L.

5/30/89 - Peking University  
7:30 PM

Today I felt fine. I didn't eat breakfast. I decided to ride downtown. I got started but realized it was too far, at least 10 miles. I stopped at the Olympic Hotel where I changed \$20 into FEC. I need the money for the cab ride tomorrow morning. Then I came back. It was 11:30 so I ate lunch. Then I took the bus. I had to transfer at the zoo. I went to Tiananmen Square. At the south end in is Mao's Mausoleum. It was closed due to the demonstrations. Across the street was a Kentucky Fried Chicken, it was never closed. I took some pictures and bought a Pepsi. Then I walked up the square. Thousands of students were demonstrating. I took several pictures. Then I caught the bus and came back. I bought several tee shirts, \$1.00 each, and then ate dinner. After dinner I went for a stroll and returned the bike I rented. Since I returned it early, I got 4 yuan back. I went to the entrance of the school and took a picture. There were 2 little kids standing beside me. I took their picture. All of a sudden, a bicycle repairman started yelling at me. He didn't want me to take pictures of the kids. I said I was sorry, which he did not understand, and got out of there pronto! After that I came back to my room and packed. Tomorrow, I go to Japan. Thank God. I am ready for cleanliness.

I can honestly say this has been an experience I don't want to repeat. Life in a 3rd world country is not pleasant. I am glad I came. It was a real eye opener. Now I know how they live. And I don't want to live that way. There is nothing romantic about China. Romance is pure fiction here!

It will be interesting to see my feelings 1 year from now.

Every American at Shanghai (that I talked to) disliked the place. They were all counting the weeks until they could go home. Bob Lucas, a professor from the University of Colorado at Boulder, was probably the most outspoken. One morning, at breakfast, the waitress brought something that was supposed to be eggs. Lucas said, "Don't worry, this has not been touched by human hands." At the time I was appalled. I couldn't understand how anyone could say such a thing. Having spend 2 weeks in China, I now understand.

Let me give you an example. I went into a bank today to change \$20.00 for the cab. There were many people, all shoving and pushing to get to the teller. I found a teller and went to the window. The teller was a woman about 25. She was filling out a form, 3 parts with carbon. She was sloppy and lazy about it. She acted as if she was made to do this against her will. Of course, she was. At any rate, after she completed the form, she started another one. The completed one she threw across her desk and the next desk. It landed on the 3rd desk. She completely ignored me.

I was standing there, holding up a \$20.00 travelers check. She just ignored me. Never said a thing. Just ignored me. She completed the second form, threw it across the 2 desks. I couldn't stand it any longer. I went to a fancy hotel, changed my money and bought a very expensive cup of coffee. At least I was treated like a human being. Of course, in America you would get much better service, in a similar hotel, but at least they treated me with respect.

I don't see any respect here. Basically, people do not have dignity, the party controls their life; they do as they are told. No freedom, no choice, no respect, no dignity, untouched by human hands.

5/31/89 - Wednesday  
6:36 AM Peking University

LAST DAY IN CHINA!

What an experience. It is too early to tell what it all means. I keep trying to synthesize, but it is too early. I think this would make a good newspaper story. Especially since I have been on Campuses and talked to striking students. That would be very good for my college personnel file. It was cloudy earlier. Now it is starting to clear up. It was very warm yesterday. Even last night it was warm. I woke up with a head cold. It could be an allergy, the right side of my nose is plugged up, the left side is OK. A cab is picking me up at 8 AM to go to the airport. About 1 hour drive. The plane leaves at 10:20 AM. I want to be there in plenty of time.

9:15 AM - Beijing airport

I am looking at one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen! A Boeing 747 is going to take me out of China. It is a United flight. It looks wonderful. Almost as good as my wife when she walked down the wedding aisle on her father's arm.

Japan seems like heaven. I can't believe I am going to a CLEAN country. I can't wait.

I think part of the frustration is not speaking the language. At first, it was fun. Here I was

in a foreign country unable to speak the language yet surviving. After a while "surviving" becomes unpleasant. Much like "surviving" in my university job at Storrs. I am very glad to have moved to Vermont and no longer "surviving" at the University of Connecticut.

I think on my sabbatical, we should go to Israel. I talked to George Doyle about a Fulbright Scholarship. that would pay my salary plus 2 tickets. Perhaps my dear friend Clarence Schultz could arrange something for us. He has been to Israel several times. I have a runny nose. The right side is still clogged up. The airport is like much of China. Marble floors. They have been mopped. So, the dirt has been turned to mud and swished around. The windows have not been cleaned in months. The window curtains are soiled, stained, and torn. They have plastic covered seats which are torn, ripped and generally shabby. However, the staff was Americans. I did not have to outside 1 hour and a half waiting to get into the waiting room, which was nicer than the one in Xian. I probably don't appreciate it as much because I didn't have to wait an hour and a half to get into it. In fact, I sailed through customs and checked in. There was a United baggage agent (an American) at the front door. He checked my bags and told me where to go. The people at customs only wanted a form I had filled out on the way into the country. There were huge lines of people, but I just barged around them. My lines were quite short. It was just a matter of getting to them.

So here I sit in a room full of Americans. New York city Jews, Bostonians, and Midwesterners. Old ladies, middle aged men. Only 4 Chinese in the whole place. I wonder if they know not to spit.

The check-in people are setting up by the gate. 9:43 AM. The plane leaves in 40 minutes. No PA system. The woman agent has a bull horn.

On the way to the airport, I heard the same message being broadcast over several PA systems at several universities. Many people had stopped to listen. It must be something important. Perhaps the government has done something. I don't know or care. In 33 minutes, I will be "out of here."

10:36 AM - Airborne

I am about to have my first **real** cup of coffee in 2 weeks. I am ready for that. Also, some orange juice. The flight time to Shanghai is one hour and half. Probably 30 minutes in Shanghai. Then off to Tokyo. We arrive at 3:55 PM. There is one hour time difference. So, probably 3 hours flying time. This head cold is a nuisance. I hope it goes away soon. A parting gift from China.

12:28 PM - Shanghai Airport

The flight down was wonderful. I had coffee, croissants and fresh fruit. Luxury. We all had to get off and go through customs to exit the country. We must wait here about one hour. The old familiar smell of urine permeates the place. At least we are allowed to sit in the waiting room, as opposed to waiting outside to get into the waiting room.

12:58 PM - Airborne again

Susan Moore had a friend (Amanda) visiting. She is on this flight. We talked in the waiting

room. She is a friend of Don Gamble (a Vermont colleague).

3:00 PM

We are over Japan. Landing in one hour. We seem to be crossing lots of islands.

7:25 PM - Kimmi Ryokan, Tokyo, Japan

What a difference!!

People are clean here. It's a very big city. Much like New York. We arrived at the airport at 3:45 PM. I went through customs with no problems. The difference between Beijing and Tokyo Airports is amazing. Tokyo is modern, efficient, clean and they speak English. I called and made reservations for a tour of Tokyo tomorrow. Then I changed all my money to Yen. I now have 48,000 yen. That seems like a lot. But it goes fast. I took the train to my hotel (Ryokan). First I had to take the bus to the train station. Then the train to Tokyo. What a difference between Japanese and Chinese trains. This one was neat and clean. Every seat was a "soft" seat. I asked the conductor if I had the correct train. He said, "Yes, correct train." I was amazed. Guess what? Japanese don't spit on the train floor. I feel like I have gone 100 years in to the future. I took the "skyline" train to the Nippori Station. There I changed to another line to come to the Ikebukuro Station. I passed it and had to get another train back. They run every few minutes. When I got into the station, I thought it was Grand Central. Lots of people everywhere all in a hurry. Unlike China, people don't talk. They ride the train in silence. They are more sophisticated, I guess. I walked a few blocks to my hotel. It is not a real Ryokan, but a close approximation. It is cheap lodging. My room is like the description in the book. One room, a straw mat on the floor, a coffee table, mattress and a cupboard to put my clothes on. Nothing else. What really impresses me is that it is clean. The floors are polished. That is probably because we don't wear shoes. The coffee table is highly polished. I suspect by Japanese standards; this place is not clean. Too many foreigners here. On the other hand, by Chinese standards, it is immaculate, and NO SMELL OF URINE. My head cold is progressing well. I feel lousy. I think I will go down and get a coke. Maybe I will get water out of the tap. Did you know you can drink the water in Japan?

I went down and had a hot bath. It was very nice. It cleared my head. Relaxed me. I will read my Bible and go to bed. Tomorrow, I have to be at a nearby hotel at 7:45 for the all day tour.

6/1/89 - Thursday

7:19 Metropolitan Hotel

I am waiting for the tour guide. She just arrived. Time to go. We must first go downtown. The tour starts there.

We are at the Century Hotel. We have a 20-minute wait. This morning is beautiful. Clear sky shining sun. China seemed to always have a gray haze. Even when I was flying there was a gray haze. Here it is clear. I think it is the wind patterns. As I look around, I see tall buildings. This could be NYC, LA, Chicago, or any big city. Tall glass office buildings. The city is too big. At the Metropolitan I had a continental breakfast. It was twice as much as I paid for a whole week of meals at the faculty residence in Shanghai. This is an expensive city. But it was excellent service. Of course, for that price I could do without the service.

Today tour cost 9,170 yen or \$65.03 America. My room was only 10,500 (3 nights).

Estimated Expenses

2480 Baggage Check

1600 Train to Airport

2000 Exit Cost at Airport

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6080

21,092 Cash On Hand

15,012 Balance (\$106.47 American)

It's funny, I don't seem to have a lot to write about in Japan. I guess that is because it is so much like America. There is an evening tour I would like to take. It is around 12,000 yen. I'll see how today's tour goes.

Not as many people in Japan. The streets aren't crowded. No vendors selling their wares. A schoolgirl walks by. Just one. A young businessman, preppy slacks, blue blazer. In China during the same few moments, probably 200-300 people would have walked by. I'm the only passenger on the bus. This bus has carpets, not wooden floors for spitting. Japanese women dress more professional. Chinese woman dress more for beauty. Some of the woman had very feminine, lace and silk, dresses. Here they wear more suits and skirts. I see bicycles. As I look out the window I see about 20 parked. It turns out I have spent a lot less than expected. Mainly due to cheap hotel rooms and eating local food.

11:35

I am at a Buddhist temple. We went to the Tokyo Tower. Larger than the Eiffel Tower. From there we could see all of Tokyo. Then to the Imperial Palace. There is one garden (East Garden) open to the public. We drove through the downtown area and up to this temple. Many vendors and small shops. People give money to the shrines, hoping their prayers will be answered.

In Shanghai, Ai took me to a Buddhist temple. There a rich family paid the monks to pray for their departed relations. The more you pay the more they pray. Perhaps "W.A.R.M" should start the pay and pray club. Religion here is a mixed-up jumble of paying, praying and doing. Most Japanese practice Shintoism because it gets them a better life, so they believe. When they die, it is Buddhism, because that deals with the hereafter.

I am somewhat confused as to what to make of all this. The people are sincere.

Their beliefs are very similar to ours. Buddhist, for example, believes in a good God (actually, several Gods). The basic tenants are there. What is missing is:

1. Belief is one God
2. No concern about man's will versus God's will
3. No messiah

Lots of prayer, sacrifice, alms giving. The difference is it is man centered. Everything is done to better your life, not serve the will of God. Time to go.

On the way to Mt. Fuji  
9:27 AM

After the temple, we went to the Ginza district for lunch. Because of this cold, I couldn't taste anything. We started with raw cabbage and bean curd soup. Next came rice. There were several courses after that. Each item was fried in a batter like a chicken fried steak. First came shrimp skewered on a stick. In fact, everything was served that way. Next came string beans again, skewered and fried. Then a pea pod with some kind of sauce that looked like mayonnaise. I was sorry I couldn't taste it. There were also several sauces we put into a bowl with 4 compartments. Soya, meat sauce (like steak sauce), catsup and hot mustard. They also served a side dish of something that looked like hot chili peppers and pickle relish, it wasn't too hot.

After the pea pod came chicken, pork, beef and asparagus. For dessert we had green (split pea soup colored) ice cream and tea. I had a second bowl of rice. I was stuffed.

We then took a cab back to some hotel which was the starting place for the afternoon tour. First, we went to the Diet (Japanese congress). We were only allowed to view it from the outside. Next was the Meiji (pronounced May-au-gie) Shrine. This was a temple to memorialize the grandfather of the emperor who just died (Hirohito to the west, Showa in Japan). Prior to Meiji, Japan was ruled by Shoguns. He took the power away from the current Shogun. This was called the Meiji restoration. He also opened Japan to the west. Shintoists worship Meiji as a God.

Next, we went to the government run TV studio. It was the usual hype. The only interesting thing was a group of schoolgirls. I got a photo.

In Japan, at least once a year, school children are taken on tours of Tokyo. These girls were from a private school in northern Japan. Everywhere we went there were school children.

The last stop was at a showroom for new cars. The prices ranged between one and two million yen (about \$25,000). The government puts a heavy tax on cars and requires inspections that cost \$1,000. This, also, is a controlled economy. After that, I was sent back to my hotel in a cab. I rode part way with 2 young girls from Mexico.

When I got back to my room I went immediately to the bath. There was an outer room in which you took off your clothes. Then I went into the room with the bathtub. Everything is tiny in Japan, lack of space. The outer room was like a small closet. The bathroom was 4' by 5'. I sat on the wooden bench and bathed myself. Then I got in the tub. It didn't seem very hot. But as time went on it got so warm I had to get out. That completely relaxed me. It was about 7:30 PM. I went back to my room and crashed. After about a half hour, I started to revive. Downstairs (I'm on the 3rd floor) is a lounge. I went down, read the newspaper and had a coke. It got too warm in there, so I went back up to my room. Eventually, I went to sleep.

I woke up this morning at first light. I heard birds singing and thought it was about 5:30 AM. It was 4 AM! I went back to sleep. Sleeping alone is difficult. I miss cuddling. So, I dozed on and off until 5:30. Then I got up, shaved, showered and brushed my teeth. I headed over to the Metropolitan Hotel, where the tour bus was going to pick me up. Tokyo is a crazy labyrinth of streets. The Shogun designed it to be confusing for invaders. He



did a good job. Streets run every which way, little one lane alleys, 2 lane streets. There are as many businesses in the alleys as there are in the streets.

When I arrived at the hotel, I went to the coffee shop. There I had a continental breakfast and read the paper. The bus picked me up at 7:25 AM and took me downtown. There we picked up other passengers. We are now on our way to Mt Fuji.

About one hour out of Tokyo, the country becomes very mountainous. Much like Siskou mountain range of Northern California( although not as tall). Steep slopes and very green. We are going to Hakone. This is a lake near Mt Fuji. We are passing through a valley that looks much like the fjords of Norway. The difference is that the valley floors are all planted in rice. Lots of evergreen trees. People working in the fields with straw hats. Rice neatly planted in rows. Each plot is in 6 inches of water, with the rice sticking through the top.

As we came around a corner, I saw Mt Fuji. It Looks much like Mt Shasta. When we flew in from China, we had a spectacular view. The brochure has excellent photos. The Mt Fuji National Park is just like any of the parks along the Oregon Cascades. It makes me want to move back to Oregon. I really feel the yearning to go back to the farm. I have felt it quite strongly the last few days.

I also have been thinking about planting a crop at home. I will talk to My colleagues John Pierce and Elery Jones about planting Christmas trees. Our land is good for that.

There are Good luck bells for sale at Mt Fuji. On one side it says, "ring it and you will have good luck". The other side says always "keep it with you and you'll live to be 100". I didn't buy one.

12:34 PM

Left station #5 at Mt Fuji and we are headed for lunch. Tomorrow at this time, I will head for the airport. I can't wait to get home. I wish I could leave now. I miss my family. We were fortunate today. Only a few clouds. We could see the mountain very well.

5:21 PM

The day is over, and we are heading back to Tokyo. The only thing that was bad was my burning desire to be home. I am counting the hours.

When we arrived at Station #5, we got out and looked around. Our timing was great. Half an hour after we arrived, it clouded over and we couldn't see a thing. It was cold. Snow of the ground. We were at the timberline. After Fuji, we went to Lake Yamanaka. It was beautiful. Just like the Norwegian fjords. We went to the Mt Fuji hotel for lunch. It was nice. A beautiful building high on a hill above the lake. Very serene and bucolic. We had vegetable soup, rolls and butter, baked chicken legs on a bed of rice covered with a tomato sauce, vanilla ice cream, a cookie and coffee. It was very American. Then we went outside and sat in the garden and took in the view. After lunch we went to Hakone district where we took a gondola ride up to the top of a volcanic mountain. This is a part of the trip Leila would have gladly missed. She would not like being suspended over a very deep valley.

Along the cliffs of the valley, steam was rising from the volcano. It was quite awesome. On the other side of the valley, we got off the gondola and went through a museum that explained how all the volcanic eruptions produced this place.

From there we went down the other side of the mountain (on the bus). We arrived at Lake Hakone. We took a boat that looked like a 16th century man-of-war. The boat went to the other end of the lake. Now we are on our way back.

On the boat was a group of schoolgirls. They were all talking and giggling in English to the women on our tour. It was sweet to see. I am sure that is what our girls will be like. I took a picture.

I can't get over how much this place is like Norway, 2 story white stucco houses with tile roofs, houses very close together and little plots of garden and rice field everywhere.

This also (like China) is a controlled economy. Cars are regulated via a high tax on the purchase price, high inspection fee and gas at \$3.00/gallon. I think they want to export cars and force Japanese to use the public transportation. I must admit, it is excellent (trains, subways, buses) all neat, clean, efficient and on time.

23 Hours before my plane leaves

6/3/89 - Kimi Ryokan  
9 AM - Ikebukuro, Tokyo

Dear Lord, this is my last day in the Orient. I will probably never return. Please guide and direct me. show me what to make of this experience. Bless Leila and the kids. Protect them from the evil one. Put the desire in my heart to pursue you. Amen.

Last night the tour guide dropped me off at a subway station. Gave me 300 and said to take the subway up to the Ikebukuro Station. There happened to be an American there. He showed me how to buy a ticket using the vending machines. Then, which train to get on. It was packed. The tour guide said it was the 6th exit. It was the 7th. I got off at the 6th exit and saw the sign indicating Ikebukuro was the next exit. I jumped back on it. I got off at the correct station. Now the problem was finding the correct exit. I was supposed to take the west exit. Of course, I had no idea which way was west. It was already dark. I wandered along until I came to an information desk. It was closed. "Well," I thought, "I might as well try the first one I come across." I really didn't want to ask. I didn't know how to ask. I knew I would be at the west exit when I came out and saw the golden arches. McDonalds is very popular in Japan. I took the first exit. By now I had learned the Japanese for exit. Lo and behold, there were the golden arches. I was so happy I almost went over and bought a Big Mac. Fortunately, or unfortunately, depending upon your point of view, I didn't know how to order. I just came back to my room. Tokyo is a night city. The place is all lit up. Restaurants and bars everywhere. All the stores are open. I thought about wandering around but didn't for fear of getting lost. As I previously said, Tokyo is a maze of streets, alleys and express ways. It is almost impossible to find your way around. It would be easy to get lost three blocks from the hotel. There is no complete city map. It would have to be 10 feet by 10 feet to show all the alleys. I am only eating one meal a day, here in Japan. Food is too expensive. If I get really hungry, I'll get some bread at the airport. Otherwise, I'll wait for the flight. On the way over they served three meals.

After I returned to my room, I took a bath. It wasn't as hot as the first time. Also, I wasn't as tense. The day had been much more relaxing. People were up all night out on the streets, loud and noisy. At 4 AM, the guy next door brought some loudmouth English woman in for sex. It was disgusting. I got up and had a shower and shaved, and bought two cups of coffee, 120 yen each. I also found a science fiction book to read on the plane. It looks entertaining.

I have to take the subway from here to Nippori. There transfer for a train to the airport. It should take about 2 hours. There is also a short bus ride from the train to the airport. I think I will leave here at about 10 AM. That will get me there at noon. The plane does not leave until about 4:55 PM. I thought about going downtown. I decided not to. It is too easy to get lost. Besides, there is nothing to see that I haven't already seen. I could go to Tokyo Disneyland, but it is expensive. I decided to go to the airport instead.

I still have this blasted head cold. It kept me up, along with the noisy people. It really bothered me on the way up Mt Fuji. Fuji has two meanings; strong warriors and mountain that never dies. It is 12,388 feet above sea level.

I am going to pack up and leave.

The trip home was uneventful. I flew nonstop to JFK Airport. The trip from JFK to Vermont was a blur. I do remember driving all night (which was all day in Tokyo).

Home, back to my family.

If I had to say what stood out most about this trip was, ironically, how much I missed my family.