Yale-China

REVIEW

SPRING 2005

Welcome

From the Executive Director

The Yale-China English Teaching Fellowship program, now in its 96th year, has long been a cornerstone of Yale-China's work. The distinctive features of this program—its emphasis on long-term institutional relationships, adaptability to changing times, and cross-cultural learning for teachers and students alike—has allowed it to serve as the inspiration for other programs developed under the Yale-China banner. In this issue of the *Yale-China Review*, we report on an expansion of the program to a new site, Xiuning Middle School in Xiuning county, Anhui province (see page 2).

We also feature in this issue the thoughtful writing of several current participants in our teaching, legal education, scholarship, and Chia Fellowship programs. As Jessica Plumb, a fellow alumna of the teaching program, and I discovered several years ago in the course of writing a centennial history of the Yale-China Association, our archives are a treasure trove of similarly evocative reflections on China, the U.S., and the U.S.-China encounter by earlier generations of Chinese and American participants in Yale-China's work. These writings, old and new, testify convincingly to the power of education and cultural exchange to transform lives.

—Nancy E. Chapman

INSIDE

Nancy Chapman tours Xiuning School in Anhui.

TEACHING PROGRAM GROWS

Yale-China is delighted to announce the expansion of its English Teaching Fellowship program to include the Xiuning Middle School (休宁中学) in Anhui province. The school is a key school located in Xiuning county, an area with a rich historical heritage and distinct local culture. Much like the rest of China, the area is undergoing rapid social and economic change. The majority of the school's students come from rural families, though some are from the nearby city of Tunxi (屯溪). The Fellows will be the school's first foreign teachers.

The Anhui site joins three other schools that host Yale-China Fellows: Yali Middle School in Changsha, Sun Yat-sen University in Guangzhou, and The Chinese University of Hong Kong. For nearly a century, Yale-China has sent Yale graduates to China to teach English. Fellows learn Chinese, are immersed in contemporary Chinese society, and give their time, energy, and enthusiasm to improving the English language abilities of more than 1,000 Chinese students each year.

The new site is made possible by the generous support of members of the Yale-China Association. Anyone interested in further information should contact Christin Sandweiss, director of development and communications, at 203-432-0881.

HEALTH PROGRAM NEWS

Yale-China has been at the forefront of health education in China since the early years of the 20th century when it founded medical institutions in Hunan province that remain major centers of education and care. In recent years, Yale-China's health work has continued to adapt and grow to meet rapid developments and challenges in the public health field.

In October, Yale-China will sponsor a workshop on mental health in China that will be held in Changsha and conducted entirely in Chinese. The event will draw on the expertise of people working on mental health issues across China. To prepare for this two-day conference and to work on other Health Program initiatives, Yale-China Program Officer for Health Programs Hongping Tian traveled to Beijing, Changsha, Wuhan, and Hong Kong for two months over the winter, where she met with leading researchers in the mental health field.

Papers presented at the workshop will be published in the 2005 edition of the annual *Yale-China Health Journal*. Mental health remains a largely under-researched area in China and Yale-China hopes the conference and subsequent journal will serve as a catalyst for further work in this arena.

During her time in China, Hongping met with 11 of the 13 Chia Family Fellowship alumnae in Changsha. As part of their discussions, they explored outreach projects the Fellows could lead that would serve the needs of their communities.

Hongping Tian, second from right in the front row, with Chia Fellowship alumnae in Changsha.

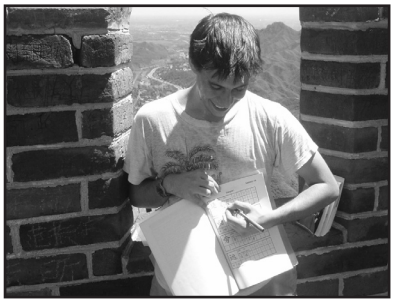
Finally, Hongping spent time this winter at the National Nursing Center of China, working with the staff there to finalize the translation of the Infection Control Manual, mentioned in the previous issue of the *Yale-China Review*. The manual is available on the Yale-China website at http://www.yalechina.org/publications.html and will be distributed throughout China by the National Nursing Center.

YUNA participants outside LegCo in Hong Kong.

YUNA EXAMINES PUBLIC HEALTH

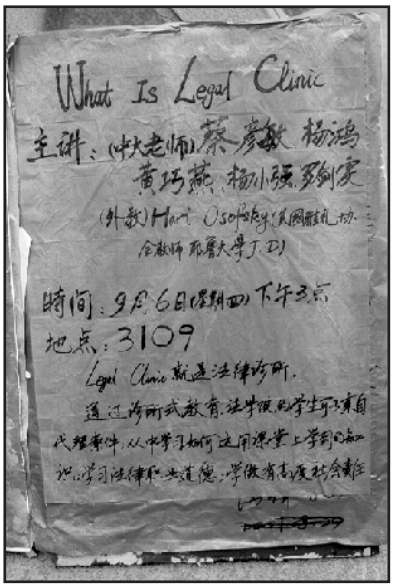
The 2005 Yale University—New Asia Undergraduate Exchange (YUNA) focused on the topic "Public Health and Society." Eight Yale students traveled to Hong Kong in March to study the city's public health system with their New Asia College counterparts. Highlights of the visit included a meeting at the Legislative Council (LegCo), a visit to the Shek Kwu Chau Drug Treatment and Rehabilitation Center, and talks on SARS and traditional Chinese medicine at Prince of Wales Hospital.

The group also gave a symposium at the College on topics that included healthcare economics, obesity, and bioterrorism. The trip followed a visit by the New Asia students to the U.S. in February which featured talks at the World Trade Center Health Registry and the FDA. Yale students formed meaningful bonds with their counterparts and came away inspired to continue their academic and personal interactions with China.



voices from the field

In these pages, Yale-China shares the thoughts and experiences of some of our program participants from the last nine months



The Meaning of Identity

你是那里的人? "*Ni shi nali de ren*?"

Where are you from? I have always hated this question, but here in China especially, I can never answer it to the satisfaction of others or myself. I know so well the inevitable, awkward first few lines of a conversation:

Chinese person: You are not Chinese?

Me: No.

Chinese person: Where are you from?

Me: I come from the United States.

Chinese person: You look like a Chinese. Are you an overseas Chinese?

Me: No. My parents are Japanese.

Chinese person: So you are Japanese. You are studying here?

Me: I am teaching in Changsha.

Chinese person: Teaching Japanese?

Me: No, English.

Chinese person: (Suspiciously) English?

Me: I grew up in the United States.

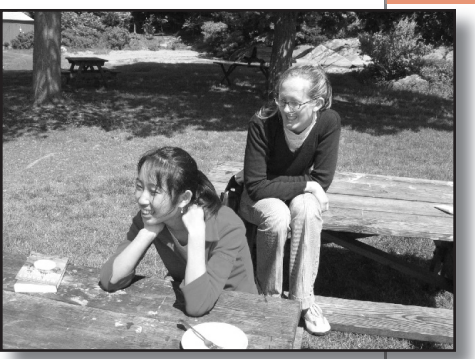
Most people won't settle for hearing that I am from the United States because I don't "look American," and many people don't understand why a Japanese person is teaching English. When I came to Yali, all the students wanted to know where I was from. Groups of students ran up to ask me the pressing question and fled with my answer. During the first few library hours, students continued to marvel, "How does the Japanese speak English so well?" or "I thought the Japanese couldn't pronounce 'r's' and 'l's', how come you can?" In response to a short intro exercise, a student was willing to waste the one question they could ask any historical figure on asking me where I am from.

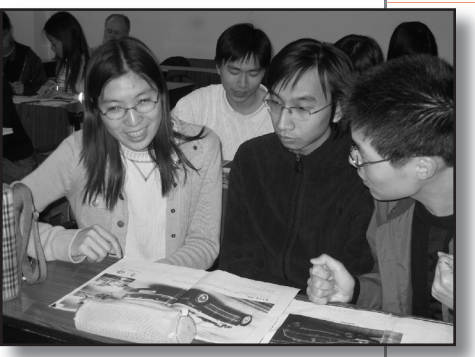
It is not the first time that I have hesitated in answering the question or taken five minutes to explain my life to a stranger. It would be much easier if I could feel comfortable just being Japanese, as my citizenship and ethnicity would confirm. But I don't. Before coming to China, I had for the most part successfully dodged labels based on where I am from. Why does the question haunt me so much in China? Why does my country of origin seem so important?

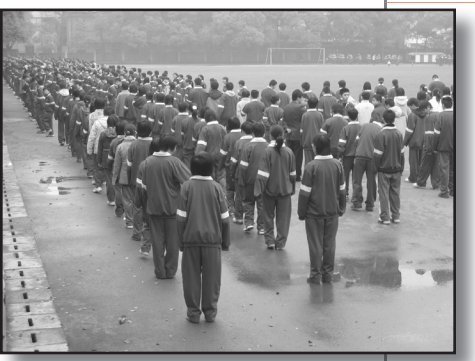
Of course, stereotypes and representation are universal problems. We often reflect on our experiences and conclude, albeit jokingly, that "Chinese people are blunt" or "Chinese people have a bad sense of direction." In a class at Yale, several African-American students complained that they felt they were being asked to represent their race by giving their opinions about affirmative action. Yet in China, the bonds between a country and its people are stronger. Even the question *"Ni shi nali de ren?"* uses the possessive *"de,"* as if the country that I am from owns me. People often use the phrase, "we Chinese," to talk about their own habits or personalities. "We Chinese like to eat rice." "We Chinese like to ask about what you did on your vacations." And my favorite, "We Chinese hate you Japanese."

I have heard some hypotheses about the "we Chinese" phenomenon. It might be the ethnically homogenic nature of the country. In the United States an ethnically Asian person could be considered American, but in China or Japan a white person would find it hard to be thought of as Asian. It might also be a manifestation of nationalism that the people and the government rally under the umbrella of "we Chinese." As I saw during a class visit, a Junior 1 teacher lectures about group identity and cooperation during political science classes. The Chinese textbook that I am using has a dialogue with these lines: "He is working diligently to realize the four modernizations. I hope I can do something to build the socialist country" (The book is from 1985.) Propaganda tells people that each person is contributing to the grand development of China and its debut as a global hegemony. Is it the strong association between a country and its citizens that make it so easy for the people to believe that all Japanese people are as aggressive and hateful as the country was more than 50 years ago?

If these hypotheses are true, it leads me to a question that a student posed to me out of the blue during library hour: "Is it okay for the







Top: Teaching Fellows Mariko Hirose (Yali Middle School) and Samantha Culp (New Asia College), take a break at orienation for English Teaching Fellows in Connecticut. *Middle:* Students at Sun Yat-sen University review their English texts in class. *Bottom*: Students at Yali Middle School line up for morning exercises.

Previous page: Teaching Fellow David Auerbach (Yali Middle School), works on his Chinese characters while visiting the Great Wall; students at Sun Yat-sen University collaborate on an assignment; a poster hangs in a hallway to advertise a Yale-China Law Fellow's class.

Chinese people to be so nationalistic in this globalizing world?"

I have no answer to that. I came to China suspicious of the word "nationalism" (I think the Chinese people would approve of a Japanese person feeling this way.) I came with an optimistic agenda that I could break stereotypes. I've been successful to some extent. In Ming's class, one student said as an example of a stereotype that Japanese people cannot speak English. Another student corrected her, saying, "but Mariko speaks English well!"

The measurable impact of my coming to China, though, is not that I've forced anyone to rethink the concepts of nationality, ethnicity and identity. For now I am content that I am absolved of any unfortunate stereotypes and I hope that if someone were to say that "All Chinese people hate the Japanese," my students will remember that they once met a Japanese person that they didn't hate. Ironically, I am the one who has been forced to think about and face my identity, its meaning, and its responsibilities.

—Mariko Hirose, Teaching Fellow, Yali Middle School, Changsha

Looking at (or through) Hong Kong Art

I kept saying to my friends, "Want to come to this soy sauce thing on Saturday?" And nobody wanted to. Mainly because they thought it would be too cold, or they were tired, or they didn't want to pay the rather exorbitant entrance fee, or they were in Singapore. In all honesty, I didn't want to go, because I too was cold, tired, and broke. (Though I didn't have the convenient excuse of being in another country). But sheer curiosity finally got me up off my butt, into a turtleneck, and onto the Kowloon Canton Railway.

I've been to my fair share of weird Hong Kong art events so far, but none that have been staged above the New Territories high-water mark where I live. Getting to the former Dowda Soy Sauce Factory, where an extremely vague "happening" would be happening on this January Saturday, required getting on the train bound for Lo Wu instead of Tsim Sha Tsui—a rare event in itself. The minute the KCR passes the University (*Daihohk*) stop on its way north, Hong Kong starts to look different. There are water buffalo and dogs milling around aimlessly in tangled green fields. There are cemeteries hanging off of hillsides. There are endless trucks roaring their way north, to the border and all that lays beyond.

The flyer I had gotten said to get off at Fanling, where shuttle buses would be waiting to take us to the site. Unfortunately, as I leisurely paced the unfamiliar ramps of the station, the last shuttle bus of the day (5:15p.m.) was pulling off. By the time I saw the woman holding a big, neon pink card for "Dowda Happening," it was too late, but luckily there was another straggling art-enthusiast named Voi to split a cab with.

The cab let us off on what can only be described as an industrial-country road—a mostly-dirt path between small, abandoned buildings and wild grass sprouting everyplace. Voi and I trekked around the area, our ears and eyes open for any sign of an "art happening." An old man watched us suspiciously from inside a screened window. Finally we stumbled onto a chain-link fence with a view of the building clearly marked DOWDA in big black letters and characters.

After picking up our tickets at a front table, Voi and I entered the bizarre space, which had probably only hours ago been an empty parking lot and a defunct soy-sauce manufacturing plant, but was now transformed. Voi darted off to talk with a friend and I decided to explore a bit.

First there was the main ground-floor chamber, where Y-Space were performing an experimental dance. Climbing around on the grimy white tile walls and ledges of this former soy preparation room, the beautiful man and woman dressed in torn white clothing lept, wept, convulsed, and poured bags of soy beans into large metal bowls with a deafening sound. The next room over, huge vats that once brewed the soya gaped, clean and empty, while an audio recording of former workers at the plant played over hidden speakers. Suddenly a scream pierced the air in a doppler effect, and I saw something dark and loud pass through the open door. Stepping back into the courtyard, I watched a chubby man painted entirely black race around the lot shrieking, before quieting again and climbing the precarious metal stairs to the rooftop. This was Yuenjie; performance artist by weekend and apparently archaeologist by workday. I followed, and settled down in the late-afternoon sunlight. A while into his performance, sound again pulled me downstairs.

While I had been gone, a 20-foot long scroll painting on a sheet of butcher paper had been

completed. It was an ink panorama of Hong Kong, weighted down by rocks in the center of the parking lot, and surrounded by a chalk timeline drawn on the asphalt. The expected dates were in attendance: 1841 (British treaty), 1989 (Tiananmen), 1997 (Handover), 2003 (SARS). A few moments after I finished walking its length, the artists swooped down with bowls of soy sauce to destroy it. I hadn't liked the un-ironic postcard imagery that much, but it made me uneasy that it could disappear so quickly.

At some point, a friend introduced me (as a "journalist") to the artist who had organized the event, made possible in no small part because her father owns the factory. "Hong Kong artists always complain about not having enough places to go to," the stocky woman with close-cropped hair said, explaining the origins of the happening. "And my Dad doesn't make soy sauce any more, so he said 'fine, just don't get arrested,'" she laughed brusquely. When asked about the current state of Hong Kong art, she replied that "it doesn't suck, but it's not that great either." This is one reason the ceramic artist now lives in Shanghai, and why she might not ever come back. "All of us in Shanghai and Beijing are now saying, 'we never want to go back to Hong Kong,'" she continued, because the mainland is where all the cultural action is. When I ventured a meek question about whether the current international China-art-hype creates an inferiority complex among Hong Kong artists, Cheng snapped at me. "Oh, it's like asking about artists in Hawaii—who cares?" I took her analogy to mean that it's ridiculous for Hong Kong artists to want to be recognized as separate—that the triumph of their fellow countrymen and women should be enough. "It's a kind of provincialism; of course Hong Kong people don't want to be national, Hong Kong thinks it's so 'important,'" she continued, with a rancor that surprised me. Though she was at this particular moment trying to promote Hong Kong art, I got the impression that she just couldn't wait to get back to Shanghai.

A little while after this hastily-transcribed interview, I was back on the asphalt, watching another music performance with Voi while plump horseflies zoomed around our faces. Though dusk had turned the sky blue-black, I could still see a construction crane moving up ahead in the near distance. And I could see that the teenage boy with a shaved head to my right kept looking at me. Finally he got up his nerve to come sit by me, and ask "Are you from Chinese University?"

"Yeah!" I answered, confused. "How did you know?"

He was a student there, it turned out, in the Fine Art department (which I pass by nearly every day), and he was the youngest artist participating in this show. He had a piece on the roof, he said. Would I like to see it?

Before I made my way back up the rickety tin stairs to the top of the building, the boy introduced himself. "You may call me 'Ocean'," he said with a smile.

I walked carefully in the darkness towards the little canvas booth set up at one corner, guided by the faint light inside. It was just a wooden shelf at about elbow-height, with four metal poles stretching cream canvas around the sides and top. Inside the top flap was a small fluorescent tube offering dim illumination and a tiny video surveillance camera; on the right side of the wooden shelf was a miniature closed-circuit TV screen, showing an image of me standing in the booth. Also placed on the shelf was a pair of fairly high-tech binoculars. Ocean had told me to stand in the booth, and look north through the opening. I raised the binoculars and peered at the horizon, wondering what I was supposed to see. The dark red pulse of a radio tower. The eerily autonomous motions of massive construction equipment. Streams of light as cars raced across an expressway, grids of light as office-workers logged overtime deep into the night. Was there a specific building, a specific landmark, a natural feature like a mountain? What was I looking at? I lowered the binoculars and looked again at the closed-circuit image of me, standing in a frame, gazing out at something I couldn't figure out.

I heard a sound behind me, and turned to see Ocean, checking in to see what I thought of his piece.

"Hi," I laughed nervously. "This is so—cool. But I'm wondering, when you said look north, am I supposed to see something specific? Is it that radio tower? What am I looking at?"

He smiled again, with a glint in his eye, seeming to relish the words he was about to say. "You are looking at China."

—Samantha Culp, Teaching Fellow, New Asia College

Top: Pots once used for soy sauce production at the Dowda Soy Sauce Factory. *Middle:* Teaching Fellow Ming Thompson (Yali Middle School) meets with students during library hours on campus. *Bottom:* Performers at the soy sauce factory art event.



Above: Some of the 248 Yale-China Scholarship recipients for 2004-2005. *Middle:* Teaching Fellow Seiji Shirane (Sun Yat-sen University) speaks with students. *Right:* Young children enjoy lunch.

The Promise of Education

I am from a poor countryside. My parents are peasants and we live on growing rice, but my father is often ill in bed, he has got liver ailment for several years; my mother also has poor health. Because of this unfortunate condition, we live a hard life; although we have that difficulty in our life, I never lose my heart. My tuition is so high that we cannot afford it [without the Yale-China Scholarship]. I scored 557 in the college entrance examination, last term my average score is 80.3. I often take part in some social activity. Last term I donated my blood without payment, and did some other good things. I am determined to repay society and all the people that have helped and encouraged me; I will also serve others' heart and soul. Thank you!

—DING Zunlian, Yale-China Scholarship Recipient, Xiangya School of Medicine, Pharmacology department

Using Law to Share Experiences

There has developed in China in recent years an increasing scrutiny of the judicial process and training of judges. Some of my students believe that legal education for them, and legal training for lawyers, has gotten better and continues to improve. But their frustration lies in the fact that even as the legal system is changing at this level, when they get into court they realize that it is much slower to change at other levels.

Ultimately, I believe that how this system changes is a matter that is completely up to the Chinese to determine. However, I also believe that nations confront similar issues when evaluating the role that law, legal education and legal systems should play in the process of economic and political development. To the extent that we have confronted issues of an urban renewal and real estate market crash, for example, or sexism and sexual discrimination, earlier in our history than the Chinese may have, I think the greatest and best role that we [the Yale-China Law Fellows] can play while here is merely sharing our own experiences and exposing the Chinese to how we chose to resolve these issues.

One of the highlights of the semester was my decision to introduce a sexual harassment case study, which I based on events and characters found in the law school setting. We spent two weeks discussing the case, with students initiating conversations not only with me, but also among themselves, even well after we had concluded our classroom discussion. During the first week, this case had students learning their own side of the facts and then coming to class, trying to take testimony from the other side and reconciling that with what they had learned from their own clients. In the process, many professional ethics issues were raised by the student, including how zealously one should be expected to advocate on behalf of a client one does not even fully trust or believe? During the second week, the students looked carefully at the issue of "What is sexual harassment?," attempting to evaluate how it is defined under both domestic and international law and engaging in a Chinese courtroom style debate about whether sexual harassment had actually taken place in this case. Case studies have the potential to be tremendously successful in Chinese clinical settings, but for them to work, they should reflect the realities of scenarios encountered in everyday life here.

The strengths of the program have everything to do with the quality of students and professors here. There is an inquisitiveness and eagerness to learn, rather than a willingness just to be taught. Moreover, there is open dialogue so long as you provide students with the opportunity and encourage them to make use of their ability to question you as a teacher.

—Pamela Phan, Law Fellow, Wuhan University and Northwest Institute of Politics and Law, Wuhan and Xi'an

Finding a Mission in Changsha

To study in the U.S. has been my dream since I was a college student. The United States was a mystery to me before I came here; I was so keen to know everything about it that I spent my time attending lectures and social activities as much as possible.

As time goes on, I have a clearer idea about what I will do. Public health is a major issue in China. Millions of people are suffering from Hepatitis B Virus (HBV). How could we reduce the number of this population? Education is the most economic way. I will try my best to make my health education program among pregnant women work out. Firstly, I will do research in a small-sized population, second, I hope I can launch a large scale education project. I want everybody to know how to prevent HBV transmission in Changsha.

—SHI Huafang, 2004 Chia Fellow

Our Community

CELEBRATING A YALE-CHINA FRIEND

Arthur Walworth, long Yale-China's most senior Bachelor, died on January 10 at age 101. He was a great friend to many, to Yale-China, and to me. Arthur taught at the Yali Middle School in Changsha in 1925-26. I taught in Hong Kong more than half a century later. We did not meet until he was almost 90. But in the last dozen years we became fast friends. I'm writing to mark his passing, and to observe that they truly do not make them like Arthur anymore.

The passage to Changsha in 1925 was a long one—weeks by train and ship via Hawaii and Japan—that Arthur recounted with wide-eyed delight many years later. He had grown up in a prominent family in Newton, Massachusetts, attended Philips Andover and Yale, and stepped easily into the privileged role of a "Roaring '20s" Bachelor. Sedan chair transport as required. "Chit books" shuttled back and forth around the Yali Middle School campus—in lieu of telephone service—by the Chinese "boy", conveying invitations to tea, to tennis, to horseback riding. And set all around the privilege, questions mounting among China's youth about colonialism, imperialism and the position of the foreigner.

As a teenager in Boston in 1919, Arthur had stood along Tremont Street watching the entourage of Woodrow Wilson roll by when Wilson had just returned from the Paris Peace Conference at the end of World War One. Years later, Arthur would write an acclaimed two-volume Pulitzer-Prize-winning biography of Wilson. Deep into his 90s, in our conversations, he was still wrestling with the nuances of Wilson's internationalism and motivations, and was still sought out for counsel by younger generations of Wilson scholars. He watched with keen interest and no small skepticism as the "new Wilsonian", George W. Bush, asserted his own internationalist vision in the Middle East.

To the end, Arthur remained a man of remarkable old-school erudition and insight—our own George Kennan, I've thought lately. For much of his life, as he continued to write well-received books, he was an editor in the publishing business. Conversations with Arthur were precise, his articulation of ideas classical and learned. He spoke with a disciplined clarity that always reminded me I was a child of the 1960's—a time of looser language and less disciplined thought. And yet, he always joked with great pleasure. Arthur never married. When people asked the secret of his longevity, he would quip, "I've had a life of loafing. No wife, no kids, no mortgage, no stress."

One summer day just before Arthur's 100th birthday, Nancy Chapman and I, along with Nancy's fine young son, visited Arthur in his retirement community west of Boston to bring him the Yale-China's board's formal congratulations on reaching his century mark. He had served for many years as a trustee of the association, and his eyes shone as Nancy unfolded a fresh, bold banner of large Chinese calligraphy in his simple room, draping it alongside mementos of his own from the China of another time. On that day, the great span of his life and of Yale-China's were nearly the same. He was well aware of that, and told me later how deeply satisfying it was to him that Yale-China would go on when he could not.

We all share more than we know in our Yale-China experience, in our small but important bridgings of two countries and cultures. It was a tremendous privilege for me to share that link and many fine days with Arthur Walworth, a wise and good friend from the far end of the 20th century whom I shall dearly miss.

—Tom Ashbrook, Yale-China Bachelor at The Chinese University of Hong Kong, 1977-79. Tom is the host of National Public Radio's "On Point".

Jess Row, former Teaching Fellow turned author.

FORMER FELLOW COMES FULL CIRCLE

Former Yale-China Teaching Fellow Jess Row (New Asia College, 1997-1999) recently returned to The Chinese University of Hong Kong to give a reading from his new book, *The Train to Lo Wu,* published by the Dial Press. A collection of short stories set in Hong Kong, the debut has attracted attention for its unusually complex take on the familiar theme of foreigners in a foreign land. From the elderly, blind masseur detached from his memories of the Cultural Revolution to the isolated young American teaching in a New Territories girls school, Row's characters are alienated from themselves and each other, but in their attempts to connect across boundaries, some transcendent truth is found.

—Samantha Culp, Teaching Fellow, The Chinese University of Hong Kong

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Calendar

April 26	**New Haven Orientation for Service Internship Program** Yale-China Office, New Haven, Connecticut
May 25-27	**Orientation for New Teaching Fellows** Killam's Point, Branford, Connecticut
June 10	**Annual Members' Meeting** The Graduate Club, New Haven, Connecticut
June 15-16	**Hong Kong Orientation for Service Internship Program** New Asia College, The Chinese University of Hong Kong

www.yalechina.org

The *Yale-China Review* is published by the Yale-China Association to keep our community up-to-date with rapid developments in Yale-China's programs and to feature the voices of our program participants in the field. The views expressed herein by individual authors do not necessarily represent the views of the Yale-China Association or its members.

Please direct any comments, questions, or requests for information on Yale-China to the staff by telephone at 203-432-0880, by email at <yale-china@yale.edu>, or by mail at the following address: Yale-China Association, PO Box 208223, New Haven, CT 06520-8223.

Dowda Soy Sauce performance art photos on page 5 by Teaching Fellow Samantha Culp. Back cover photos courtesy of Xiangya School of Medicine. All other photos by Yale-China staff.

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This issue designed by Veronica Hu, Yale Class of 2007

Crowds gather for Xiangya School of Medicine's 90th anniversary in October. *Inset:* Yale-China Hong Kong Office Director Mark Sheldon speaks with Yale-China Scholarship recipients. *Front cover:* A UNESCO heritage site near Xiuning Middle School, where Yale-China will send Teaching Fellows (see page 2). The site was featured in the film *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*.

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