

Nanjing Diary: The New Term Begins: February to mid-April

2/27

Dear Folks,

I am back home again in Nanjing and settled down, bags unpacked, and life more or less the same, except that some old friends like Lynn and Guillermo and Jim are gone. I especially miss Lynn and Guillermo. Alice Barter has arrived to replace Jim, to my delight. She is much more realistic than Jim, who was always in ecstasies about how "unbelievable" it all was. Alice has more insight and I enjoy talking with her. Jim was mostly given to monologues and pronouncements. I also had a letter from our exchange student who was just sent to Chicago State, Li Guangzhong, who is being very brave, although I'm sure he is homesick, arriving in the middle of a Chicago winter, as he has.

I'm back teaching my same classes, with more students than last term, it seems. However, sometimes they just come in the beginning to check teachers out. Unfortunately, I gave out a supply of books to the graduate students before I realized that five of them aren't even registered. That's the way they do--I'll probably never see them again, and now some who are registered won't have books.

I had a large supply of mail waiting when I returned. Thanks for all the letters. I'm glad you got the package of gifts; yours is the hanging called "100 children playing." The Chinese go for 100 things--butterflies, birds, flowers, etc., and like to embroider them on silk. Each one is different. The children are playing various typical Chinese games--flying kites, doing the dragon dance, playing checkers, walking on stilts, parading, shooting off firecrackers. New Years activities are included.

I've been telling my students what a wonderful trip I had through China. The places I visited, especially Guilin and Kunming, are high on everyone's list of ideal beauty spots. In Guilin we took a cruise down the Li River, among the limestone rocks that rise straight out of the earth. Alongside the river are villages set amid groves of bamboo and palm. People work on the banks or fish in the river. My slides are quite beautiful, especially because the day was overcast, so the mountains appear stark in the foreground and fade out in the distance. I wish I had a good projector here to show the slides to my students. Kunming has become my favorite city in China because modernization (uglification) has not afflicted it yet. The buildings are typical old Chinese style; the people are not in a hurry, as they are in modern cities (including Taipei). I caught shots of children dancing on the sidewalks, teenagers playing guitars on buses, honeymooners strolling through parks, students lying around in the sun. Maybe this easy lifestyle is because Kunming is China's "spring city," where it's always springtime, even in mid-January. There are so many tours to take outside the city, e.g., to the western mountains, with many Buddhist shrines built up the mountainside, peaking in the Dragon's Mouth Gate, cut out of the side of a cliff overhanging Lake Dianchi (or Kunming Lake). Every temple had flowering trees in its courtyard--plum trees, camelias, wisteria even. After eight days, there were still

places we hadn't seen, back streets we hadn't wandered down. After that we went back to the modern high-speed world in Guangzhou where we stayed at the White Swan Hotel, right on the Pearl River. Near the hotel is the Qingping Market, where dogs and cats are sold to eat! I took pictures of beautiful Persian cats cramped in cages waiting for someone to pay a few mao (dimes) to cook them for dinner. Barbaric!

3/8

I haven't written in over a week, so you must be wondering what I'm doing. I've been constantly busy. When I am not in class, I have meetings or students coming to see me to discuss papers and projects; then I participate in an hour long taiqi class three afternoons a week. On Thursday I have calligraphy with Ren Rong. On Wednesday afternoons I show movies to either my graduate students or a group of teachers who are interested in American films (to replace my undergrad course in Images of America). Alice Barter is here now, as well as some other new people with whom I spend time, including a Scottish woman, Margaret Greevy, who lived in China from 1946-1951. She was at Nanjing University during that time, so I like to hear stories from her. I had so much mail waiting when I returned that I have sent a computer letter to answer them all. I have also been asked to write an article about my professional activities for the China Exchange News, published by the National Academy of Sciences and the CIES. On top of all this, the weather is so fine that I try to get outdoors and enjoy it before the rainy spring season starts. Tomorrow we are going to nearby Meihuashan ("beautiful flowers mountain") to see the flowering plum trees.

It's so warm now that I can put my canary Ganxie out on the balcony so he can enjoy the sunshine and company of other birds. I think he's singing his heart out to attract a female. Mary Kate wrote asking me to bring him home and mate him with Pip and have some Chinese-American birds. They'd be canakeets--canary plus parakeet, blue and orange. We are really lucky the weather is so nice; last year at this time it snowed and people have pictures showing the snow on the curved roof tops and trees in our garden.

It's hard to realize this is Lent. I don't keep any regulations here because they don't serve fish on Friday. I was in Taiwan on Ash Wednesday, which was transferred to Sunday because it was still the Spring Festival at the time. Then I came back to Nanjing, and since Jack was still in Hong Kong, we missed the second Sunday of Lent. So I didn't get into Lent until Laetare Sunday. Now it'll be Easter right after St. Patrick's and St. Joseph's days.

The Waiban (foreign office) told us yesterday about the trips they are planning for this term--to Yangzhou where there are some lovely gardens as well as famous buns, to Yixing where the famous dark red and black pottery is made, and best of all, four days down around Hangzhou and Shao Xing--one of the most beautiful places in China--over the May 1 holiday. Things are looking up now that spring is here!

3/20

I'd like a draft of that warm air from Spain (where Kathleen and Carol have gone) now. It has been cold again for several weeks, so I am back into all my long underwear and heavy sweaters. I'm gradually getting adjusted again. After being away for a month of fast-paced activities, it was a little hard to get used to the slow pace here, but I'm quieting down and enjoying the peace and leisure to read, do taiqi, paint, do calligraphy, in addition to my regular and irregular work. Living in China has many things to be said for it, especially when one is prepared as I am with all these books and movies and when there are such good friends to share them with. Last Sunday night four of us celebrated St. Patrick's Day here in my place--Jack Cuff, Charlie Wilson, Helen Campbell (Scottish-Australian, teaches at the Teachers' College). We watched a video of The Irish R.M., then listened to some Irish music and ended up dancing and hand-clapping. Things like that wouldn't probably happen in the U.S.; here we're all looking for a chance to get together and enjoy ourselves. Tomorrow a Maryknoll is coming from HK to visit Jack, so we're planning on getting together with him Sunday and Monday for some outings. Sunday night I'm having over a Chinese couple and their little boy to watch "colored TV" here. They both speak English; I had dinner at their house a few weeks ago, and love their little boy. I work with the father at the Research



Institute. I told you I'm writing an article about my professional activities, didn't I? Yesterday I took some pictures with members of the Research Institute, who turned out in force for the picture. Although I work with only a few of them, they make me feel like I belong to them all, so I'll send in a picture of the whole group. I'm finding some Chinese friends whom I enjoy getting together with and going to the movies.

The university has asked me to come back next year on another Fulbright, and I am taking some time to think it over. I don't think my life will ever again be this interesting professionally, so I'm really tempted in that sense. On the other hand, I don't know if you or I can take a second year.

3/28

Today is Good Friday, and today I decided that I will not return next year. I feel much better after making that decision. I made a list of reasons why I would come back and reasons why I wouldn't. I thought, well, I've settled in; I've adjusted; I've got all these books and all these movies; Jack and Helen and Deirdre will both be back next year; I know the place; I know the students; professionally it's more adventurous than teaching at Chicago State; I enjoy the students; I like my room here and my bird; I like being involved in my students'

lives on a residential campus as opposed to teaching at a commuter college; I'll miss this daily involvement. I could be like Guillermo and stay here for years. On the other hand, I've "done it already"; next year will just be a rehash; nothing could be as good as this first year of discovering and adjusting. Actually it's stultifying here; there aren't the opportunities; there's only what we make for ourselves; nothing new on the horizon appears except a new person now and then. A French couple left at the end of the first semester, complaining that there was nothing to do!

Now that I've decided, I feel better. Now I can just enjoy the rest of the year and not have to wonder whether I will be bored if I come back next year. This has been a good year; another might not be so good. I'll have good memories of the PRC; if I returned another year, the bad might blot out the good?

We had Mass here last night for Holy Thursday; it was very meaningful to have it in our own group here in China. I will really miss Jack and Helen next year. I have been so fortunate in having him here all year and Lynn first semester and Helen and Alice second. I talked to Lynn, who is in Japan now, teaching at a college there. She has a lot of space and has invited me to come stay with here. When school is out at the end of June, I think I'll go there and see what Japan is like.

On Holy Saturday, we're going on a Waiban-sponsored trip to Yangzhou. I hope it doesn't rain. The weather has been rather unpredictable and nasty--rainy off and on lately, today too. On Easter Sunday, we'll have Mass here, then go out for Easter dinner together to some nice place in town. Then we're losing some more of our community--Ken and Yahui Olenick and their two children are leaving for Japan.

Alice Barter is a wonderful friend to have here. We talk together and compare notes. She and I feel very much the same about things. We even had to go to the dentist at the same time and compared notes on that. The equipment looked like dental chairs that went out 40 years ago. When we were being examined (in a room with 4 chairs per room), other people would look in the doors and stand around and all but look in our mouths. I had to have a filling put back in, and for that I went upstairs. While the dentist was filling it, a little boy came wandering in and watched the whole procedure. Nothing is private in China, not even your insides. Alice also has to go for acupuncture. Her 50 senior students are keeping her in her chair correcting their 50 page theses for so many hours at a stretch that her neck has stiffened up and she can't move. One of her students took her to the acupuncturist, then stood and watched the whole procedure. Now all her students will know all her business. That's China--one big family.

4/3

It was good to talk to you on Easter, to hear all the news.

Our weather has been cold and overcast for weeks now. It was warmer in January and February than in March. The weather now reminds me of last October's weather. The weather is one of the main reasons I do not want to

come back here. Recently I have begun going for walks in the morning to "experience the streets" before work and school start. There's a rough and gritty quality that must be unique in the world. I'm trying to capture it on film too, so I can remember China as it really is. People don't like me to take their pictures, unfortunately. They must think I'm a spy. The woman who sells sweet potatoes baked in a metal barrel, the woman who washes her clothes at the tap on the corner, the man who is cutting a chicken's neck with a cleaver on the curb--none of these will let me take their pictures. In fact, the Chinese are downright suspicious of anyone with a camera. But those are the kinds of shots I'm trying to get now.

Last Saturday when we went to Yangzhou by bus, we went by way of a road-building project. It was raining and the roads were mud, yet the workers were slugging away without complaint. Everywhere people went along through their muddy villages. America must have looked like that in the 18th century, before the roads were paved. That's the China I want to get on film, because with all the modernization now, the next time I come here, this world will have passed away.

Shang--that's my last name in Chinese. I'm having chops made so I can sign my Chinese paintings that I'm making with Ren Rong.

4/10

It seems like a long time since I wrote you. Now that I know I'm not coming back, I'm trying to get as much out of China while I'm still here. I go out more to see the little back streets, which are another world from the relatively modern one we live in here on campus. Just across the street is an alley that leads past a public latrine (that flows in a yellow stream into a creek behind all the little houses) and into the little back street world. I met an elderly couple there, both very dignified, kind and civilized, who live with two caged birds in a room the size of a bathroom. The bird cages are more beautiful than their own home. In a tiny courtyard shared by four families, a small boy studies at a table while his parents and grandparents look on proudly. A woman squats in her doorway rinsing her evening rice in a pot pouring the water on the sidewalk. Another sits on a tiny stool washing vegetables she has grown in her own container. Clotheslines are strung along the front. Sinks are outside, market baskets hang from hooks overhead, bikes lean against the brick walls; a small chair, a tiny table, a broom or rag mop, a bucket, and everywhere the shallow basins for growing vegetables. Everyone seems to have about four square feet to work in. The eagerness with which they respond to anything foreign is touching; if I smile and wave at them as I pass by, they greet me as a stranger from heaven.

Last night I gave a two hour slide-lecture at Huaxue, Jack's college, in a huge room filled with teachers (of subjects other than English) who want to practice English and learn about America (or any other country). I showed slides of our family and homes, of Richie, of Christmas and Thanksgiving celebrations

among family. They must have thought we are millionaires to have those big healthy children and live in those big houses. I showed them slides of Chicago, the new buildings, so they could see what the modern world looks like. Some of them have probably never been outside Nanjing, where the Jinling Hotel (about 22 stories) is the tallest building. I showed slides of the interior of the Ward home--the designer-decorated showcase home Kathleen and I visited last summer when I was visiting Kansas City. They couldn't believe their eyes at the the elegant way we fix up our homes. They have never seen candles used decoratively; they use them when their dim bulb goes off as the electricity is turned off in periodic brown-outs. They couldn't understand much of what I was saying, though they laughed responsively. Jack said they laughed with pleasure when they caught a word they knew and could repeat it to themselves and others. Actually, I wondered whether I didn't shock them with a display of America's wealthy lifestyles. To me we are middle-class, but to the Chinese we must appear to be rich as emperors. Li Guangzhong, my student who is now attending Chicago State, wrote that he is "shocked" by American culture. I don't know whether that was good or bad.

A week ago--day before Easter, in fact--we went to Yangzhou for the day. I'm sending a picture of Alice and me together there. As you can see, it's still cold enough to wear our down jackets, though yesterday, it was suddenly so humid I was perspiring after the bike ride over to Huaxue. My body must be trying to readjust to the changing weather because I have a great lassitude sometimes; maybe I'm just gettiing tired of constantly adjusting to the changing climate here. We don't appreciate how much our climate in America is controlled for us so we're always comfortable. Here we're always uncomfortable.

April 10 Nanjing Journal

Today Zhang Xiangning (one of my favorite grad students) came to show me her passport. Although her husband is assigned in the waiban office, he's off studying in America now and she plans on visiting him. She would normally be expected to tell them joyfully that she will be going to visit him, yet, because their line is that they want him back, she hasn't let them know. She knows they know, however, because the Waiban have friends at the public security office, where passports are issued. But since her danwei is not here but the forestry college, her official permission came from them, so the waiban here can do nothing to stop her from going. But they will not let her know they know she is going, for then they would have to pretend to be glad, when in fact they only want him to come back. We said how strange that she can tell her joyful news only to Yu Ninping and me and her family, of course, for these are the only people who are glad she has this opportunity to go. All others will either be envious of her, and as such are not to be trusted, for they might do something to try to prevent her from going, or they will oppose her leaving, because she will be (theoretically) leaving someone else to do her work. This is the way privileges are looked at here--those who have them must conceal them, for the others are resentful and as a matter of course will hinder them in any way possible. Even the personnel

office at her college at first refused her permission to go. It was only after she found a kind-hearted woman in the English office who called the personnel office and pushed her application through, that she got that essential paper giving her permission to apply for a passport to go visit her husband. She secretly has applied to a number of universities in the States and hopes to get scholarships and to change her visa once she gets there to a student visa, with the help of the university. She plans to come back, however, she says.

APRIL 13 Journal

Yesterday the Waiban was busily washing windows, hauling out chairs, washing the white couch and chair covers in the meeting room, decorating the place with plants, filling the pond with water. Elsewhere on campus the street sweepers were out in force and the campus seemed to be getting a general cleaning. The mystery was cleared up when Liu Haiping told us that a local newspaper, the *Nanjing Daily*, a tabloid, had carried a picture of a student dorm at Nanda, showing the usual dirt, garbage, filthy walls, and next to it a picture of one of the student dorms at a technical institute in town. Since Nanda assumes it is the most prestigious college in town, such bad publicity was unacceptable. I wonder how they will get the attention of the paper to have them come back and take a picture of our newly beautified campus.

Alice and I took Haiping and his wife Huangyan out to dinner at the Jinling, to celebrate Haiping's return from Shanghai where he applied for his visa to go to the States for 2 months this summer. There had been the usual hassle getting train tickets--he had stood in line two hours on Monday (they cannot be purchased more than 3 days in advance, so there is always a line) and when he arrived in Shanghai, there were no return tickets left, since he hadn't gotten there 3 days ahead of when he planned to return. He tried to go to the US Consulate, but found all Chinese employees, who of course strictly enforced all the regulations they could. His passport is brown, the ordinary passport, and since his work unit is nominally "sending him" (gong fei), although of course the money comes from the States, he has to let the foreign affairs office in Shanghai handle it. However, they will only issue him a 2-week visa, since his danwei authorized him to go only for 2 weeks, to attend a conference on Eugene O'Neill where he is to give a paper. His grant money covers 2-3 months of research, and he plans to stay until August to finish research on a book on Eugene O'Neill's theory of drama, requested by a Beijing publishing house. (He is China's leading expert on Eugene O'Neill.) So he will end up by having to renew his visa in the States. The Chinese still specialize in torture.

Walking down Zhongshanlu, Haiping told me about his experiences during the Cultural Revolution. He had been a student at the university, starting in 1962; he should have graduated in 1967. But the Cultural Revolution changed everything. He was a senior in 1966 and was sent to the countryside to "educate" some corrupt cadres, under the guidance of some revolutionary cadres. The idea was to get the students involved in the purges. During this time he took the opportunity to travel, to see China. Young China was on the move supposedly

spreading the revolution, by in fact, seeing their land. Hiping and some friends took along literature to hand out, to justify themselves, for travel was free and they were fed and housed along the way. They went to Beijing as well, joined the millions of hysterical youths waving flags in Tian'anmen Square before Mao in person, saw the sights and the Great Wall. In Beijing he saw a woman carrying a baby, being attacked and stoned by a gang of youths because of her "bad background." Her face was bruised and swollen. It was the first time he saw the violence in a new light. With his friends he decided to do "the long march" by foot, not to take the easy path by using trains. They walked to Mao's home and were disappointed to discover that he had quite an estate--lands, a lake, houses. He could have been classified as a landowner and punished! When they returned to Nanjing, the university was in the hands of the younger students. They demanded the removal of the president, because he hadn't put up a picture of Chairman Mao in a prominent place. I saw the reason why all the Chinese university campuses have immense statues of Mao right inside the front gate. All the students went along with the demand and the newspapers supported it. Young students were feeling their power. Someone who worked at the Xinhua Bookstore demanded that the bookstore be closed because the manager had showed a picture of Mao in which only one ear showed. "Mao should be shown with two ears." The newspapers agreed; the bookstore was closed. The newspapers had to look out for themselves. Fervent youths would look at Mao's pictures with a magnifying glass to see whether there was any desecration of the sacred image, any blasphemous word hidden. I was reminded of what an artist had told us about the close watch kept over paintings. Painters had to show how "red" they were in the Cultural Revolution by putting in red flags or armies marching over the landscape. A painter did a traditional landscape of mountains, cliffs, a gorge into which a waterfall plunged. To indicate his "redness" he put Chairman Mao standing on a cliff looking meditatively into the gorge. "What could be more perfect to recall Mao's meditations on Mt. N?" But no; a discerning youth realized that the painter's TRUE intention had been that Mao should plunge from the cliff into the gorge. That painter was thrown into prison for such treacherous thoughts.

I asked Haiping if he had been a Red Guard. He said no. I said that Xu Xin had once told us, on the trip to Lanyashan, that he had been a red guard, that everyone wanted to be a red guard, that in fact, he had difficulty getting accepted as a red guard because of his bad background (his father was "in banking"--worked in a bank, Haiping said). Haiping said Xu Xin was actually famous during the Cultural Revolution, was quoted in the newspapers (a sure sign of his acceptability). He had once said that there was no need to spend years studying English; it could be learned in 3 months. Alice said Xu Xin had told her he learned English himself, so he must have been referring to himself. Those were the days when foreign countries were all suspect except Africa and third world countries.

We wanted to take Haiping and his wife to someplace which has a nice atmosphere, so we ate in the Plum Garden Restaurant. The room is done in rich dark woods with red figured satin cushions on the Chinese style chairs, white

table cloths, and a two-piece Chinese orchestra. The meal was nothing special--hot and sour soup, mushrooms and green vegetables, assorted meats and vegetables, fish (13 kuai), sweet and sour spare ribs, beef and fried noodles (good), steamed buns, rice, 8 treasure sweet, beer and wine, for the high price of 66 yuan. But we had sat there talking for about 2-1/2 hours, so it was worth it. Afterwards I wanted to show them the "Sky palace"--the revolving lounge where you can hear good music and get expensive western drinks while looking out over the bright lights of Nanjing. We were allowed to go in and look without paying, but the hostess refused to let the Chinese couple come in, even when we said "but these are our friends!" Really, the prejudice here against Chinese in these expensive places is dreadful! I felt like never eating at the Jinling again.

On and off during the evening I felt the pains in my colon which I have been experiencing off and on since I returned from Taiwan and Hong Kong at the end of February. This week it has been particularly bad. Sometimes I have felt so weak I had to lie down. I couldn't go out to lunch with Helen and Gordon on Friday because I had a touch of diaharrea and then this weakness. I wonder what is wrong with me. I wake up at night feeling swollen and distended with gas, and I can't sleep. I think my problem is a combination of the food (too oily and all fried) and my deep-seated anxiety which is my chronic condition. Even in the midst of what should be pleasure, I am always inwardly suffering some disease, as if I don't trust pleasure and am waiting for the bad news. I'm much more alert to "bad news" than to good. On the other hand, I really don't believe the bad news; I've had this condition for almost 2 months, but I keep expecting that I'll get well today. What a contradiction! I believe that God within me is working miracles for my good.

Today we had Mass here as it was Sunday. Jack, Helen, Gordon and I. The Gospel was about Jesus on the shore fixing dinner for the apostles who were fishing. To Jack it was about the missionary vocation--fishing for souls--153 fish = 150+ nations of the world. To me and Helen it was about intimacy and Jesus caring for the needs of the apostles, cooking their meal, encouraging them to fish and not give up hope. I said how much I love these after Easter Gospels because they present Jesus as he is now with us, risen. Before, he was presented as surrounded by crowds of people to whom he preached. Some could get close to him, lepers, adultresses, blind people. I feel more just like an ordinary person, not so spectacularly bad as to want to take up Jesus precious time on earth. But after his resurrection, he has been with his intimates, his gang, expressing his awareness of and meeting their needs--e.g., Thomas's doubt "Put your hands in my wounds," and here, Peter's guilt over his betrayal, which Jesus forgave over a simple meal. I like these close-ups of a domestic Jesus among his friends. I imagine myself one of the gang. I'm presuming on Jesus's friendship, but St. Paul tells us that since Jesus has given us everything, there's nothing we can't ask for and receive.

The communion was "Jesus said to his disciples: Come and eat. And he took the bread and gave it to them, alleluia." Before Mass this morning, Jeff Buck had bought up a lovely loaf of bread. After Mass I told our group that it was

like Jesus had sent us that loaf, just like he gave it to the apostles on the shore. Helen said to tell him not to send such a big one next time.

We picked up Philip Lee at the Jinling and went with him and some of his friends to the Victory Hotel, where we had our last dinner with Philip, who is moving to Wuxi on Tuesday. We plan to go visit him. There were many tables of tourists at the Victory, workers in blood banks around the US. They had paid \$4500 to tour China for 3 weeks--Beijing, Tienjin, Nanjing, Wuxi, and Shanghai. They've done a lot of eating. One, Carol, from Miami, told us about her culture shock. She wanted to know what on earth would induce anyone to come here--what were we--peace corps volunteer types or what.? We said that Jack was a missionary type; Helen, Gordon, and I were peace corps types; Philip was a business man type. We had a lot of easy laughs, and after a very big meal (which took me all day to digest) went back to Philip's place for coffee, chocolate, and conversation about Chardin and the 13th century. Helen and I are both fans of THE DIVINE MILIEU but Jack says the book is "beautiful but just speculation, not doctrine." He expounded on another myth--the Golden Age, saying the world has declined since that great age of faith. "Another myth," we blithely dismissed him with.

We're talking about going to Hangzhou en masse from April 30-May 4 with the waiban trip.

April 14 Journal

Last night I spent the most excruciating sleepless night since I've been here. It must have been the oil cake which I ate which would not digest for hours--from 2 a.m. till past 2 p.m. I kept feeling every movement of my digestive system, fell momentarily asleep, then felt another movement. I went to sit on the john innumerable times, and succeeded in having 2 bowel movements. I kept thinking: "There is something seriously wrong with me. I must go to the hospital tomorrow." I even decided to go to the hospital in Hong Kong on the Tuesday flight. If only there were a decent hospital here where someone speaks English. If I go to the Jinling, maybe there will be an English speaking doctor there on a tour. I wished I had taken the digestive pills after that huge meal yesterday noon. I ate no dinner, except a bottle of suan nai (yogurt), yet I still felt discomfort that lasted all night. I resolved to boil all my food from now on--I won't eat that oily stuff here without boiling it first. I said to myself that I wouldn't go to my 7:30 a.m. class either.

After about 2 hrs sleep I awoke at 6:30, lay there thinking I would send word somehow to the class that I wouldn't come. Then I realized that I don't know the room number; moreover, the waiban doesn't come until 8, and the fuwuyuan at the little gate house speak no English. So I had to go myself. I planned to tell them they could go, but in fact, I talked to them about *Puddn'head Wilson*, then about James and "*The Pupil*." I felt okay but when the break came, I let them go. I felt okay during the morning, just tired; once all that food had digested I was okay, except for the usual colitis-like sensation there. Maybe I have colitis. I can't go to the workers' hospital alone and look for that English-

speaking doctor. Cheng Mei has gone to Shanghai to the Shakespeare festival, so I have no interpreter.

These thoughts are not unusual. Last night, though, I reached the conclusion that I am not getting better. I am such an optimist about my health that I am sure I can recover, but in the dark at night, in a land where there's no doctor who speaks English, I got mighty frightened and was shaking. The only good thing is that the weather has gotten into the 60's at night. If this had happened last December or January when it was in the 50's, and I found myself getting up so much at night, I would have really been miserable. As it is, the low 60's at night are about all I can take in a cold bathroom. I often wonder what the Chinese do when they have these problems at night. They have to go out into the street into a public bathroom, or maybe they squat over their little spittoon on their cold cement floor. This country is too hard on me.

Zhang Jun-huan came for his tutorial today at 3 instead of 2. At the beginning I didn't like working with him on Southern writers because I thought he had too much of a mind-set, but I have come to like him more, especially since I went to his house for dinner and met his wife and son. They live in one room in a faculty dorm. There are two beds--the son sleeps with the mother and the father sleeps alone. There's the usual square table with 4 stools, a desk, a cabinet-wardrobe, a dresser and TV. Really, there's not even room for one child in Chinese homes, much less two. His wife speaks excellent English and is a strong type. She works as a translator for an electricity-producing company. She could have better housing provided by her danwei, but it is new housing and is outside the city, so she has agreed to live in the housing furnished by his work unit. Everyone makes concessions here. I bet some people even marry based on what sort of housing the partner has. Today he wanted to know why there is so much sex in Styron's novels. I told him about Stingo wanting to "get laid" because it's in keeping with his character and time. He's in late adolescence (22); he's from the South where sex is repressed; and it's 1947, when all the men coming home from the war have bedded down with someone. So it's natural that he should be "horny," since he hasn't yet had his urges satisfied. I asked him if that wasn't true of Chinese men of that age. He said it was true of them, but they couldn't write about it in books. We talked about American values, e.g., sexual monogamy; some subscribe and observe; some subscribe but don't observe; others don't subscribe, so don't need to observe. In China, he said, they believe that there should be norms for social conduct, but here too there is a lot of hypocrisy; people subscribe to but don't observe the mores. I told him that in America we read more about those that don't subscribe, e.g., men like Stingo who advertise their sexual situation; that the "silent majority" are usually not heard from. As a result, it seems that all Americans behave illicitly or loosely. In China, on the other hand, where they cannot write about bad things but only about the good, you often read articles praising this or that good cadre or good citizen. As an article in China daily pointed out--the inference is that usually Chinese don't do anything specially good. I told him that I feel here that there's no incentive to do anything exceptional; in fact, those who try to do something beyond (e.g., get a scholarship to study abroad) meet with many obstacles. I

said I don't feel any challenge here; you can go on being as mediocre as you like and nothing will happen. In America, on the other hand, you have all these achievers like Jane Fonda's Workout--people are always challenging themselves. It works in both directions: people try to excel or they may try to cheat on a large scale. But in China, it's mediocrity that rules. He agreed, but said that many people are dissatisfied with things as they are.

After our tutoring, I went out to join (late) the taiqi lesson, which is approaching the end. Zhang Xiangning was watching; I asked her to take me to the Workers' Hospital tomorrow.

I didn't eat anything for dinner, remembering the terrible night last night. I wonder if it's nerves; I feel my colon is positively raw. I need to give it a rest, to go on a fat-free, soft and bland diet. I remember Dr. Sandberg giving me such a diet long ago.

April 15 Journal

Today is Mother's birthday. She is 82 years old, incredibly capable mentally and physically. She writes me a letter every week in her own hand. Dad is 89 and drives to work every day! I hope that I have inherited their good health and vitality. I feel like I'm the weakest of the lot, since I've been in China. I've decided that my problem is a combination of factors--stress, my spastic colon, digestive system's inability to handle a lot of fat--all these at once overwhelm my system, keep me awake at night. I can see how one could get run down from lack of sleep, lack of food (if I can't digest things, I'm going to cut down), anxiety. Today I'm going to the doctor and ask for some mild tranquilizer, some colitis medicine. Mother is in better health than I am, thank God. I'll soon be 55. I keep thinking about Julie who was at Beida with her husband Stan; they were with us at the orientation in Washington, in Beijing, in Guangzhou and Hong Kong. When they returned to Beida, Julie discovered some lumps in her lymph glands. They returned to the States, found that she had a primary tumor in her colon, which was successfully removed, but the lymph cancer is incurable. Poor Julie. She is an anxious person too; you can tell from looking at her intense face and droopy mouth. How can she handle this? Since I've decided not to return next year, I'm wondering if God is giving me this colitis problem (if that's what it is) to give me a crash experience of living in China, where there is insecurity about the fundamentals of life and no recourse. Isn't this man's true condition? In the West, our machines and technology make us think we can control everything, but really we have to depend on what's within us. The Chinese don't expect to get any high tech treatment; they look to the resources they have within them to meet the demands of life. They can't turn on the heat to take off the chill from their bodies; they can't turn on the bright lights to take away the feel of the darkness; they can't fill their rooms with cheerful, reassuring objects to take away the emptiness; they don't enrich their lives with color to take away the pallor; they don't fill their lives with music (though they're beginning to) to lift their spirits out of depression. In every way they are closer to their own basic strengths and weaknesses. We put a cushion between us and the sad facts of our weaknesses

and debility. But when we are confronted with terminal illness like Julie is, what satisfaction can we get from our lights and warmth and colors and music and objects? They may mock us, until we accept our reduced condition and try to rebuild our defenses. My brother on his bed during his long death from cancer, loved to hear music, to be taken out into the warm sunshine, to look at the pool and trees, to have his nails cut and his hands creamed and his body cleaned. Maybe we have an ideal of life, and lacking that, we try to come as close to building it, no matter how close we come to death.

I'm reading Thornton Wilder's *THEOPHILUS NORTH* and have come across what they call truck-driver's syndrome--a fear of having to stop and go to the toilet. Truck drivers, because they have to go long distances without stopping, get up-tight about urinating. Some retain fluid and cannot urinate; others have the opposite problem and fear they cannot stop. It reminds me of a basic problem here in China for the Westerner, which is the basic consideration of where one can find facilities if one needs them. I always take along toilet paper whenever I go out. If I go to a restaurant, I want to know whether they have a decent rest room. In Yangzhou, we ate at supposedly the best restaurant in town, where they had many kinds of baozis and jiaozis, but the toilet was down a back alley and unbelievable. I prefer to go when I'm in a park; at least I know what they're like, even though they smell. But it is a certain thought that's always there in the back of my mind when I go out. I wonder if my bowel problems have their origin in this uneasiness about where to go. I might add that here in my flat, I cannot sit on the throne at ease unless at night. Any time I am there, someone is liable to come knocking at my door and there I am.

Today I went to the Workers' Hospital with Zhang Xiangning as my interpreter. The doctor examined me again, told me that I don't have colitis (last time he told me I don't have cancer). He gave me more digestive medicine. There were many people waiting. The room seems to be for cadres and foreigners. The walls have paper, and there are soft chairs. I was surprised to see that the doctor and patient relationship is not a private one here. While one patient was sitting beside the doctor for examination, a waiting person would sit right up there and his wife next to him, so they could see and hear what was going on in the examination. I commented on this to Xiangning, who said that their lives are so boring that the Chinese are curious about anything new, including other people's problems. It would never occur to them that someone might not want his problems overheard. She was impressed by this doctor for so firmly asserting that I did not have colitis or cancer. Most doctors here would not want to take that responsibility and would mutter something like "It might be; then again it might not be-----" To me this Doctor Fan is more like a Western doctor, professional and responsible.

Today is the best spring day so far. The sun is warm; I can leave the balcony door open with Ganxie outside singing hopefully to some other canary (preferably female). I can even leave open the door into my icebox--my TV room--which all winter has been colder than any other room. The trees in the back garden are abloom with pale pink flowers. There are still some lingering

meihua (plum flowers). Riding our bikes to the hospital along the streets made me feel like I'd like to stay in China for years. I forgot to mention that before we went to the workers hospital, we had to get a slip from the clinic here. I wanted to take a picture of the injection room, which now has modest low screens, to shield the bottom of one's person. The white-gowned injection ladies would not let me take their picture because they did not have their kou jiao (face masks) on and would be photographed doing something irregular. We were all laughing at their innocence. Xiangning said that if they had one face mask, they would both be fussing over which would wear it, each being polite and urging the other to go first, but each secretly wanting to be in the picture.

April 16 Journal

Last night I learned that American planes had bombed Libya. I couldn't believe that our country could do such an act of aggression. After I went to the Worker's Hospital to get my blood taken and had class (*Daisy Miller*), I called mother for her birthday and found out that 90% of Americans are behind the bombing. Could they all have been brain-washed, I wonder? I realized how great is the effect of TV in forming national opinion. Here where we see only selected bits of world news, we aren't bombarded by stories about terrorism, as they must be in America. We apparently don't see it as great a threat as they do in America, where they must have been treated to a daily diet of it, courtesy of the networks rehashing it over and over and interviewing all the foreign heads of state who all apparently were saying "Somebody DO something," and looking at the US. American TV audiences have watched Reagan trying to get all the foreign countries to join him in a boycott of Libya, but when no one would, he resorted to force. Americans' consciousness has been raised, but the rest of the world's hasn't, so we over here all see it as an act of aggression, while they see it as an act of defense.

I do admire America's courage in doing the thing in the open as opposed to terrorists secret, hidden ways. Everyone knows who to blame. It's odd; when you hide, you can get away with anything, but when you're open and aboveboard, everyone jumps on you. Apparently no European country in the EEC wanted to make trouble for Libya, for fear of antagonizing the Arabs and losing the oil. We stuck our necks out and now everyone is criticizing us, including me. I really think we should stop defending the western world and policing the world. Maybe the whole western alliance will break up over this, because we're left holding the hate America bag. The world seems to hate America more than it hates terrorism.

April 18 Journal

Night before last I spent another uncomfortable night, with extreme gas pains in the center of my back. I had taken a laxative, so I assumed it was that working. Next morning I felt fine; the laxative worked and the gas pains went too and I kept taking the digestive medicine, which seems to be helping.

Libya continues to be the big question. Europe is on the fence; the Arab world and its supporters, including Russia, are calling us brutal aggressors; while at home we seem to be getting wrought up into paranoid hysteria, entrusting Reagan with extraordinary powers. I am really afraid this whole unbalanced situation could result in war. I feel that we are behaving like frightened people and we have the right to feel that way. We need some third party to come and talk to us calmly and try to negotiate with us. Qaddafi is clearly mad, but the world seems to tolerate irrational behavior from mad people like some of the Arab leaders, while jumping on us as if we should know better. But how many pot shots are we expected to take? On the other hand, though, within our country, we tolerate so much criticism and belligerence. Why aren't we willing to tolerate criticism and belligerence from others? But I fear the mob mentality that seems to be growing in America. They need some wise voice to speak out and calm them down.

This morning I have free, so when I woke and ate, I lay in bed reading THEOPHILUS NORTH, one of the most optimistic books I have read for a long time. Then I began to feel the gas pains and to get anxious. Soaking in a hot bath, I felt peaceful, and the pains vanished. I could hardly restrain myself there in that peace, though, so eager was I to "get going." I felt like there were two selves in me, a good, peaceful self who wants to be patient and do good work and be friends with others, and a bad, servile self who complains that she has so much to do and feels anxious. It was as if one self were free and the other a slave. The slave is the one who does the work, though. I tried to make the free self see that these are HER works, not the slaves. They are good works which she wants to do. But she can't rest before that slave is nagging to get back to work and get done all her tasks so the free lady can rest. I'm trying to get the free lady to do the work, rather than the slave. The free lady enjoys what she does; the slave doesn't and gets upset and must rest. There's a prejudice within me against the free lady, as if we must all be slaves and sufferers. This "black eye" that America has taken has done something to me. I can't rely on the generalized good reputation of the people of America and hide my free lady who deserves to get credit for her good, credit that she gives to the slave. It's almost like I once felt "America (or my family) is good, but I'm not good." Now I have to take back the projected goodness into myself.

April 19 Journal

I finished Thornton Wilder's *THEOPHILUS NORTH* yesterday and plan to recommend it to everyone. It is such a good combination of plot, a gallery of character portraits of Newporters whose lives Theophilus (saint, scholar, archaeologist discovering the 9 cities of Newport, detective, healer, teacher, lover) touches and redeems. It is so optimistic and entertaining that it got me through a week of distress over world news and my body's quivers. I couldn't wait to get back to it. I felt so many points of identification with him. Dorothy and I had put on *THE MATCHMAKER* at Bishop Noll long ago; in college he was regarded as a Christian writer because of *THE BRIDGE over San*

Luis Ray; now I learn that he lived in China for a couple of years around 1910-11, while his father was consul general to Shanghai, and as a young man he taught with Robert Hutchins at the University of Chicago, so he lived in my very neighborhood. I admire his robust enthusiastic spirit. "A man's enthusiasms may take him out of himself and make him young" Theophilus said of Mr. Bosworth. What a hopeful remark.

I spent a few hours yesterday morning trying to print up copies of "Everything you wanted to know about Nanjing but were afraid to ask" to send Jesse Green (who will be coming to teach here next year) and anyone else who writes for info. I had the usual inability to convey my intention to the guards who wanted to send me off to some waiting room till someone could be found to come help me. When I finally just went up to the micro computer center, Mr. X there as usual sat at my elbow watching everything I did, not helping but hindering me--a common problem here. They don't know what they're doing but they want to do something. He didn't know why the printer printed out condensed elite double-spaced. He thought it was in my program. Finally I turned off the printer and started again and it went back to draft quality. He didn't know that he had not turned off the command to print that format. It's quite frustrating. Then he wanted to know why a letter he had written with Wo Da Sta came out without the margins justified. It was only about 20 columns wide, but how could I explain that to him? When I was going to print out Doodit for him, the copy he had made for himself didn't work; when I tried to make him another, he punched the key so the booting disk copied itself onto my only Word Star disc with all the accessories. All during this time, he is talking to me in Chinese, of course. I deliberately don't understand. When I'm trying to do something, I can't be trying to understand Chinese at the same time. Zaogao!

In qigong/tajqj class out in front (yesterday) the yard looked very beautiful. The pool was full of water with plants around it and water spraying in the air. The sun was going down in that direction and was backlighting the spray and all the greenery. I wish I had a camera. Really, our compound here is lovely when it is all fixed up. The garden behind us, over which our balconies look, has large trees with huge lilac flowers right now. In the morning birds wake me up with their singing. Ganxie loves to go out there and join them. The qigong teacher told me that I was the second most improved pupil, probably because I had so far to go to catch up, having missed more than a whole week. He told us that if we did this 48 move exercise every day, we would never have colds or be ill. I resolved to do it. I always feel better after taiqi, so I assume I don't get enough exercise here. (In fact, my bloodpressure was up to 140/90. Usually it is 120/70.)

Last night (Friday) I met Gordon and Helen and Jack over at Nanshida (Teachers' College) where we had Urumuqi style shiskabob and noodles at a little hole in the wall restaurant where they do the preparing right out on the sidewalk and serve at two little tables inside. We were with one of Jack's students (non-Han) and the Campbells' interpreter Xaio Xu. It was fascinating to watch the noodles being made by letting the dough rise, cutting it into 1-1/2" portions, then pulling it out and doubling each time, while keeping it well-floured by slapping the growing number of ropes on the table. I love noodles and we

added cumin to make it hot. But the shish kebob was too hot and the meat was too tough to chew, so I gave up after one. The vegetables were too oily, so I just looked at them.

Afterwards we adjourned to Helen's place, up on a hill and with two new buildings under construction in front and behind, which go all night long, so they can't sleep. There are red lights along a sort of cliff in front. If they were sleepwalkers, they might kill themselves, for there's no fence. It's the usual Chinese non-value of human lives or irresponsibility for accidents, perhaps. They said that this 7-story building will be for the waiban! Their quarters are very poor, compared with ours. Helen said that she prepared herself for the very worst, so was grateful for what she found. I did too, but I was fortunate in having all this space, balcony, air-conditioner, kitchen--none of which she has. But her bedroom is separate from their living room, so the students don't follow her into the bedroom as they do here. She had her paintings around the wall. She is really good. Her works have a lot of color, more than the Chinese usually use. It fits her vivid personality. We had intended to play UNO, but because Xiao Xu was there, we talked, then watched Li Ya Wang, an adaptation of King Lear. It was the best Shakespeare I have seen here in China. Lear has many qualities that lend it to Chinese-ization: it is set in a primitive time; the production was clothed in some early dynasty's robes. It is about upsetting the social order when children put out their old parents--a situation which has more significance for the Chinese than for the West even. It has a foolish ruler and conniving children and courtiers--a familiar subject of Chinese historical dramas. The old king wants his 100 retainers; Chinese leaders always need large retinues and they are rough and vulgar in their behavior. In short, I wondered if the story might not originally have been imported from China, so well did it fit. Xiao Xu thought it would have been better if the characters had done it in more of a sing-song voice; she didn't like the realistic voices.

April 20 Journal

Yesterday in the afternoon, Alice and I walked to Gulou tower to look at Purple Mountain and down along Zhongshan Lu from the top story. Nanjing is at its best, with the trees beginning to turn green and the big foxglove-like flowers on some mature trees, even those in our backyard. Xiao Li calls them French poplars, but Helen isn't convinced. We did taiqi and got quite heated up, then sat down outside to cool off before dinner. After dinner I sat out on my balcony with Ganxie, correcting papers until dark. Somewhere in the cool of the evening, I picked up a touch of bronchitis.

Today was a wonderful day. We had Mass (Good Shepherd Sunday)--Helen and I, George and Jack. The first reading about Paul and Barnabas deciding to address their good news to the gentiles struck me by its internationalism, after this week of narrow nationalism on the part of the U.S. I was glad I have a wider identity than "American", that I belong to the international Church which addresses its good news to all the world. I feel so let down as an American; it was good to feel that I can still be proud of being a Christian. After

Mass, Helen and I made spaghetti out of meat and sauce Jack had brought noodles that Helen had found in a little store with her usual luck at turning up things, plus green onions and Chinese parsley that I had bought at the market this morning. She also had cans of tomatoes and mushrooms. All together it tasted delicious. She told me that if I have gas I should never eat vegetables with fibrous stalks, like cabbage, and ABOVE all never eat cauliflower --well there goes all my food. No wonder! Potatoes, yams, okay, but not anything with stalks, or if I do eat them, I must cut off the stalks, as I did with the parsley and xiao bai cai.

After lunch we played UNO, which we all decided was much better than penochle, Jack's favorite game. It was just the kind of mindless day I enjoy. As Thornton Wilder says, Our enthusiasm can help take us outside of ourselves. I laughed all day and never once thought of my digestion, and it worked all by itself without being looked after.