

Tour of Southern China during the month long New Year holiday

The Lunar Festival from late January to late February offered us foreign teachers the opportunity for a month off. People took advantage of the location to choose exotic far-Eastern getaways--some to Australia, some to Tibet, some to Outer Mongolia. Jim Friend, who was returning to CSU after the semester was up, was taking Xu Xin as his guide for a tour of Mongolia. I had to attend a mid-year general meeting of all the China Fullbright professors in Guangzhou. Lynn had no special plans, so wanted to accompany me that far. So I planned a trip that would take us to Shanghai first, where we could get (with help from Cen YeFeng's sister, YeYing) our airline tickets to Guilin, as you could only buy tickets in your departure city! I planned a tour that would let us visit the famous and scenic Li River and Yangshou, and from there we would take the train to Kunming, where we would see all the beautiful areas around there before heading to Guangzhou by plane. Once in Guangzhou, we would go our separate ways—Lynn would leave for her second-semester teaching position in Japan, and I would go down the Pearl River to Hong Kong where I would see Jack Cuff who was usually stationed there, and he would show me around the Territories and Macau for a few days before I got a flight to Taiwan, where I would be visiting an SVD friend of mine—Jack Cannuli, and a grad student last year at CSU—Liang JiinGuang, who lived and worked as a journalist in Taipei.

Jan. 20 Lynn and I left on the 5:30 a.m. train for Shanghai and arrived at 11:30, where we were met by Cen YeYing, who took us to the Shanghai Hotel, where she had reserved rooms. At great length, and only because Lynn had her usual cigarette bribe as well as a letter from the Ministry of Education (which I did not have), we were allowed to get the foreign expert discount and paid 60 yuan/nite for a double. Cen Yeying then went and bought our plane tickets, for 117 yuan (using her renminbi in exchange for our foreign currency). We went to the ballet that night with Ying, a love story about a young couple who turn into butterflies. The music was lovely, and the next day we tried in various music stores to get the tape. Later she sent us copies.

Jan. 21 Lynn and I went to the Friendship Store with YeYing and helped her buy a colored TV--18" National/ Panasonic for 1200 RMB (only 400 was in waihui). She took the TV on home in the cab, and Lynn and I went to the Peace Hotel, where I bought a cashmere sweater for 60 kuai. YeYing picked us up that evening and we went by taxi (Shanghai is easy to get around in by taxi) to the Shanghai acrobatic show, complete with 20 people on a bicycle, a tower of ten men standing on each others shoulders, a panda wheeling a baby panda in a baby carriage and other amazing spectacles .

Jan 22 Lynn and I went on a tour of the Yu Garden in the morning, took pictures, bought hats, took a cab back to the Shanghai hotel where we had lunch in the nice dining room overlooking the city. YeYing came and had lunch with us, then we took a cab to the airport for our 3pm flight to Guilin. (YeYing got car sick

again.) We arrived in Guilin at 4:30, where we took a cab to the Li Jiang Hotel, got rooms (though there was a new regulation that they didn't give foreign experts discounts, which Lynn fought bravely and got us a double for 44 yuan). Charlie Li, an entrepreneur, came to our hotel that evening and helped us to get our tickets on the boat ride the next day for 50 kuai, while he would take our cards etc. to the CAAC office to buy our plane tickets to Kunming on Friday morning.

Jan 23 We took a day tour along the Li River from Yangti to Yangshuo, met some French people with whom we were seated for the Mongolian Hotpot. The trip was cold but the scenery was spectacular--mists shrouding the hairy peaks, peasants poling cargo-laden boats, shoreline dotted with wild shrubbery and woven huts. I took lots of slides along the way. When we arrived at Yangshuo, we toured the streets. In little shops I bought 3 hand-painted books showing the scenery along the Li River, with poems in calligraphy-- for only 10, 15, and 20 yuan. We took a bus back to our hotel where we had dinner about 7.

Jan 24 We flew to Kunming early in the morning. The flight was only 75 yuan. At the airport we took the CAAC bus into town and looked over the Kunming Hotel (40 Yuan a night), but decided to go over to the Cuihu (Green Lake) Hotel instead for 42 yuan. It overlooked the Cuihu park. After we checked in, we walked through the winding alleys and old streets to the Yuandong Temple, guided by 3 little girls, who tried to get us in the back door. We took them in with us the front gate, but an old lady gave them a lecture and made them "leave us alone" though we tried to tell her they were our little friends. The girls didn't know whether the lady knew who they were, but they didn't want to take the chance that she might know them and tell their mothers, so they left us. We later dined at the hotel and met Mary Mazur from Beijing, together with Norma Diamond from Kunming. She was doing research on a minority tribe, who are fundamentalists. Instead of doing dancing and singing, as the government likes the minorities to do, to attract the tourists, they sit around talking about the end of the world. We also talked about the Chinese love of Jack London. She said they were thinking of holding a "Jack London Conference" there, with papers such as "The Influence of Jack London on Earnest Hemingway," etc. The food in Kunming was better than in Nanjing; there were snow-peas, fried cheese, and Guochiao (Cross the Bridge) soup, where they bring out all the ingredients, then the soup with oil on the top. They add noodles and all the ingredients, stir them together and the hot oil cooks the ingredients. Allegedly the dish had been invented by a wife who took her husband's mid-day meal to him "across the bridge." He liked it hot, so she waited till she got there to add the ingredients and cook them. There were sliced meat, greens, and noodles all together. Delicious! I suppose this is what ramen noodle soups are derived from.

Jan 25 Saturday. Early in the morning, Lynn and I got out and found the bus to Xi Shan, by the Yunnan Hotel. We also met Suzanne, who had been with us in Guilin, and she joined us. We went up to the top of the Western Hills. On the

bus, we met a honeymooning couple who gave us their seats and led us up the steep pathway with the rocky steps along the cliff's edge to the Lion's Gate, a rocky precipice hewn out of the peaks. We walked all the way up,. We took the bus down to the Huating Temple, where we saw all the grotesque figures of terracotta Buddhists.

Jan 26 Sunday. We rested, and walked around the town. I was beginning to feel burdened by Lynn's agreeableness. I would ask her, "What do you want to do today?" She hadn't any ideas. She was just "along for the ride." She had basically a month or so to kill, and was willing to come along and let me be her guide, and talk to people in Chinese, but she had no real incentive to take the initiative. In fact, she was just in China because her school had an exchange with them, and she happened to have a sabbatical. I was getting tired of being the constant tour guide, making the plans. I wanted to read and relax. I was reading CHINA: YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Jan 27 Monday, with the help of some honeymooners, whom we met at the bus stop, we took the 8:30 bus for the all-day tour on the Coaster Bus going to four stops--the Golden Temple (Jindian), the Black Dragon Temple (Beilong), the Bamboo Temple (Qionghu) and finally, to the Dagan Park on Lake Dai. We met another honeymoon couple, who led us to the Clock Tower and ate lunch with us. At the lake, we took a boatride out through the lotus, across to the opposite side, where we had our pictures taken--I was Huang Hou, and Lynn was the Lady Swordsman. Returning, we got our tickets for the Stone Forest the next day.

Jan 28 Tuesday. We took the 7:30 bus on the 3 hour drive out to the Stone Forest. More honeymooners on that trip. We climbed all over the Stone Forest, Lynn and I managing to get separated from each other. I spent about an hour sitting on top of the pavilion, watching a minority girl working on a bag. At dinner that evening, we met some people from Boeing who were staying there for 2 years to look after one plane that Yunnan Province had bought from them--another case of our bending over backwards and doing everything to help the Chinese, who get special consideration always, though giving nothing in return.

Jan 29. Wednesday. In the morning I fixed my hair, had it cut (by Lynn), and spent the day walking around Kunming, taking pictures of the little back streets, then came back to write a letter home.

Letter home from Kunming

We arrived in Kunming on January 24 from Guilin where we stopped over and went for a cruise on the Li River. We have had a wonderful visit here in Kunming. This city is in southwestern China, near Burma on the west and Vietnam only 250 miles away on the south. During WWII, this city was the American airbase for planes flying "over the hump" from Burma, bringing

supplies to China (supplies that Chiang Kaishek confiscated, as I learned from reading Barbara Tuchman's wonderful Stillwell: the American Experience in China 1911-1945). This city has the reputation for having the best climate in China, and it's turned out to be true--the sun shines every day, the air is clean, the temperature is in the 60's and 70's, and there are spring flowers here already. We're staying at the lovely CuiHu or Green Lake Hotel, in a park like neighborhood around Green Lake. Around the hotel are winding little side streets and old-style Chinese houses and shops. Modernization hasn't changed the face of Kunming, at least around here, yet.

There's so much to do here that we've gone on all-day excursions every day. One day we went out to the Western Hills where there are Buddhist Temples winding up steep trails to a summit where there is a Kou Long Men (dragon's mouth gate) . We climbed up and down hundreds of steps along the edge of a cliff over Lake Dianchi. It was breathtaking. We also visited one of the lower temples--Tai hua, which has hundreds of surreal-grotesque painted terracotta sculptures of disciples of Buddha carved all over the walls. The temple courtyard was filled with flowering trees--plum trees and red camelias. Honeymooners come here from all over China. We met a couple from Xian the first day and climbed with them (taking their pictures for their photo album) up the various temples then went up the many steps with them to the dragon's gate. Another day we toured 4 spots in one day (for 3.5 yuan, little more than a dollar). On that tour we met a couple from Chengdu. I've been having opportunities to practice my Chinese here. The bus left at 8:30 from the center of town and took us to the Golden Temple, the Black Dragon Pool, the Bamboo Temple, and Dianchi Park, with a stop at noon for lunch in a little Chinese restaurant. (Everyone on the tour was Chinese). More gardens and flowers and charming temples with carved Buddhas, all set in pine and bamboo forests, with winding paths up to the bell tower (at the Golden Temple). The sun shone and birds sang and the air smelled like pine needles, and off in the distance we could see the Western Hills, the mountains that are the beginning of "the hump" into Burma. I took rolls and rolls of film. At Lake Dianchi, Lynn and I got commandeered by two women who wanted to row us "across and back"--we didn't know where, but we went, for the exhorbitant price of 5 yuan (\$1.75). They rowed us through tangled knots of lotus that had drifted across the lake, to a little island park. There we came upon a small pavilion where we rented costumes. Lynn put on the Lady Swordsman costume and I put on Huang Hou, an impress's court costume, and we entertained the crowds by posing in front of a pavilion taking our pictures.

On another day we left on a 7 a.m. bus (from the center of town) for a three-hour drive out to the Stone Forest, where limestone rocks have weathered into fantastic shapes like swords and bells, with pagoda pavilions set up on the pinnacles. I got lost wandering among all those pathways, up and down rocky steps. It was another beautiful day, and three couples on joint honeymoon were in our bus. Spring break is a good time to get married in China because couples get ten days off work for their honeymoon plus ten days for Spring Festival, and

some take an extra ten days without pay. So many couples get married at this time that communal weddings are sometimes held.

We're leaving tomorrow afternoon on a flight from Kunming to Guangzhou for the Fulbright meeting there, then on to Hong Kong. I can't believe we've only been gone nine days. We've done so much already--and I haven't had a cold at all. The clear mountain air here is good for my health and invigorates me! My bronchitis has finally cleared up.

Jan.30. Thursday. In the morning I went to the park and spent hours looking through the beautiful flower show there of azaleas, camelias, etc. In the afternoon, we went to the airport in a taxi. There at the luggage-checking counter, we met an American student who told us about the shocking news that the spaceship Challenger had exploded on take-off. We hadn't seen it on TV. I felt as if it had happened right there in the airport at Kunming. We were told that the flight to Guangzhou was to be hours late, because the new 737 (which we had heard about from the Boeing men staying at our hotel) had had some bugs in it that morning and had been 5 hours late in leaving for Beijing. Since the Chinese run planes like buses, they had delayed the connecting flight until the plane returned from Beijing, about 8 p.m. Fortunately, we met Wen Guo --a fellow Fulbright teaching at Beijing University -- at the airport and so had someone to talk with. Our plane finally left about 8:30 from Kunming and arrived in Guangzhou about 11:30 p.m.. We got a cab and went to the White Swan Hotel. Wen worked it out so that we could get a room for only 160 yuan for a double, instead of the 200 they were asking . Our room had a view of the Pearl River to the south.

Midyear Meeting in Guangzhou

Jan. 31. Friday I met the Fulbrighters at breakfast (in the beautiful coffee shop overlooking the Pearl River)--Eugenia, Stan and Julie, Bill Crowell. After breakfast, we went on a tour of the Qing Ping market (where we saw dead dogs hanging on hooks like goats and live cats in cages, being sold to become little "tigers" on New Years platters for the Year of the Tiger.). We had lunch at the Da Tong, then took a ferry in the late afternoon over to the other side, where all the banana boats are (on the Pearl River). We were back in time to have donuts and coffee at the meeting at 7 p.m. Lynn was behaving strangely. She had gotten up early and had packed her bag and gone off to breakfast and was gone. I think she thought I was going to throw her over and move in with Eugenia. She wouldn't say anything; she just disappeared. Honestly! It was good to get with the Fulbrighters and a breath of fresh air.

Feb. 1 All day meeting. That evening we went to a banquet to which I took Lynn along, so she got to meet some of the famous people. We ate with the fellow from Guangdong, Zhongshan Univ., in economics, and his department head. We ate in the Palms Room, a very fancy place. It was the peak of

elegance for my Chinese tour. Somehow, I felt more at home in the battered streets than in the artificiality of that modern world.

Feb. 2. I said goodbye to Lynn (who is returning to China and thence heading for Xian then Japan) and checked out. With Stan and Julie, Eugenia, Wen, and Bill Crowell, we went down to Kowloon in Hong Kong on the Hovercraft, checking out of China. (I suspected they were writing on my visa: "Do Not Let this Lady Back In.") We arrived about 3 (about 3 hr trip) and I went to the Caritas Bianchi Lodge with Burt Abrams and his girl friend. He had that facial problem, Bells' Paralysis, that Elinor Wylie had just before she died.

Feb. 3 I met Eugenia and we took the bus out to Stanley where we met Jack, who took us to the Maryknoll House there, where we met Elmer, Gene, George and some SVD's. Eugenia and I took a cab from the Maryknoll retreat center in Aberdeen atop the hill down to Aberdeen Harbor, where we rode around in a walla-walla for an hour, taking pictures. That evening we had dinner with the other Fulbrights at a fish place. Julie wasn't able to eat much. (We later found out she had cancer of the colon, that had spread to her lymph glands.)

Feb. 4. We shopped in Hong Kong for books, which I shipped to China, tapes, discs, etc. We had dinner with Burt and his girl friend at a restaurant where they had "drunken chicken." Delicious but too expensive.

Feb. 5. I met Jack and his friend at the bus terminal in Hong Kong, from where we took the hovercraft over to Macao, about 1-1/2 hours. There we took a cab down to the Posada Santiago, where we looked through, then had a very elegant & expensive lunch at the hotel there, overlooking the harbor. We walked around that section of town, and found the floating casino. Gambling is legal in Macao, and the Chinese go over there everyday from Hong Kong to gamble. I took a picture in the casino and got thrown out. The great Macao gambling caper. Went back, at dinner in Kowloon, after walking for hours following Jack. Finally found a nice Victorian-looking place, where we had wonton soup and beer.

Feb. 6. Eugenia and I went to Victoria Peak and had lunch for 100 H.K. Worth it for the wonderful view. We walked along the peak for a distance. That evening we were supposed to meet Stan and Julie, but they had gone. Eugenia and I ate somewhere (McDonalds?) and went shopping. I bought a rose quartz necklace for \$30 and Eugenia bought something. She also found places where they sold inexpensive shirts and sweaters, which I bought a few of.

Feb. 7. Eugenia (who had moved over to the Caritas Bianchi to save money) left to return to Beijing. She wanted to get back before the New Year celebration started. I felt very lonely after she left, so I called Jack and asked if he would meet me the next day. Fortunately there was the good BBC to watch on the telly

there, a Jemima Shore Investigates program. On this afternoon I had bought my ticket to Taiwan on Cathay Pacific from Teresa at a travel agent in Hong Kong.

Feb. 8. Sat. I met Jack at the ferry, then we took a cab out to a newly developed area, actually where he lived in Hong Kong, where he learned Chinese, where he worked with the people, etc. We had lunch in a terrible little place, then went over to a parish center nearby where a friend of his gave him a car. Then we headed out to the New Territories, along the super expressways. It was so freeing to drive along the highways, a free man and woman again, after being in captivity in China. We drove to the end of the road. That evening we ate in town somewhere, in a Cantonese place.

2/9

Letter from Caritas Bianchi Lodge, Hong Kong

I was glad to talk to you and hear that you are both well and everyone else is also.

I am staying in Hong Kong over the Lunar New Year because it is more convenient to stay here where I know my way around. I called Sr. Heliena Krenn, chair of the English Dept at Fu Jen University in Taipei, who told me that it's dead over in Taiwan right now because everyone is home with their families for the Spring Festival (Feb 8-10). I arranged to go over the holiday.

It's like Christmas Eve here, in honor of the lunar New Year. The stores are all decorated with red lanterns and large red scrolls with characters saying Gung Hei Fat Choi, Cantonese for "May Everyone Get Rich." Kumquat trees (small mandarin orange trees) are everywhere--the equivalent of the Christmas tree, I suppose. Special places may even have flowering plum trees with pink flowers--a sign of spring. We saw them everywhere in Kunming and Guangzhou. It is a treat to the eye to be here in Hong Kong for Spring Festival. Poor China could never deck the halls so splendidly, nor even have the ambition to do it, except for the party cadres, government offices and tourist hotels. Here every restaurant, store, business and private home is blooming and gloriously festooned. We are shamelessly indulging in the joys of capitalism. We've been paying more in a week to live here than we pay in a month up north in China. Dinners at good restaurants run at least \$100 HK (\$15) apiece. Reasonably priced hotels are about \$300 HK--\$45 US--up to \$100 a night at the Holiday Inn and places down by the ferry. I'm staying at a reasonably priced hotel where I can see the harbor and the peaks and high buildings in Hong Kong, for only \$35 a night.

Eugenia Kaledin from Beijing Univ. stayed at the Holiday Inn and then moved over here, but she ran out of money and had to go back to Beijing and the cold weather. Now I'm all alone here. Jack Cuff is over in Stanley on H.K., but the Maryknolls are having all sorts of meetings, and since he was stationed here for fifteen years, he has many friends who have invited him out every night. Eugenia and I went over the Maryknoll House for lunch last Tuesday to see Jack and Gene (who visited us over Christmas in Nanjing). Returning to the ferry on

the bus, we stopped off at Aberdeen Harbor, where all the picturesque junks and sanpans are moored. We went for a ride in a walla walla among the junks, stopping off at a floating restaurant. On Wednesday I met Jack and George, another Maryknoll who is coming to Nanjing next semester, over on the Hong Kong side, where we took a hydrofoil out to Macao and spent the day wandering around there in the rain. We ate lunch at a beautiful parador. I felt like we were in Portugal. Every surface was finished in splendor--glazed tiled walls, shining quarry tiled floors, arches, statues and fountains. Everything shone. We ate in a beautiful dining room overlooking the sea. We had sopa de mariscos, polla d'Africane, wine and bloody Marys, all served in crystal, silver, china, on pure linen. We felt like pampered royalty--for a brief time.

Tell anyone coming to Hong Kong not to miss the Posado Santaigo in Macao.

Macao is the gambling outlet for the Chinese. The hydrofoil crosses the mouth of the Pearl River in about an hour and 15 minutes. Many ordinary Chinese daily brave the choppy seas to get there to gamble. All the big hotels and many little dives have legalized gambling--baccarat, black jack, roulette, plus myriads of pinball machines. There is even a floating casino. Out of curiosity we went into one. We were the only tourists; all the rest were earnest Chinese gamblers. I took a picture in the dimly lit casino, and the flashlight alerted the bouncer who came over, took us--especially me, the culprit--into a back room. A burly Chinese gambling operations boss ordered me to give him my camera. I refused, then as he showed no mercy, I pleaded. Jack spoke Cantonese with him; at length he let us go with a warning to get off the island. We weren't welcome. After the mainland takes over in 1997, what will happen to those gamblers? Will China allow them to continue?

Thursday Eugenia and I went to the post office where we mailed gifts. I sent two large mailer envelopes with gifts in each and letter telling whom to give the various little items to. Did you get the Christmas box I sent c/o Linda Bell (Univ of Ill. History Dept.)? Look for those two large mailers in a couple of months--I sent them surface. After our mailings we took the tram to Victoria Peak for the incredible view of Hong Kong, the harbor, Kowloon, Lantau, etc. We had lunch for \$100 HK at the peak restaurant--a peak in luxurious dining.

Feb. 9. Sunday. New Year. Fortunately Hong Kong was open, not all shut down like Taiwan, according to Sr. Heliena Krenn, whom I had called, when I couldn't get a hold of Jack. She said not to come till after the New Year, so I went over to Kowloon in the afternoon and went to see DIM SUM, set in San Francisco's Chinatown. In the afternoon I went to the CITS office to book a return ticket to Nanjing from Hong Kong after I returned from Taiwan--closed.

Feb. 10. Went back to the CITS office and deposited \$75 on my reservation, then walked along the waterfront where preparations were being made for the fireworks show that night. Met Min from Australia, and we spent the day together taking the ferries back and forth across the bay until time for her to take the cab to the airport.

Feb. 11. Flew to Taipei and met Jack Cannuli at the airport fortunately. He took me to Fu Jen, where I stayed in a girls' dorm looked after by Sister Cornalita. I had lunch with them. I felt like I was back in the convent. Jack took me to see the Palace Museum; then we went to the Grand Hotel to meet Pat Hogan, his friend, an SVD brother. We ate dim sum there. Later we went to see the Changing of the Guard ceremony at the tomb of Chiang Kaishek, then to the monument to the martyrs. We ate supper in "Wall Street" (Jack and Pat's name for the financial area) at Swenson's, and took a cab back late in the evening.

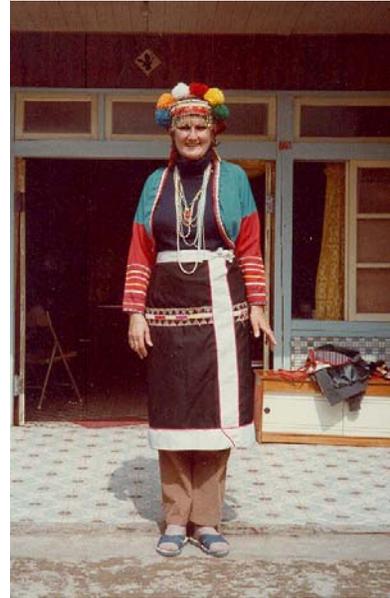
Feb. 12. Went to see Pat's publisher, where we bought a lot of books, then took them to mail them to Hong Kong, to Jack. We went to the tomb of Sun Yat-sen. Lunch at Kentucky Fried Chicken in "Beverly Hills" the nickname Jack and Pat have given the young people's district. Went to get our bus tickets. Pat and Jack and I couldn't all get on the same bus. We met Jiin Guang at the big hotel the Sheraton Lai Lai, had dinner and drinks there! Very expensive for poor Jiin Guang, but he says he is a workaholic. Julie was pregnant!! ("Made in the USA!")

Feb. 13. I stayed around Fu Jen campus in the morning, went on a tour with Jack, took pictures, and went to lunch with the sisters, who were very interested in my pictures of China and my life there, even more, really, than Jack was, though Jack and Pat were more fun. But the Sisters were really genuinely interested in hearing about my life in China. Jack and Pat were interested in pleasure--escaping from China. I was trying to talk someone from the SVD's into coming up to China, but I realized that the men like their regular meals and wouldn't want to go through the hassle of living in modern-day China. Jack and I went to public security to get a pass for me to go into the mountains with Jack. It's their "Indian reservation," Jack explained, so they don't want people seeing how people live there. We had no problem (unlikely in China) and I got the pass.

Feb. 14. Friday. Jack and I took the afternoon train down to Chai, where we arrived about 5:30 and went to the provincial house, met Anton again, and the other brothers. I stayed there in a room with all the birds. The next day, I took the bus up to Daban, whither Jack had gone on his motorbike. He met me there and we had lunch, watched the local tribes people celebrating—dancing in their old costumes (which none of them wore anymore). They sheltered under a huge hut covered with palm leaves and drank a rice wine from a huge pot which they passed around. When it began to rain, Jack wanted me to ride on the back of his bike up the mountains. I was for staying there, but he talked me into going along the slippery narrow mountain paths perched on the back of his bike. I had never even ridden on a motorbike before, and here I would be riding along mountainous roads in the rain, above the clouds. I was terrified; but I knew I'd like it and I did! The roads were terrible. We finally reached the top and the village of Tofuye, where Jack lives and has his church, both Sisters were very nice. They seemed more like the type that would go to China. Everyone spoke Chinese in the village of Tofuye. We had a very good dinner that night, one of the best I'd had.

Feb. 15. Saturday. It was raining, so I stayed around the village all day. Jack had to take over the duties of a Chinese priest who had run off to go into the congress, against the SVD rules .

Feb. 16. Sunday. A Jesuit said Mass. He was there with seminarians from the village. He was the rector of the seminary of St. Thomas. After Mass, I went with Sister to dinner at her family's home. While there, she dressed me in the local village costume. Her brother had been the one who 20 years ago, had seen Easter Mass and had gone to ask that a priest be sent to their villages. That was the beginning of the SVD's mission in those villages, to that tribe. . After lunch, we went on a walk down the mountain to the creek. It was lovely, heavenly. I loved that area, though I felt a bit out of it, as everyone spoke Chinese, except for the Jesuit who spoke English as well. That night we were invited to a birthday party at the home of Sister's younger brother up on the mountain. We ate, talked, sang, etc. It was a strain being with people who spoke only Chinese, although I felt very much at home with them, and we sat outside around the fire and sang as we ate rice stuffed in bamboo poles and cooked over an open fire.



Feb. 17. Monday. Rested and read. Rain.

Feb. 18. Tuesday. Pouring rain. Jack took me all the way down on his bike, after he got his flat tire fixed.

Feb. 19. Wednesday. Spent the day with Jiin-Guang, touring the Cultural University (where he had gotten a masters in Chinese philosophy) and other sights, including Keelung. Driving through the mists in the mountains was frightening; Sophie got sick. Back in Taipei, they let me out and I had dinner in town, next to the place where I was getting my films developed. I enjoyed being on my own again. I wrote home that evening:

2/19

Letter from Taiwan

Sorry I haven't written in so long; I've been so busy in Hong Kong and now in Taiwan that I'm never still long enough to write. I spent the Lunar New Year (Feb 9 and 10) in Hong Kong where there was a huge fireworks display in the harbor. Afterwards I came to Taiwan on the 11 and Jack Cannuli (SVD) met me here and brought me to Fu Jen University, where I have been staying in the girls'

dormitory at night and sight-seeing with Jack and his friends or Jiin Guang and his family and friends in the day.

Taiwan is very different from the Mainland. Everyone has either a car or motorbike here; the pace of life is much faster than in the PRC--more stressful, just like the States in fact. People have two jobs here--and everyone, even college students--is into making money --something that the Chinese don't worry too much about, since their basic need for shelter is supplied by their work unit, and they have only to pay very little for food and clothing --now. Their main desire is for money for luxuries like TVs or washing machines.. In Taiwan people have to pay dearly for the basics as well as the luxuries. The styles are elegant--long skirts and big bulky long jackets--even more fashionable than in Hong Kong, in fact. Here there are superhighways everywhere (unknown in China at present), with landscaping! There are three McDonalds and one KFC in Taipei alone (if that is any indication). I've eaten at them all. Taipei could be called "China World," like "Disney World." There's nothing very old here--all the temples and monuments were put up within the last 50 years and all are well maintained, as opposed to the general neglect of all ancient monuments, public buildings and facilities in China. There are even lots of dogs around (I only remember seeing one live dog in Nanjing) and many children per family, and everyone can afford to ride in the first class section on the trains. I just feel like one of the crowd here, not one of the privileged few who can afford a good hotel or a soft seat on the train. No one stares at me, of course, because I am no different from them.

I spent three days in Jack's village in the central mountains, up the winding road from Chai. I went down with Jack by train, then took a small bus and rode the last leg on the back seat of Jack's motorbike holding my small suitcase . It rained, on top of everything, so I had to get a wet suit. We arrived just in time to see the villagers' annual prayer for good harvest festival, so I saw the people ("aborigines") do their native chants and dances, wearing their native costumes, in the rain. I met many of the villagers, including Sister Lisa, a member of the tribe. The villagers are not "aborigines" as we think of them; they are the original inhabitants of Taiwan before the Japanese and then the Chinese arrived. These people are perhaps more like the Polynesians. Their native huts (which they use only for rituals) are like Polynesian huts. The people seem very rich, richer than the families I had seen in the PRC. They all have motorbikes, TV's, VCR's, telephones, large kitchens and dining rooms. I took photos to show my students in PRC; they won't believe these are the "minorities" in Taiwan. They've been shown images of homeless people in underground tunnels and told that people in Taiwan are starving. Sr. Lisa dressed me in a native costume and posed me in front of their native hut among members of her family, dressed in their native garb.

The mountains here are covered with flowering poinsettias and stepped with rice paddies. We hiked down them one day, past flowering fruit trees, palm trees, rice fields, to a river bed. Leaving the village, we rode Jack's bike all the way down to Chai--one and a half hours on mountain roads, through a sea of clouds and mountain peaks, incredibly beautiful. I stayed overnight at the SVD

Provincial House there in Chai, and tried to recruit some missionaries for the PRC (to teach English).

In Taipei again Pat Hogan (who teaches English at Fu Jen) took me to the bookstores where I bought Chinese books and pirated copies of American books on literary criticism, which I mailed to Jack Cuff in Hong Kong for him to mail to PRC.

Feb. 20. Spent the day with Patrick and his friends in their car (a luxury!). Went to see the Clarion factory, then to the school, then to the yacht yard where a huge luxury yacht with a steel hull was being built for a German, complete with marble baths. I was beginning to feel like I was being dragged around. I was finding it hard to be gracious. At dinner we took out his friends to the Steak House, where I gave Pat 1500 NT\$ to pay the bill with. I sort of was feeling used, that Pat had said, "We'll get her to take us out to dinner." Why can't I be gracious and let them have their fun? But I felt I had to pay for their fun, since Pat had taken me to the bookstore and sight-seeing.

Feb. 21. Flew back to Hong Kong. To Caritas Bianchi.

Feb. 22. Back to Nanjing.