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US-China Review

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Vol. XLV, No. 1



China's Ghost City

The Kindness of Strangers

What is Friendship?

TV Looks at China's 30-Somethings

Letter from the President



US-China Peoples Friendship Association

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Some Upbeat Articles in This Issue

Greetings!

In December of 2019 and January 2020, USCPFA began the process of looking for a site to hold our biennial Washington Seminar on U.S.-China Relations. As the weeks went on and Covid-19 cases became known in the Pacific Coast states, and then New York City became overwhelmed, USCPFA cancelled the seminar for 2020. In October 2019 USCPFA held its national convention in Bloomington, Minnesota. The National Board minutes from the Minnesota Convention have been e-mailed to chapter presidents. The 2019 Annual and Financial reports, along with the 2020 Annual Appeal, were sent to you in December 2020.

All of the 2020 National Board meetings were held by conference calls as we continue to social distance, wash hands, wear masks, and mostly, stay home. Let us hope that the Chinese New Year of the Ox, which is ushered in on February 12, 2021, will be a year that makes progress in ridding the world of Covid through effective vaccines and therapies.

Mike Revzin has put together an upbeat winter issue that covers the following topics and articles.

- “The Kindness of Strangers” — several stories about Chinese and Americans helping one another.
- Educational/cultural exchange — Winny Lin’s article about taking American teachers and dancers to China.
- Friendshipology — Billy Lee’s article with many examples from his Friendship site, with people commenting on various aspects of friendship.
- An article on the United States Heartland China Association, whose motto is “Not all bridges are built of concrete and steel.” Among its webinars listed in the article is one on how the U.S. and China can work together on the climate change issue.
- VIPKIDS, by Winny Lin. An article on the thousands of U.S. English teachers and Chinese students who connect through an online English learning program.

In 2021 the Eastern Region is slated to be the host for the USCPFA National Convention. Let us hope that by the fall of 2021, we will be able to have an on-site in-person convention.

On behalf of the National Board, as your president, I send best wishes for a joyous and peaceful holiday season and look forward to a better year ahead.

In friendship,

Diana C. Greer
President of USCPFA



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US-CHINA PEOPLES FRIENDSHIP ASSOCIATION

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is to build friendship between the peoples
of China and the United States.*

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About the cover:

Ghost kings in the Fengdu Ghost City near Chongqing.

See article on page 16. Photo by Judy Manton.

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The Kindness of Strangers Builds US-China Friendships

Whether or not there is friction between the governments of the U.S. and China, people-to-people friendship can continue. Sometimes just a brief, friendly encounter with someone from the other country can leave a long-term, warm memory. Here are some examples.

"Are We Being Taken for a Ride?"

By Kitty Trescott

The young Chinese man kept saying, *Yi Lu Ping An*. My understanding of Mandarin was poor. I tried to put the pieces together to figure out what he was telling us.

This whole thing, which happened about 30 years ago, was rather bizarre. My husband, Bart, and I were jammed into the back of a Volkswagen pickup truck with our luggage and this young man. We needed a ride from the train station to the airport in Shanghai. Two young men ran up to us at the station, asking, "Taxi? Taxi?" They grabbed our suitcases and ran toward the road in front of the station. We followed, carrying the smaller cases and bags for our journey.

And here we were now, in the back of this little pickup truck in the dark, trying to figure out what the guy was saying. I really hoped he understood that we needed to get to the airport. He did a lot of smiling and kept repeating, "*Yi Lu Ping An*," whatever that meant.

I tried to see if I could figure it out.

"*Yi?*" I asked in Chinese. "One?" I asked in English. I held up my index finger to indicate the number one.

No luck. He did not know what I was saying, any more than I knew what he had said. I guessed it was his partner, the one driving the little truck, who knew some English.

"*Lu?*" I asked, pointing to the road, as I made childlike sounds of a car going down the street. That should be clear. "*Lu*"

means "road" in Mandarin. "One road?" I asked, in English, as much to myself as to the young man since, by then, I knew that he did not know English.

Hmm. That did not make a connection. Well, on to the next sound. "*Ping*," I said out loud, looking at the young man. "*Ping*," he repeated. "*Yi Lu Ping An*," I said. He nodded his head "yes," as if he thought we two had finally made a language connection. "*Yi Lu Ping an*," he repeated.

"*Ping*" meant "bottle" in Mandarin. Some cartoons had shown Deng Xiaoping as a small bottle. I thought the man was trying to say something about a bottle for the road. "*Xiao*" meant "little," but that was not part of this puzzle. What was he trying to say?

This did not seem to be the road to the airport. It seemed the driver was looking for a good spot to stop among the trees and small buildings.

"*An?*" I asked. "*An?*" What is "*An*"? I asked out loud. "*An*" is part of a name of a province in China, Anhui. I could not figure out where that syllable fit or what it might mean.

My goodness, I thought, we have been riding a long while. It is so dark. We are not familiar with Shanghai. We have to trust these two guys to take us to the airport. Maybe they will push us out of the pickup and keep our luggage. Maybe we will have to pay a ransom to get to the right place with our belongings.

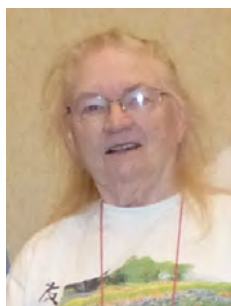
Even at the station, we had wondered

if this was a wise thing to do. When they had grabbed our suitcases and headed for the line of taxis, I thought we would be okay. But they had scurried past all of those vehicles and away from the station, toward the main street. We had not been led to a regulation taxi, but to a line of vehicles parked along the road. We had stopped at this Volkswagen pickup. He had lifted the tailgate. One of the suitcases was tossed into the bed; the other was put on the front seat of the cab. He had motioned for us to climb into the bed of the truck. With assistance from the young men, we had been able to get in and sit down on the narrow bench under the window. Then one man had hurried to the cab while the other squeezed into a space in the bed. We were off.

"*Yi Lu Ping an*" might mean something special, but I could not get it together. "One, road, bottle, An" made no sense to me. Of course, my understanding of the language was very limited. Maybe each syllable had another meaning, common in Chinese language. Unfortunately, I only knew a few meanings, so I was stuck.

Oh, it did look like we were really getting to the airport. Lights were visible. Traffic increased. Legitimate taxis passed us on the road. That was certainly a relief. We were looking forward to boarding our plane and ending this crazy journey.

The truck slowed. Now what? I wondered where we were being taken now. This did not seem to be the road to the airport. It seemed the driver was looking for a good spot to stop among the trees and small buildings. Here it comes. We are being ditched. Our stuff is going to be stolen. The truck stopped. The driver hopped out and hurried around to the back of the pickup. He unlatched the tailgate and motioned for us to get out. Of course, we did as we were told, trying



Kitty Trescott. Photo by Bob Sanborn.

hard to hang onto all our loose pieces, bags and each other. It sure was dark. The young man who had ridden with us got out with one large suitcase in tow. The driver ran around to the cab passenger seat to get the other large suitcase.

They motioned for us to follow them. Being dark, it was hard to see the path. The guys seemed to be in a hurry. We did our best to follow. The path got wider and opened up onto a real walkway. They did it. They had taken us to the airport. They set down the suitcases. One guy ran ahead to get a luggage cart. My husband pulled

Two Boys, Lost on the Streets of Beijing

By Mike Connelly

We had come, the four of us, to Beijing at the end of the summer in 1992—my wife to teach graduate school near the Beijing Friendship Hotel and me to help out with an English news program for a television station. When we arrived, I was the only one of us who could speak Chinese, but in September our elder son, Martin, then 6, started school and began to pick up Mandarin.

Late that fall, one afternoon while I was at work, my wife, Rachel, went to see the Russian Circus with Martin and another American family. Their children, John David, 8, and Catherine, 6, had come to China with their mother and their father, Paul, who was there as a journalism Fulbright teacher.

After the circus, as they were all walking back, a doable, but not short, walk due north on a major street, the two boys asked if they could run ahead. The parents present said sure, but to be sure to stop at the intersection and not to cross the street. Off they scampered through the very crowded throngs.

Paul, taller than anyone around, said he could still see them. But, when the adults and Catherine arrived at the street corner, the boys were nowhere to be found. After a short discussion, the consensus was that the boys (against instructions) had crossed the street. Rachel and the others decided to keep walking home, boyless. When they arrived some while later at our apartment to find no boys, they checked the other apartment to verify that they weren't there either, and then Rachel went to get her bicycle to go looking for them.

out his wallet to pay the amount that had been agreed upon. The guy then extended his hand to shake hands with my husband. We said our goodbyes all around, "Zai jian, Zai jian." And there it was again: "Yi Lu Ping An," one of them shouted.

PS: It wasn't until later that I was told that the guy had been trying to say, "Have a nice trip!" Or, more literally, peaceful travel along the road. 友

Kitty Trescott is a member of the USCPFA's Carbondale, Illinois, chapter.

Just as she was ready to leave, the boys came in. Good children that they were, they had gotten to the corner, and then, tired of waiting, had come back south to find the parents, but had somehow missed them, most likely where the sidewalk widened considerably into an open market.

Back at the corner, a Chinese man had found them, sort of sniveling and not knowing what to do, and asked them what was wrong. Martin, with his brand-new, first-grade Chinese, was able to tell him that they had lost their parents.

The man asked where they lived and Martin was able to tell him they lived at the Friendship Hotel. He walked them across the street, and took them on a bus, rode with them the two very long stops north, and then took them across the incredibly wide street to the main entrance of the hotel complex. But, in those days, because he was Chinese, he was not allowed to enter the foreigners hotel. From the entrance, the kids ran home to our apartment, and there was considerable relief all around.

We have been on the receiving end of much kindness in China, not just from friends, but from strangers as well. We have often thought of this kind man, and regret that we were never able to thank him for his extremely valuable kindness and care. 友

Mike Connelly operates The Little Red Cup Tea Company in Maine with his wife and son, Martin. Martin Connelly is past president and a member of USCPFA's chapter in Portland, Maine.

The Friendship Train

By George T. Foster

We all have our favorite haunts. Mine happens to be eating a fine meal in a dining car on a train. So, it was only natural that I happily anticipated dinner on the overnight Beijing-Shanghai Express that June day in 1980, although I hardly could have expected what awaited me.

I was among six journalists, Gannett Fellows in Asian Studies at the University of Hawaii, who were touring China, escorted expertly by government guides. The country was opening up under Deng Xiaoping and we were getting the first glimpses of what had been out of bounds for so long. Since our program at Hawaii included language study, I wanted to put myself to the ultimate test: travel solo for a day or two and see how far my first-year Mandarin would get me.

Since my colleagues and guides were about to fly from Beijing to Shanghai, I chose instead to take the overnight train. I boarded in Beijing and, by late afternoon, the train had passed Tianjin and was speeding south through the farming country of eastern Hebei province. My curiosity and appetite could wait no longer, so I headed to the dining car.

I wanted to know what I was eating.

In this post-Cultural Revolution period, passenger train travel in the People's Republic remained Spartan by Western standards. My first class sleeping compartment was comfortable, but the furnishings had the feel of a bygone era. While I had felt an atmosphere of polite formality in China, there also was a hint of impending change.

This was evident when the dining car crew greeted me enthusiastically in their newfound English. I replied in my awkward Mandarin, and was seated. From then on, I was getting an unusual amount of attention from these young waiters and waitresses. They wanted to learn a more hip English than they had learned in school. They wanted to be cool. I wanted to know what I was eating.

Continued on next page

Kindness of Strangers *(continued)*

The exchanges that followed—including strange hand and body gestures—brought giggles and guffaws from all of us. I found myself laughing so hard that I missed a good deal of Hebei province outside the window. The wall of formality was crumbling right before my tear-filled eyes. To think that not too many years earlier, such conversation would have landed these young people in prison or on a pig farm undergoing endless self-criticism.

After awhile, I returned to my compartment. However, the most challenging language exercise of this solo trip lay ahead: that of convincing the car attendant (who spoke no English) to wake me at a certain early hour so I could take photos while crossing the famous Yangtze River bridge at Nanjing.

Using a map and limited Chinese, I explained my request to him (or thought I

did). He nodded politely and disappeared, and I climbed into my upper berth to sleep.

At the appointed hour I was nearly yanked from my berth by the same attendant, who was vigorously pointing out the window. I grabbed my camera and a pair of pants and went into the corridor just as the train was slowing on the bridge approach. He and I stood looking out the window, smiling and nodding as the mighty river appeared below us through the early morning haze.

Today, almost 35 years later, these poignant encounters run deep in my memory. Perhaps it was sharing laughter and a special acknowledgement with strangers in what seemed at the time to be a very foreign land. 友

George T. Foster is a retired journalist living in Seattle. This article originally appeared in the Winter 2015 US-China Review.

The Kindness of Strangers

By Nancy Groff

We had a bucket list before there were bucket lists. Our goal was to see China from the seat of a bicycle... and we were successful. In 1986, my sister Virginia and I found a tour company that specialized in China bicycle trips. After packing our gear, we left for China, touring Beijing and Xian by bicycle with a guide and several other bicycle enthusiasts.

After traveling from Xian to Nanjing by air, we planned to bicycle from Nanjing to Shanghai, with several train rides along the way. Several days into our trip, one of our fellow bicyclists fell and broke her collarbone while cycling.

The guide took her to a local hospital, where a strap was placed around her shoulders. Her bicycling days were over for this trip, and she had a desire to return to New York.

Since we were not near an international airport, two of our group members decided to accompany her to Shanghai to the airport there. However, none of the three spoke or read Chinese.

Our guide concocted a navigational system for them by placing the English words for their destinations (city, airport, hotel) on pieces of paper, along with the accompanying Chinese characters.

Going by train to Shanghai on the hard seat trains, one of the trio would stand up at every stop, hold up the “Shanghai” sign and point to the Chinese word. Everyone in the train car would nod “No,” and the sign holder would sit down. This continued until they reached a stop when everyone bobbed their heads “Yes.” The train had arrived in Shanghai, and our three friends got off. Then they used the next sign to get to the airport.

This system continued until they had found a hotel for the night and had gotten the injured traveler to her flight.

Now the two travelers had to return to our bicycle group. So they whipped out their return signs and duplicated the same method as they found the train terminal, boarded a train, and finally reached the city and hotel where we were staying.

Luckily, everything ended well. The woman with the broken collarbone returned to New York, and the other bicyclists met us and continued on the tour.

It was a fascinating two weeks in China. However, I was very, very careful and kept my eyes on the road. I sure did not want to fall! 友

Nancy Groff lives in Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania. This article originally appeared in the Winter 2015 US-China Review.

The Helpful Bus Driver

By John Marienthal

In June 1974, I was on the first USCPFA commercial trip to China. Our 24-day trip included Guangzhou, Changsha, Zhengzhou, Shijiazhuang and Beijing. In the middle three cities, people had seldom seen foreigners, and crowds of 50 to 100 people would gather to watch us.

In Changsha, after dinner, two of us decided to get on a bus and ride to the end of the line. Neither of us spoke Chinese, and the bus driver did not speak any English.

So when we got to the end of the line in the middle of a field somewhere, he was worried. He skipped his route and drove us directly back to all the hotels. He would stop and point at each hotel. We shook our heads “no,” until finally we got to our hotel and we nodded “yes.” He let us off and then started his route again. 友

John Marienthal is a member of the South Bay chapter of the USCPFA. This article originally appeared in the Winter 2015 US-China Review.

An Impromptu Tour of Changsha, Line Dancing in Shanghai

By Barbara Cobb

During our 1995 Youxie tour, four of us went walking after dark in the neighborhood of our Beijing hotel. After wandering among food stalls with little interaction, we struck up a conversation with the owner of a storefront.

With a few words, but many gestures and smiles, the shopkeeper introduced us to his wife and son. We introduced ourselves and our home states and we compared our ages. (He and I were the same age, and we agreed the younger ones were *xiao haidze*—small children.)

I tried to tell him (in Chinese) that we had bought five bicycle bells to take home, pointing to the bell on the bike in the corner of the room. But I used the wrong term and, instead, told him we *wanted* five bicycle bells.

His brow furrowed because he didn't sell bicycle bells in his shop. After a moment's thought, he brought a screwdriver from under the counter and prepared to take



Line dancing in Shanghai. Photos courtesy of Barbara Cobb.

the bell off his bike for us! We quickly corrected the misunderstanding, and, after more smiles and handshakes, we took our leave. The encounter is etched in our memories.

Yet another memory is of my pre-breakfast walk the last morning in Shanghai. China's street cooking fascinates me, so I stopped to watch a young man and woman quickly and expertly prepare dumplings—roll the dough, put the filling in the middle, pinch the sides and top the seal. I smiled and made the same motions with my fingers—and they gave me a piece of dough to make a dumpling! I did my best, but they had to patch it up before they put it in a row with their own dumplings. Too bad I couldn't wait for the cooking!

Early morning exercise in a Shanghai park included traditional *tai chi*, but also a fan dance, the tango and country line dancing. Participation was encouraged, and a Chinese man showed two of our first-timers (one from Nashville) the rudiments of line dancing.

Our plane was headed for Guilin when we took off from Shanghai, but Guilin was fogged in and the plane was diverted to Changsha in Hunan province. From the guidebook, we learned that Changsha was inhabited as long as 5,000 years ago and its recorded history goes back 3,000 years. In modern times, Mao Zedong went to high school there and based some of his ear-

ly political essays on peasants in Hunan. Here we were, stuck at the airport waiting to see if Guilin would be receiving planes in the next hour, or the next, or the next. Finally, we were sent to a hotel for the night about 8 pm.

In this city where we knew no one, our guide placed a call and Ou Yang Chun Lan, secretary-general of Hunan Provincial Youxie, came to our rescue with a van and driver. He took us around the corner from the hotel for a huge bowl of delicious Hunan-specialty rice noodles—the best food we'd seen all day. With translation by our national guide, he gave us a brief tour (in the dark) and talked about the city. In the morning, he came back with the van and driver and returned us to the airport. He did all this although we were unexpected and he was on vacation! When you go



The group with Mr. Ou Yang in Changsha.

to China with USCPFA, you have friends even in places where you know no one. Thanks, Mr. Ou Yang. 友

Barbara Cobb is a member of USCPFA's Nashville chapter, and is a member of the USCPFA National Board. These excerpts are from an article that was published in the Summer 1995 US-China Review.

Very Small Businesses, Very Good Service

By Mike Revzin

Top quality service is something you might expect at a luxury hotel or restaurant, but we found it from a street vendor and a very tiny shop in Shanghai.

When my wife, Oleta, and I moved to China in 2008, we bought local cellphones that required the frequent purchase of cards, to add minutes for phone usage.

I knew nothing about such cards, and did not know the Chinese words for any of the details that would help me buy the right card for the phones.

But, luckily for me, there was a friendly phone card seller, standing on a corner in front of a nearby hotel every day. On cold days, the middle-aged woman would be bundled up—looking plump in her padded coat—with only her eyes showing beneath her knit hat. But, no matter the weather, she would patiently walk me through the choices. The first time, in fact, she said I could bring the card back if it turned out to be the wrong one for my phone.

She couldn't have been earning much

money, standing there all day selling low-cost items. But she always had a smile on her face—whether I was there to buy another card, or just waving to her as I passed her corner.

Not far away was a “Mom and Pop” store that did printing and copying. To say that it was a store gives the wrong picture. It was more like a closet, with a copying machine and a Chinese typewriter. After school, their child would be crammed at a desk in the back, doing his homework.

If one or both of the owners were in the store, there was no room for a customer to enter. From the sidewalk, my wife or I would hand them our papers, and tell them how many copies we wanted. Sometimes they made copies right away, but if they had a backlog of work, they would tell us when to come back to pick them up. The shop always seemed to be open, no matter what time of day or night we passed by. And the owners were always pleasant and efficient. 友

Taking Teachers and Cloggers to Wuxi

Coming Home With Educational Ideas

By Winny Lin

Editor's note: During these times of tensions between governments, it's nice to recall successes that our members have had in developing people-to-people relations. Here's an example.

On the plane to Shanghai in May of 2007, I was a bit nervous. After all, it's not every day that you lead a group of five cloggers, 11 educators and one newspaper photographer on their first trip to China. The teachers and administrators were from the Daviess County Public Schools (DCPS) in Owensboro, Kentucky.

The cloggers were two adults, two high school students and one fifth grader. In China, they would teach students of Shanghai Concordia International School how to do the Kentucky state dance, and also perform.

As I looked around the plane, I felt a sense of pride for having made this happen, but also a sense of trepidation for being responsible for what was about to become a major cross-cultural event and the start of cooperation between Chinese and American schools. Superintendent Tom Shelton and the others were cheerful and optimistic. But, as the organizer, tour guide and interpreter, my excitement was mixed with worry.

We had done our planning. The educators had worked out the details, implementing a dress code (no sleeveless outfits, no open-toe shoes) and arranging for appropriate presents for our hosts. Shelton even brought a scroll of the Kentucky state song, "My Old Kentucky Home," in Chinese, and several "Kentucky Colonel certificates," the state's highest and traditional way of honoring people.

Pan Wangjie, the principal of Daoxiang Primary School, Wuxi, and I spent countless hours on the phone for a year preparing for this unprecedented educational partnership for both sides.

Don't Make Faces

One of my roles in the planning was to remind my delegates to be prepared for what they might consider "weird" Chinese



A visit to the garden in Suzhou.

food, and to hold back any show of disrespect. And, my, how they were tested. My brother Chris Lung hosted a banquet for our group in Suzhou, where he lives. At the time, he was the founder and CEO of a very successful electronics company. We were served chilled jellyfish 海蜇皮, a Chinese delicacy. I was so proud of my colleagues. Nobody showed any facial expression or rolled their eyes as they dutifully swallowed the funny-looking creature. As my brother said, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." In this case, eat the jellyfish, just like the Chinese do!

Suzhou was our first stop. We toured the world-renowned Humble Administrator's Garden, 拙政园, a 13-acre UNESCO world heritage site. History records that a government official, dismissed from the court in 1509 during the Ming dynasty, retired to his native home of Suzhou and built this beautiful and exquisite Chinese classical garden with numerous pavilions and bridges that connect ponds and islands, dotted with *penzai* (miniature landscapes), and rocks from Lake Tai. The plants in the garden represent various seasons: peonies for spring, lotus for summer, osmanthus for autumn and plum blossoms for winter.

When the DCPS delegation strolled into this charming classical garden, it felt as if we were in another world, so different from the vast green open fields of Kentucky. A variety of windows and walkways lured us to wander around in amazement. No two windows have the same geometric designs and all the buildings have white walls and black roofs 白牆黑瓦. The pathways were paved in designs of bats, characters of longevity, old Chinese coins and other auspicious symbols. You could look through the unique "moon doors" and enjoy the trees and flowers on the other side, creating an extended view and adding illusions and depth to the garden. This is a so-called borrowed view 借景. All the structures had roofs with pointed-up corners. We heard this was a way to block devils from coming into the buildings. Imagine that!

Sister School Districts

The mission of our delegation was to visit the Binhu School District of Wuxi, Jiangsu province, to study their education system. The year before, Principal Pan had brought two school administrators

and a teacher to visit our school system in Kentucky. In return, the chief of Wuxi's Binhu Education Bureau had invited us to visit them to sign a memorandum of understanding which would make us sister school districts in an educational partnership and cultural exchange.

Shelton, a true visionary, worked with me to make the memorandum of understanding a reality. He invited the chairwoman of DCPS school board, Mary Tim Griffin, and Vickie Riley, director of elementary schools, a high school staff developer, and principals and teachers selected from Tamarack Elementary School and Sorgho Elementary School, which had had a pen pal program with the Binhu School District for years.

Education Before Birth

During the days we were in Wuxi, we visited many top schools—from kindergartens to high schools, as well as vocational schools. Our eyes were opened to new ways of education.

The Chinese educators told us that their education system started, literally, before birth. They explained that expectant mothers are brought in to learn about childcare and what to expect in the future.

Children start school as soon as they are toilet trained, normally at two years old. Their kindergartens are separate from primary schools, and the two we visited each had more than 1,000 students.

In one school, students were taught art (partnered with the local Wuxi art museum), and even sewing. I was so surprised when I saw a kindergarten student using a needle and thread that I took a picture of him as proof of his manual dexterity. Our superintendent even had a friendly contest with a kindergarten student, using chopsticks to pick up marbles from a bowl. Guess who won?

Wuxi 无锡 is a prosperous port city in southern Jiangsu province, about 80 miles from Shanghai. Nestled on the northern shore of Lake Tai, it has more than 6 million people. It's nicknamed "Little Shanghai," and boasts a reputation of "the land of fish and rice," but in recent years also has huge global investments from all over the world.



The delegation from Owensboro, Kentucky.

Chinese primary schools were specialized, like the magnet schools in Kentucky. One school focused on Chinese calligraphy and poetry, and another one was devoted to graphic arts, music and social dancing. The district's largest primary school had two campuses and 5,000 students in total.

The teachers rotate in classrooms, with their materials on laptops, but students stay in one place. The technology seemed more advanced than what we had at the time in Kentucky, although we were quite advanced. Their vocational school partnered with the thriving industrial community in Wuxi, meaning its graduates could go straight to work in factories. Everything was vibrant and amazing!

Spreading New Ideas

We were impressed with what we saw. When we returned to Kentucky, the educators spread their new ideas about education to their friends, families, colleagues and students. Shelton found that Chinese education was a frequent topic in the Ph.D. program he was attending. During our trip, we learned that other countries have great ideas about education. The question is how to transfer them to other locales.

Perhaps our most memorable experiences, other than those in the schools, involved food, Chinese style. Each school we visited treated us to meals, and they inevitably picked one of Wuxi's best restaurants.

My delegations learned that Chinese meals have countless courses. We often had a Wuxi specialty, "three whites," white fish, white shrimp and silver fish from Lake Tai.

Meals began with cold appetizers with beautiful presentations, then course after course of delicious meats and vegetables, and then they asked us, "What would you like for the entree 主食?" We just looked at one another like, "You don't count what we just had as an entree?" Finally, when they served fresh fruit, that signaled "no more food after this," we all let out sighs of relief! We simply could not stuff more food into our stomachs. Ironically, in recent months, during the pandemic, we can only dream about such Chinese gourmet food banquets.

On a personal note, I discovered that my skills as an interpreter were far better than I had thought. Whenever the Chinese educators explained something in Chinese, I could translate it into English. The same for translating my American friends' English into Chinese. But it did not all go well. Sometimes I would speak Chinese to Americans, and then turn around and speak English to Chinese. At that point I asked if I could take a break, which I did.

To this day, I am pleased that I had the opportunity to help two peoples to understand each other. One group from the country I was born in, and the other from the country I now live in.

Wherever we visited, we were showered with presents, because that's the Chinese custom. Binhu Schools gave us framed embroidered landscape pictures, tea sets, silk scarves, and more. Shelton had to buy another suitcase to bring home all the gifts, which were later displayed in the school district's central office.

Continued on next page

Cloggers to Wuxi *(continued)*

After both sides signed “the memorandum of understanding,” Binhu School district and Daviess County Public Schools became sister school districts.

In the summer of 2007 I accompanied four DCPS teachers, recruited several Chinese-American friends as assistants and collaborated with Binhu for a week of intensive English training for Chinese teachers and students. Students stayed in dorms, took English classes all day, and wrote journals at night. We even published a daily English newsletter. Their staff developer, Maggie Qin, and I designed the curriculum. To this date, Maggie and I are still friends, and proud of our accomplishment.

This English summer camp continued for another year. Both school districts exchanged teachers for two years to teach the language and culture. Unfortunately, due to the H1N1 pandemic in 2009, the exchange was halted.

After Shelton left the school district, the sister district partnership was interrupted. However, DCPS went one step further and hosted two Chinese teachers from the Confucius Institute of Western Kentucky University. One taught at Deer Park Elementary School, and the other one taught at Apollo High School. This continued for several years.

Shelton came back from that trip, and continued his doctoral program. He and his class discussed the education system in China for weeks. Now, Shelton is active

in international programs as executive director at the Henry Clay Center for Statesmanship in Lexington, Kentucky.

I believe that the trip to Wuxi, China sowed an important seed for his career. All the teachers and cloggers who visited China with me have fond memories and helped spread goodwill about China after seeing the hospitality and generosity of the people they met there.

Pan is now the chief of the Binhu Education Bureau in Wuxi. I believe that her work on our delegation’s visit helped her career. 友

Winnie Lin, a member of USCPFA's South Bay chapter, was the president of USCPFA's Owensboro, Kentucky–Evansville, Indiana chapter when this trip took place.

Online English Helps Cross-Cultural Ties

By Winnie Lin

Despite the recent discord between the U.S. and China, an online English language learning company continues to build solid bridges between Americans and Chinese.

Since 2013, the Chinese company called VIPKID (based in Beijing, with U.S. headquarters in San Francisco) has been a pioneer in bringing online English learning to Chinese students. What is truly astounding is the size of this endeavor. About 100,000 teachers, mostly Americans, now teach in the program and they reach about 800,000 Chinese students with more than 180,000 classes.

This is the kind of cultural interaction that will promote healthy U.S.-China relations despite what might be happening in the short term.

I am one of the teachers. The main thing that has impressed me is that the program accomplishes two key objectives simultaneously: the younger generation of students in China are learning English and American culture, and the American teachers are learning about China and its language and culture.

The company provides incentives for its teachers to learn more about China, so that they can better communicate with the Chinese students. Each week, teachers read a short article about Chinese culture, and take a quiz on it. If they pass the quiz, they get points, which can be used to purchase such things as teaching materials or gift cards. The more that a teacher can relate to the Chinese culture, the easier it is to get more students. We are contractors, not employees.



Another side effect is that teachers become advocates for better bilateral relations, a welcome change from the negative feelings expressed by some Americans.

Teachers make their online classrooms appealing to their Chinese students by using Chinese art, posters and sayings.

Some also try to speak a few Chinese phrases to greet their students.

On top of that, VIPKID arranges for groups of teachers to travel to China to build on their knowledge of China and its culture. While in China, the groups travel widely, visit students and their families and create friendships and acquaintances that will last for years.

About 500 teachers attended a two-day VIPKID regional conference in Las Vegas in 2019. (You can see them enthusiastically describing their teaching experiences by searching YouTube.com for that conference.) They were told, “You are everywhere in China!” That is so true. And powerful!

During a time in which we hear a lot of anti-Chinese sentiment in this country, VIPKID is helping a lot of people keep a very positive attitude toward China and friendship with Chinese people.

And I am glad! 友

Winnie Lin is a member of USCPFA's South Bay chapter.

What Does Friendship Mean to You?

Friendshipology Website Seeks Your Stories

By Billy Lee

I joined the USCPFA South Bay chapter in 2006, and was elected membership director in 2012. That started my serious inquiry on what friendship really means, and how it can be initiated, nurtured, sustained and maybe recovered after some gross misunderstanding. I started to do some research by reading books and by Googling.

I also wrote a few articles that were published in *Women of China* magazine, as well as *Voice of Friendship*, a publication by the China Friendship Foundation for Peace and Development. I was particularly interested in promoting home stays to build cross-cultural bonding.

In 2015, I was invited to conduct a workshop on “Good Feelings” at the International Children Art Foundation’s World Children’s Festival on the Mall in Washington, D.C., on the July Fourth weekend. This led to the idea of guiding a group of international students to define friendship, write a “Declaration of Interdependence,” and propose a cross-cultural Institute of Friendshipology.

An amazing opportunity to start a project that may eventually lead to the ultimate ideal was a proposal to have the psychology departments of Stanford University and Peking University do a three-year joint research project. The study was to be named “The Role of Emotional Values and Expression in the Development of Cross-Cultural Friendships in the U.S. and China.” Our hope was that this would initiate momentum toward global engagement. I’d like to take this opportunity to thank Professor Jean Oi (Director of the Stanford Center at Peking University), Dr. Jennifer Choo (Associate Director of the China program at Stanford University’s Walter Shorenstein Asia-Pacific Research Center), and Professor Jeanne Tsai (Director of the Stanford Culture and Emotion Lab) for their tremendous efforts.

Although that proposal fizzled due to fund-raising difficulty, Dr. Marsha Vande Berg, my former colleague at the 1990 Institute, encouraged me to keep telling this story to my friends—to keep the idea

alive. The 1990 Institute is a nonprofit organization that promotes a constructive environment for U.S.-China relations, and champions the fair and equal treatment of Asian Americans.

Surprise! Out of the blue, a young friend, Yi-lu from Beijing, wrote to me and said she had set up a bilingual website: <https://Friendshipology.net>, and had recruited three other young friends (Yihua, Wenmo and Tingting) in Beijing to help manage it. She said that she was moved by one of my articles stressing, “Not to judge people too harshly and absolutely. Try to cultivate others’ good qualities and goodness, as well as our own.” I started to post a few of my own articles onto the website, but very wisely decided later to involve many of my close friends.

September 2, 2020, marked the first anniversary of this Friendshipology website, and a week earlier I had started to review the 77 articles I had received—to examine what lessons we had learned and what’s still needed. Thanks to all of my friends who so generously gave their time to support this effort, I myself learned quite a lot on various aspects of friendship and Friendshipology. Most importantly, I feel that our friendships have deepened from this sharing, and I am truly happy and grateful. I am also glad that I was able to connect a few friends who apparently share the same aspirations. I hope that they will be able to collaborate when opportunities allow.

From reviewing the articles, I noticed that several friends focused on gratefulness in receiving and gratification in giving. A few wrote on how best to treat people, one was angry and unforgiving and another was critical of society and cynical. Most covered the rosy aspects.

I indeed welcome more stories on awkward situations, whether they have been resolved or not, or thoughts on how such situations can be resolved.

I welcome more descriptions on specific, big or small, kind or thoughtless deeds, from which I think younger people can readily learn something immediately useful. I welcome more stories on

how community spirit affects individuals and how individuals can affect the larger community.

Stories on connecting and helping others to connect will be most helpful. Can we learn more from one another about attitudes, listening, timing, saying the right words or learning when to be silent? I hope to collect more case study type examples that can be inspirational or educational, or provocative with positive effects, and ideas on how to set up the proper environment or activities to develop friendship, bonding and good feelings.

Please participate in this effort and share your knowledge, experience and ideas in my Friendshipology website. I can be reached at WilliamMSLee@gmail.com. When you submit an article, please include some information about yourself, and your photo. ■

The Friendshipology site has received a wide variety of essays about friendship. Here are some brief excerpts. Please go to the website <https://Friendshipology.net> to read the entire stories and see a variety of other postings.

Friendship and Poker

By Sunny Tong

When Billy asked me to write about “friendship and poker,” something Warren Buffett has said immediately popped into mind. Buffett has offered this advice on friendship for years, “You will move in the direction of the people that you associate with. The friends you have will form you as you go through life. Make some good friends, keep them for the rest of your life, but have them be people that you admire as well as like. So it is important to associate with people that are better than yourself.”...

Friendship with peers better than yourself sounds great if it does not involve poker. Poker is all about winning your hand. Friendship with better poker players is great in concept but terrible in execution. ■

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Difficult Conversations Can Deepen Bonds

By Harry Chang

A long time ago when I was a second-year business school student, I was in a class that included a time-consuming group project, and everyone in the group received the same grade on the project regardless of individual effort. One of my very good friends was a member of this project group and he usually came unprepared to our meetings and hardly did any work.

One of my core values is to be fair and considerate to others, so I felt strongly that my friend was being extremely inconsiderate of his fellow group members. This feeling steamed inside me throughout the quarter, yet I didn't do anything about it. Finally, at one of our evening meetings, I called out my friend for his lack of preparation. I tried to talk in an objective manner and voice my feelings, rather than attack my friend, but it still was a very strained discussion. To my friend's credit, he pulled me aside after the meeting to talk further and we ended up talking for a few hours until well after midnight. It was definitely not an easy discussion—we were *not* shooting the breeze—but we ended our talk with a tight hug and not only did we remain friends, our friendship got stronger as a result of this difficult conversation. ■

Friendship, Empathy and Vision

By Richard M. Liu

What Is Friendship?

What is it? How does it come about between two people? Is it our DNA? That endows us humans with a brain to think; a heart to feel; an ability to verbalize our thoughts and emotions; and the instinct to want to be connected with others of our kind? I would like to think so.

Given this instinct and the ability to communicate, is it not natural that one would want a relationship with others one likes? Some relationships will wither due to indifference. However, some will grow from mutual likeness and interaction into friendship, and from friendship into love.

Friendship gives two people unexpected opportunities to learn from each other and the desire to want to help the other

in many different ways. The sense of loneliness in the current lockdown we are experiencing—now that we are compelled to observe self-isolation at home and social distancing and mask wearing outside—makes me realize just how much we need friends. Is this the power of friendship?

It takes a mutual sense of empathy, nevertheless, to make us aware whom we miss. So it is empathy between two people which sustains a friendship.

Life Experiences

1930 was the year of my birth. The tumultuous events in that decade and the one that follows—the Great Depression in America, which started in 1929; the Second Sino-Japanese War in Asia (1937–1945); the Rise of Nazism in Germany that led to World War II (1939–1945); and Japan's attack and occupation of Hong Kong (1941–1945)—had huge impacts on the formative years of my life; and, I think, shaped the person that I have become.

Now that I have reached my 90th year on Earth, and having crossed the threshold of wisdom as well, I should know at least the difference between a wise guy and a wise man. I would recognize a wise guy by his behavior, which is inevitably “me first,” but a wise man I am doubtful.

My own life began in comfort with no want, only to become one of deprivation and hardship. I emerged from those experiences possessing courage, a will, and a determination to survive, and with a strong desire to walk a straight and righteous path, literally and figuratively. Some may consider that stubborn or arrogant, but I also learned humility, kindness and forgiveness that were taught to me. ■

Bosom Friend

By Harry Tu

The Webster Dictionary's definition of “bosom friend” is “intimate or confidential friend.” The Oxford English Dictionary's definition is “A very close or intimate friend.” The Cambridge English Dictionary's definition is “a friend that you like a lot and have a very close relationship with.” The Urban Dictionary defines the term as “An intimate friend; a really kindred spirit to whom you can confide your inmost soul. Very hard to find.”

I like the last one. An English-Chinese dictionary would usually translate it as

“知心朋友” (*zhī xīn péng yǒu*), which translates literally as “a friend who knows your heart.”

... There is another, I think, more elegant expression in classical Chinese for describing a special friendship—“知音” (*zhī yīn*), a friend appreciative of one's music. ■

Do You Know What Kind of Friend You Are?

by Mike Sterling

The Merriam-Webster dictionary defines friend as “a person who you know well and who you like a lot, but who is usually not a member of your family.”

But look at the way we use it.

“I added her as a friend on Facebook but I hardly know her.”

Trump: “I am friends with Kim Jong Un.”

“America is great friends with Britain.”

“Dogs are man's best friend.”

“I am not a friend of Turkish food.”

“You'd better watch it, friend.”

“He was hit by friendly fire.”

“The police are every law-abiding person's friend.” ■

I Believe—A Worthwhile Message about Friendship

By an Unknown Author

I Believe...

That just because two people argue, it doesn't mean they don't love each other.

And just because they don't argue, it doesn't mean they do love each other.

I Believe...

That we don't have to change friends if we understand that friends change.

I Believe....

That no matter how good a friend is, they're going to hurt you every once in a while and you must forgive them for that.

I Believe...

That true friendship continues to grow, even over the longest distance. Same goes for true love. ■

About Friendship and Mediation

By Adrian Ho

When I heard a few years back that

my Uncle Billy had started a “Friendshipology” initiative, I found it not at all surprising as I had long felt that he was an exemplar in the area of friendship. He’s been a lifelong friend to my father and to me, and I’ve seen his remarkable ability to connect with people of all ages and all persuasions.

A little background... My father emigrated from China to the U.S. back in 1950. He came to the U.S. as a teenager and Billy was the first friend that he made after arriving. I can only imagine the combination of security, comfort, and joy my father felt in making his first friend in a new land where he knew no one—and it came in the form of Billy. Thus I have always known Billy as “Uncle” Billy, “Uncle” being a term of respect and closeness in Chinese culture.

Years later, when I came to the Bay Area as a graduate student, the pattern repeated itself. Having spent all my life in the Boston area, I knew few people in the Bay Area, and so at a welcoming reception for the new grad students and their families, I invited Uncle Billy to attend. One memory I have from that event was that I introduced him to people there as “my father’s good friend,” and Uncle Billy corrected me by saying, “and I am Adrian’s friend too!” This comment really struck me (and I remember it to this day, over 35 years later) as I had always related to Uncle Billy through my father, and here he was connecting to me directly by stating his friendship with me. ■

Home Stays and Building Cross Cultural Friendships

By Billy Lee, June 2012

Staying overnight for one evening, a weekend, one week, one month, or even one entire year, as a foreign student or visitor at a host country’s home is what we refer to as “home stay.”

Earlier in April I wrote an article on home stays, and it was published by the All China Women’s Federation’s *Women of China* magazine. I mentioned that Mr. and Mrs. Robert King from my neighborhood generously contributed \$150 million to Stanford University’s business school to come up with innovative ways to alleviate poverty in developing countries. The Kings said their contribution was inspired

by their having provided home stays for foreign students at Stanford during the past 40 years. I also mentioned that Xi Jinping, who was then China’s vice president, specifically requested to revisit his home stay hosts in Iowa from 27 years ago, during his four days in the U.S., on a trip primarily to meet with President Barack Obama. These two incidents showed me how magical and powerful home stays can affect the people involved (both the giving side as well as the receiving side). What a natural way to build cross-cultural friendships! This brings back my own sweet memories of home stays I enjoyed in the U.S. when I came at the age of 15, from Shanghai, to attend Phillips Academy Andover, and later Yale University. My immense gratitude inspired me to advocate for home stays. Today, as more foreign students visit China, I would like to encourage more Chinese families to offer home stays and learn to become wonderful hosts and be forever remembered as generous, caring and joyful friends.

I hope this article will be read by the general public in China, because cross-cultural friendships depend on people’s willingness to engage with trust, openness, as well as thoughtfulness. It requires hopefulness, courage, and commitment. I know the Chinese people on a whole are very warm-hearted and friendly, but many are still shy and modest, and not used to opening their homes to people they do not know well. However, the Chinese people can also adjust very quickly to modern practices and realities. They, as a people, may be the easiest to befriend, and the most loyal and trustworthy long-term friends people in the world can have.

I hope that this article will also be read by people who are already in positions to promote and facilitate cross-cultural education and understanding—directors and staffs at international-affairs offices, whether in government or academic institutions. They can learn much from other countries’ successful or failed experiences. It is not only important to learn the why’s for promoting home stays, but also the subtleties in the hows, whens, and wheres. Personally, I hope that our ultimate goal is to achieve joyful and sustainable cross-cultural friendship and bonding—void of fear and suspicion and beyond just gaining personal knowledge and so-called understanding. ■

Friendshipology of a Nation

By Patrick Yau

In the late 1970s, China was at a critical crossroads on whether to open its doors after 30 years. The nation was suspicious of Western motives and intervention, and its people looked at Westerners with curiosity. Yet Chinese happily welcomed foreigners once they landed in China, apparently because of a tradition that “有朋自遠方來，不亦樂乎” “It’s a pleasure to receive friends from afar.” This Chinese friendship tradition underpinned the turnaround of U.S.-China relations since the late 1970s.

Imagine the U.S. and China back then. The two countries and their peoples were so diametrically opposed—in political ideology, government systems, traditions, values, philosophy, spiritual and religious beliefs, social and economic structures, business systems and practices, and in people’s living conditions. But when the two peoples started to engage in exchanges of friendship, good feelings developed, and the gulfs were almost miraculously bridged with both sides making compromises and accommodations, even though the two nations struggled in many arenas while trying to seek stable, long-term relations.

I personally witnessed and took part in this friendship power at work. I actually served as a catalyst through dedicating my career to my U.S.-China business. How did it happen? Here’s the backdrop: Back in 1978, all I had was the will since childhood to prepare myself so one day I might help in China’s economic revival and reform.

At college I studied economics and served as president of the student union. I then came to New York to pursue graduate studies in public administration. I decided to stay in the U.S. for an MBA at Columbia University with the thought of gaining management experience and at some future time owning a business that could help China.

So when news came out that China planned to open its doors in 1978, I immediately set up a U.S. company and... got an official invitation to visit Beijing with a few trade and factory-building proposals in hand for immediate action by

Continued on next page

Friendshipology *(continued)*

the Ministry of Foreign Trade. By the end of the trip I was offered a chance to work with China International Travel Services (CITS) under the Tourism Department, and allotted a group visa to bring 34 Americans to do a sightseeing itinerary of four or five cities opened to foreigners at the time. Group sightseeing was the only travel form allowed then in China.

If ping-pong players in the early 1970s were pivotal in reviving the diplomatic relations of the two nations, then American travel starting in 1979 was responsible for generating the friendship between the two peoples that formed a foundation for the two countries to build strong relations in the 30 years that followed.

By the end of 1979, I succeeded in obtaining three group visas to bring 100 Americans to see China. That year only 1,000 visas in sightseeing groups for the whole U.S. were approved by China. Visiting Americans were so warmly received as friends from afar, rather than as tourists, that returning Americans had great feelings of the warm reception by the Chinese people, despite the limited food choices on the trip and extremely poor facilities. But friendship was the main Chinese theme at the time, not profit. Even stores selling handicrafts and clothing and groceries exclusively to foreigners were named "Friendship Stores."

I became a pioneer in China travel, but a travel business with 100 customers a year was nothing to live on. However I saw it as a path forward to achieve my life goal to serve my mother country and at the same time connect with America. I quit my vice president job at Citibank in 1980, against the advice of my father and even our friendly Chinese officials in Hong Kong, since China's open door was not a sure policy yet.

Fortunately, China's economic reform continued to evolve. I.M. Pei was invited to build the first modern hotel, completed in 1981... In 1983 C.B. Sung completed the first five-star hotel, the Great Wall Hotel... I grew in a few years to be a top American wholesale operator of China travel, bringing thousands of Americans a year to China.

Upon reflection now, the power of genuine friendship and service was a critical

factor behind my personal success. The just-opening China had almost no tourism resources. Rigid Chinese officials, policies and practices were extremely difficult.

But I worked with them as friends with respect, understanding and patience, unlike others who looked down upon Communist Chinese with suspicion and contempt.

My genuine friendship-building with people at all levels—from bureau heads, general managers to tour guides--and my personal motivation to serve and do good for the country rather than to make more profit, apparently touched the tough Chinese officials. I was approved for more tour visas and allocated more hard-to-get hotel rooms and air and train tickets. By the mid-1980s my company arranged for more than 10,000 American tourists a year to visit China.

To give back, and to help Chinese officials gain knowledge of Western thinking and practices, and to promote friendship between Chinese and American professionals in travel and hospitality, I invited at my expense groups of Chinese officials (about 100) every year in the 1980s to visit major American cities, and organized seminars for their training on tourism development, hotel and airline management and tour guiding skills.

It was their first time venturing outside China, an eye-opening trip of a lifetime to see America's modern infrastructure and management and, no less importantly, how people worked and went about their daily life. Friendship and good feelings with the American people blossomed from the trips' intensive people exchanges. ...

A key area in the early 1980s for the U.S. and Chinese governments to maintain official cooperation for development was a biannual tourism conference held alternately in each country. A great deal of friendship was developed between top U.S. and Chinese government officials. Some of the issues involved were higher quotas for Americans to enter China and airline landing rights. As a member of the U.S. delegation, I served effectively given my friendship with Chinese officials.

By the mid-1980s I started to develop with CITS other forms of travel for Americans, including international conferences, professional exchanges, student and individual travel heretofore not allowed

for foreigners. These programs further expanded the spheres and depth of friendship building between the two peoples.

Efforts to form U.S.-China sister cities were welcomed as people friendship started to take hold in the 1980s before the Tiananmen Square massacre brought relations between the two governments to a standstill, but not between the peoples.

By 2000, as China and its citizens accumulated wealth, more and more Chinese started to come to the U.S. for higher education, and more American students attended Chinese universities.

This young people friendship was further expanded with the introduction in 2004 of Confucius Institutes, which grew to over 100 at their height in 2017, mostly on campuses across America. Friendship power reached new heights when exchange programs were organized between high schools in major American and Chinese cities. My son Garrick had been running such student programs in conjunction with Columbia Teachers College for years until President Trump's policies and the Covid-19 pandemic.

The historical development of U.S.-China relations is a great example of the power of friendship and good feelings between two nations of people. This friendship state has benefited both peoples immensely in terms of world peace and economic development.

But all these (improvements) for over 30 years are being threatened as China became the second largest economy by the mid-2010s with expansionist ambitions in trade (one belt, one road), technology (5G, etc.) and military reach (South China Sea control).

Friendship and good feelings are under destruction by wars on trade and technology in the name of national security. All forms of exchanges that feed friendship are being reduced.

In their place, bad feelings are being sown every day. It brings out one key principle of friendshipology: "Relations between nations is based on interest, interest and interest," said to me by a Chinese ambassador friend. Friendship is a means to an end, sad to say. But one traditional core value of the Chinese people is for sure: Rites and friendship "禮義" whenever and wherever it can be practiced. 友

United States Heartland China Association Offers Free Webinars on Variety of US-China Topics

By Mike Revzin

A popular way to keep up with China topics during the pandemic is to attend webinars. One organization that offers free webinars on a variety of U.S.-China issues is the United States Heartland China Association (USHCA). It is a non-profit, bipartisan organization committed to building stronger ties between the U.S. and China.

“Not all bridges are built of concrete and steel,” the USHCA’s website says. “Equally important bridges are built on friendship, cultural communion and commercial cooperation. Where these bridges exist, communities flourish.”

The organization was founded in 2003 as the Midwest China Association, by former U.S. Senator Adlai Stevenson III of Illinois; John Rogers, a lawyer and professor; and then-Governor Bob Holden of Missouri.

Initially, the organization dealt with U.S.-China issues involving 12 Midwestern states. In 2018, it expanded to serve 20 states from the Great Lakes in the north

Not all bridges are built of concrete and steel. Equally important bridges are built on friendship, cultural communion and commercial cooperation.

to the Gulf of Mexico in the south, and changed its name to the United States Heartland China Association.

“Even though the American Heartland region is our focus, we work with communities throughout the United States where our programs can create value,” it says on its website.

A USHCA statement says, “Our focus will be on trust building efforts connecting government officials, business leaders, educational and community interests with like-minded institutions between



the Heartland region and the People’s Republic of China.”

The USHCA’s mission is, “To foster and support a positive, productive, and mutually beneficial relationship between the United States and China by creating more channels of collaboration and opportunities for economic growth in the American Heartland Region.”

It notes that 430 of the Fortune 1000 companies are headquartered in 84 cities within the Heartland region. “The USHCA leadership has vast experience in both business and education that uniquely positions the organization to forge deep and productive relationships between the U.S. and China,” it adds.

Upcoming live webinars are announced on the site, and recordings of webinars from recent months are also available.

Here are some topics from 2020:

Big Power Responsibility

As the world’s dominant powers, the U.S. and China have a tremendous influence and impact on a global response for climate change. An expert panel discussed how the U.S. and China can collaborate on climate change for the benefit of our world.

Mission Critical: Infrastructure

Infrastructure challenges the U.S. Heartland must overcome to remain globally competitive, and putting politics aside, what shared challenges and solutions are there for global collaboration in infrastructure.

Putting Intercultural Competency Into Action

A preview of the Asia Society Bridge program, which facilitates diverse U.S.-China intercultural engagement.

Agricultural Transformations in China and its Global Trade Implications

Long-term changes in Chinese agricultural markets and policies that will have a major impact on China’s rural land reform, rising per-capita meat consumption, modernization of the livestock industry and markets, including the U.S.

Current Challenges to U.S. and China Educational Collaboration

In these difficult times, with public health concerns and growing challenges to trade, economic growth and global cooperation, the headwinds facing educational collaboration between the Heartland (and the U.S. as a whole) and China are no exception. This webinar explores the challenges to U.S.-China educational collaboration and how to sustain and even advance the significant progress that has been made over the past 40 years.

U.S. China Trade and the Future of Agriculture in the Heartland

Many U.S. agricultural exports to China are produced in the Heartland region. With the recent trade tension and, now, Covid-19 impact, the agriculture industry in the Heartland is facing a lot of uncertainties and challenges. 友

To find these webinars, search the internet for “United States Heartland China Association” or go to “usheartlandchina.org/” and look for The Way Forward Webinar series under “programs.”



Ghost City Offers Fascinating Glimpse of Netherworld

By Judy Manton

In the summer of 2019, I treated myself to a Yangtze River cruise. Most of the trip was heavenly, but the highlight was pure hell—as it was supposed to be. I visited the sprawling complex known as Fengdu Ghost City, which depicts the netherworld.

On the cruise, the lights at night at Chongqing in southwest China were enchanting. The awesome multimedia light show in Zhongxian County, on a giant water stage, utilized 3D holographic laser projections to portray *The Story of the Three Kingdoms*. (Check out the videos on YouTube.) Passing through the Three Gorges Dam fulfilled my expectations. But for me, the highlights of this adventure were the grotesque sculptures at Fengdu Ghost City. They represent some afterlife beliefs of Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism.

Variety of Tortures

Having grown up with the Christian concept of purgatory, at Fengdu I saw portrayed “in cold blood”—well, actually in almost-life-sized figures—people (souls) who are not “purified” after having led misguided lives, but instead tortured to death. My photos reveal the breadth of imagination used to depict the variety of tortures that lie ahead should one’s depraved soul end up in the netherworld. As

I gazed upon the sculptures with increasing alarm, I thought Fengdu would be the perfect place for parents to take their children to teach them to behave—or else this torture might happen to them!

The name “Ghost City” comes from a legend about two Eastern Han dynasty officials who went to Ming Mountain—the present site of Ghost City—to practice Taoist teachings. By carrying out self-cultivation, they became immortals. River boats used to anchor midstream because of the fear that ghosts would fly out of the underworld and attach themselves to the sterns of the ships. A few Buddhist and Taoist temples remain on Ming Mountain, but the former population of around 50,000 was relocated to the other side of the Yangtze to accommodate the Three Gorges Dam.



A guardian in Fengdu Ghost City. Photos by Judy Manton.



Kings stand guard in the underworld Ghost City (left), souls of sinners are tortured (right).



Door to Underworld

The temple area on Ming Mountain pays tribute to “The King of the Underworld.” Sages considered the mountain to be the door to the underworld. The placard by the little bridge to the gate to heaven reads, “Initially built in the Han Dynasty, it is the dividing line between the human world and the netherworld, according to legends... such as *Journey to the West*. When a person dies and his/her spirit is sent to the netherworld, he/she must pass through this highly controlled gate. On both sides stand 16 ghost kings and their bandits checking the spirits. The spirit of a kind and nice person will pass through smoothly with a passport in hand, while the spirit of an unkind or wicked person will be thoroughly scrutinized. When the unkind or wicked person is identified, he/she will be escorted to the Tenth Palace to be tortured.”

As I walked over the little bridge toward the entrance to heaven, the words of this song floated into my mind: “Everybody Talking ‘Bout Heaven Ain’t Going There,” because a short distance away were grotesque figures depicting the ancient image of hell.

One of the unforgettable figures, the “King of Hell,” alerts visitors as to what lies ahead. According to the traditional Chinese concept of hell, spirits would go through a bureaucracy of underworld officials to receive their final judgments. The pure spirits would be rewarded and the sinful would be subjected to severe punishments. Landmarks on the hill set the scene: Ghost-Torturing Pass, Last Glance to Home Tower, No Way Out Bridge and the River of Blood. 友

Judy Manton is a member of the USCPFA's Northern New Jersey chapter.

Musing about Past and Present on the Silk Road

By Sylvia Krebs

Author's note: This article is excerpted from my book How Am I to Touch with You? Encounters with China. I have modified and changed the original text for the purposes of this project. The "we" references are to my husband, Ed, and me.

In the summer of 1993, we arrived in Lanzhou, the capital of Gansu province. Both good and bad news awaited. The good news? We got tickets to Dunhuang where we would visit the famous Buddhist caves near the city. The bad news? There had been a serious train wreck west of Lanzhou, the direction in which we intended to travel. Rumor had it that floods caused the wreck. We made the rounds of Lanzhou's bus and train stations, searching for tickets, but after failing in all our efforts, we took a deep breath and decided that flying somewhere was our only option. We flew to Jiayuguan, some 300 miles to the northwest, only to be told upon arrival there that no tickets to Dunhuang would be available for three days.

Two years after our longest journey in Silk Road country, I read *The Gobi Desert* by Mildred Cable (co-authored by Francesca French), the intrepid English missionary who crossed and recrossed the Gobi with two "lady" companions in the 1920s and 1930s. The length of Mildred's stay and her meticulous account made my observations and musings seem presumptuous. But looking back through the lens of her book added meaning to the experiences and thoughts that marked my three weeks in western China. Thus, her trip became a backdrop for my trip.

In 1923, Mildred and her companions reached Jiayuguan, the fort at the western terminus of the Great Wall, in mule carts. We descended from the skies with spectacular views of deserts and mountains on every side. When Mildred arrived, the fort bustled with travelers and the people who served them, but for us the commercial



Mildred Cable

activity was in the "new" city three miles from the fort.

In the afternoon we and three Italian musicians hired a *xiao mianbao che*, a little "bread-loaf" van, and went to the Wall and the fort. Even when the Chinese Empire reached farther west, the fort was the end of the civilized world for the Chinese.

When Mildred went out the Gate of Sighs (so named because of the long, dangerous journeys ahead) at the Jiayuguan fort, she climbed the spirit barrier, reputed

It was easy to imagine how a Chinese traveler in ancient times must have felt. No sign of civilization ahead.

to keep out evil spirits and looked out over barren desert. The spirit barrier was long gone, but from a less advantageous point we looked across the debris of a recent international hot-air balloon festival at the same desertscape.

A high point on the restored segment of the Wall served up views of the snow-capped Qilian Mountains rising in the south. The desert sprawled to the north and west, and an oasis with flourishing fields of wheat, beans, and sesame lay in the foreground. Trees standing guard at its edge defined the oasis as clearly as a line on the map.

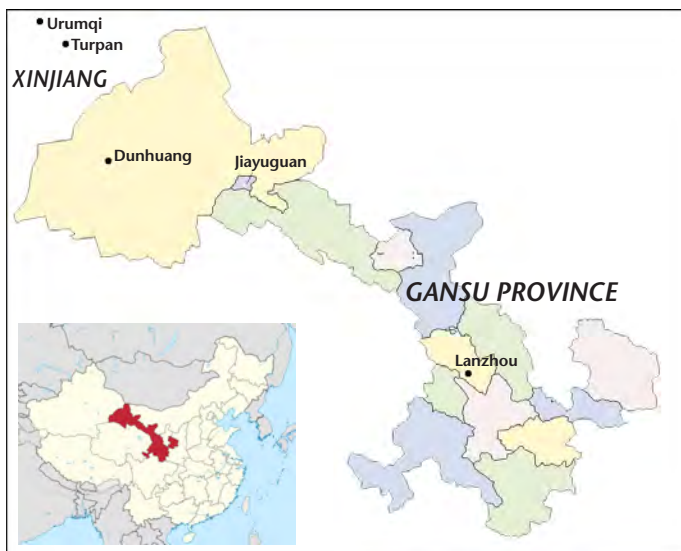
In the late afternoon light, it was easy to imagine how a Chinese traveler in ancient times must have felt. No sign of civilization ahead; nothing but an arduous journey by camel or donkey cart or foot to look forward to. The sighs must have been long and many.

On the way back to the city, we hired the driver to take us to Dunhuang the next day, US\$100 for the five of us. Not a bad day's work for a retired soldier when scientists and teachers made less than that a month.

Mildred learned to travel the "desert way," thirty-mile stages, the length determined by access to water. At first, she feared the "burden of boundless monotony," but she came to treasure the slow, solitary pace so necessary for learning about the desert. We carried ample supplies of bottled water, and the little van boasted a tape deck. No need to suffer from boredom or to stop unless it suited our fancy or the little van failed us.

That night, I felt like I'd been to the end of the world and partway back. The Gobi Desert didn't conform to those of my imagination. It wasn't sand, and it was not without vegetation and human habitation. It was, in Mongolian, a *gobi* desert, wide shallow basins with pebble-covered bottoms. From the window of a speeding van, I only glimpsed the desert plants and saw none of the creatures that Mildred came to know so well, but ruins of ancient cities and signal towers testified to the long span of human habitation.

Graves, simple piles of stone or rough dirt, dotted the roadside. How did one decide where to dig a grave in such a for-



saken place? How many bodies had lain without burial along the way?

Dunhuang: the Singing Sands, Crescent Moon Lake, Thousand Buddhas Caves

Mildred hesitated to seek out the little lake, sheltered among the dunes, because she remembered “the fatigue of toiling through loose sand.” The people in Dunhuang insisted that she go. “The skill of man made the Caves of the Thousand Buddhas, but the Hand of God fashioned the Lake of the Crescent Moon,” they said.

Late one afternoon, Ed and I went to the dunes. Without a wind, the sand didn’t sing for us, but neither that nor the best efforts of the tourist trade could destroy the beauty. The dunes flowed serenely, silhouetted against a blue, blue sky. We climbed high along the ridge of one dune, treading carefully to keep our bare feet on the shady side. Our reward was looking down on the Lake of the Crescent Moon, shimmering in the evening light. What I saw and what Mildred saw some 60 years before were probably not so different.

To see the Caves of the Thousand Buddhas (begun in the year 366) outside Dunhuang required a full day’s trip for Mildred. “A thousand years and more lay between them and their work and us and ours. It was fitting that a few hours of silence and solitude should be imposed on us, for to pass, without transition, from any restless or noisy life to this reliquary would be to offer it an insult,” she wrote.

We had no such time for meditation during the half hour ride from the city. We arrived with music blaring from the tape deck, a minor insult among the many inflicted on the caves by visitors, vandals, and archaeologists before and after Mildred’s time.

The Chinese, with assistance from the United Nations, have done well in preserving what’s left after nature, time and humans have done their damage. We saw sculptures and paintings of exquisite beauty, and I thought of a Europeanist colleague who asked, “Is there really anything worth studying in Chinese history?” From the towering Buddha to the tiniest intricate detail in the decorations from the Western Xia Dynasty (1036–1227) in northwest China blending Chinese culture with border cultures, the site was spectacular—not

only a history of Chinese art but of China itself and of China’s connections to the outside world.

In ancient times Dunhuang was the last stop before crossing the desert east to west and the first stop crossing from west to east. Caravanners went there to ask for protection on their journeys or to give thanks for safe arrivals. Centuries later, the caves still offered a sense of comfort and gratitude.

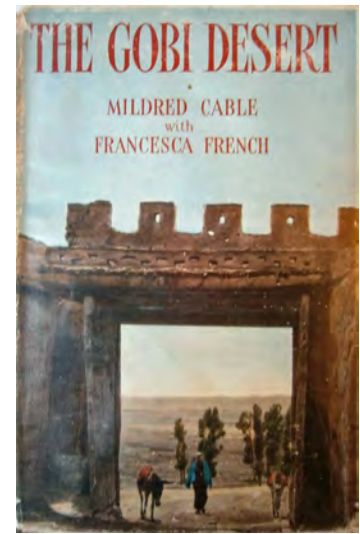
Leaving Dunhuang, we rode a bus for five hours to Liuyuan, a godforsaken spot and not a place in which to be stranded. But stranded we were until the train for Urumqi arrived at 11 p.m., four hours late and bursting with tired, irritable passengers. We who had waited for four hours were no less irritable. Ed and I lost each other in the scrum because he stopped to

The skill of man made the Caves of the Thousand Buddhas, but the Hand of God fashioned the Lake of the Crescent Moon.

help a Guatemalan man who had panicked. Ed deserved a gold star since the man had spent much of the interminable wait loudly extolling his travel savvy.

By the time we got back together, every spot was taken. We created a cubbyhole with our luggage in the entranceway between two cars, slept as best we could, made coffee to go with our breakfast buns, and later fetched boiled water for a lunch of noodles. Thus we arrived in Urumqi, capital of the Xinjiang Uighur Autonomous Region, and home to Khalid, our Muslim student at the Xi’an branch of the Chinese Academy of Sciences where we taught English.

Over the next few days, Khalid dragged us through the city to see not only the new high-rise apartments, hotels and office buildings, but the crowded Uighur section as well. We visited markets and mosques, a small taste of how different the Uighurs’ Muslim culture is from that of the Han Chinese. We were still in political China, culturally in Central Asia.



Turpan: the Bezeklik Caves, Gaochang, Vineyards

“There is no more interesting place on the Asian highways than Turpan,” wrote Mildred. We went to Turpan on a public bus, jammed with people, mostly Uighurs, and their belongings. The bus snaked its way through the Tian Shan range into the desert with only one stop along the way. There, rickety roadside stands sold snacks and noodles, with the “men’s room” on one side of the road in the trees, the women’s on the other behind little hillocks. As they got off the bus, the men hitched back their jackets, revealing knives.

In Turpan, the delight of the day was biking to a Muslim cemetery with evening light dressing the scene in softened colors. Among simple mud graves stood elaborate mausoleums topped with crescent moons, a scene confined by neither time nor place.

The next morning we saw the Buddhist caves of Bezeklik and the remains of Gaochang, an ancient capital, whose ruined walls and foundations still recalled the city’s days as a crossroads of trade and a cultural melting pot.

Mildred would have had little use for me. She traveled for over a decade, I for slightly more than half a month. She suffered the rigors of carts and camels on dry, lonely tracks and the dangers of bandits, soldiers and desert storms. I carped about noisy hotels, late trains, and pushy souvenir peddlers. I carried no religious message nor anything else to the people I met—except my money.

Continued on next page

Silk Road *(continued)*

But Mildred and I are not entirely different. Safely back inside the Wall, we both needed to “review [our] riches, appropriate them and make them irrevocably [ours].” Even the most interested listener would have such a different perspective that any explanation would remain “incomprehensible to them.” Mildred feared that she would give up attempts to explain her “deeper thoughts about these experiences,” and so did I.

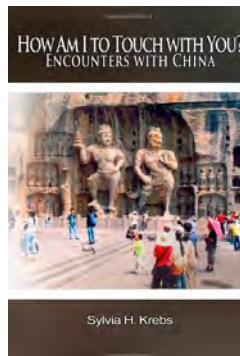
Mildred found parables aplenty in her desert odyssey, all applicable to her faith, and learned a thousand things as well. I learned lessons of politics and economics, sociology and history, even in my modest travels. In the six decades since Mildred crossed and recrossed the desert, life changed more dramatically than it had in all the centuries gone before. Mildred understood what the future held: “...machine-minded men are now in control, who discuss the Gobi in terms of profit and loss, and propose to lay iron rails across it and commercialize its ancient sites.” So they have done, to my dismay, and yet I would not wish for a return to poverty, isolation and banditry.

Nevertheless, when I was there in the last decade of the twentieth century, what Mildred called the “inviolable spirit” of the desert still existed. Location made that part of the world a giant bazaar, teeming with human activity. To Mildred, the

town bazaar was a neutral ground for peoples of different cultures and religions, and so was the giant bazaar. Change destroyed its economic function, but the mosaic of humanity remained. And the desert preserved physical reminders of human experience often forgotten in today’s world of “machine-minded men.”

To me, the serenity of giant Buddhas and the silence of empty mosques spoke of the enduring quest for life’s meaning. Artifacts of different cultures and others that mingled cultural influences illustrated the long interdependence of humanity. The harsh beauty of barren landscapes and the occasional rigors of even modern travel reminded me that pleasure isn’t found only in luxuriant environments and comfortable surroundings. Mildred would agree, I think, that these too are desert parables. 友

Sylvia Krebs is a member of USCPFA’s Atlanta chapter. From 1984 to 2000, she and Ed lived in China for three to 16 months at a time, teaching and traveling.



To Circumvent U.S.-China Business Tension, Focus on People

An article on GlobalAtlanta.com reported that, even amid a deterioration in U.S.–China relations, Georgia has had relative success in attracting Chinese firms.

That’s because business is done by people, not governments, and even the direst of scenarios can breed opportunity in some sectors, the article said. That was the conclusion of business leaders during an annual China Breakfast Briefing in Atlanta in November (held online).

The article quotes Ginger Merritt, vice president of the textile and chemical company Milliken & Co., who believes grassroots collaboration is possible.

“The fact is that we are businesses doing business with other businesses. It’s not country-to-country necessarily. Even

more than that, we are people interacting with other people, and as long as those relationships are well grounded and established, we will continue to have good success in doing business between the two countries,” Merritt said.

Over 12 years working in China she said she has built deep relationships with colleagues there. Trade and political tensions come up as a sort of exasperated comic relief at almost every business meeting, but they don’t hinder the work.

“The business still gets done very effectively between the individuals of those companies,” she said. 友

To read the entire article, go to GlobalAtlanta.com. Under the dropdown menu, search for “China.”

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Teacher Writes Book About Visit to Cave Village

While teaching English in China, Helen Wallimann met a Chinese music teacher named Yang Tao. When she learned that he had grown up in a cave, or *yaodong*, in Gansu province, and that his parents still lived in one, she said, "I've often seen those caves from the train and it's always been my dream to see one of them from the inside."

"No problem," he replied. "Come home with me for the New Year holiday."

Wallimann's book about her 2003 visit to Yang Tao's village, *A Visit to Gansu Province for the Chinese New*

Year, was published in 2020 in The United Kingdom, where Wallimann was born. The eBook—with 75 color photographs—can be found online for \$7.99.

Millions of people in northern China live in *yaodongs*, ranging from basic to elaborate. During her visit, Wallimann saw a part of China where many old customs still existed. She witnessed everyday family life, as well as special events such as weddings. She slept on a *kang* (a heatable bed built of adobe or brick), washed in an enamel basin and brushed her teeth out in the lane.

She watched women cooking and doing

embroidery; she chatted with old ladies about foot-binding and their work in the fields, with young women about courtship and marriage. She talked with teachers, a long-distance truck driver, the local doctor and many others.

Her book is not an academic anthropological study. It is simply the written diary and photographs of what she saw and heard. Her account may serve as a partial record of a way of life that is rapidly disappearing. The name of the town she visited is not disclosed, nor are the real names of the people she met.

Here is an excerpt:

A Gansu Community Prepares for a Wedding

I've had my first night sleeping on a *kang*. At first it seemed rather hard but at least it was nice and warm. Later it grew too hot, so I had to keep moving to find cooler places. After fidgeting for a while, I found the best spot and fell into a deep sleep.

I got up at about eight when I heard the clang of the iron courtyard doors—it was Yang Deli going to fetch water. He fetches a tank load about once a week from the public well. On foot, using the handcart, it takes him about ten to fifteen minutes to get to the well and back and costs five *mao* a time. Like his younger brother Tao,

Yang Deli is a strong, sturdy man, very sociable and with a good sense of humor. He is, I imagine, a typical farmer of the region, continuing the family traditions, running the small farm and supplementing his income with outside work driving lorries and excavators.

After breakfast at about half past nine, Yang Tao and I went on his motorbike to the town for him to buy film for his camera. Poor roads, very muddy wherever the ice had melted. In the main street they were setting up stands for the market.

In the afternoon we went, on foot, to

the home of one of Yang Tao's uncles: a big wedding with about two hundred guests was to be held there on Saturday. Yang Tao expected to meet several of his relatives there who'd be helping with all the preparations.

We walked for about fifteen minutes through the flat brown countryside on a frozen dirt track between fields with the beginnings of winter wheat peeping through the earth. We passed a few walled farmhouses. Suddenly we were on the edge of a deep gully. It was as though the flat countryside had cracked apart. On the side opposite us, you could see cave dwellings carved out of the side of the ravine, groups of three or four vaulted openings, each closed by a brick wall containing a door and window. In front of each group there was a flat courtyard surrounded by an adobe wall broken only by the entrance portico. A path led down from the plateau to the entrances. One of the cave dwellings looked particularly grand with fine brickwork.

"Bandits," said Yang Tao, "a family of gangsters and thieves."

"What? How do you know?"

"It's obvious. Everyone here knows. They don't own any land. None of them has a job as far as anyone knows. And look at their *yaodong*. See their satellite dish! Where do they get all their money from?"

Continued on next page



Yang Deli. Photos by Helen Wallimann.

Gansu Community (continued)

“Why aren’t they in prison?”

“No proof. The police have often been to search the place. They thought they’d find stolen property, but they never found anything.”

We continued on our way, past a dried-up pond and along the edge of fields dotted with the occasional grave mound. We passed what looked like chimneys emerging out of the flat ground, turned right and descended a steep path carved into the side of a deep gully. Coming to a flat space with a tree in the middle, we saw, ahead of us a rough cave, presumably for cattle; and a thoroughway leading—as I later saw—to a platform with a couple more rough caves and the latrines. To our right, there was a high adobe wall with a big roofed gate. It was the entrance to the *yaodong* to which the chimneys belonged.

We went through into the courtyard where we were greeted by two young men who were busy building a cooking stove with loess bricks and adobe.

I looked around. The courtyard is cut vertically out of the hill, the loess façades looking as solid as if they were concrete. On the three sides you see the entrance vaults, each containing a door and two windows. The couple of caves on the left are for storage, the couple on the right are a kitchen and more storage room. The three south-facing caves on the long side opposite the entrance gate are all living/bedrooms. Yang Tao told me to take a look inside. Contrary to what I’d expected, the caves didn’t look in the least bit primitive. They were furnished much like other rooms I’d seen in China, the only difference being the *kang*. They were also fairly big: about four meters high at the apex, five or six meters deep and three to four meters wide. They seemed to have been newly painted and were quite bright, although the only light coming in was from the door end.

By midday, a large number of people had come to help with the preparations for the wedding. It had grown quite warm in the sun. The sky was clear blue—unlike the veiled skies of Xuzhou. Women wearing padded trousers and *mian’ao* (cotton-padded jackets) with sleeve-protectors were preparing leeks, carrots, onions, or peeling great heaps of garlic. Others



Villagers prepare for the festivities.



Left: serving noodles. Above: Using foot power to grind spice.

were plucking chickens. A girl sitting on a little stool was grinding spices, pushing the grinder with her feet. One of the men we'd seen on arriving was plastering the new cooking stove with clay. In one of the caves, two old men were writing good luck characters with a brush on red paper...

I went back out through the entrance gate and saw several men squatting on the ground outside, cigarettes dangling from their lips, scaling fish. Two other men were constructing another cooking stove, complete with an electric fan. The wiring did not inspire confidence!

I followed the path up to the field above the cave and looked down into the busy courtyard. It was quite frightening, as there's no fence. If you fell, it would be a straight drop of eight meters at least.

There were no people in the fields. A crow flapped croaking across the sky above my head, then wheeled and landed in the middle of a field, startling some little birds which flew up in a flurry of wings and chirpings before settling in the next bush.

By about half past three, most of the preparations were completed, and people had started to get hungry. A big pile of dough had been prepared. Now it was squeezed through the noodle press into boiling water in the pan that was standing on one of the newly constructed stoves. It was getting quite cold, so people took their bowls and ate at the tables under

the marquee (tent) that had been put up that afternoon. The older people moved into one of the caves.

After the snack, I walked home with Yang Tao, had a rest and wrote my diary sitting on the heated *kang* in my room.

Three members of Yang Tao's extended family are getting married tomorrow, so we'll be going to two other weddings besides his cousin's. Apparently, this year the 18th of January is an auspicious date. And of course the Spring Festival is a good period, because everyone comes home to their families for the holiday. 友

Helen Wallimann was born and brought up in The United Kingdom. She worked in publishing in Munich, Paris and London, and taught French and English in Switzerland, where she now lives. She taught English at Chinese universities in 1989-90 and 2002-03. In 2008 and in 2011 she taught English didactics to Chinese schoolteachers in Gansu province. To improve her understanding of Chinese culture she has attended courses and seminars on Chinese language and literature at Zurich University.



Enjoying a snack in one of the caves.

Remembering Rezsín Adams and Lloyd Hebert

By Mel Horowitz

Early August was a sad time for the Northeastern New York chapter as two longtime and very active members passed away.

“Legendary Albany Activist Rezsín Adams Dies at 93.” That was the headline on the front page of the *Albany Times Union* of August 13, 2020. The article also covered about half of page three.

Rezsín was a USCPFA supporter before there was a Friendship Association. A small group of us, interested in finding out about China, started meeting regularly on Friday nights in a member’s home. In 1974 two of our group traveled to China. After they came home, they gave community talks and represented our group at the founding meeting in Los Angeles in September 1974. Members of our group became USCPFA founding members. Rezsín made her first visit to China in 1975.

Rezsín seems to have been born to be an activist. Because she did not own a car, she walked all over Albany. She was active in several organizations and a founder or co-founder of others.

No matter what the event, even formal ones, you could always recognize Rezsín... she was wearing a sweatshirt! She was always ready to stand up for the things she believed in: anti-war movements, anti-apartheid, the Center Square Association representing the Albany area when she lived, local politics, breakfasts for the homeless, and Save the Pine Bush—to preserve its unique Karner Blue Butterfly environment.

She cooked lasagna and pies every month for more than 30 years to raise funds needed for court cases, broadcast a regular show on a local college FM station and was a co-founder of and, for many years ran, the store at the city’s Social Justice Center. She babysat for area families and donated every penny to the causes she believed in.



Rezsín Adams

Several times she was arrested at demonstrations. Here are a couple of quotes from people who knew her: “I don’t ever recall knowing a spirit as indomitable as hers.” “She was a neighborhood and social-justice icon.” “Injustice in many forms was so obvious to her that she felt she had to do something about it.” “The only anger in her was the righteous anger for human rights and environmental protections.”

Rezsín was actively involved in the USCPFA for more than 40 years. She was a member of the chapter steering committee, which met in her home. She was elected to the National Board and made several trips to China. She and her late husband, Ted Adams, often hosted visitors from China and tutored Chinese students attending local colleges to help them improve their English.

Ours is an active chapter, often holding two or more programs a month. Rezsín was always there setting things up, greeting friends, working in the kitchen, cheering at the local professional baseball games that we took local college students from China to and much more.

Due to her activism in many local groups she had the connections and arranged where we held events. She attended

many Regional Conferences and National Conventions. She was a major reason for the success of the National Convention our chapter organized in 2005. When our chapter hosted and ran a summer program for high school students from China she offered the Social Justice Center for the daily classes.

Rezsín was always there for us with her contagious smile, ready wit and wise counsel. We miss her and will always remember all she did for the USCPFA and our community.

Lloyd Hebert, 90, passed away on August 6. He was born in Albany, New York, and lived in the area almost all of his life. All of the schools and colleges he attended were in our area.



Lloyd Hebert

After his military service during the Korean War, he was a member of Veterans for Peace. He was employed by the University at Albany for 26 years.

He loved animals, especially the wild turkeys that were often found at the feeders he kept in his yard for them. Lloyd was very soft spoken and was very interested in the world’s nations and world peace.

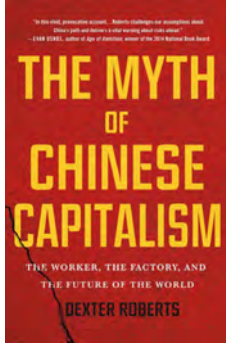
Due to his interest in Asia and China he was an active member of our chapter for more than 30 years, serving on the steering committee and as treasurer. He faithfully attended almost every chapter meeting and event. He enjoyed talking with the Chinese students and listening to our guest speakers. He also went to some of the Regional Conferences and National Conventions. 友

Mel Horowitz is president of USCPFA's Eastern Region.

The Myth of Chinese Capitalism: The Worker, the Factory, and The Future of the World

By Dexter Roberts
St. Martin's Press,
2020, 288 pages
Hardcover \$21.68,
Kindle \$14.99

Reviewed by
Mike Revzin



This book gives us a glimpse into the lives of the migrant workers who build China's skyscrapers and make many of the products we buy. The author shows that working conditions have improved in recent years, but he argues that government policies keep migrants from fully sharing in the country's success.

Over a 20-year period, Dexter Roberts, a journalist for Bloomberg Businessweek, followed the lives of the Mo family from the tiny village of Binghuacun in Guizhou, a poor province in inland China. Part of the story takes place in the factory town of Dongguan, in Guangdong province, where some of those family members worked as migrant laborers.

Some readers have commented that it is not immediately clear what the book's title means. The author is apparently trying to indicate that capitalism in China is actually heavily restricted by government policies. The book focuses on two policies that he says limit opportunities for China's rural population and migrant workers, who together make up half the country's population. One is the *hukou* system, and one involves the use of rural land.

Hukou Defines Lives

"Nothing defines the lives of China's other half—the hundreds of millions of farmers, many now turned workers, and their families—more than the *hukou*, or household registration policy," Roberts says, adding, "It's why migrant and farm workers 'are treated as second-class citizens and live such precarious lives.'"

Unable to get an urban *hukou*, migrant workers cannot enjoy social benefits or

send their children to schools in the cities where they are working. This has caused millions of children to be "left behind" in villages, to be cared for by grandparents or put in low-quality boarding schools—seeing their parents only once a year during Chinese New Year.

But the *hukou* system has also had a positive effect on society. Roberts adds, "At the same time, the *hukou* ensures that Chinese cities, including Beijing and Shanghai... are free of slums commonplace in Africa, South America, and much of the rest of Asia."

The other policy criticized by the author is the land system, which lets farmers lease land, but also allows local officials to force them to give up that land for a low price, if officials want to develop a project to help the community or line their own pockets.

Less than one quarter of rural students complete high school, and this will cause problems for China's plans to move from low-cost manufacturing to high-tech industries.

The occasional examples of what life is like for members of the Mo family do put a human face on these policy discussions, but are not a main part of the book, nor are they detailed enough to allow readers to really get to know those people.

Over the years, we see some members of the Mo family become factory workers and entrepreneurs, and one even becomes a local party cadre. One young man, among the first to leave the village, in 1993, is beaten and robbed by three men the moment he gets off the train in the factory town.

Another, a 15-year-old girl, in 1998 takes her first bus ride, to a factory where she made \$30 a month making belt buckles. She, along with a quarter of the workers at her factory, quit after being ordered to work 48 hours with few breaks, in order to fill a large order.

Roberts describes the cramped living quarters and unsafe work environment faced by many such workers, but notes that those conditions have improved. Over the years, as labor shortages developed, workers often jumped from job to job, for better pay and working conditions. The government has taken steps to improve labor laws, but has also intimidated, jailed and beaten activists who tried to fight for workers rights.

A substantial part of the book involves the changes in Chinese society and China's labor laws that have had an impact on the Mo family and millions of others.

Urban-Rural Gap

China has one of the world's biggest wealth gaps, especially between urban and rural residents. "Today, rural Chinese incomes are still only a little over \$2,100 a year, just over a third of those earned by urbanites," Roberts notes. Several years ago, government spending per elementary school student in Shanghai was four times the amount in Guizhou.

Less than one quarter of rural students complete high school, and this will cause problems for China's plans to move from low-cost manufacturing to high-tech industries, Roberts says. Life expectancy in the interior is also shorter than in the developed coastal areas.

Roberts speculates that the growing income and opportunity disparity could lead to social unrest, as migrants see how the other half lives, and feel the sting of discrimination. Shanghai residents, for example, took to the streets to protest against proposed changes that would have given migrant workers more rights and better opportunities for education. The author believes that current discriminatory policies could not only hurt China's economy, but also send ripple effects worldwide.

China is now in the midst of an effort to automate its factories, replacing many workers with robots. A reverse migration is now under way, as the government encourages migrants to go home, start small businesses and develop rural tourism.

The Chinese government's top-down

Continued on next page

Chinese Capitalism *(continued)*

decision making system can get things done in a hurry. For example, a program to develop poor parts of the country has resulted in a rapid improvement in infrastructure. However, some high-level decisions, made without local input, do not fit the reality on the ground, Roberts argues.

Anti-Poverty Campaign

Guizhou is a key area in China's campaign to improve impoverished areas. Companies, both domestic and foreign, are offered incentives to locate there. Chinese officials with expertise in relevant fields are being sent there to help.

Guizhou is also benefitting from a dramatic increase in e-commerce. The author describes small factories that former migrant workers have set up, and the online businesses that help them sell their products.

China is struggling to leave behind its "Factory to the World" growth model, and include its hundreds of millions of left-behind migrant workers in a more innovative, consumption-driven economy, he writes.

While Binghuacun is still a poor village, it is among many in the region that now have access to the outside world by new roads, courtesy of the anti-poverty campaign. When the author first visited, about

20 years ago, his journey's final stretch included an hour's ride on a horse cart through the mountainous terrain.

In the introduction to the book, Roberts summarizes his theme. "It is clear what the workers want," he writes. "After years of hard labor in factories and on construction sites, their hope is that the party will finally ensure that their living standards rise to match those of the urban minority. They want less arduous jobs, perhaps starting their own businesses, either as residents with full rights in the cities or back in the countryside but with control of their land. And they are not the docile labor force that once attracted global investors to China." 友

China Becoming "Aged Society"

By 2022, China will become an aged society, with one in seven people in the country being 65 or older. Experts warn this could tip the country into an economic decline.

That news was posted on Inkstone, an online news platform of Hong Kong's *South China Morning Post* newspaper. The information comes from a report from a Chinese research firm. In 2019, the number of Chinese 65 or older was one in ten.

An "aged society" is defined by the United Nations as a country where more than 14.3% of a population is at or above the age of 65. An "aging society" is when that age group makes up 7.2% of the total population.

China's aging population, coupled with a low birth rate, is one of the most pressing problems faced by the government, Inkstone said. Not only could the demographic shift result in an economic slowdown, but it may also increase pressure on health care facilities and the state pension fund.

Chinese society aged faster than many other countries. Experts point to the one-child policy and rapid modernization.

As China gets older, fewer and fewer young people are starting families, and if

they do, the families are often small. In 2019, the country reported the lowest birth rate since 1961—10.48 births per 1,000 people. The global average is 18.1 births per 1,000 people, according to the World Bank.

Research says China's one-child policy is one of the main drivers for the rapid population changes. The policy was initiated in the late 1970s to slow the growth of China's population. In 2016 it was replaced by a two-child policy.

The loosening of the one-child policy did not result in an increased birth rate. The high cost of raising a baby deters many people from having children.

Some experts say an aging society will lead to economic decline because there will be fewer workers and people to consume goods, although a 2019 U.N. report claims this may not necessarily be the case.

The report says governments can mitigate the demographic pressure on the



A community worker helps an elderly patient with online health insurance services at a hospital in Anqing, Anhui province, in July. Photo by Huang Youan, China Daily.

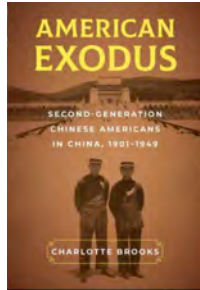
economy with policies such as promoting employment among women, gradually increasing the retirement age and supporting a work-life balance so people have more time to raise a family.

China's demographic challenges look similar to Japan's, whose population took 24 years to transition from aging to aged. The shift is expected to take 21 years in China.

The same demographic transition took place over 40 years in Germany, 46 years in the UK and 126 years in France. 友

American Exodus: Second-Generation Chinese Americans in China, 1901–1949

By Charlotte Brooks
University of California Press, 2019
Kindle Edition,
332 pages, \$20.99.
Paperback, \$29.95.



Reviewed by
John Jung

The study of Chinese in America has concentrated on how Chinese immigrants, and their descendants, were treated by mainstream American society and how they fought to overcome the social and legal barriers they faced for decades. Somewhat overlooked has been the lives of American-born Chinese (ABCs) who left the U.S. and emigrated to China in the first half of the 20th Century.

Accurate data on how many ABCs were involved is not easy to determine, but one estimate is that as many as half of ABCs moved to China for varying lengths of time.

In some cases, immigrant parents sent young children to China to live with relatives so they could learn the Chinese language and customs. Some adolescent and young adult Chinese felt they would have better futures in China than if they remained in the U.S. with its Chinese

Exclusion Law, anti-Chinese prejudices and numerous discriminatory laws that limited their opportunities.

During the first half of the 20th century, even ABCs with college degrees from prestigious universities faced discrimination in the U.S. job market. Altruistic motives, such as the belief that their knowledge and skills could help modernize China, were also factors for some ABCs. However, they found that their Chinese language skills were a limitation and they also faced suspicion from Chinese authorities.

Historian Charlotte Brooks has done extensive research with archival material and interviews in this important book, to examine why so many American-born Chinese moved to China and what their lives were like there. Were they accepted in China or did they face discrimination from Chinese? How many decided to return to the U.S. eventually, and why? After World War II ended and the Communists came to power in China, many returned to the U.S. and there were few, if any, new ABCs coming to replace them. 友

John Jung is a member of USCPFA's Long Beach chapter. He is the author of several books about the Chinese-American experience, including Southern Fried Rice: Life in a Chinese Laundry in the Deep South; Chopsticks in the Land of Cotton: Lives of Mississippi Delta Chinese Grocers; and Sweet and Sour: Life in Chinese Family Restaurants.

American Exodus Excerpt

In the first half of the twentieth century, thousands of China American citizens traveled to China for work because their race and ancestry supposedly made them "inassimilable" and undesirable in America. Such people usually spoke, read and wrote English better than they did Chinese. Most were more familiar with American cultural and social norms than with Chinese ones. A significant number were Christians, and scores possessed degrees from the finest universities in the United States. Most ached to belong somewhere, whether to China or the United States. While they were more comfortable in the latter, they knew they could never truly "assimilate" in America. The San Francisco journalist Gilbert Woo once explained why this was, when he argued that in the minds of many white Americans, the only satisfactory method for a Chinese American to achieve assimilation would be "to go to a plastic surgeon to get a face lift and a nose job and have one's eyes turned blue."

Flowing Water, Falling Flowers

By X. H. Collins
MWC Press, 2020
Paperback, 253
pages, \$15.



Reviewed by
Fran Adams

Flowing Water, Falling Flowers is an absorbing novel. It could be called a page-turner, but that term would not do justice to some passages of lyrical beauty, nor to its engagement with serious themes.

The structure is intriguing: in alternating chapters, we go back and forth in time from the present to more than 100 years ago. Xixuan Collins successfully builds suspense in both time periods until the two story lines converge in a convincing and satisfying way.

It is in the sections set in the past that Collins's talent for descriptive writing really shines. One can almost see the long-ago river mists of the city of Three Rivers, where most of the action takes place, when reading her evocative words. And the poetic title could not be improved on.

But it is the fascinating story that most holds one's attention. How much tragedy stems from the traditional preference for sons over daughters! Although the events that ravaged the families of the novel took place long ago, there is nothing outdated about the issues raised. The author has surely brought some important and relevant matters to life by showing how they play out among individual, convincingly-depicted characters. The reader feels the sorrows of the characters as if they were real-life friends.

Although the story is sad, throughout the novel love flows among family members, servants, close friends, even to ancestors who are gone. Those things that connect us all are emphasized. The story may leave the reader feeling sad and angry, but at the same time, the reader's heart is warmed.

There are a few errors of syntax. At times

Continued on next page

it was distracting, to read, for example, “I pained for my ancestors.” However, the meaning was generally clear, and it would be a shame to edit all minor misusages out. When two characters writing letters are said to “correspond to,” rather than “with” each other, perhaps this and similar “errors” add piquancy, a reminder that the characters are usually not speaking in English.

Congratulations to the author for writing a beautiful and clearly deeply felt book. I look forward to reading more of her work! 友

From reviewer Fran Adams: This book review is dedicated to the memory of my mother, Rezsins Adams, Feb. 13, 1927–Aug. 12, 2020. We would have enjoyed reading and discussing this book together. (Editor: Read about Rezsins Adams' life on page 24.) Xixuan Collins, of USCPFA's Quad Cities chapter, was born in Sichuan province. This is her first novel. Her short stories have placed in the Midwest Writing Center's Iron Pen Contest and the River Cities' Reader's Flash Fiction contests. She is a biology professor at an Illinois community college and lives in Iowa with her husband and son. To learn more about the author and her work, visit her website at <https://xhcollins.com>.

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TV and Film Reviews

Chinese TV Drama Looks at Women Turning 30

By Mike Revzin

Deng Xiaoping promoted the idea, “To get rich is glorious,” but he might have second thoughts if he watched a few episodes of the popular Chinese TV drama called *Nothing But Thirty* (三十而已; *Sān Shí Ér Yì*.) Some of the glimpses into the lives of Shanghai’s rich are anything but glorious.

The “get rich” slogan, often misattributed to Deng, was actually the title of a 1984 book by Orville Schell about China’s reforms, although Deng did say, “Let some people get rich first.”

The 43-episode TV series, which aired in 2020, is available on YouTube.com (search for *Nothing But Thirty*, English subtitles). It follows the lives of three Shanghai women who share friendship as they are about to turn 30. One, Gu Jian, played by actress Tong Yao, is married to a wealthy entrepreneur. They live in a spectacular riverfront apartment with a stunning view of Shanghai.

Another, Zhong Xiao Qin, played by Mao Xiao Tong, is whiny and immature at home, but well-liked and pleasant at her office job. Her husband is an aloof TV journalist who seems more interested in his tropical fish tanks than in his wife, with whom he constantly bickers.

The third, Wang Man Ni, played by Maggie Jiang, has a high-pressure sales job at a luxury store, where she must contend with sexual harassment, a back-stabbing co-worker and a lack of bathroom breaks. Meanwhile, her parents try to pressure her into coming back to her small hometown, getting married and living a “normal life.” The scenes in which she goes to her hometown to consider that option are well balanced—showing that her parents’ advice is reasonable, but that it might not be the best lifestyle for her.

The TV series has attracted a lot of comments on Chinese social media. Some say the series gives a realistic portrayal of the pressures that women face from society as they turn 30, while others say some of the story angles do not represent a woman’s viewpoint.

Some reviewers have said that a better English translation of the title would be “It’s Only 30”—in other words, the characters shouldn’t worry about meeting traditional society’s standards of being married by a certain age.

Each episode switches back and forth between the lives of the three women, with twists, turns, drama and humor not unlike *Desperate Housewives*. The action can be slow at times, but the episodes offer fascinating glimpses into life among the wealthy and middle class in Shanghai.

Gu Jian and her husband, Xu Huan Shan, played by Li Ze Feng, spend considerable time and money kissing up to a pompous woman who can pave the way for their precious son to get into an exclusive kindergarten. Along the way we see the pampered but pressured lives of such youngsters and the pretentious behavior of super-wealthy parents. Much of the excess in their consumer spending involves foreign products, such as Western art and imported wine.

The city of Shanghai should be listed as one of the stars, as each episode has beautiful shots of the spectacularly lit Bund and night skyline, glitzy hotels and



Mao Xiao Tong portrays an office worker.



Maggie Jiang portrays Wang Man Ni, a career woman.

restaurants, and remarkably blue skies and uncrowded streets.

It sometimes seems as if the cellphone should get top billing. Few scenes take place without the characters using their phone to exchange contact information, texting or calling with plot-turning developments.

Gu Jian glides through the streets of Shanghai in a chauffeur-driven car, and is treated to a 30th birthday party that would have made *The Great Gatsby* envious. Other characters in the story engage in lavish shopping sprees or undergo Botox.

The story lines touch on a number of other topics. Characters deal with infidelity, divorce, mistresses, aging parents, a younger boyfriend, pushy in-laws, a shady relative, run-ins with the law, fake goods, corruption and the pressure to drink to excess at company functions.

The people of *Nothing But Thirty* travel by plane, car, hot air balloon or even RV—not on overcrowded buses. But some of them do rub elbows with people from different walks of life. Gu Jian, for example, buys a tea farm in Hunan province, where she sees how the other half lives,



Tong Yao portrays Gu Jian, who has wealth and troubles.

and realizes that her business decisions greatly affect their lives.

Many of the characters are wealthy but troubled. But three characters without speaking roles are portrayed as poor but happy. A couple and their young son run a popular street food cart, working long hours and living in cramped conditions—but always appearing cheerful and loving.

Overall, *Nothing But Thirty* is well worth watching for its glimpse into some of the moral dilemmas that face Chinese society. 友

Exiled Filmmaker Reunites with Mother

A Family Tour

Directed by Ying Liang

Produced by 90 Minutes Film Studio,

Potocol, Shine Pictures

U.S. release 2018

Mandarin, Cantonese with English subtitles
107 minutes

Reviewed by Joann Pittman

Every April the Film Society of Minneapolis-St. Paul holds a two-week International Film Festival, which gives me the chance to catch up on recent Chinese movies. One of the movies on the schedule in 2019 was *A Family Tour*, directed by Ying Liang.

The movie tells the story of a dissident filmmaker named Yang Shu who, after producing a film that angered Chinese authorities, is now living in Hong Kong with her husband and son. She has not seen her aging mother in China for five years, so when she is invited to screen her movie at a film festival in Taiwan, she and her husband plot a reunion, arranging for Yang Shu's mother to join a guided tour to Taiwan at the same time. For several days the family shadows the tour group as they rush around Kaoshiung, meeting up with mom at various tourist stops and restaurants, pretending to be local friends.

It is a story about exile. Yang Shu and her family are in exile from their home in China, something they are reminded of every time someone asks them if they are from Hong Kong or China. Her mother is in exile in her own land due to the forced separation from her daughter.

The mainland tourists are temporarily in exile as well, since they have had to turn over all of their travel documents to the tour guide so none of them will wander away. For the duration of their trip, their tour bus is their home.

At each stop where they meet up, the mother and daughter struggle to re-connect. They talk, reminisce, looking for ways to end the exile. Yang Shu's mother wants her to write an apology for the offending film and return home. Yang Shu wants her

Continued on next page

A Family Tour *(continued)*

mother to move to Hong Kong so she can take care of her.

Yang Shu's husband is in the middle, trying to protect each of them from their love for one another, a love that might compel each of them to do things that would be detrimental to themselves. For the daughter, the price of renouncing her work and returning to China would be giving up her film career. For the mother, moving to Hong Kong would mean turning her back on a country that she has spent a lifetime serving. In the meantime, the police are pressuring her to break off relations with her "bad" daughter.

Does she love her daughter enough to break off relations? Unfortunately, that's a question that thousands of Chinese have had to make over the years as the party-state does not tolerate dual loyalty; when the choice is between the state and the family, one must choose.

The movie is interminably slow and plodding, in a typical Chinese movie sort of way. There are long shots with



Scene from A Family Tour.

no dialog or music, sometimes with the characters sitting or walking together. In many ways I felt like I was watching a movie in slow motion.

But maybe that's the point—that life in exile is like being in or watching a slow-motion movie. And since the story is autobiographical for the director, he would know. 友

Joann Pittman is senior vice president of ChinaSource and editor of ZGBriefs. She spent 28 years working in China as an English teacher, language student, program director and cross-cultural trainer for organizations and businesses engaged in China.

Chapter News

Atlanta Members Enjoy Webinars

Our news again highlights the appeal of webinar programs as appropriate for the situation we are living in now. We have had some really good opportunities to view several webinars over these months. We'll also suggest a fine resource for some of these programs.

In September, Georgia Tech presented a discussion by former journalist Dexter Roberts of the University of Montana on his book, *The Myth of Chinese Capitalism: China's Troubled Transition from Factory of the World to Superpower*. (See review, page 25.) Our long-time supporter, Professor Hanchao Lu of the Georgia Tech faculty and director of the China Research Center, notified us of this webinar.

Roberts' book focuses on some aspects of China's economy that show not all is as positive as our general impression has it. Village people especially experience real difficulties as they attempt to move to the cities. Surprisingly, the earlier documenta-

tion system (*hukou*, the documents used for internal control) is still in force, making those relocations extremely difficult and limiting educational opportunities for children of such families.

Another series of webinars features programs rather often—as much as twice a month. This is the University of Southern California's US-China Institute. These are free and open to all. Chapters or individuals may go to their website for more information: type "USC US-China Institute" into the search line, and you can make your way to upcoming webinars as well as videos of earlier presentations. These are most interesting and worthwhile.

Another way we are staying in touch is through Sylvia Krebs' efforts on mini-newsletters sent by e-mail. Sylvia is ably backed up by Christa Ernst, who provides visuals that bring further appeal to this service. We all may hope that we won't be limited to virtual events indefinitely—but of course there's no way to know about this.

—Ed Krebs

Richmond Hears About Dam

The last gathering of our Richmond chapter was in December 2019, before the pandemic. We heard Ning Li, Ph.D., give a PowerPoint presentation. Li, project manager for the Virginia Department of Transportation, discussed The Construction of the Three Gorges Dam on the Yangtze River. He showed the early stages of the project and how such an amazing feat was accomplished.

Attendees were very interested and asked many questions. Delicious Chinese food was part of the evening and families were welcome.

—Diana Greer



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The US-China Peoples Friendship Association is a nonprofit educational organization. Our goal is to build active and lasting friendship based on mutual understanding between the people of the United States and the people of China. **We recognize** that friendship between our two peoples must be based on the knowledge of and respect for the sovereignty of each country; therefore, we respect the declaration of the United States of America and the People’s Republic of China that the resolution of the status of Taiwan is the internal affair of the Chinese on both sides of the Taiwan Straits. **We also recognize** that friendship between our two peoples and good relations between our two governments plays a critical role in maintaining peace in the Pacific Basin and in the world. **As an educational organization**, our activities include sponsoring speakers and programs which inform the American people about China, organizing tours and special study groups to China, publishing newsletters and other literature, promoting friendship with Chinese students and scholars while in the United States, and promoting cultural, commercial, technical, and educational exchanges. **Everyone is invited** to participate in our activities, and anyone who agrees with this Statement of Principles is welcome to join. Subscription to *US-China Review* is included in membership.

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